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CONTENTS

OF

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXIX — JANUARY–JUNE, 1921

		PAGE
ADAMS, HENRY. *See* Recollections of Henry Adams, Some.		
ADAMS, HENRY FOSTER	*The Mythology and Science of Character Analysis*	569
	Psychology Goldbricks—Memory Systems—Training the Will. First paper	655
ADVENTURING AFTER ADVENTURE—WITH A MOTION-PICTURE EXPEDITION IN MALAYSIA. Illustrations from photographs by the author and associates.	E. ALEXANDER POWELL	20
AFRICA. *See* South African Memories—Rhodes—Barnato—Burnham.		
ALLEN, A. A. *A Summer with a Hummer,*		693
ALTAR ROCK, THE. (A STORY). Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton.	EDWIN C. DICKENSON	433
AMBUSHING LIONS AT NIGHT. Illustrations from drawings and photographs by the author.	JOHN T. COOLIDGE, JR.,	442
AMERICAN PRINTS. *See* The West in American Prints.		
BARNATO, BARNEY. *See* South African Memories.		
BEARD, WOLCOTT LECLÉAR. *In Honey's House,*		741
BEAUTY—EPISODES OF A CRUISE OF "THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY,"	MARGUERITE WILKINSON,	677
BETHANY STAGE, THE. (A STORY). Illustrations by J. Rumsey Micks.	EMMA LEE WALTON	600
BETTS, THOMAS JEFFRIES. *Recall,*		289
BIG TOP O' THE WORLD. (A STORY). Illustrations by O. F. Howard.	W. EDSON SMITH,	185
BILLION-AND-A-HALF-DOLLAR EXPERIMENT IN GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP, A,	WILLIAM E. HOOPER,	428
BIOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF IMMIGRATION, SOME,	EDWIN GRANT CONKLIN,	352
BLAND, J. O. P. *Tokyo Revisited,*		371
BOOK ILLUSTRATION IN OLD JAPAN. Illustrated.	LOUISE NORTON BROWN,	124, 252
BROWN, LOUISE NORTON. *Book Illustration in Old Japan,*		124, 252
BRYSON, LYMAN. *Shadow,*		99
BURNHAM, FREDERICK R. *See* South African Memories.		
BY MAIL,	VIOLA I. PARADISE	473

PAGE

CERTAIN LITERARY DÉBUTANTS. Point of View, ... 249

CHEATING THE JUNGLE. (A Story), ... Blair Niles, ... 360
Illustrations by J. Rumsey Micks.

CHITTENDEN, GERALD. *The Victim of His Vision*, ... 611

CLEVELAND, RICHARD F. *Reinterpreted Bygones*, ... 627

CONKLIN, EDWIN GRANT. *Some Biological Aspects of Immigration*, ... 352

COOLIDGE, JOHN T., Jr. *Ambushing Lions at Night*, ... 442

COPELAND, FRED. *Dude-Puncher Steve*, ... 343

CRISIS IN EDUCATION, THE, ... Lee Russell, ... 60

CURTISS, PHILIP. *The "Gum-Shoe,"* 169

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA. *See* Putting a Republic on the Map.

DELIGHT OF THROWING THINGS AWAY, THE. Point of View, ... 503

DICKENSON, EDWIN C. *The Altar Rock*, ... 433

DIGGER'S LUCK—Remarkable Models Discovered in an Egyptian Tomb 4,000 Years Old, ... Herbert E. Winlock, . . 207
Illustrations from photographs taken for the Metropolitan Museum by Henry Burton.

DINGBAT OF ARCADY, THE. *See* Beauty.

DOGS AND CHARACTER. Point of View, ... 249

DREAMS, ... Gertrude Hall, . . . 231

DUDE-PUNCHER STEVE. (A Story), ... Fred Copeland, . . . 343
Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

DUNN, ESTHER CLOUDMAN. *A Retrospect of Rydal Mount*, ... 549

DUNSANY—MYTH-MAKER, LORD, ... Odell Shepard, . . . 595

EDUCATION. *See* The Crisis in Education.

EGYPT. *See* Digger's Luck.

EMERALDS OF WILHELMINA, THE, ... E. Alexander Powell, . 514
Illustrations from photographs.

ESTY, ANNETTE. *Play-Acting*, ... 491

ETCHINGS OF OLD PARIS AND OTHER FRENCH SCENES, SOME . . . . . Louis Orr, ... 163

FIELD OF ART, THE. Illustrated.
Book Illustration in Old Japan. (Louise Norton Brown), ... 124, 252
Modern American Art and the Primitive. (Mary MacAlister), ... 763
Some Notes About Velasquez. (William Walton), ... 380
The Future of Mural Painting in America. (Ernest Peixotto), ... 635
The West in American Prints. (F. Weitenkampf), ... 507

FIXED IDEA, THE. (A Story), ... Roy Irving Murray, . . 481
Illustrations by Howard V. Brown.

FREDERICK LOCKER LAMPSON, ... Oliver Locker Lampson, . 461
With Some Unpublished Sketches and Poems by . Frederick Locker Lampson, 468
Illustrations from portraits and drawings in possession of the family.

"FULL UP!" Illustrations from photographs. . . . . Whiting Williams.
Getting and Gripping the Job in Crowded Britain, ... 176
The Precious Job, the Pub, and the Three R's, ... 279
The How and Why of a Crowded Country, ... 402

FUTURE OF MURAL PAINTING IN AMERICA, THE, Ernest Peixotto, ... 635
Illustrated.

PAGE

GALSWORTHY, JOHN. *To Let.* (Serial), ... 3, 146, 387, 317, 532, 665

GEROULD, GORDON HALL. *The Optimist Extenuates,* 246

GRAHAM, R. B. CUNNINGHAME. *Long Wolf,* 651

GUIDE-POSTS AND CAMP-FIRES, ... Henry van Dyke, . . . 115
On Saying Good-by. The Twelfth of Twelve Papers.
See also Vols. LXVII and LXVIII.

"GUM-SHOE," THE. (A Story), ... Philip Curtiss, ... 169
Illustration by Wallace Morgan.

HALL, GERTRUDE. *Dreams,* 231

HAMMOND, JOHN HAYS. *South African Memories—Rhodes—Barnato—Burnham,* 257

HEIRLOOMS, AS TO OUR. Point of View, ... 760

HOOPER, WILLIAM E. *A Billion-and-a-Half-Dollar Experiment in Government Ownership,* 428

HOYT, FRANKLIN CHASE. *When the Call Comes to Them,* 42

HUMMING-BIRD. *See* A Summer with a Hummer.

IMMIGRATION. *See* Biological Aspects of Immigration.

IN HONEY'S HOUSE. (A Story), ... Wolcott LeClear Beard, 741
Illustrations by Walter Tittle.

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION AND THE NEGRO, THE, John L. Sewall, . . . 334

INSIDE OF THE ROOM. Point of View, ... 120

IS LANGUAGE USELESS? Point of View, ... 631

JAVA A FOCUS OF WORLD TRADE, ... John W. Prins, ... 685
Illustrations from photographs and diagrams.

JAVA. *See also* Emeralds of Wilhemina, The,

LANINII—A Story of Yap of the Carolines, ... Harriet Welles, . . . 702
Illustrations by O. F. Howard.

LAUGHLIN, J. LAURENCE. *Some Recollections of Henry Adams,* 576

LLOYD, JAMES HENDRIE. *Mental Contagion and Popular Crazes,* 201

LOCKER LAMPSON, OLIVER. *Frederick Locker Lampson,* 461

LONG WOLF, ... R. B. Cunninghame Graham, ... 651
Introductory Note by Kermit Roosevelt.

LORD DUNSANY—MYTH-MAKER, ... Odell Shepard, ... 595

LUQUER, THATCHER T. PAYNE. *Writing a Play in a Debtor's Prison,* 66, 237

MacALISTER, MARY. *Modern American Art and the Primitive,* 763

MADAME TICHEPIN. (A Story), ... Edward C. Venable, . . 108
Illustration by O. F. Howard.

MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS. *See* By Mail.

MATTHEWS, BRANDER. *Thackeray and the Theatre,* 497

MAYNARD, RICHARD FIELD. *P. D. Q.,* 450

MENTAL CONTAGION AND POPULAR CRAZES, . . James Hendrie Lloyd, . . 201

MILLER, HUGH S. *A Spice of Danger,* 222

MODERN AMERICAN ART AND THE PRIMITIVE, . Mary MacAlister, . . 763

MONOTONY OF TEACHING, THE. Point of View, ... 631

MURRAY, ROY IRVING. *The Fixed Idea,* 481

PAGE

MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT, ... CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON.
Illustrations from family portraits.
The Nursery and Its Deities. First Paper, ... 129
Green Fields and Foreign Faring. Second Paper, ... 300
The Dresden Literary American Club—Motto "W. A. N. A." Third Paper, ... 411
College Chums and New-Found Leadership. Fourth Paper, ... 556
The Elkhorn Ranch and Near-Roughing it in Yellowstone Park. Fifth Paper, ... 713

MYTHOLOGY AND SCIENCE OF CHARACTER ANALYSIS, THE, ... HENRY FOSTER ADAMS, . . 569
See also Psychology Goldbricks.

NEW HOSPITALITY, THE, ... REBECCA N. PORTER, . . 735
Illustrations from photographs by the author.

NILES, BLAIR. *Cheating the Jungle*, ... 360

OLD AGE. Point of View, ... 376

OPTIMIST EXTENUATES, THE, ... GORDON HALL GEROULD, . 246

ORR, LOUIS. *Some Etchings of Old Paris and Other French Scenes*, ... 163

OUTSIDE OF THE ROOM. Point of View, ... 120

P. D. Q. (A STORY), ... RICHARD FIELD MAYNARD, 450
Illustrations by the author.

PARADISE, VIOLA I. *By Mail*, ... 473

PARIS TAXI-DRIVER CONSIDERED AS AN ARTIST, THE, ... ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, . 643
Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD. *See* Writing a Play in a Debtor's Prison.

PEIXOTTO, ERNEST. *Future of Mural Painting in America* 635

PEOPLE YOU MIGHT HAVE MET, THE. Point of View, ... 376

PLAY-ACTING. (A STORY), ... ANNETTE ESTY, ... 491

POINT OF VIEW, THE.

As to Our Heirlooms, 761.
Certain Literary Débutants, 249.
Delight of Throwing Things Away, The, 503.
Dogs and Character, 250.
Inside of the Room, 120.
Is Language Useless? 631.
Monotony of Teaching," "The, 633.
Old Age, 377.
Outside of the Room, 121.
People You Might Have Met, The, 379.
Right Not to Read, The, 376.
Steady on Jackson's, The, 760.
Stomachal Gymnastics, 504.
Where Language is Necessary, 632.

PORTER, REBECCA N. { *The Wives of Xerxes*, ... 49
The New Hospitality, ... 735

POWELL, E. ALEXANDER { *Adventuring after Adventure—With a Motion-Picture Expedition in Malaysia*, ... 20
The Emeralds of Wilhelmina, ... 514

PRINS, JOHN W. *Java a Focus of World Trade*, ... 685

PSYCHOLOGY GOLDBRICKS—MEMORY SYSTEMS—TRAINING THE WILL. First Paper, ... HENRY FOSTER ADAMS, . . 655
See also Mythology and Science of Character Analysis.

PUTTING A REPUBLIC ON THE MAP, ... RAYMOND RECOULY, . . 82
With illustrations and a map.

RECALL. (A STORY), ... THOMAS JEFFRIES BETTS, . 289
Illustrations by Joseph Cummings Chase.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY ADAMS, SOME, . . . J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN, . 576
Illustrated with portraits.

PAGE

RECOULY, RAYMOND. *Putting a Republic on the Map*, ... 82

REINTERPRETED BYGONES, ... RICHARD F. CLEVELAND, . 627

RETROSPECT OF RYDAL MOUNT, A, ... ESTHER CLOUDMAN DUNN, . 549
Illustrations from a drawing and photographs.

RHODES, CECIL. *See* South African Memories.

RIGHT NOT TO READ, THE. Point of View, ... 376

ROBINSON, CORINNE ROOSEVELT. *My Brother Theodore Roosevelt*, ... 129, 300, 411, 556, 713

ROOSEVELT, KERMIT. *See* Introductory Note to "Long Wolf."

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE. *See* My Brother Theodore Roosevelt.

RUSSELL, LEE. *The Crisis in Education*, ... 60

SARTON, GEORGE. *Science and Style*, ... 755

SAYING GOOD-BY, ON, ... HENRY VAN DYKE, . . . 115

SCIENCE AND STYLE, ... GEORGE SARTON, . . . 755

SEWALL, JOHN L. *The Industrial Revolution and the Negro*, ... 334

SHADOW. (A STORY), ... LYMAN BRYSON, ... 99
Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

SHEPARD, ODELL. *Lord Dunsany—Myth-Maker*, ... 595

SMELTED FROM THE SAME ORE. (A STORY), . . . CALEB WRATH, ... 586
Illustrations by Clarence Rowe.

SMITH, W. EDSON. *Big Top o' the World*, ... 185

SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIES—RHODES—BARNATO—BURNHAM, ... JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, . . 257
Illustrations from Mr. Hammond's personal collection.

SPICE OF DANGER, A. (A STORY) . . . . . HUGH S. MILLER, . . . 222
Illustrations by G. K. Hartwell.

STEADY ON JACKSON'S, THE. Point of View, ... 760

STOMACHAL GYMNASTICS. Point of View, ... 504

SUMMER WITH A HUMMER, A, ... A. A. ALLEN, ... 693
Illustrations from photographs by the author.

THACKERAY AND THE THEATRE, ... BRANDER MATTHEWS, . . 497

TO LET. (SERIAL.) Part I, Chapter I, to Part II, Chapter XI . . . . . JOHN GALSWORTHY,
Illustrations by C. F. Peters. 3, 146, 317, 387, 532, 665
See also Vol. LXX.

TOKYO REVISITED, ... J. O. P. BLAND, ... 371

TYTGAT THE TOY-MAN. (A STORY), ... HELEN STERLING WINSLOW, 723
Illustrations by Oliver Kemp.

VAN DYKE, HENRY. *Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires—On Saying Good-by*, ... 115

VELASQUEZ, SOME NOTES ABOUT, ... WILLIAM WALTON, . . . 380

VENABLE, EDWARD C. *Madame Tichepin*, ... 108

VICTIM OF HIS VISION, THE. (A STORY), ... GERALD CHITTENDEN, . . 611
Illustration by E. F. Ward.

WALTON, EMMA LEE. *The Bethany Stage*, ... 600

WALTON, WILLIAM. *Some Notes About Velasquez* 380

WEITENKAMPF, F. *The West in American Prints*, ... 507

WELLES, HARRIET. *Laninii—A Story of Yap of the Carolines*, ... 702

WEST IN AMERICAN PRINTS, THE, ... F. WEITENKAMPF, . . . 507
Illustrations from prints.

		PAGE
WHEN THE CALL COMES TO THEM,	FRANKLIN CHASE HOYT,	42
WHERE LANGUAGE IS NECESSARY. Point of View,		632
WILKINSON, MARGUERITE. *Beauty—Episodes of a Cruise of "A Dingbat of Arcady,"*		677
WILLIAMS, WHITING. *"Full Up!"*		176, 279, 402
WINLOCK, HERBERT E. *Digger's Luck—Remarkable Models Discovered in an Egyptian Tomb 4,000 Years Old,*		207
WINSLOW, HELEN STERLING. *Tytgat the Toy-man,*		723
WIVES OF XERXES, The. (A STORY), Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele.	REBECCA N. PORTER,	49
WOOLLCOTT, ALEXANDER. *The Paris Taxi-Driver Considered as an Artist.*		643
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM. *See* A Retrospect of Rydal Mount.		
WRATH, CALEB. *Smelted from the Same Ore,*		586
WRITING A PLAY IN A DEBTOR'S PRISON—EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME." Second Paper, Illustrations from old engravings and prints.	THATCHER T. PAYNE LUQUER,	66, 237

POETRY

		PAGE
CLOUDS,	C. GOUVERNEUR HOFFMAN,	664
CREATION,	MARY R. S. ANDREWS,	427
DISCOVERY,	LOUIS DODGE,	278
FAIRFORD NIGHTINGALES,	JOHN DRINKWATER,	316
GREEK SONG, A,	CLINTON SCOLLARD,	490
IN IRISH RAIN,	MARTHA HASKELL CLARK,	626
LITTLE SON, THE,	AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR,	401
REBELLION,	DOROTHY MCPHERSON FARNSWORTH,	568
SALUTE TO THE TREES,	HENRY VAN DYKE,	513
SONG AT LEAVETAKING, A,	CLARE GIFFIN,	98
STAY AT HOME, THE,	CHRISTINE KERR DAVIS,	48
TOLL-GATE HOUSE, THE,	JOHN DRINKWATER,	630
TRIBUTE,	ALINE KILMER,	359
VIOLIN, THE,	FLORENCE EARLE COATES,	206
VOCATION,	JOHN DRINKWATER,	316

Drawn by C. E. Peters

"FORSYTE? WHY—THAT'S MY NAME TOO. PERHAPS WE'RE COUSINS."

—"To Let," page 12.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX JANUARY, 1921 NO. 1

TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY C. F. PETERS

"From out the fatal loins of those two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life."
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THOSE who have read "The Man of Property," "Indian Summer of a Forsyte" (in the volume called "Five Tales"), "In Chancery," and "Awakening," will not need to glance at this note prefacing the novel "To Let," which carries to its end that long study of the possessive instinct "The Forsyte Saga."

In 1888, at the very height of Victorianism, when the possessive instinct was firmly in the saddle and you got almost three and a half per cent for your money, there had long been settled in London ten brothers and sisters of an "upper-middle-class" family, of Dorsetshire stock, called Forsyte. Their names in the order of their age were: Ann, Jolyon, James and Swithin (the twins), Julia (Aunt Juley), Roger, Hester, Nicholas, Timothy, and Susan (married to one Hayman).

Of these, the three unmarried sisters Ann, Juley, and Hester, lived with their youngest and unmarried brother Timothy in a house on the Bayswater Road, sometimes designated "Forsyte 'Change," a kind of depository and market-place for all the gossip and secrets of the clan. All the brothers had become, in the pursuit of their "upper-middle-class" avocations, men of considerable substance, "worth their plum" (one hundred thousand pounds and more).

Now, in 1888 it happened that a young and talented architect called Philip Bosinney had become engaged to June, the granddaughter of old Jolyon Forsyte, whose only son Jolyon (June's father) had become estranged from his family, because he had left his wife—June's mother—marrying at her death the lady for whom he left her and having in second marriage two other children known as Jolly and Holly. In 1888 it also happened that Soames Forsyte, the eldest son of James (they were in partnership as solicitors) was finding his matrimonial relations with his wife Irene (June's great friend) increasingly difficult—Irene had never loved him, and her reluctance to go on living with him was becoming more and more apparent. To remedy this Soames cherished the notion of removing with her to a country house and greater domesticity, and in pursuance of the design caused young Bosinney (the fiancé of his wife's great friend June) to build him a house at Robin Hill, some twelve miles from London. Now while this house was building at great expense, it came to pass that young Bosinney and Irene fell in love. Of all that matter, of the breaking off from June, of the feud which thereby arose between old Jolyon's family and James his brother's, of the nickname old Jolyon gave Soames—"The Man of Property," of Winifred, Soames' sister, and her man-of-the-world husband Montague Dartie, of young Jolyon, of Bosinney, of Soames' jealousy, of the reassertion of his rights

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over his wife's body, of Bosinney's maddened wandering in the London fog, his death beneath the wheels of a 'bus, and Irene's despair—is it not written in "The Man of Property"?

Now, at the end of 1889 the house at Robin Hill built for Soames by young Bosinney and left deserted at Bosinney's death, was bought by old Jolyon, who, reconciled with his son young Jolyon, and delighting in his grandchildren, went to live there, taking them all along with him. Of the pleasant years he lived there, of his strange encounter in the summer days of 1892 with Irene in the coppice at the bottom of the grounds, where she had come to be with the memory of her dead lover at the spot where she first knew of his love; of how he heard that she had lived alone ever since the evening when she knew of her lover's death; of all the strange weeks of Indian summer which the attraction of her beauty brought to old Jolyon—so soon to leave this world of beauty; and of how he left it—is it not written in "Indian Summer of a Forsyte," in the volume called "Five Tales?"

The chronicle reopens in October, 1899, at the beginning of the Transvaal War; and in the volume called "In Chancery" may be read how Soames Forsyte, at the age of forty-five, under pressure of the instinct to reproduce himself so that he might enjoy his possessions after he was dead, set his choice—if not quite his heart—on the French girl Annette Lamotte, who kept the accounts of her mother's restaurant in Soho. And how, in order that he might marry her, he was forced to take steps to divorce Irene—the wife who had left him eleven years before—no easy matter. And how in the course of those steps he became, instead, desirous of her again, and anxious to resume possession that he might acquire an heir without the scandal of divorce. And of how she would not, and of how her trustee young Jolyon aided and abetted, and fell in love with her. And of how Soames tried to force them apart by threat of a divorce, so that they came together instead; and of how he then did divorce her and married Annette. All this, together with the anxieties and death of that perfect Forsyte, his father James, and his sister Winifred's troubles and trials in the matter of her husband Montague Dartie—man of the world; and the love of Val Dartie their hopeful son for Holly the daughter of young Jolyon, and their marriage together; and the death of Holly's brother—Jolly—all this and more is recounted by "In Chancery"; the end whereof records the birth of the fifth Jolyon (little Jon), son to Jolyon and Irene, now married and living at Robin Hill; and of Fleur, daughter to Soames and Annette, now married and living at The Shelter, Mapledurham.

"Awakening" which precedes this final section of "The Forsyte Saga" is but an idyll showing how little Jon Forsyte awoke at the age of eight to his mother's love, and to the sense of Beauty.

And so "To Let" begins in May, 1920, to tell the rest.

PART I

I

ENCOUNTER

Soames Forsyte emerged from the Knightsbridge Hotel, where he was staying, in the afternoon of the 12th of May, 1920, with the intention of visiting a collection of pictures in a Gallery off Cork Street, and looking into the Future. He walked. Since the war he never took a cab if he could help it. Their drivers were, in his view, an uncivil lot, though now that the war was over and supply beginning to exceed demand again, getting more civil in accordance with the custom of human nature. Still, he had not forgiven them, deeply identifying them with gloomy memories and, like all members of their class, with revolution. The considerable anxiety he had passed through during the War, and the more considerable anxiety he had since undergone in the Peace, had produced psychological consequences in a tenacious nature. He had, in mind, so frequently experienced ruin, that he had ceased to believe in its material probability. When one paid away four thousand a year in income and super-tax, one could not very well be worse off. A fortune of a quarter of a

million, encumbered only by a wife and one daughter, and very diversely invested, afforded substantial guarantee even against that "wildcat notion"—a levy on capital. And as to confiscation of war profits, he was entirely in favor of it, for he had none, and "serve the beggars right." The price of pictures, moreover, had, if anything, gone up, and he had done better with his collection since the war began than ever before. Air-raids, also, had acted beneficially on a spirit congenitally cautious, and hardened a character already dogged. To be in danger of being entirely dispersed inclined one to be less apprehensive of the more partial dispersions involved in levies and taxation, while the habit of condemning the impudence of the Germans had led naturally to condemning that of Labor, if not openly at least in the sanctuary of one's soul.

He walked. There was, moreover, time to spare, for Fleur was to meet him at the Gallery at four o'clock, and it was as yet but half past two. It was good for him to walk—his liver was a little constricted and his nerves rather on edge. His wife was always out when she was in Town, and his daughter *would* flibberty-gibbet all over the place like all young women since the war. Still, he must be thankful that she had been too young to do anything in that war itself. Not, of course, that he had not supported the war from its inception, with all his soul, but between that and supporting it with the bodies of his wife and daughter, there had been a gap fixed by something old-fashioned in his soul which abhorred emotional extravagance. He had, for instance, strongly objected to Annette, so attractive, and in 1914 only thirty-five, going to her native France, her "*chère patrie*" as, under the stimulus of war, she had begun to call it, to nurse her "*braves poilus*," forsooth! Ruining her health and her looks! As if she were really a nurse! He had put a stopper on it. Let her do needlework at home, or knit! She had not gone, therefore, and had never been quite the same woman since. A bad tendency of hers to mock at him, not openly, but in continual little ways, had grown. As for Fleur, the war had resolved the vexed problem whether or not she should go to school. She was better away from her mother in her war mood, from the chance of air-raids, and the impetus to do extravagant things; so he had placed her in a seminary as far West as had seemed to him compatible with excellence, and had missed her horribly. Fleur! He had never regretted the somewhat outlandish name by which at her birth he had decided so suddenly to call her—marked concession though it had been to the French. Fleur! A pretty name—a pretty child! But restless—too restless; and wilful! Knowing her power too over her father! Soames often reflected on the mistake it was to dote on one's daughter. To get old and dote! Sixty-five! He was getting on; but he didn't feel it, for, fortunately perhaps, considering Annette's youth and good looks, his second marriage had turned out a cool affair. He had known but one real passion in his life—for that first wife of his—Irene. Yes, and that fellow, his Cousin Jolyon, who had gone off with her, was looking very shaky, they said. No wonder, at seventy-two, after twenty years of a third marriage!

Soames paused a moment in his march to lean over the railings of the Row. A suitable spot for reminiscence, half-way between that house in Park Lane which had seen his birth and his parents' deaths, and that little house in Montpelier Square where thirty-five years ago he had enjoyed his first edition of matrimony. Now, after twenty years of his second edition, that old tragedy seemed to him like a previous existence—which had ended when Fleur was born in place of the son he had hoped for. For many years he had ceased regretting, even vaguely, the son who had not been born; Fleur filled the bill in his heart. After all, she bore his name; and he was not looking forward at all to the time when she would change it. Indeed, if he ever thought of such a calamity, it was seasoned by the vague feeling that he could make her rich enough to purchase perhaps and extinguish the name of the fellow who married her—why not, since, as it seemed, women were equal to men nowadays? And Soames, secretly convinced that they were not, passed his curved hand over his face vigorously,

till it reached the comfort of his chin. Thanks to abstemious habits, he had not grown fat and flabby; his nose was pale and thin, his gray moustache close-clipped, his eyesight unimpaired. A slight stoop closened and corrected the expansion given to his face by the heightening of his forehead in the recession of his gray hair. Little change had Time wrought in the "warmest" of the young Forsytes, as the last of the old Forsytes—Timothy—now in his hundredth and first year, would have phrased it.

The shade from the plane-trees fell on his neat Homburg hat; he had given up top hats—it was no use attracting attention to wealth in days like these. Plane-trees! His thoughts travelled sharply to Madrid—the Easter before the War, when, having to make up his mind about that Goya picture, he had taken a voyage of discovery to study the painter on his spot. The fellow had impressed him—great range, real genius! Highly as the chap ranked, he would rank even higher before they had finished with him. The second Goya craze would be greater even than the first; oh, yes! And he had bought. On that visit he had—as never before—commissioned a copy of a fresco painting called "La Vendimia," wherein was the figure of a girl with an arm akimbo, who had reminded him of his daughter. He had it now in the Gallery at Mapledurham, and rather poor it was—you couldn't copy Goya. He would still look at it, however, if his daughter were not there, for the sake of something irresistibly reminiscent in the light, erect balance of the figure, the width between the arching eyebrows, the eager dreaming of the dark eyes. Curious that Fleur should have dark eyes, when his own were gray—no pure Forsyte had brown eyes—and her mother's blue! But of course her grandmother Lamotte had eyes as dark as treacle!

He began to walk on again toward Hyde Park Corner. No greater change in all England than in the Row! Born almost within hail of it, he could remember it from 1860 on. Brought there as a child between the crinolines to stare at tight-trousered dandies in whiskers, riding with a cavalry seat; to watch the doffing of curly-brimmed and white top hats; the leisurely air of it all, and the little bow-legged man in a long red waistcoat who used to come among the fashion with dogs on several strings, and try to sell one to his mother: King Charles spaniels, Italian greyhounds, affectionate to her crinoline—you never saw them now. You saw no quality of any sort, indeed, just working people sitting in dull rows with nothing to stare at but a few young bouncing females in pot hats, riding astride, or desultory Colonials charging up and down on dismal-looking hacks; with, here and there, little girls on ponies, or old gentlemen jogging their livers, or an orderly trying a great galumphing cavalry horse; no thoroughbreds, no grooms, no bowing, no scraping, no gossip—nothing; only the trees the same—the trees indifferent to the generations and declensions of mankind. A democratic England—dishevelled, hurried, noisy, and seemingly without an apex. And that something fastidious in the soul of Soames turned over within him. Gone forever, the close borough of rank and polish! Wealth there was—oh, yes! wealth—he himself was a richer man than his father had ever been; but manners, flavor, quality, all gone, engulfed in one vast, ugly, shoulder-rubbing, petrol-smelling Cheerio. Little half-beaten pockets of gentility and caste lurking here and there, dispersed and *chétif*, as Annette would say; but nothing ever again firm and coherent to look up to. And into this new hurly-burly of bad manners and loose morals his daughter—flower of his life—was flung! And when those Labor chaps got power—if they ever did—the worst was yet to come!

He passed out under the archway, at last no longer—thank goodness!—disfigured by the gun-gray of its search-light. "They'd better put a search-light on to where they're all going," he thought, "and light up their precious democracy!" And he directed his steps along the Club fronts of Piccadilly. George Forsyte, of course, would be sitting in the bay window of the Iseeum. The chap was so big now that he was there nearly all his time, like some immovable, sardonic, humorous eye noting the decline of men and things. And Soames hurried, ever constitutionally uneasy be-

neath his cousin's glance. George, who, as he had heard, had written a letter signed "Patriot" in the middle of the War, complaining of the Government's hysteria in docking the oats of race-horses. Yes, there he was, tall, ponderous, neat, clean-shaven, with his smooth hair, hardly thinned, smelling, no doubt, of the best hair-wash, and a pink paper in his hand. Well, *he* didn't change! And for perhaps the first time in his life Soames felt a kind of sympathy tapping in his waistcoat for that sardonic kinsman. With his weight, his perfectly parted hair, and bull-like gaze, he was a guarantee that the old order would take some shifting yet. He saw George move the pink paper as if inviting him to ascend —the chap must want to ask something about his property. It was still under Soames' control; for in the adoption of a sleeping partnership at that painful period twenty years back when he had divorced Irene, Soames had found himself almost insensibly retaining control of all purely Forsyte affairs.

Hesitating for just a moment, he nodded and went in. Since the death of his brother-in-law Montague Dartie, in Paris, which no one had quite known what to make of, except that it was certainly not suicide—the Iseeum Club had seemed more respectable to Soames. George, too, he knew, had sown the last of his wild oats, and was committed definitely to the joys of the table, eating only of the very best so as to keep his weight down, and owning, as he said, only "one or two old screws to give me an interest in life." He joined his cousin, therefore, in the bay window without the embarrassing sense of indiscretion he had been used to feel up there. George put out a well-kept hand.

"Haven't seen you since the War," he said. "How's your wife?"

"Thanks," said Soames coldly, "well enough."

Some hidden jest curved, for a moment, George's fleshy face, and gloated from his eye.

"That Belgian chap, Profond," he said, "is a member here now. He's a rum customer."

"Quite!" muttered Soames. "What did you want to see me about?"

"Old Timothy; he might go off the hooks at any moment. I suppose he's made his Will."

"Yes."

"Well, you or somebody ought to give him a look up—last of the old lot; he's a hundred, you know. They say he's like a mummy. Where are you goin' to put him? He ought to have a pyramid by rights."

Soames shook his head. "Highgate," he said; "the family vault."

"Well, I suppose you're right; the old girls would miss him, if there's anything in that. They say he still takes an interest in food. He might last on, you know. Don't we *get* anything for the old Forsytes? Ten of them—average age eighty-eight—I worked it out. That ought to be equal to triplets."

"Is that all?" said Soames. "I must be getting on."

"You unsociable devil," George's eyes seemed to say. "Yes, that's all: Look him up in his mausoleum—the old chap might want to prophesy." The grin died on the rich curves of his face, and he added: "I say, haven't you attorneys invented a way yet of dodging this damned income tax? It hits the fixed inherited income like the very deuce. I used to have two thousand five hundred a year; now I've got a beggarly fifteen hundred, and the price of living doubled."

"Ah!" murmured Soames, "the turf's in danger."

Over George's face moved a gleam of sardonic self-defence.

"Well," he said, "they brought me up to do nothing, and here I am in the sere and yellow, getting poorer every day. These Labor chaps mean to have the lot before they've done. What are you going to do for a living when it comes? I shall work a six-hour day teaching politicians how to see a joke. Take my tip, Soames; go into Parliament, make sure of your four hundred—and employ me."

And, as Soames retired, he resumed his seat in the bay window.

Soames moved along Piccadilly deep in reflections excited by his cousin's words. He himself had always been a worker and a saver, George always a drone and a spender; and yet, if confiscation once began, it was he—the worker and the

saver—who would be looted! That was the negation of all virtue, the overturning of all Forsyte principles. Could civilization be built on any other? He did not think so. Well, they wouldn't confiscate his pictures, for they wouldn't know their worth. But what would they be worth, if these maniacs once began to milk capital? A drug on the market. "I don't care about myself," he thought; "I could live on five hundred a year, and never know the difference, at my age." But Fleur! This fortune, so wisely invested, these treasures so carefully chosen and amassed, were all for her. And if it should turn out that he couldn't give or leave them to her—well, life had no meaning, and what was the use of going in to look at this crazy, futuristic stuff with the view of seeing whether it had any future?

Arriving at the Gallery off Cork Street, however, he paid his shilling, picked up a catalogue, and entered. Some ten persons were prowling round. Soames took steps and came on what looked to him like a lamp-post bent by collision with a motor omnibus. It was advanced some three paces from the wall, and was described in his catalogue as "Jupiter." He examined it with curiosity, having recently turned some of his attention to sculpture. "If that's Jupiter," he thought, "I wonder what Juno's like." And suddenly he saw her, opposite. She appeared to him like nothing so much as a pump with two handles, lightly clad in snow. He was still gazing at her, when two of the prowlers halted on his left. "*Épatant!*" he heard one say, "there's future in that!"

"Jargon!" growled Soames to himself.

The other's boyish voice replied:

"Missed it, old bean; he's pulling your leg. When Jove and Juno created he them, he was saying: 'I'll see how much these fools will swallow.' And they've lapped up the lot."

"You young duffer! Vospovitch is an innovator. Don't you see that he's brought satire into sculpture? The future of plastic art, of music, painting, and even architecture, has set in satiric. It was bound to. People are tired—the bottom's tumbled out of sentiment."

"Well, I'm quite equal to taking a little interest in beauty. I was through the War. You've dropped your handkerchief, sir."

Soames saw a handkerchief held out in front of him. He took it with some natural suspicion, and approached it to his nose. It had the right scent—of distant Eau de Cologne—and his initials in a corner. Slightly reassured, he raised his eyes to the young man's face. It had rather fawn-like ears, a laughing mouth, with half a toothbrush growing out of it on each side, and small lively eyes, above a normally dressed appearance.

"Thank you," he said; and moved by a sort of irritation, added: "Glad to hear you like beauty; that's rare nowadays."

"I dote on it," said the young man; "but you and I are the last of the old guard, sir."

Soames smiled.

"If you really care for pictures," he said, "here's my card. I can show you some quite good ones any Sunday, if you're down the river and care to look in."

"Awfully nice of you, sir. I'll drop in like a bird. My name's Mont—Michael." And he took off his hat.

Soames, already regretting his impulse, raised his own slightly in response, with a downward look at the young man's companion, who had a purple tie, dreadful little slug-like whiskers, and a scornful look—as if he were a poet!

It was the first indiscretion he had committed for so long that he went and sat down in an alcove. What had possessed him to give his card to a rackety young fellow, who went about with a thing like that? And Fleur, always at the back of his thoughts, started out like a filagree figure from a clock when the hour strikes. On the screen opposite the alcove was a large canvas with a great many square tomato-colored blobs on it, and nothing else, so far as Soames could see from where he sat. He looked at his catalogue: "No. 32—'The Future Town'—Paul Post." "I suppose that's satiric too," he thought. "What a thing!" But his second impulse was more cautious. It did not do to condemn hurriedly. There had been those stripy, streaky things of Monet's, which had turned out such trumps; and then the stippled

school; and Gauguin. Why, even since the Post-Impressionists there had been one or two painters not to be sneezed at. During the thirty-eight years of his connoisseur's life, indeed, he had marked so many "movements," seen the tides of taste and technique so ebb and flow, that there was really no telling anything except that there was money to be made out of every change of fashion. This too might quite well be a case where one must subdue primordial instinct, or lose money. He got up and stood before the picture, trying hard to see it with the eyes of other people. Above the tomato blobs was what he took to be a sunset, till some one passing said: "He's got the airplanes wonderfully, don't you think!" Below the tomato blobs was a band of white with vertical black stripes, to which he could assign no meaning whatever, till some one else came by, murmuring: "What expression he gets with his foreground!" Expression? Of what? Soames went back to his seat. The thing was "rich," as his father would have said, and he wouldn't give a damn for it. Expression! Ah! they were all Expressionists now, he had heard, on the Continent. So it was coming here too, was it? He remembered the first wave of influenza in 1887—or 8—hatched in China, so they said. He wondered where this—this Expressionism—had been hatched. The thing was a regular disease!

He had become conscious of a woman and a youth standing between him and the "Future Town." Their backs were turned; but very suddenly Soames put his catalogue before his face, and drawing his hat forward, gazed through the slit between. No mistaking that back, elegant as ever though the hair above had gone gray. Irene! His divorced wife—Irene! And this, no doubt, was her son—by that fellow Jolyon Forsyte—their boy, six months older than his own girl! And mumbling over in his mind the bitter days of his divorce, he rose to get out of sight, but quickly sat down again. She had turned her head to speak to her boy; her profile was still so youthful that it made her gray hair seem powdery, as if fancy-dressed; and her lips were smiling as Soames, first possessor of them, had never seen them smile. Grudgingly he admitted her still beautiful, and in figure almost as young as ever. And how that boy smiled back at her! Emotion squeezed Soames' heart. The sight infringed his sense of justice. He grudged her that boy's smile—it went beyond what Fleur gave him, and it was undeserved. Their son might have been his son; Fleur might have been her daughter, if she had kept straight! He lowered his catalogue. If she saw him, all the better! A reminder of her conduct in the presence of her son, who probably knew nothing of it, would be a salutary touch from the finger of that Nemesis which surely must soon or late visit her! Then, half-conscious that such a thought was extravagant for a Forsyte of his age, Soames took out his watch. Past four! Fleur was late. She had gone to his niece Imogen Cardigan's, and there they would keep her smoking cigarettes and gossiping, and that. He heard the boy laugh, and say eagerly: "I say, Mum, this isn't by one of Auntie June's lame ducks, is it?"

"Paul Post—I believe it is, darling."

The word produced a little shock in Soames; he had never heard her use it. And then she saw him. His eyes must have had in them something of George Forsyte's sardonic look; for her gloved hand crisped the folds of her frock, her eyebrows rose, her face went stony. She moved on.

"It *is* a caution," said the boy, catching her arm again.

Soames stared after them. That boy was good-looking, with a Forsyte chin, and eyes deep-gray, deep in; but with something sunny, like a glass of old sherry spilled over him; his smile perhaps, his hair. Better than they deserved—those two! They passed from his view into the next room, and Soames continued to regard the Future Town, but saw it not. A little smile snarled up his lips. He was despising the vehemence of his own feelings after all these years. Ghosts! And yet as one grew old—was there anything but what was ghost-like left? Yes, there was Fleur! He fixed his eyes on the entrance. She was due; but she would keep him waiting, of course! And suddenly he became aware of a sort of human breeze—a short, slight form clad in a sea-green djibbah

with a metal belt and a fillet binding unruly red-gold hair all streaked with gray. She was talking to the Gallery attendants, and something familiar riveted his gaze—in her eyes, her chin, her hair, her spirit—something which suggested a thin Skye terrier just before its dinner. Surely June Forsyte! His cousin June—and coming straight to his recess! She sat down beside him, deep in thought, took out a tablet, and made a pencil note. Soames sat unmoving. A confounded thing was cousinship! "Disgusting!" he heard her murmur; then, as if resenting the presence of an overhearing stranger, she looked at him. The worst had happened.

"What—Soames!"

Soames turned his head a very little.

"How are *you?*" he said. "Haven't seen you for twenty years."

"No. Whatever made *you* come here?"

"My sins," said Soames. "What stuff!"

"Stuff? Oh, yes—of course; it hasn't *arrived* yet."

"It never will," said Soames; "it must be making a dead loss."

"Of course it is."

"How d'you know?"

"It's my Gallery."

Soames sniffed from sheer surprise.

"Yours? What on earth made you run a show like this?"

"*I* don't treat Art as if it were grocery."

Soames pointed to the Future Town. "Look at that! Who's going to live in a town like that, or with it on his walls?"

June contemplated the picture for a moment. "It's a vision," she said.

"The deuce!" said Soames.

There was silence, then June rose. "Crazy-looking creature!" he thought.

"Well," he said, "you'll find your young stepbrother here with a woman I used to know. If you take my advice, you'll close this exhibition."

June looked back at him. "Oh! You Forsyte!" she said, and moved on. About her light, fly-away figure, passing so suddenly away, was a look of dangerous decisions. Forsyte! Of course, he was a Forsyte! And so was she! But from the time when, as a mere girl, she brought Bosinney into his life to wreck it, he had never hit it off with June—and never would! And here she was, unmarried to this day, owning a Gallery! . . . And suddenly it came to Soames how little he knew now of his own family. The old aunts at Timothy's had been dead so many years; there was no clearing-house for news. What had they all done in the War? Young Roger's boy had been wounded, St. John Hayman's second son killed; young Nicholas' eldest had got an O. B. E., or whatever they gave them. They had all joined up somehow, he believed. That boy of Jolyon's and Irene's, he supposed, had been too young; his own generation, of course, too old, though Giles Hayman had driven a car for the Red Cross—and Jesse Hayman been a special constable—those "Dromios" had always been of a sporting type! As for himself, he had given a motor ambulance, read the papers till he was sick of them, passed through much anxiety, bought no clothes, lost seven pounds in weight; he didn't know what more he could have done at his age. Indeed, thinking it over, it struck him that he and his family had taken this war very differently to that affair with the Boers, which had been supposed to tax all the resources of the Empire. In that old war, of course, his nephew Val Dartie had been wounded, that fellow Jolyon's first son had died of enteric, "the Dromios" had gone out on horses, and June had been a nurse; but all that had seemed in the nature of a portent, while in *this* war everybody had done "their bit," so far as he could make out, as a matter of course. It seemed to show the growth of something or other—or perhaps the decline of something else. Had the Forsytes become less individual, or more Imperial, or less provincial? Or was it simply that one hated Germans? . . . Why didn't Fleur come, so that he could get away? He saw those three return together from the other room and pass back along the far side of the screen. The boy was standing before the Juno now. And, suddenly, on the other side of her, Soames saw—his daughter, with eyebrows raised, as well they might be. He could see her eyes glint sideways at the boy, and the boy look back at her. Then Irene slipped her hand through his

arm, and drew him on. Soames saw him glancing round, and Fleur looking after them as the three went out.

A voice said cheerfully: "A bit thick, isn't it, sir?"

The young man who had handed him his handkerchief was again passing. Soames nodded.

"I don't know what we're coming to."

"Oh! That's all right, sir," answered the young man cheerfully; "they don't either."

Fleur's voice said:

"Hallo, father! There you are!"

The young man, snatching off his hat, passed on.

"Well," said Soames, looking her up and down, "you're a punctual sort of young woman!"

This treasured possession of his life was of medium height and color, with short, dark-chestnut hair; her wide-apart brown eyes were set in whites so clear that they glinted when they moved, and yet in repose were almost dreamy under very white, black-lashed lids, held over them in a sort of suspense. She had a charming profile, and nothing of her father in her face save a decided chin. Aware that his expression was softening as he looked at her, Soames frowned to preserve the unemotionalism proper to a Forsyte. He knew she was only too inclined to take advantage of his weakness.

Slipping her hand under his arm, she said:

"Who was that?"

"He picked up my handkerchief. We talked about the pictures."

"You're not going to buy *that*, father?"

"No," said Soames grimly; "nor that Juno you've been looking at."

Fleur dragged at his arm. "Oh! Let's go! It's a ghastly show."

In the doorway they passed the young man called Mont and his partner. Soames had hung out a board with "Trespassers will be prosecuted" thereon, and he barely acknowledged the young fellow's salute.

"Well," he said in the street, "whom did you meet at Imogen's?"

"Aunt Winifred, and that Monsieur Profond."

"Oh!" muttered Soames; "that chap! What does your aunt see in him?"

"I don't know. He looks pretty deep —mother says she likes him."

Soames grunted.

"Cousin Val and his wife were there."

"What!" said Soames. "I thought they were back in South Africa."

"Oh, no! They've sold their farm. Cousin Val is going to train race-horses on the Sussex Downs. They've got a jolly old manor-house; they asked me down there."

Soames coughed: the news was distasteful to him. "What's his wife like now?"

"Very quiet, but nice, I think."

Soames coughed again. "He's a rackety chap, your Cousin Val."

"Oh! no, Father; they're awfully devoted. I promised to go—Saturday to Wednesday next."

"Training race-horses!" said Soames. It was bad enough, but not the reason for his distaste. Why the deuce couldn't those two have stayed out in South Africa? His own divorce had been bad enough, without his nephew's marriage to the daughter of the co-respondent; a half-sister too of June, and of that boy whom Fleur had just been looking at from under the pump-handle. If he didn't look out, she would come to know all about that old disgrace! Unpleasant things! H'm! They were round him this afternoon like a swarm of bees!

"I don't like it!" he said.

"I want to see the race-horses," murmured Fleur; "and they've promised I shall ride. Cousin Val can't walk much, you know; but he can ride perfectly. He's going to show me their gallops."

"Racing!" said Soames. "It's a pity the war didn't knock that on the head. He's taking after his father, I'm afraid."

"I don't know anything about his father."

"No," said Soames, grimly. "He took an interest in horses and broke his neck in Paris, walking down-stairs. Good riddance for your aunt." He frowned, recollecting the inquiry into those stairs which he had attended in Paris six years ago, because Montague Dartie could not attend it himself—perfectly normal stairs in a house where they played baccarat. Either his winnings or the way he had celebrated them had gone to his brother-in-law's head. The French procedure

had been very loose; he had had a lot of trouble with it.

A sound from Fleur distracted his attention. "Look! The people who were in the Gallery with us."

"What people?" muttered Soames, who knew perfectly well.

"I think that woman's beautiful."

"Come into this pastry-cook's," said Soames abruptly, tightening his grip on her arm, and turning into a confectioner's. It was—for him—a surprising thing to do, and he said rather anxiously: "What will you have?"

"Oh! I don't want anything. I had a cocktail and a tremendous lunch."

"We *must* have something now we're here," muttered Soames, keeping hold of her arm.

"Two teas," he said; "and two of those nougat things."

But no sooner were they seated than his soul sprang up. Those three—those three were coming in! He heard Irene say something to her boy, and his answer:

"Oh! no, Mum; this place is all right. My stunt." And the three sat down.

At that moment, most awkward of his existence, crowded with ghosts and shadows from his past, in presence of the only two women he had ever loved—his divorced wife and his daughter by her successor—Soames was not so much afraid of *them* as of his cousin June. She might make a scene—she might introduce those two children—she was capable of anything. He bit too hastily at the nougat, and it stuck to his plate. Working at it with his finger, he glanced at Fleur. She was masticating dreamily, but her eyes were on the boy. The Forsyte in him said: "Think, feel, and you're done for!" And he wiggled his finger desperately. Plate! Did Jolyon wear a plate? Did that woman wear a plate? Time had been when he had seen her wearing nothing! That was something, anyway, which had never been stolen from him. And she knew it, though she might sit there calm and self-possessed, as if she had never been his wife. An acid humor stirred in his Forsyte blood; a subtle pain divided by hair's-breadth from pleasure. If only June did not suddenly bring her hornets about his ears! The boy was talking.

"Of course, Auntie June,"—so he called his half-sister "Auntie," did he?—well, she must be fifty, if she was a day!—"it's jolly good of you to encourage them. Only—hang it all!" Soames stole a glance. Irene's startled eyes were bent watchfully on her boy. She—she had these devotions—for Bosinney—for that boy's father—for this boy! He touched Fleur's arm, and said:

"Well, have you had enough?"

"One more, Father, please."

She would be sick! He went to the counter to pay. When he turned round again he saw Fleur standing near the door, holding a handkerchief which the boy had evidently just handed to her.

"F. F.," he heard her say. "Fleur Forsyte—it's mine all right. Thank you ever so."

Good God! She had caught the trick from what he'd told her in the Gallery—monkey!

"Forsyte? Why—that's my name too. Perhaps we're cousins."

"Really! We must be. There aren't any others. I live at Mapledurham; where do you?"

"Robin Hill."

Question and answer had been so rapid that all was over before he could lift a finger. He saw Irene's face alive with startled feeling, gave the slightest shake of his head, and slipped his arm through Fleur's.

"Come along!" he said.

She did not move.

"Didn't you hear, Father? Isn't it queer—our name's the same. Are we cousins?"

"What's that?" he said. "Forsyte? Distant, perhaps."

"My name's Jolyon, sir. Jon, for short."

"Oh! Ah!" said Soames. "Yes. Distant. How are you? Very good of you. Good-bye!"

He moved on.

"Thanks awfully," Fleur was saying. "*Au revoir!*"

"*Au revoir!*" he heard the boy reply.

II

FINE FLEUR FORSYTE

EMERGING from the "pastry-cook's," Soames' first impulse was to vent his

nerves by saying to his daughter: "Dropping your handkerchief!" to which her absurd reply might be: "Well, I picked that up from you!" His second impulse therefore was to let sleeping dogs lie. But she would surely question him. He gave her a sidelong look, and found she was giving him the same. She said softly:

"Why don't you like those cousins, Father?"

Soames lifted the corner of his lip.

"What made you think that?"

"*Cela se voit.*"

'That sees itself!' What a way of putting it—French!

After twenty years of a French wife Soames had still little sympathy with her language; a theatrical affair and connected in his mind with all the refinements of domestic irony.

"How?" he asked.

"You *must* know them; and you didn't make a sign. I saw them looking at you."

"I've never seen the boy in my life," replied Soames with perfect truth.

"No; but you've seen the others, dear."

Soames gave her another look. What had she picked up? Had her Aunt Winifred, or Imogen, or Val Dartie and his wife, been talking? Every breath of the old scandal had been carefully kept from her at home, and Winifred warned many times that he wouldn't have a whisper of it reach her for the world. So far as she ought to know, he had never been married before. But her dark eyes, whose southern glint and clearness often almost frightened him, met his with perfect innocence.

"Well," he said, "your grandfather and his brother had a quarrel. The two families don't know each other."

"How romantic!"

"Now, what does she mean by that?" he thought. The word was to him extravagant and dangerous—it was as if she had said: "How jolly!"

"And they'll continue not to know each other," he added, but instantly regretted the challenge in those words. Fleur was smiling. In this age, when young people prided themselves on going their own ways and paying no attention to any sort of decent prejudice, he had said the very thing to excite her wilfulness. Then, recollecting the expression on Irene's face, he breathed again.

"What sort of a quarrel?" he heard Fleur say.

"About a house. It's ancient history for you. Your grandfather died the day you were born. He was ninety."

"Ninety? Are there many Forsytes besides those in the Directory?"

"I don't know," said Soames. "They're all dispersed now. The old ones are dead, except Timothy."

Fleur clasped her hands.

"Timothy? Isn't that delicious?"

"Not at all," said Soames. It offended him that she should think "Timothy" delicious—a kind of insult to his breed. This new generation mocked at anything solid and tenacious. "You go and see the old boy. He might want to prophesy." Ah! If Timothy could see the disquiet England of his greatnephews and greatnieces, he would certainly give tongue. And involuntarily he glanced up at the Iseeum; yes—George was still in the window, with the same pink paper in his hand.

"Where is Robin Hill, father?"

Robin Hill! Robin Hill, round which all that tragedy had centred! What did she want to know for?

"In Surrey," he muttered; "not far from Richmond. Why?"

"Is the house there?"

"What house?"

"That they quarrelled about."

"Yes. But what's all that to do with you? We're going home to-morrow—you'd better be thinking about your frocks."

"Bless you! They're all thought about. A family feud? It's like the Bible, or Mark Twain—awfully exciting. What did you do in the feud, father?"

"Never you mind."

"Oh! But if I'm to keep it up?"

"Who said you were to keep it up?"

"You, darling."

"I? I said it had nothing to do with you."

"Just what *I* think, you know; so that's all right."

She was too sharp for him; *fine*, as Annette sometimes called her. Nothing for it but to distract her attention.

"There's a bit of rosaline point in here," he said, stopping before a shop, "that I thought you might like."

When he had paid for it and they had resumed their progress, Fleur said:

"Don't you think that boy's mother is the most beautiful woman of her age you've ever seen?"

Soames shivered. Uncanny, the way she stuck to it!

"I don't know that I noticed her."

"Dear, I saw the corner of your eye."

"You see everything—and a great deal more, it seems to me!"

"What's her husband like? He must be your first cousin, if your fathers were brothers."

"Dead, for all I know," said Soames, with sudden vehemence. "I haven't seen him for twenty years."

"What was he?"

"A painter."

"That's quite jolly."

The words: "If you want to please me you'll put those people out of your head," sprang to Soames' lips, but he choked them back—he must *not* let her see his feelings.

"He once insulted me," he said.

Her quick eyes rested on his face.

"I see! You didn't avenge it, and it rankles. Poor father! You let me have a go!"

It was really like lying in the dark with a mosquito hovering above his face. Such pertinacity in Fleur was new to him, and, as they reached the hotel, he said grimly:

"I did my best. And that's enough about these people. I'm going up till dinner."

"I shall sit here."

With a parting look at her extended in a chair—a look half-resentful, half-adoring—Soames moved into the lift and was transported to their suite on the fourth floor. He stood by the window of the sitting-room which gave view over Hyde Park, and drummed a finger on its pane. His feelings were confused, techy, troubled. The throb of that old wound, scarred over by Time and new interests, was mingled with displeasure and anxiety, and a slight pain in his chest where that nougat stuff had disagreed. Had Annette come in? Not that she was any good to him in such a difficulty. Whenever she had questioned him about his first marriage, he had always shut her up; she knew nothing of it, save that it had been the great passion of his life, and his marriage with herself but domestic makeshift. She had always kept the grudge of that up her sleeve, as it were, and used it commercially. He listened. A sound—the vague murmur of a woman's movements—was coming through the door. She *was* in. He tapped.

"Who?"

"I," said Soames.

She had been changing her frock, and was still imperfectly clothed; a striking figure before her glass. There was a certain magnificence about her arms, shoulders, hair, which had darkened since he first knew her, about the turn of her neck, the silkiness of her garments, her dark-lashed, gray-blue eyes—she was certainly as handsome at forty as she had ever been. A fine possession, an excellent housekeeper, a sensible and affectionate enough mother. If only she weren't always so frankly cynical about the relations between them! Soames, who had no more real affection for her than she had for him, suffered from a kind of English grievance, in that she had never dropped even the thinnest veil of sentiment over their partnership. Like most of his countrymen and women, he held the view that marriage should be based on mutual love, but that when from a marriage love had disappeared, or been found never to have really existed—so that it was manifestly not based on love—you must not say so. There it was, and the love was not—but there you were, and must continue to be! Thus you had it both ways, and were not tarred with cynicism, realism, and immorality, like the French. Moreover, it was necessary in the interests of property. He knew that she knew that they both knew there was no love between them, but he still expected her not to admit in words or conduct such a thing, and he could never understand what she meant when she talked of the hypocrisy of the English. He said:

"Whom have you got at 'The Shelter' next week?"

Annette went on touching her lips delicately with salve—he always wished she wouldn't do that.

"Your sister Winifred, and the Car-r-

digans—" she took up a tiny stick of black—"and Prosper Profond."

"That Belgian chap? Why him?"

Annette turned her neck lazily, touched one eyelash, and said:

"He amuses Winifred."

"I want some one to amuse Fleur; she's restive."

"R-restive?" repeated Annette. "Is it the first time you see that, my friend? She was born r-restive, as you call it."

Would she never get that affected roll out of her r's?

He touched the dress she had taken off, and asked:

"What have you been doing?"

Annette looked at him, reflected in her glass. Her just-brightened lips smiled, rather full, rather ironical.

"Enjoying myself," she said.

"Oh!" answered Soames glumly. "Ribbandry, I suppose."

It was his word for all that incomprehensible running in and out of shops that women went in for. "Has Fleur got her summer dresses?"

"You don't ask if I have mine."

"You don't care whether I do or not."

"Quite right. Well, she has; and I have mine—terribly expensive."

"H'm!" said Soames. "What does that chap Profond do in England?"

Annette raised the eyebrows she had just finished.

"He yachts."

"Ah!" said Soames; "he's a sleepy chap."

"Sometimes," answered Annette, and her face had a sort of quiet enjoyment. "But sometimes very amusing."

"He's got a touch of the tar-brush about him."

Annette stretched herself.

"Tar-brush?" she said; "What is that? His mother was *Arménienne.*"

"That's it, then," muttered Soames. "Does he know anything about pictures?"

"He knows about everything—a man of the world."

"Well, get some one for Fleur. I want to distract her. She's going off on Saturday to Val Dartie and his wife; I don't like it."

"Why not?"

Since the reason could not be explained without going into family history, Soames merely answered:

"Racketing about. There's too much of it."

"I like that little Mrs. Val; she is very quiet and clever."

"I know nothing of her except— This thing's new." And Soames took up a creation from the bed.

Annette received it from him.

"Would you hook me?" she said.

Soames hooked. Glancing once over her shoulder into the glass, he saw the expression on her face, faintly amused, faintly contemptuous, as much as to say: "Thanks! You will never learn!" No, thank God, he wasn't a Frenchman! He finished with a jerk, and the words:

"It's too low here." And he went to the door, with the wish to get away from her and go down to Fleur again.

Annette stayed a powder-puff, and said with startling suddenness:

"*Comme tu es grossier!*"

He knew the expression—he had reason to. The first time she had used it he had thought it meant "What a grocer you are!" and had not known whether to be relieved or not when better informed. He resented the word—he was *not* coarse! If he was coarse, what was that chap in the room beyond his, who made those horrible noises in the morning when he cleared his throat, or those people in the Lounge who thought it well-bred to say nothing but what the whole world could hear at the top of their voices—quacking inanity! Coarse, because he had said her dress was low! Well, so it was! He went out without reply.

Coming into the Lounge from the far end, he at once saw Fleur where he had left her. She sat with crossed knees, slowly balancing a foot in silk stocking and gray shoe, sure sign that she was dreaming. Her eyes showed it too—they went off like that sometimes. And then, in a moment, she would come to life, and be as quick and restless as a monkey. And she knew so much, so self-assured, and not yet nineteen. What was that odious word? Flapper! Dreadful young creatures—squealing and squawking and showing their legs! The worst of them bad dreams, the best of them powdered angels! Fleur was *not* a flapper, *not* one of those slangy, ill-bred young females. And yet she was frighteningly self-willed,

and full of life, and determined to enjoy it. Enjoy! The word brought no puritan terror to Soames; but it brought the terror suited to his temperament. He had always been afraid to enjoy to-day for fear he might not enjoy to-morrow so much. And it was terrifying to feel that his daughter was divested of that safeguard. The very way she sat in that chair showed it—lost in her dream. He had never been lost in a dream himself—there was nothing to be had out of it; and where she got it from he did not know! Certainly not from Annette! And yet Annette, as a young girl, when he was hanging about her, had once had a flowery look. Well, she had lost it now!

Fleur rose from her chair—swiftly, restlessly, and flung herself down at a writing-table. Seizing ink and writing-paper, she began to write as if she had not time to breathe before she got her letter written. And suddenly she saw him. The air of desperate absorption vanished, she smiled, waved a kiss, made a pretty face as if she were a little puzzled and a little bored.

Ah! She was "*fine*"—"*fine!*"

III

AT ROBIN HILL

Jolyon Forsyte had spent his boy's nineteenth birthday at Robin Hill, quietly going into his affairs. He did everything quietly now, because his heart was in a poor way, and, like all his family, he disliked the idea of dying. He had never realized how much till one day, two years ago, he had gone to his doctor about certain symptoms, and been told:

"At any moment, on any overstrain."

He had taken it with a smile—the natural Forsyte reaction against an unpleasant truth. But with an increase of symptoms in the train on the way home, he had taken in the full of the sentence hanging over him. To leave Irene, his boy, his home, his work—though he did little enough work now! To leave them for unknown darkness, for the unimaginable state, for such nothingness that he would not even be conscious of wind stirring leaves above his grave, nor of the scent of earth and grass. Of such nothingness that, however hard he might try to conceive it, he never could, and must still hover on the hope that he might see again those he loved! To realize this was to endure very poignant spiritual anguish. Before he reached home that day, he had determined to keep it from Irene. He would have to be more careful than man had ever been, for the least thing would give it away and make her as wretched as himself, almost. His doctor had passed him sound in other respects, and seventy was nothing of an age—he would last a long time yet, *if he could!*

Such a conclusion, followed out for over two years, develops to the full the subtler side of character. Naturally not abrupt, except when nervously excited, Jolyon had become control incarnate. The sad patience of old people who cannot exert themselves was masked by a smile which his lips preserved even in private. He devised continually all manner of cover to conceal his enforced lack of exertion. Mocking himself for doing so, he counterfeited conversion to the Simple Life; gave up wine and cigars, drank a special kind of coffee with no coffee in it. In short, he made himself as safe as a Forsyte in his condition could, under the rose of his mild irony. Secure from discovery, since his wife and son had gone up to Town, he had spent the fine May day quietly arranging his papers, that he might die to-morrow without inconveniencing any one, giving in fact a final polish to his terrestrial state. Having docketed and enclosed it in his father's old Chinese cabinet, he put the key into an envelope, wrote the words outside: "Key of the Chinese cabinet, wherein will be found the exact state of me. J. F.," and put it in his breast-pocket, where it would be, always about him, in case of accident. Then, ringing for tea, he went out to have it under the old oak-tree.

All are under sentence of death; Jolyon, whose sentence was but a little more precise and pressing, had become so used to it, that he thought habitually, like other people, of other things. He thought of his son now.

Jon was nineteen that day, and Jon had come of late to a decision. Educated neither at Eton like his father, nor at Harrow, like his dead half-brother, but at one of those establishments which, designed to avoid the evil and contain the

good of the Public School system, may or may not contain the evil and avoid the good, Jon had left in April perfectly ignorant of what he wanted to become. The War, which had promised to go on for ever, had ended just as he was about to join the army, six months before his time. It had taken him ever since to get used to the idea that he could now choose for himself. He had held with his father several discussions, from which, under a cheery show of being ready for anything—except, of course, the Church, Army, Law, Stage, Stock Exchange, Medicine, Business, and Engineering—Jolyon had gathered rather clearly that Jon wanted to go in for nothing. He himself had felt exactly like that at the same age. With him that pleasant vacuity had soon been ended by an early marriage, and its unhappy consequences. Forced to become an underwriter at Lloyd's, he had regained prosperity before his artistic talent had outcropped. But having—as the simple say—"learned" his boy to draw pigs and other animals, he knew that Jon would never be a painter, and inclined to the conclusion that his aversion from everything else meant that he was going to be a writer. Holding, however, the view that experience was necessary even for that profession, there seemed to Jolyon nothing in the meantime, for the boy, but University, travel, and perhaps the eating of dinners for the Bar. After that one would see, or more probably one would not. In face of these proffered allurements, however, Jon had remained undecided.

Such discussions with his son had confirmed in Jolyon a doubt whether the world had really changed. People said that it was a new age. With the profundity of one not too long for any age, Jolyon perceived that under slightly different surfaces, the era was precisely what it had been. Mankind was still divided into two species: The few who had "speculation" in their souls, and the many who had none, with a belt of hybrids like himself in the middle. Jon appeared to have speculation; it seemed to his father a bad lookout.

With something deeper, therefore, than his usual smile, he had heard the boy say, a fortnight ago: "I should like to try farming, Dad; if it won't cost you too much. It seems to be about the only sort of life that doesn't hurt anybody; except art, and of course that's out of the question for me."

Jolyon subdued his smile, and answered:

"All right; you shall skip back to where we were under the first Jolyon in 1750. It'll prove the cycle theory, and incidentally, no doubt, you may grow a better turnip than he did."

A little dashed, Jon had answered:

"But don't you think it is a good scheme, Dad?"

"'Twill serve, my dear; and if you should really take to it, you'll do more good than most men, which is little enough."

To himself, however, he had said: "But he won't take to it. I give him four years. Still, it's healthy, and harmless."

After turning the matter over and consulting with Irene, he wrote to his daughter Mrs. Val Dartie, asking if they knew of a farmer near them on the Downs who would take Jon as an apprentice. Holly's answer had been enthusiastic. There was an excellent man quite close; she and Val would love Jon to live with them.

The boy was due to go to-morrow.

Sipping weak tea with lemon in it, Jolyon gazed through the leaves of the old oak-tree at that view which had appeared to him desirable for thirty years. The tree beneath which he sat seemed not a day older! So young, the little leaves of brownish gold; so old, the whitey-gray-green of its thick rough trunk. A tree of memories, which would live on hundreds of years yet, unless some barbarian cut it down—would see old England out at the pace things were going! He remembered a night three years before, when, looking from his window, with his arm close round Irene, he had watched a German aeroplane hovering, it seemed, right over the old tree. Next day they had found a bomb hole in a field on Gage's farm. That was before he knew that he was under sentence of death. He could almost have wished the bomb had finished him. It would have saved a lot of hanging about, many hours of cold fear in

the pit of his stomach. He had counted on living to the normal Forsyte age of eighty-five or more, when Irene would be seventy. As it was, she would miss him. Still there was Jon, more important in her life than himself; Jon, who adored his mother.

Under that tree, where old Jolyon—waiting for Irene to come to him across the lawn—had breathed his last, Jolyon wondered, whimsically, whether, having put everything in such perfect order, he had not better close his own eyes and drift away. There was something undignified in parasitically clinging on to the effortless close of a life wherein he regretted two things only—the long division between his father and himself when he was young, and the lateness of his union with Irene.

From where he sat he could see a cluster of apple-trees in blossom. Nothing in Nature moved him so much as fruit trees in blossom; and his heart ached suddenly because he might never see them flower again. Spring! Decidedly no man ought to have to die while his heart was still young enough to love beauty! Blackbirds sang recklessly in the shrubbery, swallows were flying high, the leaves above him glistened; and over the fields was every imaginable tint of early foliage, burnished by the level sunlight, away to where a distant smoke-bush blue was trailed along the horizon. Irene's flowers in their narrow beds had startling individuality that evening, little deep assertions of gay life. Only Chinese and Japanese painters, and perhaps Leonardo, had known how to get that startling little ego into each painted flower, and bird, and beast—the ego, yet the sense of species, the universality of life as well. They were the fellows! "I've made nothing that will live!" thought Jolyon; "I've been an amateur—a mere lover, not a creator. Still, I shall leave Jon behind me when I go." What luck that the boy had not been caught by that ghastly war! He might so easily have been killed, like poor Jolly, twenty years ago out in the Transvaal. Jon would do something some day—if the Age didn't spoil him—an imaginative chap! His whim to take up farming was but a bit of sentiment, and about as likely to last. And just then he saw them coming up the field: Irene and the boy, walking from the station, with their arms linked. And, getting up, he strolled down through the new rose garden to meet them. . . .

Irene came into his room that night and sat down by the window. She sat there without speaking till he said:

"What is it, my love?"

"We had an encounter to-day."

"With whom?"

"Soames."

Soames! He had kept that name out of his thoughts these last two years; conscious that it was bad for him. And, now, his heart moved in a disconcerting manner, as if it had side-slipped within his chest.

Irene went on quietly:

"He and his daughter were in the Gallery, and afterward at the confectioner's where we had tea."

Jolyon went over and put his hand on her shoulder.

"How did he look?"

"Gray; but otherwise much the same."

"And the daughter?"

"Pretty. At least, Jon thought so."

Jolyon's heart side-slipped again. His wife's face had a strained and puzzled look.

"You didn't—?" he began.

"No; but Jon knows their name. The girl dropped her handkerchief and he picked it up."

Jolyon sat down on his bed. An evil chance!

"June was with you. Did she put her foot into it?"

"No; but it was all very queer and strained, and Jon could see it was."

Jolyon drew a long breath, and said:

"I've often wondered whether we've been right to keep it from him. He'll find out some day."

"The later the better, Jolyon; the young have such cheap, hard judgment. When you were nineteen what would you have thought of *your* mother if she had done what I have?"

Yes! There it was! Jon worshipped his mother; and knew nothing of the tragedies, the inexorable necessities of life, nothing of the prisoned grief in an unhappy marriage, nothing of jealousy, or passion—knew nothing at all, as yet!

"What have you told him?" he said at last.

"That they were relations, but we didn't know them; that you had never cared much for your family, or they for you. I expect he will be asking *you*."

Jolyon smiled. "This promises to take the place of air-raids," he said. "After all, one misses them."

Irene looked up at him.

"We've known it would come some day."

He answered her with sudden energy: "I could never stand seeing Jon blame you. He shan't do that, even in thought. He has imagination; and he'll understand if it's put to him properly. I think I had better tell him before he gets to know otherwise."

"Not yet, Jolyon."

That was like her—she had no foresight, and never went to meet trouble. Still—who knew?—she might be right. It was ill going against a mother's instinct. It might be well to let the boy go on, if possible, till experience had given him some touchstone by which he could judge the values of that old tragedy; till love, jealousy, longing, had deepened his charity. Still one must take precautions—all the precautions possible! And, long after Irene had left him, he lay awake turning over those precautions. He must write to Holly, telling her that Jon knew nothing as yet of family history. Holly was discreet, she would make sure of her husband, she would see to it! Jon could take the letter with him when he went to-morrow.

And so the day on which he had put the polish on his material estate died out with the chiming of the stable clock; and another began for Jolyon in the shadow of a spiritual disorder which could not be so rounded off and polished. . . .

But Jon, whose room had once been his day nursery, lay awake too, the prey of a sensation disputed by those who have never known it, "love at first sight!" He had felt it beginning in him with the glint of those dark eyes gazing into his athwart the Juno—a conviction that this was his dream; so that what followed had seemed to him at once natural and miraculous. Fleur! Her name alone was almost enough for one who was terribly susceptible to the charm of words. In a homœopathic age, when boys and girls were coeducated, and mixed up in early life till sex was almost abolished, Jon was singularly old-fashioned. His modern school took boys only, and his holidays had been spent at Robin Hill with boy friends, or his parents alone. He had never, therefore, been inoculated against the germs of love by small doses of the poison. And now in the dark his temperature was mounting fast. He lay awake, featuring Fleur—as they called it—recalling her words, specially that "*Au revoir!*" so soft and sprightly.

He was still so wide-awake at dawn that he got up, slipped on tennis shoes, trousers, and a sweater, and in silence crept down-stairs and out through the study window. It was just light, and smelled of grass. "Fleur!" he thought; "Fleur!" It was mysteriously white out-of-doors, with nothing awake except the birds just beginning to chirp. "I'll go down into the coppice," he thought. He ran down through the fields, reached the pond just as the sun rose, and passed into the coppice. Bluebells carpeted the ground there; among the larch-trees there was mystery—the air, as it were, composed of that romantic quality. Jon sniffed its freshness, and stared at the bluebells in the sharpening light. Fleur! It rhymed with her! And she lived at Mapledurham—a jolly name, too, on the river somewhere. He could find it in the atlas presently. He would write to her. But would she answer? Oh! She must. She had said "*Au revoir!*" Not good-bye! What luck that she had dropped her handkerchief. He would never have known her but for that. And the more he thought of that handkerchief, the more amazing his luck seemed. Fleur! It certainly rhymed with her! Rhythm thronged his head; words jostled to be joined together; he was on the verge of a poem.

Jon remained in this condition for more than half an hour, then returned to the house, and getting a ladder, climbed in at his bedroom window out of sheer exhilaration. Then, remembering that the study window was open, he went down and shut it, first removing the ladder, so as to obliterate all traces of his feeling. The thing was too deep to be revealed to mortal soul—even to his mother.

(To be continued.)

Photo by the Goldwyn-Bray-Powell Malaysian Expedition.

Dancing girls belonging to the royal ballet of the King of Cambodia.

The dancers were much younger than I had anticipated, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen. The costumes were the most gorgeous that we saw in Asia: wonderful creations of cloth-of-gold heavily embroidered with jewels.—Page 40.

ADVENTURING AFTER ADVENTURE

WITH A MOTION-PICTURE EXPEDITION IN MALAYSIA

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

Author of "Fighting in Flanders," "The Army Behind the Army," "The New Frontiers of Freedom," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND ASSOCIATES

WHEN I was a small boy I spent several summers at the quaint old fishing-village of Mattapoisett, on Buzzard's Bay. Next door to the house we occupied stood a low-roofed, broad-verandaed dwelling, white as an old-time clipper ship, with green blinds. Its colonial doorway, overhung by a spray of crimson rambler, was flanked on one side by a huge conch-shell, on the other by an enormous specimen of branch-coral, thus subtly intimating to the passers-by that the owner of the house had been in "foreign parts." On the broad, deck-like veranda, to which a distinctly nautical atmosphere was lent by a ship's barometer, a chart of Cape Cod, and a highly polished brass telescope mounted on a tripod so as to command the entire expanse of the bay, Cap'n Bryant, a retired New Bedford whaling captain, was wont to spend the sunny days in his big cane-seated rocking-chair, puffing meditatively at his pipe and for my boyish edification spinning yarns of

adventure in far-distant seas and on islands with magic names—Tawi Tawi, Makassar Straits, the Dingdings, the Little Paternosters, the Gulf of Boni, Thursday Island, Java Head. Of cannibal feasts in New Guinea, of head-hunters in Borneo, of strange dances by dusky temple-girls in Bali, of up-country expeditions with the White Rajah of Sarawak, of desperate encounters with pirates in the Sulu Sea, he discoursed at length and in fascinating detail, while I, sprawled on the veranda steps, my knees clasped in my hands, listened raptly and, when the veteran's flow of reminiscence showed signs of slackening, clamored insistently for more.

Then and there I determined that some day I would myself sail those adventurous seas in a vessel of my own, that I would poke the nose of my craft up steaming tropic rivers, that I would drop anchor off towns whose names could not be found on ordinary maps, and that I would go ashore in white linen and pipe-clayed shoes and a sun-hat to take tiffin with sultans and rajahs, and to barter beads and brass wire for curios—a curly-bladed Malay kris, carved cocoanuts, a shark's-tooth necklace, a blow-gun with its poisoned darts, a stuffed bird of paradise, and, of course, a huge conch-shell and an enormous piece of branch-coral—which I would bring home and display to admiring relatives and friends as conclusive proofs of where I had been.

But school and college had to be gotten through with, and after them came various wars and travels in other lands, so that thirty years slipped by before an opportunity presented itself to realize my boyhood dream. But when at last I set sail for those far-distant seas it was on an enterprise which would have gladdened the old sailor's soul—an expedition whose object it was to seek out the unusual, the curious, and the picturesque, and to capture them on the ten miles of celluloid film which we took with us, so that those who are condemned by circumstance to the humdrum life of the farm, the office, or the mill might themselves go adventuring o' nights, from the safety and comfort of red-plush seats, through the magic of the motion-picture screen. When I set out on my long journey the old whaling captain whose tales had kindled my youthful imagination had been sleeping for a quarter of a century in the Mattapoisett graveyard, but when our anchor rumbled down off Tawi Tawi, when, steaming across Makassar Straits, we

The Panglima of Parang and his daughter.

picked up the Little Paternosters, when our tiny vessel poked her bowsprit up the steaming Koetei into the heart of the Borneo jungle, I knew that, though invisible to human eyes, he was standing beside me on the bridge.

Until I met the young-old man to whom those magazines which devote themselves to the gossip of the film world admiringly refer as "the Napoleon of the motion-picture industry," it had never occurred to me that adventure has a definite market value. At least I had never realized that there are people who stand ready to buy it by the foot, as one buys real estate or rope. I had always supposed that the

only way adventure could be capitalized was as material for magazine articles and books and for dinner-table stories.

"What we are after," the film magnate began abruptly, motioning me to a huge leather chair and pushing a box of cigars within my reach, "is something new in travel pictures. Like most of the big producers, we furnish our exhibitors with complete programmes—a feature, a comedy, a topical review, and a travel or educational picture. We make the features and the comedies in our own studios; the weeklies we buy from companies which specialize in that sort of thing. But heretofore we have had to pick up our travel stuff where we could get it—from free lances mostly—and there is never enough really good travel material to meet the demand. For quite ordinary travel or educational films we have to pay a minimum of two dollars a foot, while really unusual pictures will bring almost any price that is asked for them. The supply is so uncertain, however, and the price is so high that we have decided to try the experiment of taking our own. That is what I wanted to talk to you about."

"Before the war," he continued, "there was almost no demand in the United States for travel pictures. In fact, when a manager wanted to clear his house for the next show, he would put a travel picture on the screen. But since the boys have been coming back from France and Germany and Siberia and Russia the public has begun to call for travel films again. They've heard their sons and brothers and sweethearts tell about the strange places they've been, and the strange things they've seen, and I suppose it makes them want to learn more about those parts of the world that lie east of Battery Place and west of the Golden Gate. But we don't want the old stuff, mind you—mountain-climbing in Switzerland, cutting sugar-cane in Cuba, picking cocoanuts in Ceylon. That sort of thing goes well enough on the Chautauqua circuits, but it is as dead as the corner saloon and the book-maker so far as the popular theatres in the big cities are concerned. What we are looking for are spectacular pictures—tigers, elephants, pirates, brigands, cannibals, Oriental temples and palaces, war-dances, weird ceremonies, curious customs, natives with rings in their noses and feathers in their hair, scenes that are spectacular and exciting—in short, what the magazine editors call 'adventure stuff.' We want pictures that will make 'em sit up in their seats and exclaim, 'Well, what d'ye know about that?' and that will send them away to tell their friends about them.

"We want pictures that are educational as well as spectacular, and if they are from places that most people have never heard of before, so much the better. I'm told that you've spent your life looking for queer places to write about. So why can't you suggest some to take pictures of?"

"But I've had no practical experience in taking motion-pictures," I protested. "The only time I ever touched a motion-picture camera was when I turned the crank of Donald Thompson's for a few minutes during the entry of the Germans into Antwerp in 1914."

"Were the pictures a success?" the Napoleon of the motion-picture industry queried interestedly. "I don't recall having seen them."

"No, you wouldn't," I hastened to explain. "You see, it wasn't until the entry was all over that Thompson discovered that he had forgotten to take the cap off the lens."

"Don't let that worry you," he assured me. "We'll take care of the technical end. We'll provide you with the best camera man to be had and the best equipment. All you will have to do is to show him what to photograph, obtain the permission of the authorities, the good-will of the officials, the co-operation of the military, engage interpreters and guides, reserve hotel accommodations, arrange for motor-cars and boats and special trains, and keep every one jollied up and feeling good generally. Aside from that, there won't be anything for you to do except to enjoy yourself."

"It sounds very alluring," I admitted. "The trouble is that you are looking for something that can't always be found. You don't find adventure the way you find four-leaf clovers; it just happens to you, like the measles or a blow-out. Still, if one has the time and money to go after

them, there are a lot of curious things that might pass for adventure when they are shown on the screen."

"Where are they?" the film magnate asked eagerly, spreading upon his mahogany desk a map of the world.

It was a little disconcerting, this request to point out those regions where adventure could be found, very much as a visitor from the Middle West might ask a New York hotel clerk to indicate on a map the points of interest in the metropolis.

"There's Russian Central Asia, of course," I suggested tentatively. "Samarkand and Bokhara and Tashkent, you know. But I'm afraid they're out of the question on account of the Bolsheviks. I doubt if the State Department would issue passports for any Russian territory. Then there are some queer emirates along the southern edge of the Sahara: Sokoto and Kanem and Bornu and Wadai. But it would take at least six months to obtain the necessary permission from the French and British colonial offices and to arrange the other details of the expedition."

"But that doesn't exhaust the possibilities by any means," I continued hastily, for nothing was farther from my wish than to discourage so enticing a plan. "There ought to be some splendid picture material among the Dyaks of Borneo—they're head-hunters, you know. From there we could jump across to the Celebes and possibly to New Guinea. And I understand that they have some queer customs on the island of Bali, over beyond Java; in fact, I've been told that, in spite of all the efforts of the Dutch to stop it, the Balinese still practise *suttee*. That reminds me that I read somewhere the other day that next spring there is to be a big royal wedding in Djokjakarta, in middle Java, with all sorts of gorgeous festivities. At Batavia we would have no difficulty in getting a steamer to Singapore, and from there we could go overland by the new Federated Malay States Railway, through Johore and Malacca and Kuala Lumpur, to Siam, where the cats and the twins and the white elephants come from. From Bangkok it is only two or three days steam down the coast to Kampot, in Cambodia, and by interesting the French authorities we might be able to motor right across Indo-China, through Pnom-Penh and——"

"Hold on!" the Movie King protested. "That's more than enough. Let me come up for air. Those names you've been reeling off mean as much to me as the dishes on the menu of a Chinese restaurant. But that's what we're after. We want the people who see the pictures to say: 'Where the dickens *is* that place? I never heard of it before.' They get to arguing about it, and when they get home they look it up in the family atlas, and when they see how far away it is, they feel that they've had their money's worth. How soon can you be ready to start?"

"How soon," I countered, "can you have a letter of credit ready?"

Owing to the urgent requirements of the European governments, vessels of every description were few and far between in Eastern seas last year; so, in spite of the assurance that I was not to permit the question of expense to curtail my itinerary, it is perfectly certain that we could not have visited the remote and inaccessible places which we did had it not been for the lively interest taken in our enterprise by the Honorable Francis Burton Harrison, governor-general of the Philippines, and by the Honorable Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippine Senate. When Governor-General Harrison learned that I wished to take pictures in the Sulu Archipelago, he kindly offered, in order to facilitate our movements from island to island, to place at my disposal a coast-guard cutter, just as a friend might offer one the use of his motor-car. There was at first some question as to whether the governor-general had the authority to send a government vessel outside of territorial waters, but Mr. Quezon, who, so far as influence is concerned, is a Boies Penrose and a Charles F. Murphy combined, unearthed a law which permitted him to utilize the vessels of the coast-guard service for the purpose of entertaining visitors to the islands in such ways as he saw fit. Thus it came about that on the last day of February, 1920, the coast-guard cutter *Negros*, 150 tons and 150 feet over all,—with a crew of sixty men, Captain A. B.

Galvez commanding, and having on board the Lovely Lady who accompanies me on all my travels; the Winsome Widow, who joined us in Seattle; the Doctor, who is an officer of the United States Health Service stationed at Manila; John L. Hawkinson, the efficient and imperturbable man behind the camera; three friends of the governor-general's, who went along for the ride; and myself,—steamed out of Manila Bay into the crimson glory of a tropic sunset, and, when

The bull-fight at Parang.

There was a sudden bellow, the two great heads came together with a thud like a pile-driver, and the fight was on. . . . With horns interlocked and with blood and sweat dripping from their massive necks and shoulders, the two beasts fought each other, step by step, across the width of the extemporized arena.—Page 26.

past Cavite and Corregidor, laid her course due south toward those islands where romance and adventure are popularly supposed to abound.

Governor-General Harrison believes, by methods that are legitimate, in adding to the American public's knowledge of the Philippines, and it was owing to his broad-minded point of view and to the many cablegrams which he sent ahead of us, that at each port in the islands at which we touched we found the local officials waiting on the pier-head to bid us welcome and to assist us. At Jolo, which is the capital of the Moro country, two lean, sun-tanned, youthful-looking men came aboard to greet us: one was the Honorable P. W. Rogers, governor of the Sulu Archipelago; the other was Captain Link, a former officer of constabulary who is now provisional treasurer of Jolo. In the first five minutes of our conversation I discovered that they knew exactly the sort of picture material that I wanted and that they would help me to the limit of their ability to get it. For that matter, they themselves personified adventure in its most exciting form. Rogers, who was originally a soldier, had come to the Philippines as orderly to General Pershing long before the days when "Black Jack" was to win undying fame on battle-fields half the world away. The young soldier showed himself so extremely efficient that, thanks to Pershing's assistance, he obtained a post in the civil government, thence rising by rapid steps to the difficult post of governor of Sulu. His exploits in quelling revolts and settling tribal disputes among the fanatical and warlike Moros would provide abundant material for a novel. Captain Link is a lean, lithe South Carolinian who has spent fourteen years among the Moros. He is what is known in the cattle country as a "go-gitter." It is told of him that he once nearly lost his commission, while an officer of constabulary, by sending to the governor, as a Christmas present, a package containing the head of a much-wanted outlaw.

Governor Rogers told me that, in

compliance with a cablegram from the governor-general, he had arranged a "show" for us at a village called Parang, on the other side of the island. The "show," I gathered, was to consist of a stag-hunt, shark-fishing, war-dances, and pony races, and was to conclude with a native bull-fight. One of the favorite sports of the Moros is hunting the small native stag on ponies, tiring it out, and killing it with spears. As it developed, however, that there was no certainty of being able so to stage-manage the affair that either the hunters or the hunted would come within range of the camera, we regretfully decided to dispense with that number of the programme.

When we arrived at Parang it looked as though the entire population of the island had assembled for the occasion. The native police were keeping clear a circle in which the dances were to take place, while the slanting trunks of the cocoanut-palms provided reserved seats for scores of tan and chocolate and coffee-colored youngsters. We were greeted by the Panglima of Parang, the most powerful chieftain of the district, who explained, through Governor Rogers, that he had prepared a little repast of which he hoped that we would deign to partake. Now, after you know some of the secrets of Moro culinary and have had a glimpse into a Moro kitchen, even a robust appetite is usually dampened. But the governor whispered, "The old man has gone to a lot of trouble to arrange this show and if you refuse to eat his food he'll be mortally offended," so, purely in the interests of art, we seated ourselves at the table, which had been set in the open. I don't know what we ate and I don't care to know—though I admit that I had some uneasy suspicions—but, with the uncompromising eye of the old chieftain fixed sternly upon us, we did our best to convince him that we were enjoying his victuals. But the dancing which followed made us forget what we had eaten. During the ensuing months we saw dances in many lands—in Borneo and Bali and Java and Siam and Cambodia—but they were all characterized by a certain monotony and sameness. These Moro dancers, however, are in a class by themselves. If they could be brought across the ocean and would dance before an audience on Broadway with the same savage abandon with which they danced before the camera under the palm-trees of Parang, there would be a line a block long in front of the box-office. One of the dances was symbolical of a cock-fight, the cocks being personified by a young woman and a boy. It was sheer barbarism, of course, but it was fascinating. And the curious thing about it was that the hundreds of Moros who stood and squatted in a great circle were so engrossed in the movements of the dance, each of which had its subtle shade of meaning, that they became utterly ob-

Hunting the *testudo elephantopus* by night on Baguian Island, in the Sulu Sea.

This picture, which was taken at night, by means of a magnesium flare, shows Major Powell with a tortoise which weighed more than a quarter of a ton.

livious to our presence or to Hawkinson's steady grinding of the camera. In the war-dance the participants, who were Moro fighting men, and were armed with spears, shields, and the vicious, broad-bladed knife known as the *barong*, gave a highly realistic representation of pinning an enemy to the earth with a spear, finishing him off with the *barong*, and decapitating the body, in accordance with the traditional custom of the head-hunters. The first part of the dance, before the passions of the savages became aroused, was monotonous and uninteresting.

"Can't you stir 'em up a little?" called Hawkinson, who, like all camera men, demands constant action. "Tell 'em that this film costs money and that we didn't come here to take pictures of Loie Fuller stuff."

"I think that it would be as well to let them take their time about it," remarked the governor. "These Moros always get very much worked up in their war-dances, and occasionally they forget that it is all make-believe and send a spear into a spectator instead of into the ground. They're very temperamental; it's safer to leave them alone."

"That would make a corking picture," said Hawkinson enthusiastically, "if I only knew which fellow was going to be speared so that I could get the camera focussed on him."

"The only trouble is," I remarked dryly, "that they might possibly pick out *you*."

In Spanish bull-fights, after the banderillos and picadores have tormented the bull until it is exhausted, the matador despatches the bewildered beast with a sword. In Moroland, however, the bulls, which are bred and trained for the purpose, do their best to kill each other, thus making the fight a much more sporting proposition. The bull-fight which was arranged for our benefit at Parang was staged in a field of about two acres just outside the town, the spectators being kept at a safe distance by a troop of Moro horsemen under the direction of the old Panglima. After Hawkinson had set up his camera on the edge of the arena the bulls were led in: medium-sized but exceptionally powerful beasts, their short horns filed to the sharpness of lance-tips. Each animal was led into the ring by its owner, who was able to control it to a limited degree during the fight by means of a cord attached to the ring in its nose. When the signal for the fight to begin was given, the bulls approached each other cautiously, snorting and pawing the ground, reminding me of two strange dogs who cannot decide whether they wish to fight or be friends. For ten minutes, regardless of the jeers of the spectators and the proddings of their handlers, the great brown beasts rubbed heads as amicably as a yoke of oxen. Then, just as we had made up our minds that it was a fiasco and that there would be no bull-fight pictures, there was a sudden bellow, the two great heads came together with a thud like a pile-driver, and the fight was on. The next twenty minutes Hawkinson and I spent in alternately setting up his camera within range of the panting, straining animals and in picking it up and running for our lives, in order to avoid being trampled by the maddened beasts in their furious and unexpected onslaughts. The men at the ends of the nose-ropes were as helpless to control their infuriated charges as a trout fisherman who has hooked a shark. With horns interlocked and with blood and sweat dripping from their massive necks and shoulders, the two beasts fought each other, step by step, across the width of the extemporized arena, across a cultivated field which lay beyond it, burst through a thorn hedge surrounding a native garden, trampled the garden into mud, and narrowly escaped bringing down on top of them the owner's dwelling, which, like most Moro houses, was raised above the ground on stilts. It looked for a time as though the fight would continue over a considerable part of the province, but it was brought to an abrupt conclusion when one of the bulls, withdrawing a few yards, charged like a tank attacking the Hindenburg Line, driving one of its horns deep into its adversary's eye-socket, whereupon the wounded animal, half-blinded and mad with pain, turned precipitately, jerked the nose-rope out of its owner's grasp, stampeded the spectators in its mad flight, and disappeared in the depths of the jungle.

"That," announced the governor, "con-

cludes the morning performance. This afternoon we will present for your approval a programme consisting of pony races, a carabao fight, a shark-fishing expedition, and a visit to the pearl-fisheries to see the divers at work. This evening we will call on the daughter of the Sultan of Sulu, and to-morrow I have arranged to take you to Tapul Island to shoot wild carabao. After that——"

had read in a Sunday supplement that he made it a practice to present his feminine visitors with pearls of great price, upon our arrival at Sandakan I invited him to dinner aboard the *Negros*. As the crew of the cutter was recruited from Tagalogs and Visayans, from the northern Philippines, who, being Christians, regard the Mohammedan Moro with contempt, not unmixed with fear, there were distinctly

"When the dawn comes up like thunder" on the Koetei River, Dutch Borneo.

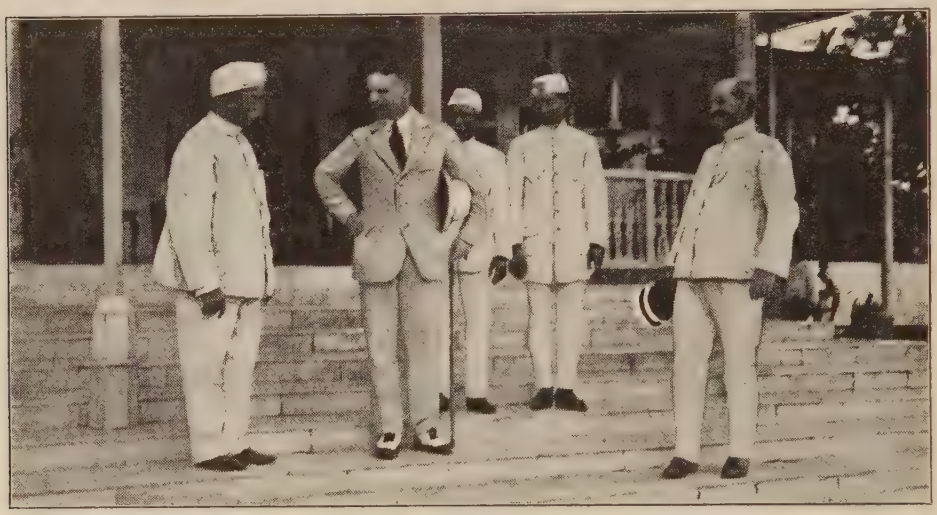
"After that," I interrupted, "we go away from here. If we stayed on in this quiet little island of yours much longer, we wouldn't have any film left for the other places."

His Highness Haji Mohamed Jamalulhiram, Sultan of Sulu, was absent from his capital of Jolo when we were there, having gone to Sandakan for the purpose of collecting the monthly subsidy of five hundred pesos paid him by the British North Borneo Company for certain territorial concessions. Because I was curious to see the hero of George Ade's amusing opera, "The Sultan of Sulu," and because the Lovely Lady and the Winsome Widow

mutinous mutterings when I called for side-boys to line the starboard rail when his Highness came aboard, but Captain Galvez tactfully settled the matter by explaining to the crew that the Sultan was, after all, an American subject. The armament of the *Negros* had been removed after the armistice, but, as we desired to observe all the formalities of naval etiquette, the doctor and Hawkinson volunteered to fire a royal salute with their automatics as the Sultan came over the side. That, in their enthusiasm, they lost count and gave him about double the number of "guns" designated for the President of the United States seemed to please Haji Mohamed immensely. The

Sultan, who, when I had called on him at his hotel, wore nothing save a soiled pink kimono, a pair of red-velvet slippers, and a smile, was now clad in a red fez and irreproachable dinner clothes of white linen. When the cocktails were served he gravely explained through the interpreter that, being a devout Mohammedan and a Haji, he never permitted alcohol to pass his lips, an assertion which he promptly proceeded to prove by taking three Martinis in rapid succession. Now the chef of the *Negros* possessed the faculty of disguising his dishes so successfully that, neither by taste, smell, nor appearance could one tell with certainty what one was eating. When the meat, smothered in thick brown gravy, was passed, the Sultan, who, like all True Believers, abhors pork, regarded it dubiously. "Pig?" he demanded of the steward. "No, sare. Cow," was the answer.

Over the coffee and cigarettes the Winsome Widow tactfully led the conversation around to the subject of pearls, whereupon the Sultan thrust his hand into his pocket and brought forth a handful of lustrous little spheres which would have caused even a Fifth Avenue jeweller to sit up and take notice. But when they had been passed from hand to hand, accompanied by the usual exclamations of admiration, back they went into the royal pocket. "And to think," one of the party remarked afterward, "that we wasted two bottles of gin and a bottle of vermouth on him!" It was after midnight when our guest took his departure, the ship's orchestra playing him over the side with a selection from "The Sultan of Sulu," which, in view of our ignorance as to whether Sulu possessed a national air, seemed highly appropriate to the occasion, and as his launch steamed shoreward Hawkinson set off a couple of magnesium flares, which he had brought along for the purpose of taking pictures in caves and temples, making the whole harbor of Sandakan as bright as day. I heard afterward that the Sultan remarked that we were the only visitors since the Taft party who really appreciated his importance.



Major Powell talking to the Regent of Koetei on the steps of the palace at Tenggaroeng.

From left to right: the regent, Major Powell, the prime minister, the Sultan of Koetei (who has since ascended the throne), and the Dutch resident, M. de Haan.

Two hours' steam off the towering promontory which guards the entrance to the Gulf of Sandakan lies Baguian, a sandy islet covered with cocoanut-palms, which is so small that it can be found only on ship's charts. Baguian is famed throughout these waters as a rookery for the giant tortoise—*testudo elephantopus*. Toward nightfall the mammoth chelonians—some of them weigh upward of half a ton

—come ashore in great numbers to lay their eggs in nests made in the edge of the jungle which fringes the beach, the old Chinaman and his two assistants, who are the only inhabitants of the island, frequently collecting as many as four thousand eggs in a single morning. The eggs, which in size and color exactly resemble ping-pong balls and are almost as unbreakable, are collected once a fortnight by a junk which takes them to China, where they are considered great delicacies and command high prices. As we had brought with us a supply of magnesium flares for night photography, we decided to take the camera ashore and attempt to obtain pictures of the turtles on their nests. As we were going ashore in the gig we caught sight of a huge bull, as large as a hogshead, which was floating on the surface. Approaching to within one hundred yards I let go with my .405, the soft-nosed bullet tearing a great hole in the turtle's neck and dyeing the water scarlet. Almost before the sound of the shot had died away one of the Filipino boat's crew went overboard with a rope, which he attempted to attach to the monster before it could sink to the bottom, but the turtle, though desperately wounded, was still very much alive, giving the Filipino a blow on the head with its flapper which all but knocked him senseless. By the time we had hauled the sailor into the boat the turtle had disappeared into the depths. Waiting until darkness had fallen, we sent parties of sailors, armed with electric torches, along the beach in both directions with orders to follow the tracks made by the turtles in crossing the sands, and to notify us when they located one by firing a shot from a revolver. We did not have long to wait before we heard the signal agreed on and, picking up the heavy camera, we plunged across the sands to where the sailors were awaiting us. While the bluejackets cut off the retreat of the snapping, hissing monster, Hawkinson set up his camera and, when all was ready, some one touched off a flare, illuminating the jungle as though the search-light of a warship had been turned upon it. In this manner we obtained a series of motion-pictures which are, I believe, from the zoological standpoint, unique. Before leaving the island we killed two tortoises for food for the crew. The larger, which I shot with a revolver, weighed slightly over five hundred pounds and lived for several days with three .45 caliber bullets in its brain-pan. The only person who did not

A Dyak girl at Tenggaroeng, Dutch Borneo.

A rather comely young woman, whose comeliness was somewhat marred, according to European standards at least, by the lobes of her ears being stretched until they touched her shoulders by the great weight of the brass earrings which depended from them.—Page 31.

enjoy the expedition was the old Chinese who held the concession for collecting the turtle-eggs. Instead of recognizing the great value of the service we were rendering to science, he acted as though we were robbing his hen-roost. He had a sordid mind.

Ever since, as a boy, I had seen, in a side-show at the circus, the hirsute and filthy individual who was described as "The One and Only Wild Man of Borneo —Captured with Great Loss of Human Life and Brought to This Country at

Enormous Expense," I had always had a secret hankering to visit the interior of Borneo, where the Wild Man was alleged to have come from. The shallow draft of the *Negros* made it possible for me to realize this wish by steaming up the Koetei River into the very heart of the second largest island in the world (excluding Australia), its area being nearly as great as that of our three Pacific coast States put together. The Koetei, which rises in the central mountains, flows eastward by a sinuous course and empties by numerous mouths into the Straits of Makassar. At a great distance from the sea it still has a depth of three fathoms, being navigable as far as Long Iram, the farthest point inland at which a Dutch garrison is stationed. At Samarinda, a considerable settlement near the mouth of the river, we took aboard the Dutch resident, M. de Haan, who, with a few score native soldiers, upholds the authority of Queen Wilhelmina over a region as large as the State of California. Our destination was Tenggaroeng, the capital of the Sultan of Koetei, who is the most important native ruler in southeastern Borneo, and at one time wielded great power and influence. The journey up the great river, which flows between solid walls of jungle, proved to be an unforgetable experience: parrots and monkeys screamed and chattered at us from the tree-tops; what appeared to be half-submerged logs floating in the stream proved, upon approach, to be giant crocodiles, with which the Koetei is infested; occasionally the underbrush crashed beneath the tread of some heavy animal—a rhinoceros perhaps or possibly an orang-utan. I might add, parenthetically, that *orang-utan* means, in the Malay language, "man of the forest," while *orang-outang*, the name which we carelessly apply to the great anthropoid, means "man in debt."

The palace of the Sultan of Koetei stands on a slight rise of ground at a horseshoe bend in the river, a huge, barn-like, wooden structure, two stories in height, which reminded me of an American convention hall. The entrance, over which are blazoned the arms of Koetei, is reached by a broad flight of white marble steps which debouch onto a wide, shaded terrace of the same incongruous material. This terrace opens directly into the great throne-hall, an apartment whose proportions would do credit to many homes of European royalty, though its furnishings are a bizarre mixture of Oriental taste and Occidental tawdriness. From each end of the throne-hall impressive staircases, with scarlet carpets and gilt balustrades, lead to the second floor. Under one of these staircases was a sort of closet, with glass doors, which looked exactly like a large edition of a telephone booth in an American hotel. The doors were sealed with strips of paper kept in place by wax wafers, but, peering through the glass, I could make out a large table piled high with trays of precious stones, ingots of gold and silver, vessels, utensils, and images of the same precious metals. It was the state treasure of Koetei and was worth, so the resident told me, upward of a million dollars. When we were in Koetei the young Sultan, an anæmic-looking youth in the early twenties, had not yet been permitted by the Dutch authorities to ascend the throne, the country being ruled by his uncle, the regent, an elderly, affable gentleman who, in his white drill suit and round white cap, was the image of a Chinese cook employed by a Californian friend of mine. Upon the formal accession of the young Sultan the seals of the treasury will be broken and the treasure will be his to dissipate as he sees fit, or so I was assured, though I imagine that the Dutch *controleur* attached to his court will have something to say as to the manner in which it is expended. Up-stairs we were shown through a series of apartments filled to overflowing with the loot of European shops—ornate brass beds, inlaid chiffoniers and bureaus, toilet-sets of tortoise-shell and ivory, and a thousand other useless and inappropriate articles, for, when the late Sultan visited Europe, the shopkeepers of The Hague, Amsterdam, and Paris seized the opportunity to unload on him, at exorbitant prices, their most expensive and unsalable wares. The regent opened a marquetry wardrobe and displayed with great pride his collection of uniforms and ceremonial costumes, most of which, the resident told me, he had had copied from pictures he had seen in books and magazines. That wardrobe would have delighted the heart of a theatrical property-man, for it contained everything from

a Dutch court dress, complete with sword and feathered chapeau, to a state costume of sky-blue broadcloth edged with white fur and trimmed with diamond buttons. I asked to see the royal crown, for I had noticed that the pictures of former sultans, which I had seen in the throne-room, showed them wearing crowns of a peculiar pattern, strikingly similar to those of the Emperors of Abyssinia, whereupon there ensued a whispered conversation between the regent, the young Sultan, the resident, and the *controleur*. After a brief discussion the resident informed me that the *controleur* kept the crown locked up in his safe, but that he would get it if I wished to see it. To the obvious relief of every one except the young Sultan I assured them that it did not matter. He seemed disappointed. I imagine that he would have liked to get his hands upon it.

A *real* wild man of Borneo.

A Dyak head-hunter using the *sumpitan*, or blow-gun, in the jungle of Central Borneo.

By rare good fortune a delegation of Dyak head-hunters from one of the tribes of the far interior appeared at the palace during our visit, to lay some complaint before the regent. There were about a score of them, including a rather comely young woman, whose comeliness was somewhat marred, however, according to European standards at least, by the lobes of her ears being stretched until they touched her shoulders by the great weight of the brass earrings which depended from them. The younger warriors, who were naked save for rags twisted about their loins, were as superb specimens of physical development as I have ever seen. Their oiled brown skins made them look like bronzes in a museum. Several of the Dyaks were armed with *sumpitans* or blow-guns—tubes of hard wood, about eight feet in length and an inch in diameter, with a bore about equal to that of a .22 caliber rifle. The darts used in the *sumpitan* are of wood, about the size of a knitting-needle. One end is fitted with a sort of cork, made of pith, of the same caliber as the bore of the blow-gun; the other end is sharpened and dipped in a peculiarly virulent poison, the slightest scratch causing a speedy and painful death. The dart is expelled from the *sumpitan* by a short, quick exhalation of the breath, a puff rather than a steady air-pressure. The resident told me that among certain of the Dyak tribes practically all of the men suffer from rupture as a result of the constant use of the blow-gun. At the direction of the regent one of the warriors gave an amazing exhibition of his proficiency with this silent and deadly weapon. At a distance of fifty paces he put a dozen darts in rapid succession into a leaf no larger than a man's hand and at thirty paces he repeatedly hit a bamboo the size of my middle finger. Noticing my interest in the equipment of the Dyaks, the regent called up their chief and, without so much as a by-your-leave, presented me with his *sumpitan* and the quiver of poisoned darts, his wooden shield, decorated with seventy-two tufts of human hair—mementos of that number of enemies slain on head-hunting expeditions, a peculiar coat of mail, composed of overlapping pieces of bark and capable of turning an arrow, and his imposing head-dress, which consisted of a cap formed from a leopard's

head, with a sort of visor made from the beak of a hornbill, the whole surmounted by a bunch of yard-long tail-feathers from some bright-plumaged bird. When the presentation was concluded all the chieftain had left was his breech-clout. Judging from his expression, if I had met him after dark on a lonely jungle-trail I would have found my Wild Man of Borneo—and very wild, indeed.

From Samarinda, in Borneo, to Makassar, the capital of the Celebes,* took two days' steaming, our course lying past "the Little Paternosters, as you come to the Union Bank," where, you remember, Sir Anthony Gloster, of Kipling's poem of "The Mary Gloster," was buried beside his wife. Before we had fairly made our hawsers fast to the wharf at Makassar it became evident that among the natives our arrival had created a distinct sensation. The wharf was crowded with Bugis, as the natives of the southern Celebes are known, who tried in vain to make themselves understood by our Filipino crew. Instead of the boisterous curiosity which had marked the attitude of the natives at the other ports, the Bugis seemed to be laboring under a suppressed but none the less evident excitement. When I went ashore to call on the American consul they made way for me with a respect which verged on reverence. This curious attitude was explained by the consul.

A Dyak head-hunter, Dutch Borneo.

Noticing my interest in the equipment of the Dyaks, the regent called up their chief and, without so much as a by-your-leave, presented me with his *sumpitan* and the quiver of poisoned darts, his wooden shield, decorated with seventy-two tufts of human hair—mementos of that number of enemies slain on head-hunting expeditions, a peculiar coat of mail composed of overlapping pieces of bark and capable of turning an arrow, and his imposing head-dress, which consisted of a cap formed from a leopard's head, with a sort of visor made from the beak of a hornbill, the whole surmounted by a bunch of yard-long tail-feathers.—Page 31.

"Your coming has revived among the natives a very ancient and curious legend," he told me. "When the Dutch established their rule in the Celebes, something over three centuries ago, the King of the Bugis mysteriously disappeared. Whether he fled or was killed in battle, no one knows. In any event, from his disappearance arose a tradition that he had founded another kingdom in some islands far to the north, but that, when the time was propitious, he would return to free his people from foreign domination. Thus he came in time to be regarded as a divinity, a sort of Messiah. Curiously enough, the natives refer to him by a name which, translated into English, means 'the King of Manila.' Some months ago it was reported in the Makassar papers that the governor-general of the Philippines expected to visit the Celebes upon his way to Australia, whereupon the rumor spread among the Bugis like wild-fire that 'the King of Manila' was about to return to his ancient kingdom, but the excitement gradually subsided when the governor-general failed to appear. But when the *Negros* entered the harbor this morning, and it was reported that she was from Manila and had on board a white man who had some mysterious mission in the interior of the island, the excitement flamed up again. The natives, you see, who are as simple and credulous as children, believe that *you* are the Messiah of their legend and that you have come to liberate them from Dutch rule."†

*Pronounced as though it was spelled Cel-lay-bees, with the accent on the second syllable.

†Owing to my ignorance of Dutch and Buginese, I was unable to obtain a dependable account of this curious legend, but the several versions which I heard agreed in their essentials with that given above.

"But look here," said I, annoyance in my tone, "this isn't as funny as it seems. Tying me up to this fool tradition may result in spoiling all my plans for taking pictures in the Celebes. Of course the Dutch authorities know perfectly well that I haven't come here to start a revolution, but, on the other hand, they may not want any one whom the natives regard as a Messiah to go wandering about in the interior, where Dutch rule is none too firmly established anyway, for fear that my presence might be used as an excuse for an insurrection."

"Don't let that worry you," the consul reassured me. "I'll take you over now to call on the governor. He's a good sort and he'll do everything he can to help you. Then I'll send the editors of the vernacular papers around to the boat to call on you. You can explain that you're here to get motion-pictures, and you might tell them that some of your ancestors were Dutch, and they'll print the interview in their papers, and by to-morrow the news will have spread among the Bugis that you're not their Messiah after all."

"I know now," I said, "how it feels to refuse a throne."

At tiffin that noon on the *Negros* I told the story to the others. "So you see," I concluded, "if I had been willing to take a chance, I might have been King of the Bugis."

"They wouldn't have called you that at home," the Lovely Lady said unkindly. "There they would have called you the King of the Bugs."

Of the nineteen countries which we visited in the course of the expedition I am inclined to believe that in none did we encounter such strange customs and curious sights as in the Sultanate of Djokjakarta, in middle Java. Though under the suzerainty of the Dutch, whose iron hand is concealed within a velvet glove, the reigning Sultan, Hamankoe Boewoenoe VII, "Ruler of the World and Spike of the Universe," as he modestly styles himself, still exercises a considerable degree of influence over his eight hundred thousand subjects. The Sultan, who is now in his eighty-eighth year, believes in large families, one of the estimates which I heard crediting him with one hundred and eighty children. The youngest, who is four years old, is sometimes referred to by Europeans as "the Joke of Djokjakarta."

The captain of the body-guard of "The Spike of the Universe."

He wore a scarlet coat like those worn by the British grenadiers during the American Revolution, a pipe-clayed cross-belt, white nankeen breeches, enormous cavalry boots, and a peculiar hat of black leather which was a cross between the cap of a Norman man-at-arms and a fireman's helmet.—Page 34.

By extraordinary good fortune we arrived in Djokjakarta on the eve of the celebration of a double royal wedding, two of the Sultan's grandsons marrying two of his granddaughters. Thanks to the interest taken in our enterprise by the Dutch resident, we were enabled to obtain a remarkable series of pictures of the highly spectacular marriage ceremonies, it being the first time, I believe, that a motion-picture camera had been permitted within the closely guarded precincts of the royal *kraton*, which is the name applied to the great walled citadel within which dwell the Sultan, the officials of his court, and upward of fifteen thousand retainers.

The festivities, which occupied several

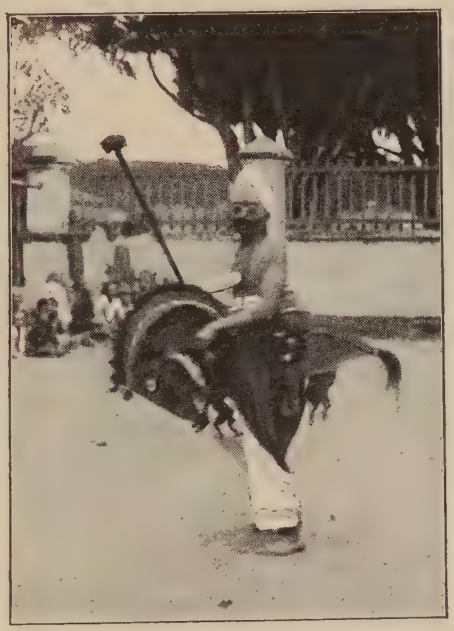
days, consisted of receptions, fireworks, reviews, games, dances, and religious ceremonies, culminating in a most impressive and colorful pageant, when the two bridegrooms proceeded to the palace in state to claim their brides. Nowhere outside the pages of "The Wizard of Oz" can one find such amazing and fantastic costumes as those worn by the thousands of natives who took part in that procession. Every combination of colors was used, every period of European and Asiatic history was represented. Some of the costumes looked as though they had been copied from Bakst's designs for the Russian ballet—or perhaps Bakst obtained his ideas in Djokjakarta; others had evidently found their inspiration in the uniforms of Louis XIV's era, from the soldiery of the Middle Ages, from the courts of the great Indian princes, from the Ziegfeld Follies.

The procession was led by four peasant women bearing trays of vegetables and fruits, symbolic of fecundity, I assumed. Behind them, sitting cross-legged in glass cages swung from poles, each borne by a score of sweating coolies in scarlet liveries, were the four chief messengers of the royal harem—former concubines of the Sultan who had once been noted for their influence and beauty. The cages—I can think of no better description—were of red lacquer, about four feet square, with glass sides, and, so far as I could see, entirely air-tight. When opposite us the procession halted for a few moments and the panting coolies lowered their burdens to the ground, whereupon Hawkinson, who is no respecter of persons when the business of getting pictures is concerned, set up his camera within six feet of one of the cages and proceeded to take a "close-up" of the indignant but helpless occupant, who, unable to turn away, could only assume an indifference which she was far from feeling.

Following the harem attendants marched a company of the royal bodyguard, in scarlet cutaway coats like those worn by the British grenadiers during the American Revolution, pipe-clayed cross-belts, white nankeen breeches, enormous cavalry boots, extending half-way up the thigh, and peculiar hats of black glazed leather, which were a cross between the cap of a Norman man-at-arms and a fireman's helmet. They were armed indiscriminately with long pikes and ancient flint-locks, and marched to the music of fife and drum. Could that force have marched down Broadway, equipped precisely as I saw it in Djokjakarta, it would have created a riot. Perhaps the most curious feature of the procession was provided by the clowns, both men and women—an interesting survival of the court-jesters of the Middle Ages—powdered and painted like their fellows of the circus, and with many of their stereotyped antics. One of them, wearing an enormous pair of black spectacles, bestrode a sort of broomstick hobby-horse, and, when he saw that Hawkinson was taking his picture, cavorted and grimaced, to the huge delight of the lookers-on.

Following a gorgeous cavalcade of mounted princes of the blood, in uniforms evidently copied from those of Napoleon III's day, and képis surmounted by towering ostrich plumes, came a long procession of the great dignitaries of the household —the royal betel-box bearer, the royal cuspidor-carrier, and others bearing on scarlet cushions the royal toothpicks, the royal tooth-brush, the royal toilet-set, and the royal mirror, all of these accessories being of gold set with jewels. The mothers of the brides, painted like courtesans and hung with jewels, were borne by in sedan-chairs, in which they sat cross-legged on silken cushions. Then, after a dramatic pause, their approach heralded by a burst of barbaric music, came the brides themselves, each reclining in an enormous scarlet litter borne by fifty men. Beside them sat attendants who sprinkled them with perfumes and cooled them with fans of peacock-feathers. In accordance with an ancient Javanese custom, the faces, necks, arms, and breasts of the brides were stained with saffron to a brilliant yellow; their cheeks were as stiff with enamel as their garments were with jewels. Immediately behind the palanquins bearing the brides —one of whom looked to be about thirteen, the other somewhat older—rode the bridegrooms; one, a sullen-looking fellow who, I was told, already had five wives, astride a magnificent gray Arab; the other, who was still a boy, on a showy bay stallion, both animals being decked with flowers and caparisoned in scarlet

leather. The grooms, naked to the waist, were, like their brides, smeared with saffron; their *sarongs* were of cloth-of-gold and they were loaded with jewelled necklaces, bracelets, and anklets. Following them on foot was a great horde of dignitaries and courtiers, clad in costumes of every description and walking under a forest of gold and colored umbrellas borne by their liveried attendants. The Greatest Show on Earth, in its palmiest days, never produced so fantastic and colorful a spectacle. It would have been the envy and the despair of the late Phineas T. Barnum.



A clown in the royal wedding procession at Djokjakarta.

Perhaps the most curious feature of the procession was provided by the clowns—an interesting survival of the court-jesters of the Middle Ages—powdered and painted like their fellows of the circus, and with many of their stereotyped antics. One of them, wearing an enormous pair of black spectacles, bestrode a sort of broomstick hobby-horse.—Page 34.

Upon our arrival at Singapore, which is the great crossroads of the Far East and a port of call for many lines of steamships, there seemed no valid excuse for keeping the *Negros* any longer, so I sent the little vessel, on which we had cruised upward of six thousand miles, back to Manila, taking passage for ourselves on a small Chinese-owned steamer, the *Kuala*, for Bangkok.

Fortune was again kind to us in the Siamese capital, for we reached that city on the eve of a series of royal cremations, the attendant ceremonies providing enough action and color to satisfy even Hawkinson. The Siamese have a singular institution, according to which, before burning, the embalmed body is placed in a large jar and kept in a temple or in the house of the deceased for a period determined by the rank of the dead man—the King for twelve months and so downward. If the relatives are too poor to afford fuel and the other necessary preparations, they bury the body, but exhume it for burning when an opportunity occurs. On the day of the cremation, which is usually fixed by an astrologer, the remains are transferred from the jar to a wooden coffin and carried with much pomp to the *meru*, or place of cremation. When the deceased is of royal or noble blood the *meru* is frequently a magnificent structure, sometimes costing many thousands of dollars, built for the purpose, and torn down when that purpose is accomplished. The coffin is placed on the pyre, which is lighted by relatives, the occasion being considered one for rejoicing rather than mourning. The royal *meru*, which had been erected in a small park in the outskirts of the capital at a cost of one hundred thousand ticals, was a really beautiful structure of true Siamese architecture, elaborately decorated in scarlet and gold and draped with hangings of the same colors. Within the *meru* were three pyres, concealed by gilt screens, on which were laid the coffins containing the bodies. As there were a number of bodies to be burned, the ceremonies lasted upward of a week, King Rama going in state each afternoon to the *meru*, where he took his place on a throne in an elaborately decorated pavilion. After brief ceremonies by a large body of yellow-robed Buddhist priests, the King set fire to the end of a long fuse, which in turn ignited the three pyres simultaneously, the ascending clouds of smoke being greeted by the roll of drums and the crash of saluting cannon.

When I first suggested to friends in Bangkok that I wished to obtain permission for Hawkinson to take pictures

of the cremation, they told me that it was out of the question.

"But why?" I protested. "Motion-pictures were taken of the funerals of the Pope, and of King Edward, and of President Roosevelt, without any one dreaming of protesting, so why should there be any objection here? Nothing in the least disrespectful is intended."

that, but they're as conservative as Bostonians."

Two days later, however, he sent me a letter, signed by the minister of the royal household, authorizing Hawkinson to take motion-pictures in the grounds of the *meru* on the following day prior to the cremation. I didn't quite like the sound of the last four words, "prior to the

In the courtyard of the temple of the Emerald Buddha, in the grounds of the royal palace at Bangkok.
From left to right: Major Powell, the Lovely Lady, a court chamberlain, the Winsome Widow, and another official of the royal household.

"But this is Siam," my friends replied pessimistically, "and such things aren't done here. No one has ever taken a motion-picture of a royal cremation."

"It's never too late to begin," I told them.

So I took a rickshaw out to the American Legation and enlisted the co-operation of our chargé d'affaires, Mr. Donald Rodgers, the very efficient young diplomatist who was representing American interests in Siam pending the arrival of the new minister.

"I'll do my best to arrange it," Rodgers assured me, "but I'm not sanguine about being successful. The Siamese are fine people, kindly and hospitable and all

cremation," but I felt that it was not an occasion for quibbling. So on the following day, at the appointed hour—which was two hours ahead of the time set for the cremation—Hawkinson started for the *meru* in a car, accompanied by his interpreter. He did not return until dinner-time.

"What happened?" I inquired, by way of greeting.

"What didn't happen?" he retorted. "They turned me out just as the cremation was commencing. When we reached the *meru*, I was met by an official wearing bright-blue pants, who told me that he had been sent to assist me in taking the pictures. Well, I got a few shots of the *meru* itself, and of the royal pavilion, and

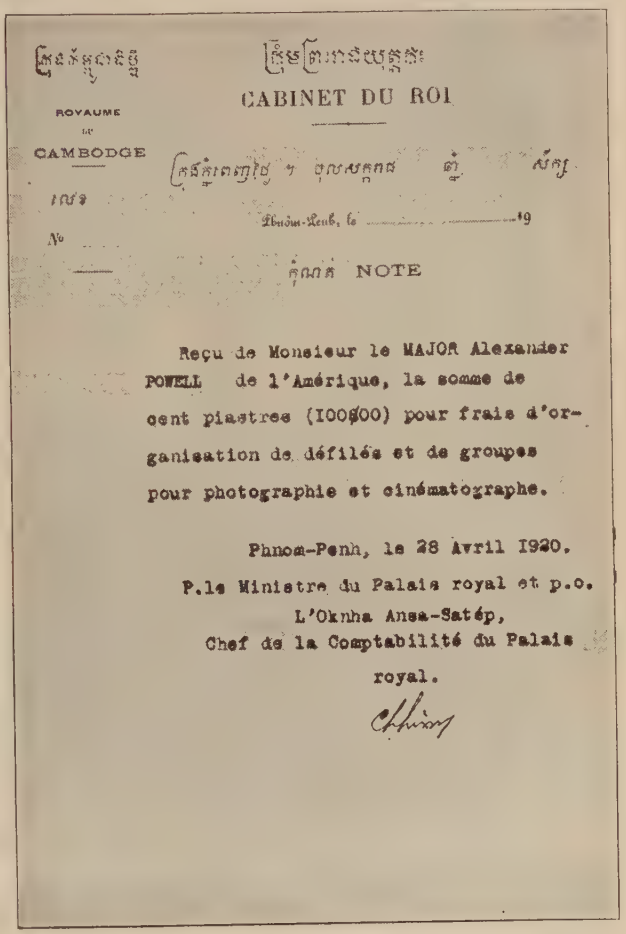
of some of the priests and soldiers, but there wasn't much doing because there wasn't any action. So I sat down to wait for things to happen. Pretty soon the troops began arriving—lancers and a battery of artillery and a company of the royal bodyguard in red coats—and after them came the guests: officials and dignitaries in all sorts of gorgeous uniforms covered with decorations. A few minutes later I heard some one say, 'The King is coming,' so I got the camera ready to begin work. Just then up comes my Siamese chaperone. 'You will have to leave now,' says he. 'Leave? What for?' said I. 'Because the cremation is about to begin,' he tells me. 'But that's what I've come to take pictures of,' I told him. 'Oh, no,' says he, very politely; 'your permission says that you can take pictures *prior to the cremation.*' So they showed me the gate."

"So you didn't get any pictures?" I queried, deep disappointment in my tone.

"Sure, I got the pictures," was the answer. "Some of them, at any rate. That's what I went for, wasn't it?"

"But how did you work it?" I demanded.

"Easy," he replied, nonchalantly lighting a cigarette. "I told the driver to back his car up against the iron fence which encircles the *meru;* then I set the camera up in the tonneau, so that it was above the heads of the crowd, screwed on the six-inch lens which I use for long-distance shots, and took the pictures."



ROYAUME
DE
CAMBODGE

CABINET DU ROI

NOTE

Reçu de Monsieur le MAJOR Alexander POWELL de l'Amérique, la somme de cent piastres (100$00) pour frais d'organisation de défilés et de groupes pour photographie et cinématographe.

Phnom-Penh, le 28 Avril 1920.

P.le Ministre du Palais royal et p.o.
L'Okmha Ansa-Satép,
Chef de la Comptabilité du Palais royal.

I took the precaution to obtain from the minister of the royal household a receipt for my tip, which is reproduced herewith.—Page 40.

It had been my original intention to travel overland from Siam to Indo-China by elephant, but the spring was so far advanced by the time we were ready to leave Bangkok, and the heat had become so intense—on one afternoon the thermometer in my room registered a trifle over 130°—that this plan had to be abandoned. The only regular service between Siamese and Indo-China ports is provided by a small and incredibly dirty steamer which plies at fortnightly intervals between Bangkok and Saigon, the capital of Cochin-China, but as that would have meant our missing the journey across the peninsula, I persuaded the captain of a little Danish trading steamer, for a substantial consideration, to take us to Kep, on the coast of Cambodia. Kep, which the French have attempted to dignify by calling it a *station baleinière,* consists of a cluster of bungalows built on a hill above

the sea, which are occupied during the hot months by fever-stricken officials from the hinterland. At Kep, thanks to the interest taken in our enterprise by the French authorities, we found awaiting us an ancient and battered Renault, which looked as though it was entitled to service stripes for four years of war service, to take us through the three hundred kilometres of jungle lying between the coast and Pnom-Penh, the Cambodian capital. The highway which the French have built across Cambodia forms a section of the great Route Mandarine, by means of which the motorist who is willing to put up with some discomforts can skirt the coast of the entire peninsula, from Kep, on the Siamese frontier, to Haiphong, on the borders of China. It is one of the most remarkable highways in the world, for the greater part of it lies through a virgin and uninhabited jungle.

The good fortune which had attended us for upward of twenty thousand miles completely deserted us during our journey across Indo-China, for we motored from Kep to Pnom-Penh, and thence on to Saigon, with as little incident as we would have encountered in touring from New York to Washington. That should not be taken to mean, however, that adventure is never to be had in these regions. Only a short time before our arrival at Saigon, for example, an American engaged in business in that city set out one morning before daybreak, in a small car, for the paddy-fields, where there is excellent bird-shooting in the early dawn. The car, which, owing to the intense heat, had no wind-shield, was driven by the Annamite chauffeur, the American, a double-barrel loaded with bird-shot across his knees, sitting beside him on the front seat. Rounding a turn in the jungle road at thirty miles an hour, the twin beams of light from the lamps fell on a tiger, which, dazzled and bewildered by the onrushing glare, crouched snarling in the middle of the highway. There was no time to stop the car, and as the jungle came to the very edge of the narrow road, there was no way to avoid the tiger, which, just as the car was upon it, gathered itself and sprang, landing on the hood with all four feet, its snarling face so close to the men that they could feel its breath. The American, thrusting the muzzle of his weapon into the furry neck of the great cat, let go with both barrels, blowing away the throat and jugular vein and killing it instantly. With the aid of his badly frightened driver, he bundled the great striped carcass into the tonneau of the car and imperturbedly continued on his bird-shooting expedition. Some people seem to have a monopoly of luck.

Pnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia and the residence of King Sisowath, is in many respects one of the most picturesque and interesting cities in Asia. In its teeming bazaars mingle Cambodians, Annamites, Siamese, Chinese, Malays, Hindus, and occasional Europeans; rickshaws, called *pousse-pousse* in Indo-China, serve in lieu of taxicabs and street-cars; quaint hooded carts, drawn by snow-white bullocks, go creaking down the shaded avenues, while gorgeously caparisoned elephants from the royal stables attract no more attention than does a horse-drawn hansom in the streets of New York; the gilded spires and brilliantly tiled roofs of the temples, towers, pagodas, and palaces blaze like enormous jewels under the tropic sun. Here, it seemed to me, was a rich and virgin field for the motion-picture camera. But the chief obstacle to its proper exploitation on the screen lay, as I soon discovered, in the fact that the things most worth photographing are within the jealously guarded precincts of the royal palace. Here is the great Silver Pagoda, so named because its floors are entirely of that metal, containing the famous Emerald Buddha; here are kept the royal white elephants; here dwell the dancing-girls of the royal ballet, whose remarkable performances are usually given only on state occasions.

When I broached to the French resident-superior, who is the real ruler of Cambodia, the subject of taking motion-pictures within the royal enclosure, he was anything but sanguine.

"I'm afraid it's quite impossible," he told me. "The King is at his summer palace at Kampot, where he will remain for several weeks. Without his permission nothing can be done. Moreover, the royal ballet, which is the most interesting sight in Cambodia, is never under any

circumstances permitted to dance unless his Majesty is present."

"But why not telegraph the King?" I suggested, though with waning hope. "Or get him on the telephone. Tell him how much the pictures would do to acquaint the American public with the attractions of his country; explain to him that they would bring here hundreds of visitors who otherwise would never know that there is such a place as Pnom-Penh. More than that," I added diplomatically, "they would undoubtedly wake up American capitalists to a realization of Cambodia's natural resources. That's what you particularly want here, isn't it—foreign capital?"

That argument seemed to impress the shrewd and far-seeing Frenchman.

"Perhaps something can be done, after all," he told me. "I will send for the minister of the royal household and ask him if he can communicate with the King. As soon as I learn something definite, you will hear from me."

The second day following I received a call from the chief of the political bureau.

"Everything has been arranged as you desired," was the cheering news with which he greeted me. The *défilé* will take place in the grounds of the palace tomorrow morning. Already the necessary orders have been issued. Thirty elephants with their state housings; eighty ceremonial cars drawn by sacred bullocks; the royal body-guard in full uniform; a delegation of mandarins in court-dress; a hundred Buddhist priests attached to the royal temple; and, moreover, his Majesty

Photo by the Goldwyn-Bray-Powell Malaysian Expedition.

The entrance to the palace of King Sisowath of Cambodia at Pnom-Penh.

When we entered the gate of the palace I felt as though I had been translated to the days of Haroun-al-Raschid, for the vast courtyard was flanked on all sides by marble buildings with tiled roofs of cobalt blue, of emerald green, of red, and of brilliant yellow.—Page 40.

has granted special permission—an unheard-of thing, let me tell you!—for the royal ballet to give a performance expressly for you to-morrow afternoon on the terrace of the throne-hall. It will be a marvellous spectacle."

"Bully!" I exclaimed. "Won't you have a drink?"

"There is one thing I forgot to mention," the official remarked hesitatingly, as he sipped the gin sling which is the favorite drink of the tropics. "There will be a small charge for expenses—tips, you know, for the palace officials."

"Oh, that's all right," I replied lightly. "How much will the tips amount to?"

"Only about two hundred piastres," was the somewhat startling answer, for, at the then current rate of exchange a piastre was worth about $1.50 gold. "The resident will pay half of it, however, as he believes that the pictures will prove of great value to the country."

Of course I paid the one hundred piastres, but as I anticipated the scepticism of people at home, who are under the delusion that tipping has reached its apogee in America, I took the precaution to obtain from the minister of the royal household a receipt for my tip, which is reproduced herewith.

When we entered the gate of the palace the next morning, I felt as though I had been translated to the days of Haroun-al-Raschid, for the vast courtyard, flanked on all sides by marble buildings with tiled roofs of cobalt blue, of emerald green, of red, and of brilliant yellow, was literally crowded with elephants, bullocks, horses, chariots, palanquins, soldiers, priests, and officials—in short, all the pomp and panoply of an Asiatic court. Though close examination revealed the gold as gilt and the jewels as colored glass, the general effect was undeniably gorgeous. In spite of the brilliance of the scene, Hawkinson was as blasé as ever. He issued orders to the minister of the household as though he were directing a Pullman porter.

"Have those elephants come on in double file," he commanded. "Then follow 'em with the bullock-carts and the palanquins. I'll shoot the priests and the mandarins later."

"But the priests must be taken at once," the minister protested. "They have been waiting a long time, and they are already late for the morning service in the royal temple."

"Well, they'll have to wait still longer," was the unruffled answer. "Tell them not to get impatient. I'll get round to them as soon as I finish with the animals. Think what it will mean to them to have their pictures shown on the same screen with Charlie Chaplin and Fatty Arbuckle and Douglas Fairbanks! I know lots of actors who would wait a year for such a chance."

Just then there approached across the courtyard a trio of youths in white uniforms and gold-laced képis, their breasts ablaze with decorations. At sight of them the minister doubled himself in the middle like a jack-knife. They were, it appeared, some of the royal princes—sons of the King.

There ensued a brief colloquy between the minister and the eldest of the princes, the conversation evidently relating, as I gathered from the gestures, to the Lovely Lady and the Winsome Widow, who at the moment were delightedly engaged in feeding candies to the largest of the elephants.

"His Highness wishes to know," the minister interpreted, "when the ladies of your company are to appear. His Highness is a great admirer of American actresses; he saw your most famous one, Mademoiselle Theda Bara, at a cinema in Singapore."

It seemed a thousand pities to destroy the prince's delusion.

"Tell his Highness," I said, "that the ladies will not act in this picture. They only play comedy parts."

The princes received the news with open disappointment. If the ladies had only consented to appear on the back of an elephant, or even in a palanquin, I imagine that they might have received a mark of the royal favor in the form of a Cambodian decoration. It is a gorgeous affair and is called, with great appropriateness, the "Order of a Million Elephants and Parasols."

That afternoon, on the broad marble terrace of the throne-hall, which had been covered with a scarlet carpet for the occasion, the royal ballet gave a special performance for our benefit. The dancers

were much younger than I had anticipated, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen. Dancing has ever been a great institution in Cambodia. Every King chooses two hundred and forty beautiful girls from the children of people of the upper classes, who send them to the palace when they are little more than babies. Those chosen rarely leave the palace, even to see their parents, being educated and trained for dancing at the King's expense. The dances, which have behind them traditions of two thousand years, are illustrative of incidents in the poem of the Râmâyana and still adhere faithfully to the classical examples which are depicted on the walls of the great temple at Angkor, such as the dancing of the goddess Apsaras, her gestures, and her dress. The costumes worn by the dancing-girls were the most gorgeous that we saw in Asia: wonderful creations of cloth-of-gold heavily embroidered with jewels. Most of the dancers wore towering, pointed head-dresses, similar to the historic crowns of the Cambodian kings, though a few of them wore masks, one representing the head of a fox, another a fish, a third a lion, which could be raised or lowered, like the visors of mediæval helmets. The faces of all of the dancers were so heavily coated with powder and enamel that they would have been cracked by a smile. It was a performance which would have astonished and delighted the most critical audience on Broadway, but there in the heart of Cambodia, with the terrace of a throne-hall for a stage, with palaces, temples, and pagodas for a setting, with a blazing tropic sun for a spot-light, and with the audience clad in the most colorful and fantastic costumes of which the imagination can conceive, it provided a spectacle which we who were privileged to see it will ever remember.

The next morning we set sail down the mighty Mekong for Saigon and the sea. I took with me the satisfaction of having realized not one, but two, of my boyhood ambitions: to go adventuring in the strange places and to join the circus. What a pity that Cap'n Bryant was not alive so that I might sit on the steps of his Mattapoisett cottage and tell him all about it.

Photo by the Goldwyn-Bray-Powell Malaysian Expedition.

The head of the pageant approaching the camera in the palace at Pnom-Penh.

WHEN THE CALL COMES TO THEM

By Franklin Chase Hoyt
Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York City

IT'S a long, long way from Springfield, Massachusetts, to Erivan, Armenia. This and several other obvious facts were discovered by Ernest soon after his altruistic, but somewhat visionary, attempt to cross the seas and succor the oppressed was interfered with and brought to a lame and impotent conclusion by the unsympathetic minions of the law. For Ernest came to realize that, after all, the place for a boy of fourteen is in his own home and among his own people, and that, for the time being, he could prove himself of greater usefulness in Springfield than in Erivan. He also came to understand that by doing his duty, faithfully and unaffectedly, in his allotted place he would best fit himself for wider service and larger achievement later on when the call should come to him to serve in other ways.

Ernest really did not get very far on his travels, for he had barely completed the first one hundred and thirty miles of his journey when an adverse fate put an end to his cherished project. On arriving in New York from Springfield, he went up to the nearest police officer and asked, quite casually, what was the quickest route to Constantinople. The officer, naturally, was somewhat startled. He was well used to pointing out the way to Brooklyn and the Bronx. He was capable, at a pinch, of directing a traveller to Coney Island or Jersey City. But he was not accustomed to guiding wanderers to the four corners of the earth. At the same time Ernest's inquiry seemed to interest him greatly. He asked the boy a few questions, which led Ernest to unbosom himself and to tell of his plans for service in Armenia. The officer shook his head. He was a man of hard, common sense, and he failed to sympathize with Ernest's aspirations.

"How much money have you got left?" he asked.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," replied Ernest. "It's all mine, too. I drew it out of the savings-bank when I left Springfield."

"It may be yours, all right," retorted the officer. "But there are some other folks, I'm thinkin', who will have something to say about this little trip of yours. I'm a man of family myself, and I wouldn't like to let a kid of your size go and mix it up with the Turks till I'd heard from his popper and mommer. I guess you'll have to postpone your jaunt for a while and stay with us till we get in touch with Springfield. It won't be long before we hear from them, I'm thinkin'."

Ernest suffered himself to be led away to the children's shelter, but when he appeared before me the next morning he was in a distinctly rebellious mood. Not that he was in the least excited. In all my experiences I have never seen a boy so calm, so deliberate, and so precise in his manner and choice of words as Ernest. But he was indignant and outraged at the act of the officer in taking him into custody.

"I should like you to tell me," he said, "why this man has arrested me. All I did was to ask him how to get to Constantinople. I didn't suppose that it was a crime to question him."

"Of course it's no crime to question an officer," I laughed. "But, tell me, why did you want to go to Constantinople?"

"This was my reason" (I record Ernest's sententious words almost verbatim): "I wanted to be of some real use in the world, and there was nothing I could do at home. I've read a great deal about the suffering in Armenia, and I thought that if I could get to Constantinople I might offer my services to the American committee."

"Don't you think," I asked him, "that you are rather young to take up such work?"

In answer to my question he produced from his pocket a newspaper clipping,

telling of a boy of thirteen who had enlisted as of the age of eighteen, and who had actually served in France with the American Expeditionary Force. "What others have done, I can do!" he remarked gravely.

"Did you talk over this plan with your mother and father?" I continued.

"No, I didn't," he replied. "They wouldn't have understood."

"I suppose, of course, that you communicated with some of the Armenian relief committees?"

"No, I didn't do that either. I thought about it, but I felt sure that they would discourage me."

"The opposition seems to be fairly formidable," I remarked; "your parents, the authorities, and the Armenian representatives. Ernest, do you know what I think of you? I believe that you are a slacker and a deserter!"

He looked at me in utter astonishment. "I don't quite understand, judge," he said.

"Just this," I replied. "If you can't be of use in your own home, you can't be of any possible use elsewhere. You tell me that you want to serve in Armenia. Have you ever tried to serve in Springfield? You left there without a thought of your family or your obligations. You simply ran away to avoid your duties and to find adventure. The officer was quite right. You will have to stay with us until we hear from your parents. Think it all over, and let me know your conclusion when I see you again."

The next day Ernest was brought into court for a second time, accompanied by his elder brother, who had just arrived from Springfield to represent his family. There was no question as to the attitude of his own people. Through his brother they recorded their emphatic opposition to Ernest's romantic project, and were unkind enough to suggest that he might prove to be more of a burden than a relief to Armenia, if he should ever succeed in reaching there.

"Well, Ernest," I said, turning toward the boy, "you have had twenty-four hours to reflect on the situation since I last saw you. What do you think about it all, and what would you like to do now?"

"I've made up my mind to give up my trip entirely," he replied, with seriousness and deliberation. "I want to go home with my brother, and I can promise you that I won't run away again in a hurry. I've thought over everything very carefully since yesterday, and I see now how foolish I was. I'm much too young to carry through this plan. What you said to me about serving in Springfield and of making myself of real use in my own home impressed me a great deal. I've never tried to do that before, but I see that there are a lot of things that I can do there. I'm going to make myself a good American, and then later on I can take up other work if I want to. Perhaps I'll get over to Armenia, after all, but don't you worry, judge, I'm going to make good at home first."

"I am very sure you will," I responded as I bade him good-by.

Sally's probationary period was a comparatively long one. She was brought into court at the age of fifteen on her mother's complaint that she was disobedient, keeping late hours, and associating with most undesirable company. Although she was given a chance to prove herself and to correct her own faults under the court's supervision, she found it very hard at first to break away from her old habits and from the influences of her former associates. Consequently, the first year of her probation was marked by many disappointments and frequent lapses. Gradually, however, she gained a better control of herself, and during the second year she fulfilled our fondest expectations. So satisfactory was her progress that she was honorably discharged from the court's supervision a short time ago, after reaching her seventeenth birthday, and those who know Sally's grit and common sense have no misgivings whatsoever as to her future.

A little while after her discharge I was agreeably surprised to receive the following letter from her:

"Dear Judge:

"I am writing to ask whether it would be possible for you to appoint me as a probation officer in your court. Considering all I have been through and all

I know (*sic !*) I think that I could make a mighty good one.

"If you can't do that, couldn't you get me a job in a place where children are sent to. I would just love to take care of babies.

"Everybody has been so good to me and has worked so hard to help me, that now I want to turn around and do my share in helping others. I've learnt an awful lot since I came to court and I've found out that one is much happier in doing things for other people than in any other way.

"I think in the end I will study to be a trained nurse, but I'd like to be a probation officer first. I think it must be a grand job. Please write and let me know what you can do for me.

Yours truly,

SALLY ——."

In answer, I informed Sally that it was necessary to go through a course of study and to pass a competitive examination before one could receive an appointment as probation officer. I also added that she would have to wait some years before she would be old enough to qualify for any of the positions she had in mind. I suggested, however, that while she was waiting she might offer her services as a volunteer to some of the clubs and settlements who were interested in supervising the activities and recreation of younger children. This idea seemed to meet, temporarily, Sally's desire to do her share in helping others, and I understand that she is engaged in such work at this very time.

The instinct to serve—the desire to take one's part and prove of use in the community—is but a natural attribute of youth. Sometimes it exists in an embryonic state; sometimes it flourishes with surprising strength and vitality; but in one way or another its development must begin with childhood if it is to survive at all in later years. It is a blessed quality, which should be encouraged and guided with the greatest possible care, and which should never be belittled or ignored.

Are the children of our community to be taught to think rightly and to live usefully, or are they to be allowed to drift aimlessly, with no regard for their personal obligations toward the State and society at large? They often reach the parting of the ways sooner than one would suspect. If their thoughts and activities are properly directed, and they are kept mentally alert and spiritually awake, they will be fitted to take their allotted parts as efficient and helpful citizens in the future. If, on the other hand, they are permitted to become selfish and self-centred, if they are allowed to grow indifferent to their obligations, and weak in self-discipline and self-control, they will soon lose respect for all authority and fall into that very class which, bereft of decent incentives and healthy ideals, and seething with discontent and lawlessness, threatens danger to our commonwealth.

Out of which material are we going to create our future citizenship and build the city and State of to-morrow? The choice is ours to make, and we all share a common responsibility in seeing that our children are taught to reverence and to fight for those ideals which we justly regard as the corner-stone of our beloved country.

No one should be discouraged at the magnitude of the task. If every year we progress a little further in promoting child welfare, and in developing our methods and standards along these lines; if we take no backward steps and do not relax our efforts, we shall move steadily forward toward the goal. If we build slowly—"precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little"—we can at least build surely and make our foundations permanent and secure.

In teaching the children to take their part and to fit themselves for their duties as citizens of to-morrow, we must not ignore nor forget the obligations which we ourselves, as citizens of to-day, owe the community in this respect. Every man and woman in the land can render at least some measure of service toward this end. The work cannot be left to specialists and experts. Some individuals may be in a position to dedicate their lives to child-training and child-saving, but alone and unaided they cannot elevate and protect the whole youth of the nation. The entire country must join in the task with enthusiasm, and accept child-conserva-

tion as one of its principal and sacred tenets if the movement is to be carried on to a glorious consummation.

It goes without saying that those who are devoting their time and energy to the care and training of their own children are by that very act rendering the supreme service to the State, and this is also true of those who are working in the fields of religion, education, health and social service. But there are many other ways in which an individual, no matter how busily engaged in different walks of life, can contribute his or her share to the advancement of child welfare in general.

Take, for example, such organizations as the Big Brother and Big Sister Societies; their members are not required to give up any great amount of time to the exclusion of other activities, but are merely asked to interest themselves singly in the case of a boy or girl, and to befriend some one child who has been handicapped from the start by misfortune and has been denied that fair average chance of normal development which is its inherent right. Surely this is not much to ask of any one, yet every individual effort of this sort, when taken and added together, produces a result which is astonishing in its far-reaching effect.

If people would only look around they could find a thousand and one places where even a small measure of service would be appreciated and count for something. There are the churches, schools, hospitals, institutions, settlements, community centres, societies, including such effective organizations as the Boy Scouts, clubs, playgrounds, camps, and other social and civic groups innumerable, which are calling for the public's active cooperation and support, and to which everybody can contribute something by way of personal interest.

In fact, every centre where children are gathered together for the furtherance of their moral, mental, or physical development constitutes a unit in the general system of preparing our vast army of future citizens for their service in the years to come. No unit or link in this chain is too small to be neglected or overlooked, for sometimes the greatest good and the most far-reaching influence can spring from the least conspicuous group.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," and rest assured that neither the time, nor the money, nor the personal service which is expended in this cause will ever be wasted or spent in vain.

A great nation can afford to be generous in the treatment of its children. Indeed, one of the very tests of its greatness is to be found in the measures which it takes to safeguard and improve the coming generation. If a country expects to receive devoted and efficient service from its future citizens it must take scrupulous care in meeting its own obligations toward them with wisdom and honor. There is nothing visionary or utopian about such a policy; it is a matter of plain common sense and self-protection.

To paraphrase a famous document with which all good Americans are supposed to be familiar, it might be said that every child is endowed with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are protection, education, health, and the pursuit of happiness.

Its right to protection comprises many things besides its mere preservation from cruelty and neglect. It has the right to a normal, decent, and sympathetic home; the right to the care and protection of the State in case its natural guardians fail in their duties; the right to be safeguarded against corrupting influences and debasing environments; the right of deliverance from economic pressure and the serfdom of child labor in all of its forms.

By a child's education much more is understood than a mere smattering of learning or a rudimental course of instruction in the three R's. It has the right to be taught of other things.

Most important of all is the question of its religious training and its moral guidance. The opportunity must be given every child to learn of religious truths and to worship God. The form of its religion does not concern the authorities; that is a matter to be decided by its parents, its family, and its ecclesiastical advisers. But it should be strengthened and confirmed in its chosen faith, and encouraged to follow its precepts. If our experience in the Children's Court has proved one

thing, it is that religion is essential in the training of youth, and that no lasting good can be achieved when its spiritual development is neglected.

A child should also be taught allegiance to the law, so that when it is called upon for service it will not have to act blindly. It has a right to a thorough understanding of governmental functions, of the purposes of our statutes, and of the fundamental principles of law and order. It must be so guided and governed that it will grow to love and reverence the ideals of our country, and thoroughly appreciate the importance of the part which it must perform as a unit of society.

In the development of our educational system no effort should be spared in providing the schools with efficient instructors. Our children, certainly, have a right to the very best. Every penny spent in this direction will be repaid; for, unless competent teachers can be obtained and induced to remain in the service, the whole system will be threatened with disaster. Adequate provision should also be made for an intelligent policy of vocational guidance, and this, too, will require the employment of experienced workers. We are just beginning to awaken to the importance of vocational guidance as a means of discovering a child's special aptitude and of directing its efforts in the right channels. Surely a child has the right to make a special study of those things for which it is best fitted by predilection and natural bent, and to choose its vocation with discrimination and understanding.

It is scarcely necessary to comment on the duty of a government to preserve the health of its children. Dark indeed would be the future of any nation which neglected to safeguard the physical well-being of its rising generations.

There are, however, several subjects closely akin to health which deserve a passing reference under this head. A child as it approaches adolescence has a right to be instructed in the laws of sex hygiene. This is primarily a task for its parents, but if they fail in the performance of their manifest duty, then its teachers must undertake the work. A child should not be allowed to pick up its knowledge of this subject from the gutter. If any one should doubt the wisdom of giving such instruction, let him come to the Children's Court and see the number of children who have fallen victims to immorality and hideous disease because of their lack of information concerning such matters and their ignorance of the first principles of moral cleanliness.

The treatment of mental deficiency is another problem which bears an intimate relation to health. Children who suffer under this handicap deserve the greatest care and attention to prevent them from becoming a burden and a menace to the community. Their existence cannot be ignored, and as entities in the body politic they, too, have their rights. The State should provide for their examination and diagnosis, furnish proper facilities for their custodial care, and see that such of them as are fit to be at large are taught to be self-supporting and to fill a niche according to their capacity.

As to the pursuit of happiness, that is a right with which, as we are told, all persons are equally endowed, and so, it might be argued, it is not a special prerogative of children. Yet children are as much entitled to their happiness as any other class in the community. Of course, happiness in the abstract has a number of meanings. It may refer to a state of contentment, or a condition of mind which triumphs over circumstances. A child, however, would invariably select the definition which suggests pleasure and enjoyment. That is only natural, for if we think of a child as happy we think at the same time of its recreation and amusements. Indeed, a child without an instinct and a desire for play would be a most abnormal and unhappy one. Its diversions, however, are not always easy to regulate, for pleasure cannot be forced down any one's throat. If a child does not like the amusement which is provided for it, it will sally forth to find substitutes for such amusement, and these substitutes are too often of a dangerous type. The whole question needs more intensive study and consideration than it has been given in the past. The child's point of view and its natural tastes should be better appreciated and understood, so that something satisfying may be given it in the way of recreation, and its amusements,

at the same time, made safe and clean. We are often apt to confuse this subject, and are too prone to attribute to the absence of playgrounds, or to congested living conditions, all the faults occasioned by the lack of healthy outlets for a child's normal activities. These things are most important and must be improved, but even recreational centres and model homes will not satisfy a girl's or a boy's primal instinct for pleasure. The problem is not wholly a city one. It is met with equally in the town and the country. At the bottom of many juvenile delinquencies and disastrous experiences we find a natural craving for amusement and adventure, which, if it had been understood and wisely treated in the beginning, might have been easily controlled. We might as well realize that, whatever we may do, children are going to join in the universal quest for happiness and pleasure as one of their rights. It is for us, therefore, to see that they are properly guided in their search for recreation and are taught to find enjoyment in the finer things of life.

These, then, are some of the main obligations which the State owes its future citizens. All of the subjects which have been alluded to are obviously of transcendental importance, the proper consideration and treatment of any one of which would require a lifelong study and the writing of many volumes. It goes without saying, therefore, that no attempt could be made to deal adequately with even the least of them in so brief a space. They have been mentioned in these pages, however, because they unquestionably lie at the very root of the problem of preparing children for their future service, and because it would be impossible to write on this topic at all without some allusion to these cardinal requirements for a child's proper development.

It is quite extraordinary, when one comes to think of it, how dependent these essentials are one upon another. Education would be futile without health; health would be difficult without recreation, and all three would be well-nigh impossible without proper protection. Child labor cannot flourish side by side with education and health. Health cannot survive cruelty, abuse, or neglect. Or, if a child is to be denied all recreation and happiness, its education, health, and moral training might as well be thrown into the discard at the same time.

There is great need, therefore, for the establishment in these particular fields of certain minimum standards which should be moderate and sensible enough to win the support of the community and yet sufficiently comprehensive to insure the children thorough protection. Once established, these standards should be enforced as a whole, for it would be useless to safeguard them in one direction only to neglect them in another. As has been said, they are all interdependent, and a break in one link of the chain would cause disaster to the rest. If we could count on the existence of such standards and feel sure that they would be observed and enforced, many existing problems would be simplified, and in every case the children of the nation would be the gainers.

At the beginning of the great war most of the nations engaged cast aside all thought of child conservation and sacrificed in a few months the achievements which had been gained through years of effort. As the war progressed, however, and delinquency and neglect increased appallingly, these nations began to see that a fearful mistake had been made, and that the protection of youth was really essential in the successful prosecution of the strife. Accordingly, after a year or two, a decided change of policy took place, and before the close of the war our allies were doing everything possible to repair these errors, and to safeguard their children more carefully than ever before. America, fortunately, profited by this lesson, with the result that in this country the barriers were kept intact, and delinquency failed to show that increase which many had prophesied.

Now that the strife is over, is it not the appropriate time to give our attention to these selfsame problems, and to look upon the conservation of childhood as essential to the finer development of the nation in the new era which lies before us? This end can never be attained by legislation alone; it can only be brought about by the united will of the whole people. Laws and regulations are neces-

sary up to a certain point, but they cannot serve as a substitute for a national conscience, nor can they make individuals into decent citizens merely by virtue of some legal process. No intelligent person believes in the multiplication of laws and statutes which would deprive a man, or a child, for that matter, of independent thought or action; no one can seriously wish to make an individual a mere automaton in the operation of a super-socialistic state; but every far-sighted man and woman must believe in comprehensive effort and planning for the protection of youth as a national asset.

To-day the whole world may seem weary and sick at heart, but in time it will forget its scars and look forward to the future with new hope and courage. How can it continue to be spiritless and despondent when it sees the rising generations coming on in serried ranks, ardent and eager to run their course and to fight the good fight? A few more years and their enthusiasms, their energy, and their vitality will make the world young and strong again.

Glorious will be the destiny of this or any other nation which is wise enough to prepare its children for the responsibilities which they will be called upon to bear. Happy will be its future if its sons and daughters are spiritually awake and ready to dedicate themselves to its service.

America has already done much for the cause of child welfare, but it must not falter in the struggle if it is to maintain its ideals and the purposes for which it was created. All of our citizens, young and old, must recognize and understand the obligations which they owe the community, and with that understanding must follow the resolve to fulfil those obligations by such service as each may be able to render. In the past too little regard has been paid to these duties, but more is to be demanded of every one in the future. Let us see, therefore, that our children are so guided and guarded that when the call comes to them they shall not fail.

THE STAY AT HOME

By Christine Kerr Davis

THE years are slipping past me,
And I've never left my home,
Though the big, strange world has called me,
And tempted me to roam.
But when I'd think of going,
Och! my little fields were sweet,
With soft green grass and blossoms
That clung about my feet.

I thought to see the royal dun,
They built for England's King,
Where life is like a fairy tale,
And pleasant as the Spring.
But when it came to going,
I couldn't see my way,
For my little white-walled cabin
Seemed coaxing me to stay.

I've longed to hear the big winds
That howl along the shore,
And lash the Coast of Connaught,
'Til the green waves leap and roar.
But Och! they're only stranger winds
I've never known at all,
And the soft wind off Croagh Patrick
Puts the silence on their call.

THE WIVES OF XERXES

By Rebecca N. Porter

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

WHEN Norton-Edward Cary started to college, his father, a prosperous California fruit-grower, agreed to furnish him sufficient capital for fraternity dues, speed fines, theatre tickets, and such incidentals as are included under the item "living expenses." In return for this financial security he offered collateral in form of a promise to return to "El Contento" at the end of four years with a scientific equipment which would enable him to double the already lavish income of the old home place and prove to sceptical neighbors that "old man Cary had a long head on him."

During his first weeks at the State university he listened to four speakers, two lecturers, and one orator, who appeared officially to deliver admonitory remarks to intrants. And the burden of all these speeches was the same. The members of the freshman class were warned against a blind adherence to the curriculum. They were urged instead to "broaden out," to "train the mind to be not a mere memory machine, but a thinker."

With this platform Norton-Edward was in cordial and responsive sympathy. Temperamentally and intellectually it was a perfect fit. And so, while his classmates worried over the sinister pamphlet entitled "Requirements for Regular Students," he sought out a comfortable chair in the library and, deaf to the voices of his care-ridden companions, turned with the joy of the epicure the pages of his Announcement of Courses. The dishes upon this bill of fare are arranged in attractive *à la carte* style. But the seasoned student is aware, of course, that this is merely an advertising device on the part of the management, and that if he desires to make an official exit at the end of four years with the blessing of the head waiter, he must consent to having his meals served strictly *table d'hôte*.

But Norton-Edward was not seasoned. He was an enthusiastic, guileless, credulous young man, and above all other things a student. To him a college education was not the blind alley leading to one definite profession; it was a thoroughfare which should conduct him to the highway of life itself. He decided to take courses in agriculture a little later in his career, and selected from the Announcement only such dishes as were compatible with his palate and digestion. History was the favored course, and here he indulged himself beyond the point necessary for the maintenance of a place in educated society. In his freshman year the passion for history was a dissipation; in his sophomore year it became almost a debauch. He had become interested in the classics while in high school, and he continued Greek and Latin now, topping off this banquet with a relish compounded for him by the anthropological and English departments.

But Norton-Edward was no vulgar glutton. Like most epicures, he realized that the spice of the pudding depends largely upon the company in which it is eaten, and he made friends. It would be more correct to say that he encouraged friendship, his being the genial disposition which needs merely to encourage. He was never too much absorbed in his own interests to write themes and translate passages for his classmates. He indulged heavily in collateral reading, and even took foot-note references seriously.

And then one day, early in his senior year, disaster befell him. The university authorities made it glaringly clear to him that they had a case against him for contempt of court. They advised him that although his record so far had been brilliant, it had been shamefully erratic, and universities, he now learned, had no patience whatever with the erratic. Speeches made by officials upon state occasions were not intended for literal

translation. Unless Norton-Edward reformed and turned from the broad highway that led God knew where, they would be obliged to withhold from him a degree (which he would have to read backward), a diploma (which even he might not be able to read at all), and the privilege of contributing one dollar annually to the alumni association.

It was too late now for the agricultural courses which he had contracted to take; too late for anything but a dash of general science, a meat course of mathematics, and a deep draft of modern language. Norton-Edward, reduced almost to panic by the list of his shortcomings, bowed to authority and accepted this revision of his menu. And on graduation day he was summoned forth from the friendly throng of black-gowned classmates and presented with that token which instantly isolated him from further intimate intercourse with them. He returned to his seat the university medallist, and was immediately conscious of his social ostracism. Ten minutes later, his father, stung by the bitterness of disappointment, announced his intention of attaching a Yale lock to his check-book, and advised his son to hustle a job.

To this threat, thinly disguised as a suggestion, Norton-Edward gave dignified and unprotesting assent. He realized that the old man's resentment was justified. The death-blow which he, Norton-Edward, had dealt to parental ambitions had not been premeditated. The tragedy was manslaughter, not murder, but it carried, nevertheless, the indelible stigma of treachery. And so, while his fraternity brothers borrowed his money and clothes for post-commencement festivities, he secreted his scholarship medal, his Phi Beta Kappa key, and other evidences of an academic past, and began the long lean hunt for a job. These trophies, he felt, might aid him in the business of waiting on tables or peddling aluminum, but both these professions appeared to be already overcrowded by his more enterprising classmates.

After a day of fruitless prospecting in San Francisco, he decided that that mart of trade had become prejudiced against him to a degree which made further efforts useless.

"Cary? Ah, yes," the occupants of swivel-chairs remarked, gazing at him as though he were the newest addition to Ringling's zoo. "You're the chap that took the medal over at the university this year, aren't you? Well, I don't believe we've got any vacancy in here just now."

And so Norton-Edward resolved to forsake the bay region, embittered by its close proximity to two universities, and seek the southern part of the State, which is still open to conviction. This proved to be the course of wisdom, for before he reached Los Angeles, the God of Adventure met him and assumed entire responsibility for his future.

During the last part of his journey he ceased to think about his own prospects and became completely absorbed in the passenger sitting across the aisle. She had boarded the train at one of those little yellow frame depots which appear to be completely isolated from any supporting village. Surely she couldn't live in such a place, Norton-Edward reflected. It couldn't be possible that such a flower as this had bloomed upon the inhospitable soil of that sage-covered district which had dared to appropriate to itself the name of the radiant goddess of the dawn. As the train pulled away from the water-tank, which seemed to be Aurora's solitary claim upon its attention, the girl in the brown-and-orange hat took up a magazine and became enthralled by its contents. Half an hour later Norton-Edward had resolved, with characteristic recklessness, that whither she went he would go; that there, if necessary, he would be buried.

The destination she chose was Arden, an hour's ride distant. Several other passengers elected this goal, but he kept his eyes fixed unswervingly upon the audacious hat as he followed down the aisle. It disappeared into a bobtailed stage bearing the legend Hotel Maxmilian, but before he had time to board it he was accosted by a portly middle-aged man who might have posed for a picture of "Affluence in Distress."

"Are you Carter?" His question dared Norton-Edward to deny it. And he accepted the challenge.

"I am not."

The other man's face fell. He looked

The girl in the brown-and-orange hat took up a magazine.—Page 50.

as if he might be going to cry. "Well, say, I beg your pardon. No offense. I was expecting a feller and you looked exactly like I thought he would."

Norton-Edward became mildly curious. "What does he look like?"

"Why, I don't know. But he's a chauffeur."

The university's medallist set down his suitcase. These were the first kind words that had been spoken to him for almost a week. He looked like a chauffeur. Hope dawned on his horizon. The bobtailed bus had disappeared, but he could follow it later. "I am a chauffeur," he told his inquisitor genially. "And I came down here to look up a job. Curious coincidence, isn't it, that I should have met you? But maybe that other fellow is here."

It was instantly apparent, however, that he was not. And the prosperous middle-aged man had no idea of relinquishing certainty for hope. Together they walked toward a bottle-green touring-car drawn up at the curb. "You've got references, I suppose?" The question was perfunctory and conveyed to Norton-Edward the assurance that in case he hadn't they would not go into embarrassing details. The new employee had raised the hood of the engine and was peering inside with professional intensity. The car's make was unfamiliar to him, but he and machinery had always been on good terms. He had driven almost every kind of conveyance, including a steam thrasher.

"Your valves need grinding," he announced cheerfully when he had backed

the car away from the curb and started down Arden's main street. "And a dash of turpentine would be good for these gears."

The middle-aged man, who had introduced himself as Oliver Blynn of "Oakvale," settled back into his seat with a sigh of content. All further doubts of Norton-Edward's professional rank were set at rest.

Arden is one of the richest towns on the coast and boasts a large clientèle of wealthy Eastern tourists, who come out each winter to visit their palatial suburban homes, dazzle the natives by their house-parties, and solve the fuel problem. And the city fathers of Arden are wise in their generation; they refuse to desecrate this haven for tired social leaders by succumbing to the demands of progress. They ignore the clamorous suggestions of all those who would make of quiet little Arden a safety-zoned and speed-copped Gomorrah. The lemon and orange growers of the surrounding district are forced to satisfy in near-by Los Angeles their craving for these and other sophisticated delights.

Norton-Edward was not an artist, but he was highly responsive to the allurements of the beautiful country over whose perfect roads he drove the bottle-green car.

"Yes, great place, this little burg." His employer's voice came to him, genial, chatty, democratic, from the back seat. "I'm stayin' on longer than usual this year on account of my health. Doctor ordered it. I been workin' too hard, I guess. Blynn and Company, meat packers; that's me, you know."

Norton-Edward nodded. He had begun to suspect it.

"So I'm goin' to stay on till July. That's some month to be gettin' back to Chicago, all right."

In spite of his aggressive self-assurance it was impossible to dislike "Blynn and Company." By the time they had covered the five miles to beautiful "Oakvale," Norton-Edward felt that he knew his employer very well. Oakvale, as he viewed it after a lunch which was served to him by a Chinese cook on the screened porch, comprised forty acres of lemon grove in full bearing. There was a terraced lawn in front of the house, bordered by a hawthorn hedge and dotted with exotic shrubbery, but the rest of the acreage was devoted to orchard.

When he had established himself in his commodious quarters above the stone garage, Norton-Edward applied himself to a study of the two cars intrusted to his charge. All that week he worked, giving them the same intensive attention that he had bestowed upon history and the classics. He was down on the floor under the roadster the next Monday morning when "Old Man Blynn," as he mentally dubbed his employer, appeared upon the threshold.

"I got to go down to Los Angeles, Cary," he announced. "Just got a 'phone message about a tie-up of some of our freight-cars. Guess you'd better drive me down. I don't feel quite up to tinkerin' with the car in case of a breakdown. You can leave me there and I can 'phone you when I'm ready to come back."

To this plan Norton-Edward gave reluctant assent. He had planned to invent some errand that would take him into Arden during the afternoon, where he might look at the register of the Hotel Maxmilian. Old Man Blynn's next admonition stifled this new-born scheme.

"And you'll have to stick around here pretty close while I'm away. I got a crew of pruners comin' to-morrow. Pilson said he could send me about ten, and I want them to get the lemons done this week if they can. I told him they could have their dinners here at noon. You got to promise almost anything to get work done these times. And for three or four days I guess Sing Lee can manage it. Now I want you to be kind of an overseer, you know. Jolly 'em along and see that everything goes all right."

It struck Norton-Edward as he drove Oakvale's owner down the coast that he was promoting him rather rapidly to the post of overseer. Even his father's outraged pride might have been soothed, he reflected, had he known of this headlong progress back to the soil. But he had no misgivings concerning this trust, nor his ability to discharge it. Responsibility had always stimulated, never terrified, him. "Don't hurry back. I guess

I can swing it," he told his employer cheerfully when they had reached their goal.

Old Man Blynn grasped his hand with an almost affectionate gratitude. In his keen gray eyes was the expression of one who, having stumbled upon some rare gem, has not yet convinced himself of its genuineness.

The next morning Sing Lee, serving his breakfast in an alcove off the kitchen, made an announcement which caused the new overseer to drop his fork with a crash. Oriental languages had not been included in his erratic collegiate course, but it was clear to him by Sing Lee's method of delivery that he intended this meal to be a celestial swan-song. He had heard of, but would not be reconciled to, the pruners. Argument and pleading were in vain.

"Well, by George!" The overseer was bereft of further comment as, an hour later, he watched the shiny black trousers and flapping coat disappear down the avenue. "Well, what do you know about that?" He went slowly back to the house and investigated the pantry shelves. There seemed to be great quantities of raw products such as beans and rice and potatoes and salt meats. Rice invited him, but he knew that rice was tricky. It beguiled you with innocent cup measures and then made you resort to such allies as milk-pans and boilers.

He donned Sing Lee's discarded apron and was pouring an avalanche of beans into an iron pot when he heard the screen door slam. A moment later a voice spoke just behind him. "Are you Mr. Blynn's cook?"

He spun around with the half-filled kettle in his hands and looked straight into the dark eyes of the girl with the brown-and-orange hat. But she was not wearing that color combination now. Her costume was a pongee smock, short khaki skirt, and a straw hat with pointed crown. Norton-Edward told himself that she looked like a witch; not the sinister, broom-riding specimen, but a field witch. "If you're the cook, and I see now that you are," she went on briskly, "I came up to tell you that there will be twelve men to dinner instead of ten. I got two more so we could hurry the work."

"*You* got them?" Norton-Edward was conscious that his voice sounded idiotic.

"Yes. I'm in charge of them—the pruners, you know. I'm one myself."

Norton-Edward came toward her, wiping his hands nervously on his apron. "I just began here yesterday," he explained. "I've never——"

"Oh, I see. You're new to ranch work." There was interest and sympathy in her tone. "Well, it *is* different from—any other kind of cooking. But the main thing is to cook things plenty and to have enough. And"—she glance at the pot which he had set upon the floor—"do you mind if I make a suggestion? This is a bean country. Unless you want somebody to return here tonight and put a bomb under the house, *don't* serve these men beans."

"Thank you," Norton-Edward said gravely. "I never thought of that. Would potatoes do?"

"Potatoes, certainly, and some of those lovely apples, baked, and——"

Norton-Edward waved aside further suggestions. "I think I can manage," he told her with dignity. "You want dinner at twelve?"

"At twelve and for twelve, not counting you or me. I always bring mine with me."

"There's a whole boiled ham in the pantry," Norton-Edward explained. "And a lot of doughnuts in the tin cake-box, and—I could set a place in the dining-room for you."

"Well, I must be getting back," she said with evident reluctance. "We'll be up at twelve sharp."

Norton-Edward went about his new duties with characteristic intentness. Besides being interested in them as a novelty, he was on his mettle. Cooking was merely a matter of chemistry, he reminded himself. He could master it; he would master it. At eleven-thirty he deserted the odoriferous range and went into the dining-room. It was the first time he had seen it. The room was panelled in dark wood and furnished in heavily carved mahogany and dull-gold hangings. The sideboard was covered with antique silverware and an assortment of crude pottery and old pewter.

Over this collection he lingered, absorbed, until the odor of scorching apples sent him flying back to the kitchen. He removed the dessert just in time, came back to the dining-room, and set the table. Just as he finished, the pruners tramped in and took their places in the screen room. When he had finished serving them, Norton-Edward bore a platter of cold sliced ham and two savory, covered dishes in to his other boarder. He found her intently examining the curios scattered about the room.

"What wonderful old things Mr. Blynn has!" she remarked, taking her solitary place at table. "He must be a professional collector."

Norton-Edward recalled the meat-packer's voice and visage, and thought this highly improbable. But he had been puzzled himself by the remarkable evidences of travel and culture which the panelled dining-room had revealed.

"Some relative of his, I think," he hazarded as he served the ham on a queer octagonal plate that suggested the Nile region. "I don't think *he* collected them."

"Please sit down and talk to me while I eat," the pruners' overseer commanded. "I can't bear to lunch all alone."

Norton-Edward accepted this suggestion without coercion. "It must be hot work—pruning," he commented, taking a chair at the other side of the round table.

"I never think about it. I'm too much interested in my work. Pruning is a wonderful science. No matter how hard I work, it seems to me I shall never master it."

"Where did you—study?" He spoke in the awed tone of one addressing a world-renowned musician.

"With Mr. Edgar Alden. He's a friend of my father's, and he knows more about pruning in one day than most people learn in a lifetime. It's a very deep science." She regarded Norton-Edward severely, as though expecting denial of this statement. "Did you know that there are more than sixty different kinds of woods on a lemon-tree besides the fruit wood? And that there——"

"No," he admitted. "I don't know a thing about it. But I should think it would be—interesting."

She was absorbed now in bisecting her baked potato, and his eyes rested upon her, unchallenged. How different she was from the ultrasophisticated girls that he had known at college! How had she contrived, he wondered, to break into the man's game of pruning and yet retain all her subtle, mysterious femininity. And she was feminine from the small, high-booted feet to the crown of reddish-brown hair; not even remotely suggestive of the trousered farmerette who was his particular horror. Her frank dark eyes were travelling about the room now.

"What an interesting room this is! What an interesting house! But the arrangement of all these things is terrible! It's a pity Mr. Blynn hasn't a wife."

"Why?"

"Because a woman would enjoy a place like this so much. And the proper kind of woman could do so much with it. Mr. Blynn isn't an old man either, is he?"

"Fifty, at least," Norton-Edward replied with cheerful treachery.

She was folding her napkin. "You see, I expect to come again," she told him. "May I come again to-morrow? I don't think I ever ate such a delicious lunch."

"But you're not going now!" he cried. "Why, you've only taken half an hour."

"I never take more. I can't stay away from the orchard when I'm on a job. Besides, I have two green men, and I want to give them some extra attention."

"Aren't you going to tell me your name before you go?"

"Certainly. Phyllis Ward."

"Phyllis," he repeated. "That suits you exactly."

"I don't think so at all. It's a soft-music-in-the-conservatory-after-dinner sort of name; not a bit suited to pruning."

She put on the pointed hat in front of the buffet mirror and the next moment had vanished, leaving Norton-Edward to struggle with a wilderness of dishes. But he sang while he washed them; sang absently and planned the morrow's feast.

In one of the kitchen drawers he discovered a recipe book that had come in a can of baking-powder. It was the only literature on cookery at hand. He took it out on the side-porch after the dishes were put away and read it through, mark-

"If you're the cook, . . . I came up to tell you that there will be twelve men to dinner instead of ten."—Page 53.

ing obscure passages for more intent consideration. The first pages, devoted exclusively to the function of "Use-Less" baking-powder, were interesting from a chemical point of view. The chemistry of foods was a subject to which he had never given any thought. Now he swept all previous knowledge into the background of his mind and devoted himself absorbedly to it. During the late afternoon he made various experiments at the kitchen table, and became so absorbed in the action of soda and sugar and other ingredients in combination that the prun-

ers had left before he made the visit of inspection which he had promised himself.

At noon the next day he boldly set two places in the dining-room, and, after the men had been served, bore a tray laden with smoking silver dishes in to the round table. At the shrine of the goddess Pomona he set a round plate piled high with something crisp, brown, alluringly fragrant. She touched its contents almost reverently with the tines of her fork. "It looks almost ethereal," she said. "Is it really a——"

He pierced one of the golden-brown disks with the point of the carving-knife and turned it slowly, like a revolving post-card rack. "It looks like a love-letter of Rameses the Third," he mused. "But in reality it's a waffle."

It was just at that moment that he heard footsteps on the front porch and the sound of a key grating in the lock. The next moment Old Man Blynn, looking barely forty after his vacation trip, stood upon the threshold.

Norton-Edward struggled to his feet, but his employer seemed scarcely to see him. He came around to the side of the table. "Miss Ward, Pilson didn't tell me *you* were coming. But I met Alden in Los Angeles. In fact, he brought me up. I hope my man has done everything to make you comfortable."

It was obvious to Norton-Edward, wrathfully washing dishes out in the kitchen, that the field witch was in no hurry to return to the orchard to-day. He could hear her low laughter from the dining-room and Old Man Blynn's sonorous voice in intermittent monologue. He'd throw up this job to-morrow, Norton-Edward told himself hotly. He'd been a fool to ever place himself in such a position. What was it to him whether Oakvale was pruned or unpruned; only this absurd idea of his that he must make a "go" of everything he undertook had held him there. Well, Old Man Blynn could find another combination cook, chauffeur, and general roustabout.

"Fine of you to take hold here in the kitchen and help me out, Cary," the master of Oakvale commended, stopping on his way outside just before five o'clock. He had donned a new suit of spring gray which seemed to have subtracted five years from his age. "I'm goin' in town now to see if I can't get Sing back. You won't lose anything by stickin' by me the way you have."

Norton-Edward, watching him assist the pruners' overseer into the roadster ten minutes later, told himself that this last assurance was perfidy. His employer did not return for dinner. It was nine o'clock before Norton-Edward heard him graze the side of the garage as he ran the roadster into shelter. "Say, I want to talk to you, Cary," he called, when he had closed the doors. "Come over to the house a minute, will you?"

When Norton-Edward had seated himself belligerently in one of the voluptuous chairs of the living-room, Old Man Blynn came at once to the point. "Say, I gotter have your help. Listen. Down in Los Angeles I went to a banquet; one of the kind that you can't get out of, you know. The Chamber of Commerce gave it to some of the big guns visitin' the State. I knew a lot of 'em, so of course I had to go. There was two professors there from Berkeley, noted for something, I don't know what. And one of 'em said he'd heard of my collection of antiques, and wanted to stop by on his way up the coast and give 'em the once-over. 'Course it's an honor, I suppose, to have him notice 'em, so I couldn't say no. Besides, I liked him, and I like the idea. But here's the rub, Cary." He laughed uneasily. "You see this stuff." He waved his hand over the cluttered room. "I didn't collect it. I took over this place on a mortgage. The feller that owned it was a big highbrow, and he had died and his heirs didn't seem to care anything about him or the antiques, so I *had* to take 'em. Now I haven't got much education, Cary, and——"

"And you think I *have?*" Norton-Edward inquired coldly.

"'Course you have!" his employer admitted with resentment. "A man can't hide an education. It sticks out all over him just like—not havin' one. I could tell you was a college feller the first time I heard you speak. I don't know why you're out of a job, and I don't care. But the point is this—I've spent *my* life makin' money," he flared out suddenly as though the other man had been accusing him of something base. "And I've made good a hundred per cent, and I ain't, I'm not

goin' to appear like a fool before—before—Well, I'm not goin' to appear like a fool. I thought I'd give a party to-morrow night, you see; that's when he and his wife are comin' up, and invite Miss Ward and her aunt, Mrs. Thurston. I know the Thurstons in the East. In fact, I have already invited 'em to dinner. What do you think of it?"

"Why, I don't see that I have anything to do with it—unless you expect me to get up the dinner. In that case——"

"*You* get up the dinner! Well, I should say not. Think I'm goin' to waste you out in a kitchen! A caterer's comin' from town. What you're goin' to do is to spend a solid day to-morrow tellin' me about this stuff, so that I can talk. I want to talk," he finished, leaning forward with a pathetic earnestness. "I want to talk *well*. Get me?"

To Norton-Edward there was something pitiful in this aggressively prosperous figure with the kindly, appealing eyes, so ludicrously out of his element in the cultured atmosphere of his living-room.

"The pictures won't take long," he went on reassuringly. "I can do them, I think, in one round. For what I set my mind on I learn, and learn quickly. You can set your own price, of course, Cary. It's skilled service. I've employed all kinds of men in my life, and I know somethin' about the wage scale, I guess. Now this"—he picked up a heavy paper-knife that lay beside his ash-tray—"it looks like one of those old-fashioned can-openers, but I suppose——"

"That," Norton-Edward informed him, turning the heavily decorated handle under the light, "is an Italian weapon; the sort used by the Romans at the time of the Persian wars. It probably antedates that javelin over by the mantel, which was in vogue during the reigns of the Cæsars."

Old Man Blynn had produced a small red-leather book of evidently recent purchase. "That's the dope!" he cried. "That's the stuff. We'll number everything in this room, and duplicate the numbers in my book. Can you go on that way? Can you go on that way straight through the house?"

The dinner-party at Oakvale the following evening was a brilliant success. Professor Blackburn and his charming Boston wife were enthusiastic, almost awed, in the presence of the rare treasures spread carelessly about the handsome rooms. "It's the most marvellous private collection of antiques in the country, I believe." The head of the anthropological department was speaking to Mrs. Thurston while the consommé was being removed. "That necklace of Cleopatra, for instance, with the insignia——"

Old Man Blynn was fumbling with his napkin. Norton-Edward, sitting next to him (in brazen defiance of the rules of dinner etiquette), murmured under his breath: "Forty-seven."

"Ah, yes!" The voice came explosively now from the head of the table. "The gems have never been repolished, but the Roman method of setting gives every evidence of its having been a gift from Antony."

Miss Ward ignored her entrée and leaned toward her host. "But those bronze doors!" she cried. "Those wonderful doors with the embossed panels! I've never seen anything like their workmanship."

"A hundred and eighteen." Norton-Edward's voice was inaudible except to the man beside him.

"From the tomb of one of the wives of Xerxes. Their similarity to the doors of St. Peter's suggests——"

Norton-Edward found it difficult to follow the intermittent remarks of his pupil. He could see nothing but the dazzling creature in black-and-gold evening dress sitting opposite. When he was not prompting Old Man Blynn (who in dress suit looked appallingly like Young Man Blynn), he was trying to decide whether Phyllis was more or less alluring minus the pointed hat and plus the demure black velvet band that circled her head.

It was almost nine o'clock when he found himself alone with her in the green room off one end of the broad front porch.

"Can't we get away from this stuffiness?" she entreated when they met on the threshold of the cluttered drawing-room. "Can't we get *out* somewhere—away from Cleopatra and the wives of Xerxes?"

Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele.

"Anybody who can, in twenty-four hours, make Oliver Blynn talk as though he'd been raised with the Cæsars, is a brilliant success."—Page 59.

"You seemed to be very much interested in Cleopatra and the wives while Blynn was telling you about them," he remarked.

She was playing with a long spear of Boston fern. "I want to tell you something, Mr. Cary," she said slowly. "I thought you might like to know that—you were wonderful to-night."

"*I* was wonderful? I scarcely said two words."

"That's just it." The glorious dark eyes were looking at him with an expression that made him catch his breath. "Hardly any one could have done it. I knew, even before Professor Blackburn told me about your wonderful university record, that you were——"

"That I was not a cook?"

She nodded. "And that's another thing. You didn't apologize for your position, as a lesser man would have done. There was no reason to apologize. The only degradation about being a cook is in being a poor one. And you certainly were not that. I made Mr. Blynn tell me about you that day on the way into town."

She laughed a rippling, helpless little laugh. "We both have a past, and we've both failed in the effort to conceal it. When I came back from Columbia with a Phi Beta Kappa key, I found that my future, so far as Aurora was concerned, was ruined. I'd lived there all my life, and it's a friendly little place, but it turned a hostile face to me. All the other girls who had gone from there to college had returned either with husbands or teacher's certificates, and settled down to respectable married or professional life. That I should have so far forgotten decorum as to major in science and come back with a passion for pruning was beyond the pale of forgiveness. And the key, that I was foolish enough to wear at first, was my social undoing. Women at afternoon teas glanced at it and murmured inaudible things among themselves. Men fled, terrified. In three months I wasn't invited to a single dance. I almost forgot how I looked in an evening dress. So at last I came away to auntie. She was the only one who understood, and she let me take lessons from Mr. Alden and do anything else I liked. I've been the family black sheep, and it's glorious!"

"The biggest adventure in the world," said Norton-Edward solemnly, "is the chance encounter of two black sheep. Why, we'll *have* to marry each other, because nobody else would marry either of us. And dad promised that when I came to my senses he'd deed me twenty acres of the finest fruit land in the San Joaquin Valley. Ten of it is in young peach-trees, just aching to be pruned. Why, it will be like the prodigal son coming home a daughter!" His voice became wistfully eager. "If you could take a fellow who hasn't made good yet at——"

"Made good?" she cried. "Why, you've made good at everything. You never had any training in mechanics or cookery or pedagogy, and you've made good in them all. Anybody who can, in twenty-four hours, make Oliver Blynn talk as though he'd been raised with the Cæsars, is a brilliant success. I don't know how you contrived to win a university medal, for you apparently went in at college for a real education."

"Do you really think that, Phyllis?" he cried. "Do you think, too, that it's that sort of training that counts, and not just the trade-school kind? The universities themselves don't think so. They say they do, but they all shy off when it comes to the show-down. What they're interested in is training specialists. But it seems to me that the chief trouble with this chaotic old world just now is that so many people can only do one thing. If the chauffeur gets sick, or the cook leaves, there's a social and industrial panic."

"I know," she said. "A prodigal son of this age who *can* take care of swine, and do it well and enjoy it as an adventure, is the safest security for happiness that a woman could have."

"And I've finished sowing my intellectual wild oats," he assured her earnestly. "I admit that I've followed Cleopatra and Electra and Sappho, and the wives of Xerxes wherever they led, but now—" He took both her hands and drew her close to him. "Phyllis," he breathed, "other people may call me a jack-of-all-trades, but I've never been a jack at love. You've given me my very first lessons, and from the day I first saw you I've been the most violent kind of a specialist."

THE CRISIS IN EDUCATION*

By Lee Russell

THE shortage of teachers is really upon us. Superintendents of schools are searching up and down the land, hunting out old teachers, married teachers, "near" teachers, any one who has had a modicum of training or experience in the management of schools. The emergency almost brings back the early days of the war, when England and France, confronted with the necessity for more and more officers of all grades, were beating up the holes and corners of their countries for discharged and retired men and pressing them into service. The language was then enriched by a new and expressive term, "dug-out" — superannuated and retired officers who were dug out of their refuges, furbished up as speedily as possible, and put on active service. In the same way we are now drafting as many as can be traced of the old staffs, married women, widows in retirement, semi-invalids, who know the routine of school management, and who have or have had a knowledge of the art of teaching. And these educational "dug-outs" are doing valiant service, even as their military predecessors did in the war. They often bring to their work a background and perspective of real life which vivifies and enriches their teaching, and a mellowness of experience which mollifies their relations with parents and pupils. But in spite of all efforts, hundreds, and even thousands, of schools have been closed. It has so far been possible to keep most of the children under some semblance of instruction; larger classes have been formed, and a heavier burden put upon the teachers still in service. High-school graduates, with no other training, have been set to "keep" school, which means keeping the school from turning them out-of-doors. Thus, at a time when educational effort should be at the height of efficiency, it is actually and visibly deteriorating.

Normal schools are complaining of much smaller classes, so that the outlook for filling the vacancies is far from promising. It takes at least two years to make a passable teacher out of a high-school graduate, and she will need another two years of experience before becoming acceptable for town or city schools, or really proficient in her calling. So it seems certain that, even if there should be an increase in the number of young people preparing to enter teaching, it will be several years before they become available, and that we are sure of a period of scarcity of some length.

It is assumed in almost all discussion of the subject that this condition is of recent growth, that it has arisen within a few years, and, particularly, that it is an aftermath of the war. It is said that industrial opportunities are so tempting that no one will think of taking up work so poorly paid as the teacher's. With far less preparation, and even that obtained while earning enough to live upon, a young woman of average ability can be sure of a more highly paid position than any school will offer. In the effort to meet this supposed new condition, salaries are being raised, and more and more offered each year to graduates of normal schools in the hope of inducing them to teach. But this is not very effective. Many go into offices and factories, and superintendents of schools plead with them in vain. They are happy in their work, and their employers are well satisfied. They are treated with consideration and respect, their working conditions are good, and there is less nervous strain than in teaching. Even the college pro-

* Since this article was written, the great report of the staff of The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, "The Professional Preparation of Teachers for American Schools," has been published. It is a significant fact that the experience of one observer in the schools of New England has led him to the same point of view as that reached by this group of educational investigators through their intensive study of the schools of Missouri. The report emphatically declares that the remedy for our educational ills lies in "the effectual organization and thrust of a resolute public opinion," as to the worth of good teachers and real education.

fessor finds that it pays him in more ways than one to remain in the industry which he entered during the emergency of the war. The rewards for effort and ability and character which it was supposed were offered mainly by the professions, and notably by teaching, seem to have been transferred to the business world.

Now it is not to be denied that the industrial activity during and since the war has furnished so many kinds of profitable employment that persons already teaching, or those who would have gone into it, have been diverted to other callings; but this is not the sole cause of the change, nor have the causes of it come up in the immediate past. The insistent demand of industry for help, the high salaries it has been able to offer, and the rise in the cost of living, have all combined to accentuate the difference which has always existed between the apparent return made to teachers for their services and that given to industrial workers. But there are other factors in the problem. Some of them have been at work for a long time, hardly realized by the teachers themselves, still less by the public at large. The changes they have produced have come so slowly as to be unperceived from year to year, but they have had a fundamental and far-reaching effect.

Seventy-five years ago the teacher was looked upon as one of the leaders of the community. Promising young men, educated at college or at the "academy," felt proud to accept positions in district schools, taught in them with inspiration and energy, if not with much skill, and took leading parts in the life of the country. Like the minister, "the teacher" spoke with authority in any intellectual matter; his opinion and advice were sought, and his counsel and leadership were followed. These young teachers were boys of character and ambition, and they found in the honor and esteem of the people, and in the influence they were able to exert, a satisfaction and reward which often kept them teaching all their lives. Others, no less capable, studied while they were teaching, and later went into the law, ministry, or medicine. But they gave of their best to their schools, and I have heard more than one refer to his teaching days as the period of his growth and inspiration. I have heard many such men referred to as the leaders in the communities in which they taught, the moulders of the opinions and character of their pupils.

This condition continued to prevail up to within forty or fifty years, and it led to young women of character and ability taking up the profession in increasing numbers. At about that time, progressive States began to enact compulsory education laws, and teachers were in great demand. These young women were eagerly sought, and were employed on much the same terms as the men. That is to say, the apparent return in money was small, but the real rewards in appreciation, influence, and opportunity were great. As normal schools were established, they were attended by both sexes, and there grew up a body of teachers as strong and intelligent as their predecessors and, in addition, better prepared to teach in an effective way, and to bring enthusiasm and professional spirit into the schoolroom. The young men naturally took those positions which called for greater executive ability and scholarship, as principals, or teachers in high schools, and they thus found work which was stimulating and which was recognized as being worth while. Many of our best college presidents and professors passed through some such training as this.

During all this time, little was said or thought about the pecuniary side of the work. The pay was enough on which to live in decency, the positions were permanent, and they led to not infrequent promotions. The course of study was simple and largely traditional, and with the more eager thirst for knowledge which then prevailed among those who went to school, the processes of teaching were less involved. The young women often lived at home with their parents, and were thus supposed not to need more money. Teachers associated on terms of perfect equality with the best educated and most intelligent people, and were held in the same high regard as the ministers, as persons who were above pecuniary considerations. They felt the influence they exercised to be a reward in itself. They knew that it was so regarded by those in the

community whose opinion they valued, the people of education and culture. They took, by force of character and by virtue of their positions, a leading part in the districts in which they taught, and they knew that they were expected to be leaders. They felt the pride of respect and responsibility. If a capable teacher received an offer of a higher salary to go elsewhere, she was often given the same or a higher salary to remain where she was, and exceptional teachers would be retained for years in spite of all offers from outside. They came, in this way, to glory in their work, and to have an attachment for their schools and pupils which made money of small account in comparison.

So remote from the present is the state of affairs which I have pictured, that it seems almost imaginary, yet there are many teachers who can remember it, and there are, even now, communities in which the thing itself has not died out. Within fifteen years, here in the heart of Massachusetts, two young normal school graduates took their first schools in a hill-town, somewhat remote but peopled by a fine old New England stock of intelligence and character. After three years, a city superintendent, who saw their superior work, offered them positions, but the townspeople raised a higher salary than they had ever given before, and, though it was less than that of the city, the teachers accepted it and remained. This went on for several years, the town meeting the offers of the city as nearly as it could, and the teachers declining the higher salary, out of loyalty to their work. At length, tempted by the larger opportunities which the city afforded, rather than by the higher salary, they transferred their bodies to the city, but their souls, as they expressed it, were still with the school which had been their pride and joy.

In a questionnaire sent out to its graduates annually by a normal school, it is asked, "When shall you be at liberty to make a change?" It is surprising to note how many answers read, "I do not wish to make a change." The simple fact is that the schools, both country and city, still contain many teachers, who, from pride, loyalty, belief in their work, and the satisfaction of doing what they can for their country, are above any pecuniary motive whatever. Many of them are of middle age, some near the age of retirement, but it is not too much to say that they are the backbone of the teaching force to-day. They have high ideals, strong character, force, experience, and that wider outlook on life and humanity which comes only with mature years. At a recent conference between a group of business men and the school officials of a city, it was urged that the older teachers should be got rid of, as too antiquated and out of date for efficient, modern schools. The superintendent of schools, however, was able to state that he had just been visiting a number of such teachers at their work, and had found them as capable and progressive as their younger sisters. Not only this, but by reason of character, training, and experience, they were really the most efficient teachers on the staff. They were able to get results because of their professional spirit, while some of the younger recruits were watching for the end of the week and the pay-envelope.

Within the past forty years there has come about a gradual change in the attitude of the public toward teaching, and in the regard in which teachers as a class are held. It is a natural change and one that could not, under the circumstances, be avoided, but it is bad for the people, and bad for the schools. The laws making attendance at school compulsory, and the flocking of the people to cities where such laws can be enforced, have created a great demand for persons qualified to teach. Children begin school earlier and they stay in school later than they used to do; the high school has really become the people's college. This still further increases the demand. Normal schools furnish a ready means by which any young woman of average intelligence can, in two years, make herself ready to take a position in school. Parents who want their girls to have more than a high-school education, but who cannot afford a college course, send their children to the normal school, as the path of least resistance, and without much regard to their aptitude or ability. The normal schools can work only on the material

that is sent them; they must grant diplomas to all who are not notably deficient. If they make too rigid a selection, or try to maintain too high a standard, the people will complain. The result of this process is that there has arisen a sort of teacher "class," not very well educated nor carefully selected, but which has been fairly competent to carry on the work of the schools under supervision. It has taken up teaching, not from any calling, but because it furnished a living, a secure position, and a place on the pay-roll of a solvent and not too particular employer, and it must be said that the employer has received all, and more than all, he has paid for.

The public has accepted this teacher "class" because it must; more careful selection, better training, higher standards, would have meant more money, and the up-keep of the schools already takes a large part of the revenue of the State. In accepting such teachers as could be had, the people have not failed to realize that these were not of the same sort as was once available. They have come gradually to withhold the recognition and honor which once were so freely given. The work of teaching has become more mechanized, because when teachers were made a "class," they had to be supervised as a class, and lost the freedom and initiative they formerly possessed as individuals. Of course this does not mean that there is not now as much need as ever for initiative and individuality in teaching, but merely that the work of the school has had to be arranged so that it can be carried on in a routine way without them.

This change in the attitude of the people toward the public school has extended to the whole calling, and applies in only slightly modified form to college and university professors. It was with something almost like a shock that the country discovered, during the war, that University men were as adaptable and as capable as "big business" men, and that they were qualified for service in a great variety of fields. At a reunion of a college class twenty years after graduation, it was agreed of a classmate of brilliant ability, that he had "thrown himself away on teaching," though, at the time, he was a college professor. Even the professors in an engineering school are regarded by graduates of some years' standing with a kind of pitying contempt. Those who have left the school and gone into business are called "live wires," than which there can be no greater praise; those who still teach are called "dead ones."

The final result of all these influences, made more acute and salient by the war and its effects, we are now experiencing. Many teachers, from the highest in rank to the lowest, are leaving their classes. Few are preparing to enter the profession, and of these a considerable proportion are of low ability and intelligence. The remedy most immediately at hand is to raise salaries. In some cities and towns, this was readily done; in others, after struggling through the war on their steadily diminishing salaries, the teachers have had to pocket their professional pride, and wage an active campaign to wring from the reluctant taxpayers an increase of 30 or 40 per cent. This callous indifference to its needs has hurt the morale of the profession more than any other one thing. Teachers realize that there is little of the spectacular about what they do; they and their children are, in a sense, segregated from the community, and what goes on inside a school building gets little outside publicity. The child attends from day to day, and from year to year, and his ever-advancing and awakening intelligence looks much like the growth of plants, or the development of young animals; it seems to be a part of the order of Nature. But one might be justified in supposing that when a child learns to read in three months, his parents would know that some one had a hand in it. When a boy goes from the high school to college, and is able to grasp the profound and complex problems there presented to him, it would seem that he himself should know that previous training was, in part, the source of his power. When a youth seeks a position in which to earn his living, the first questions are as to his education, and on his replies to these his chance to show what he can do depends. Teachers feel that the great public which has been through the schools, and which has children going through the schools,

should know and value their contribution to the life of the community and the welfare of the State. When the great industrial profits and the rising cost of living caused wages to increase on all hands, often as the result of strikes, sometimes without that compulsion, the teachers, faithfully doing their work, looked in vain for any similar sign of recognition. It was not until the exodus from the ranks became alarming, not until schools had to be closed for want of teachers to carry them on, and the seriousness of the situation forced itself upon the people, that steps were taken, and even then they were so feeble as to be inadequate to stem the tide. What they did do was to focus attention on the money returns of the work, and to attract to teaching and to the normal schools young persons who were seeking a safe refuge for their mediocrity and the chance of an increasing money return for their poor services.

Many remedies have been proposed for raising teaching from its present low estate. The result of the most obvious one, the raising of salaries, has not so far been satisfactory. The pecuniary appeal is brought to the front, but compared to the rise in the cost of living and the advance in wages paid to industrial workers, any increases so far made, or likely to be made, are meagre. It is said that what we lack in education is leadership of men, men of originality and enthusiasm, capable of attracting to the profession recruits of ideals and character. This is no doubt true, but how are you going to interest such leaders in the first place? Very few men of any sort are now attracted to teaching; what inducement can you hold out to them for the future? It is proposed to give the rank and file a larger share in the shaping of educational policy and practice. This would make teachers themselves interested in working out the plans which they had helped to form, and would put upon them part of the responsibility for success. It might lead to greater professional pride, but if that spirit were not fostered by public interest and approval, we should be worse off than we are now. Much emphasis is placed upon professional study by teachers, and most cities make such study a factor in the promotion of their staffs. Saturday classes, conventions, and summer schools are widely established, and are attended by large numbers of teachers, with good results. They are, however, a heavy expense at this time, and often use up the energy which would be better employed in the schoolroom itself.

The true remedy lies much deeper than anything which has yet been proposed. It lies in such genuine appreciation of the importance of the work to the State as will lead to its being placed on a higher plane of honor and dignity than it has ever held. The time is ripe for just such a revolution. It must be an orderly but a fundamental change.

We all know that the extraordinary unity and cohesion of Germany, its single-minded devotion to an ideal, was largely the result of an educational programme which, however mistaken in its purpose, was carried through by its schools with magnificent success. It was realized that the cultural inheritance of a people has none of the static quality of biological heredity. Ideals, and even character, were seen to be plastic and mobile, like clay in the hands of the potter. And that potter was the school-teacher. In two generations, with the world looking on (but for the most part unseeing), the teacher raised up a Germany so different from that of the past as to be unrecognizable. The change was beyond any standards of comparison. The purpose of the rulers was so thoroughly wrought into the very marrow of the people that even now, in the agony and disillusion of defeat, there is no consciousness of moral corruption.

England now realizes the defects of her school system, and even before the close of the war set about a complete reorganization. She is especially concerned to raise the status of the profession so that it will attract superior minds, and she realizes, as never before, the need for unity in purpose and enthusiasm in accomplishment. France, much more completely organized and, on the whole, better served than England, has also set on foot far-reaching reforms.

It is time for us to act. We have a long, hard task before us,—nothing less than the reshaping of public opinion in regard to the true worth of the thing we

call education. Already we have inaugurated special instruction in American ideals and patriotism, and much is being done to teach the meaning of American citizenship to those too old to attend school. But this is and must be a work for the immediate future, and for a special class. The true approach to national unity is through the public schools, which must embody the high purpose of the best that is in our civilization. The dignity and worth of education can be demonstrated only by those who are themselves dignified and worthy, by those who feel that they have the support and respect of enlightened public opinion in a work of transcendent importance to the Commonwealth.

Teachers know the worth of their calling; they would like more evidence that the public really feels that worth. They know that on them, more than on any other one class of citizens, depends the future of the republic, but they are somewhat lonesome in the consciousness of that knowledge. They would like more company. They would like to see the public show its appreciation of the power of education in a democracy by sending its sons and daughters to the normal schools and colleges for teachers. They would like to see the most ambitious and high-minded young men and young women eager to take up a vocation so honored as teaching should be. This, they know, can only come to pass when the whole nation realizes what the public schools may and ought to be.

Money will buy a pair of shoes, if you have enough of it. Money will induce a man to leave one place and go to another, and there are some sorts of men whom it will always affect. But the highest ability, the finest mind, the loftiest character, is not thus to be cheated of its birthright. It must have that warm satisfaction, that suffusing glow, which comes from the consciousness of high service, and the supremest of such joys is untainted with the thought of reward. It must have, also, the approval of its fellows, of those who by like qualities are able to judge of worth. One field for the exercise of great endeavor which gives the satisfaction of successful achievement is in the instruction of youth. At whatever age the teacher takes his pupil, from the kindergarten to the university, there is the same reward. One sees the mind unfold and expand, one feels the character strengthen and take on firmness of fibre, and flashes of ideals and inspirations appear, for which one had prepared the way but hardly dared to hope. The teacher knows that without him, or with an inferior substitute, this development, seemingly so natural, might have been perverted to baser things, or so dwarfed and crippled as to have small resemblance to the perfect work of his hands. He knows that the extent to which this individual evolution is raised to its highest possible power will determine the future of his beloved country. Here, it would seem, is an opportunity for service great enough to allure the most ambitious youth; but the teacher reluctantly has it forced upon him by this very crisis that for this a great change must take place.

It will require the long, slow but unceasing, growth of public opinion, led by the conviction that upon the character and tone of the teaching force of the public schools the future of our country will surely depend. It must not be mere lip service; we have had that to the point of nausea. It must be a deep, inveterate belief, pervading all ranks of society like a holy crusade, which shall find its expression in a thousand forms. More and better schools, more and better teachers, great and greater leaders, higher standards and culture demanded and paid for, and a universal, all-pervading faith that education is the most worth-while thing in the world; these and a host of other values, which cannot now even be envisioned, will transfigure the education of these United States, and make the future Great Democracy of our dreams.

WRITING A PLAY IN A DEBTOR'S PRISON

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME"

Edited by Thatcher T. Payne Luquer

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD ENGRAVINGS AND PRINTS

[FIRST PAPER]

IMPRISONMENT for debt was an old English custom only discontinued about the middle of the last century. The Marshalsea Prison in Southwark, near the southerly end of London Bridge, was reserved for debtors against whom judgments were found in certain courts, but the greater number of unfortunate debtors were confined in the Fleet Prison, which stood from the earliest times on Ludgate Hill near the easterly bank of the Fleet River. Congregational Hall and Library, on Farringdon Street, now occupy part of the old prison site.

Tradition says a prison stood on the same site at the time of the Norman Conquest, which even then was used for the confinement of debtors, but the earliest historical mention of the prison is in the first year of the reign of Richard I. At that time, and until the Star Chamber was abolished in the sixteenth year of the reign of Charles I, it was used for the confinement of those who had incurred the displeasure of that ill-famed court, and after that date it was reserved for debtors and persons charged with contempt of the courts of chancery, exchequer and common pleas.

The prison was twice destroyed by fire, first in the great fire of 1666, and again during the Gordon riots in 1780, after which it was rebuilt in such a commodious manner that debtors who could afford the luxury paid for the privilege of being transferred to it from other less comfortable prisons. This prison building was four stories in height, nearly sixty yards in length, and had a court for exercise. It was divided into the Masters' Side and the Common Side. The Masters' Side had one hundred and nine rooms, nearly all with fireplaces, but the Common Side had only four large rooms, each with one fireplace. Each prisoner supplied his own bed and other furniture.

The post of warden in early days was hereditary, but later the warden was appointed by letters patent under the great seal. He received no salary, but was remunerated by fees, particularly those paid for the privilege of residing without the walls of the prison in a certain district, called the *Rules of the Fleet*, which "extended Southward on the East side of Fleet Canal to Ludgate Hill, and thence Eastward to Cock Ally on the South side of Ludgate Hill, and to the Old Bayly on the North, and thence Northward in the old Bayly both sides the street to Fleet Lane, and all that Lane, and from the West End Southward to the Prison again."

The average number of prisoners within the walls was two hundred and fifty, and in the Rules sixty.

Among the men of note who suffered confinement in the Fleet were Lord Surrey the poet, Bishop Hooper the martyr, Prynne, who lost his ears for his principles, and Savage, the poet and friend of Johnson and William Penn.

John Howard Payne was committed to the Fleet in the latter part of the year 1820 because of debts contracted as a result of his unsuccessful attempt to manage

*** The foot-notes to this article will be found on pages 80 and 81.

January, 1821.

Monday, January 1.— The New Year has been ushered in, to me, with a severe head ache which prevents me from recording the train of reflections to which it has given rise. I shall endeavor to transcribe them from my mind tomorrow, and merely write, now, that I may not let the day pass without some record to shew that I noticed it when it came: and I hope with just, and, (may they prove!) useful, thoughts and resolutions. It is the consolation of helplessness and error that it can, at least, always make good resolutions, if it is at all well predisposed; though, to be sure, there are many in whom the power of making good resolutions even, is extinguish-ed.

Tuesday January 2.— I do not know when I have sufferred more than I did from my head ache last night I woke frequently, and the intervals of sleep were filled up by busy, busting,

London, No 1 Boy Court, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Prison Rules.

Extract from the diary.

The first page of the diary, from the original manuscript found among some of Payne's papers which came into the possession of his niece, Mrs. Lea Luquer, probably through the efforts of Mr. Amos Perry, of Rhode Island, one of Payne's successors in the Consulate at Tunis.

the Sadler's Wells Theatre. This was one of the minor theatres which had originated in a "Musick-House," built to furnish entertainment for those who came to drink the supposedly curative waters of a well in a garden at Islington owned by a man of the name of Sadler. This garden lay along the northerly bank of the New River, long since obliterated, and was in the block now bounded by Arlington Street, Rosebery Avenue, and St. John's Street.

The first "Musick-House" was built of wood about 1683, when the curative properties of "Sadler's Well" were rediscovered. This was torn down in 1765 and a theatre built at a cost of £4,225. It was used almost exclusively for a number of years for vaudeville. It had a tank, and in 1804 there was produced an aquatic spectacle, "The Siege of Gibraltar," which had great success. Charles Dibdin was part owner and manager for over twenty years.

In 1820, when Payne took the management, the theatre was owned by a Mr. Dixon, the son-in-law of a previous owner by the name of Barfoot. Payne, with sanguine hopefulness, thought he could make a success of his venture by producing legitimate drama with thoroughly competent actors and improved stage-settings. It is evident, from various hints contained in his correspondence, that he was far ahead of his time in his ideas of staging plays, being desirous of striving for realism and getting away from the conventions which at that time held possession of the stage, and if he had had sufficient funds and a little time to educate the public taste, he might have been a worthy predecessor of Augustin Daly or Henry Irving. But such success was not to be. The public would not go so far away from the theatres where they were used to seeing drama, and in spite of the high quality of the productions the box-office receipts were not commensurate with the cost, and the venture failed disastrously. The creditors obtained a judgment against Payne, and in due process of law had him committed to the Fleet Prison until he satisfied their claims. Payne was fortunate enough to secure funds which enabled him to live in the Prison Rules, and secured lodgment in an alley on Ludgate Hill, about half-way between Farringdon Street and the Old Bailey, called *Naked Boy Court.*

The following extracts from his diary tell a story of dark distress illumined unexpectedly by a ray of hope from an unknown source, of feverish effort and anxious uncertainty followed by a measure of success which, if not what he deserved, at least freed him from the debtor's prison and gave him an opportunity to start afresh.

THATCHER T. PAYNE LUQUER.

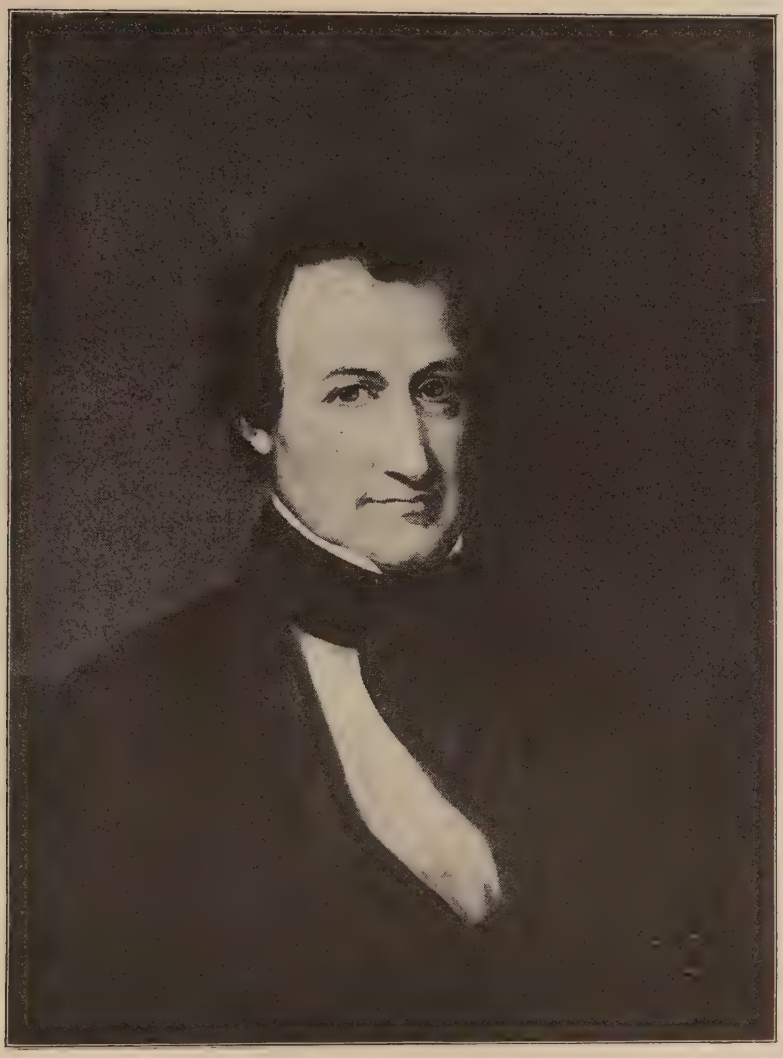
THE DIARY OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

London, No. 1 Boy Court, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Prison Rules

Monday, January 1 [1821]. The New Year has been ushered in, to me, with a severe head ache which prevents me from recording the train of reflections to which it has given rise. I shall endeavor to transcribe them from my mind tomorrow, and merely write, now, that I may not let the day pass without some record to shew that I noticed it when it came: and I hope with just, and, (may they prove!) useful, thoughts and resolutions. It is the consolation of helplessness and error that it can, at least, always make good resolutions, if it is at all well predisposed; though, to be sure, there are many in whom the power of making good resolutions even, is extinguished.

Tuesday, January 2.—I do not know when I have suffered more than I did from my head ache last night. I woke frequently, and the intervals of sleep were filled up by busy, bustling, and discordant dreams, which leave unsatisfactory and disagreeable recollections. Why should a mind capable of understanding for what reason feverish dreams should be disturbed ones, yield to the vulgar superstition which confers upon all dreams a prophetic character?

I said last night I would describe the impressions and intentions on the New Year, today. Was it because I could not write last night that I deferred it? I read, and I thought. Why, then, could I not write? I was in pain, yet I could



John Howard Payne.

From a portrait by Charles Bird King in the Redwood Library at Newport.

Charles Bird King [1785–1862] was a contemporary of Rembrandt Peale and Waldo, a pupil, with his friend Sully, of Benjamin West in London. King settled in Washington and painted portraits of all the political celebrities. He bequeathed pictures and an endowment to the Redwood Library at Newport, his birthplace.

read and think:—was I incapable of writing? No! Though in pain, I might have written and perhaps have rescued from oblivion a train of thought properly suited to the moment and which is now gone. I hesitated after I had completed my apologetic note, and was half disposed to go on, and thus convince myself that it was a mere apology: But the spirit of procrastination checked me. Now to proceed.

There may be an advantage even in our errors, if we choose to create such an advantage. He that has struck upon a rock in one voyage, may fix upon his memory where he found that rock, and thus avoid it, and proceed prosperously when he sails again. The faults of one year, by being judiciously remembered, may be redeemed in the next. I think I discern more distinctly than ever how I can amend. In looking to my *Soul*, I find its eternal interests neglected, and in a state of chaos. How many persons fancy they are good christians, and yet know scarcely any thing of the word of God, or the rudiments of christianity. How strange it is that the Bible is always talked about as a work perfectly familiar to us, its possession regarded as a kind of talisman, and even to tear a leaf out of it deemed sacrilege, and yet scarcely looked at, and certainly very little understood. On the contrary, other books much more voluminous are approached and studied with eagerness, whilst *The Book, The Bible,* is regarded as too immense to be attacked without almost superhuman resolution, and not sufficiently interesting to be made a subject of elegant and familiar reference! I have neglected the Bible and am almost ignorant of it;—though I can talk about it, and persuade myself and others that I am better instructed than my conscience tells me I am. This can be easily corrected, and corrected it *must* be. With such impressions at the beginning of the year, will it not be at least one point gained to have it in my power to say I am well versed in the Bible when the year ends; and this declaration will stand against me, if I am not.

Inattention to the great record of religious study, naturally entails the omission of religious observances; the prostitution of the Sabbath Day, and other violations equally to be deplored, and more actively injurious to society. Of all these I have to accuse myself.

He who forgets his soul, is not very likely to remember his *Intellect.* Mine has been forsaken, grossly so; and now, having attained to nearly thirty years of age, I find myself less educated than I fancied myself at thirteen; and, certainly, much, very much, less than others fancied me. Religious knowledge is obtained with more facility than literary and scientific; for the one resides in a single volume, and can be studied in every thing around us; but the other extends to many points not immediately in view, and is scattered through myriads of volumes not always to be procured, and which require time and severe scrutiny to read or understand. Therefore the want of literary improvement is less inexcusable. Yet, in my case, more might have been attained than the last year has brought forth; and, in the year to come, a methodical course of study, will, I trust, be adopted; and twelvemonths not be allowed to pass away without leaving some fruits behind it.

The next point is *My Circumstances.* On this subject I have less reason to blame myself; though others blame me, exclusively perhaps, on this. I am much worse off than I was. I am in *Prison*, and deeper than ever in *Debt.* Still, I have laboured very hard, and suffered severely. That I have toiled unprofitably, may be partly owing to precipitate and improvident arrangements; but I was placed in a situation which imposed a sort of necessity for hurrying into a speculation which might have been lucrative, lest delay should destroy the chance of attaining it; and I made myself the victim of what I supposed, expediency. I have done the best I could; and, would to God I could speak of my eternal and intellectual concerns, as clearly and as proudly as I can of those merely temporal. But more prudence, and economy, and punctuality, may produce advantages hereafter; and the sufferings I have endured perhaps be repaid in the result by the change to which they may lead. There is one lesson, I trust, of all others, I shall not forget —that is, never to owe money to my landlord; a man who is out of debt in and

about his private dwelling, is comparatively independent: and little debts are always worse than great ones, get a man more out of a good name, and make him more hated and shunned. But from great ones, it is almost hopeless to recover.

Mrs. Harlowe as Dorothy in "Heigho for a Husband."
Engraved by S. Harding from a drawing by E. Harding, Junr.

Mrs. Glover as Estifania.
Engraved by T. Wright from a drawing by Wageman.

The Roman Law made debtors, slaves: the English treat their debtors as slaves, with laws which forbid their being considered as such, though such they make them, insultingly and tyrannically.

. . . . . .

Yesterday morning, Mr. Glossop, Proprietor of the Coburg Theatre, called. He was very friendly and seemed desirous of speculating in some of the pieces I have by me, particularly *The Rival Heroes*. I suggested an engagement to take some active share in the management; but we were interrupted, and he left me, promising to call again.

. . . . . .

Finished reading "The Wandering Jew" an epitome of universal history, well selected and arranged, and judiciously connected by the fiction of the insulter who cannot die. I think the fiction of the Wandering Jew powerfully adapted for poetry; and I wish, sometime, to try my hand upon it. I began to read—What? Why—the National Spelling Book! A man who has lived nearly half a good long life reading a spelling book! But even this gave me information and I am grateful for it.

Tuesday, January 2. Finished the "National Spelling Book." I think great improvement might be made in these works, by conveying the information in a style more familiar. I really think an American Spelling Book, or Easy Book for children, might be contrived so as to give an early knowledge of the country, its productions, natural and political history, and distinguishing characteristics. Why not a regular educational library, from the rudiments to the pinnacle of education?

Sunday, January 7. A deep, reddish, fog all day; in consequence of which I have had a candle to read by. . . . Read the Gentleman's Magazine for December, which seems quite below the modern standard of magazines. An article signed "W. R." on the "Origin of Chivalry" gratified me more than any other.——The impossibility of attending Divine worship here, is an excuse for not devoting the Sabbath to better purposes; though, certainly, had I gone to church, there is very little probability that any of my creditors would have met me there. This is a circumstance nevertheless to diminish my gratification at the improvements successfully undertaken this New Year. St. Pauls is close by; and there is another church next the London Coffee House; but the Gutter which divides the Church from the Tavern is my boundary. Public worship is held in the prison, but—so much for pride!

"Barry Cornwall" Procter.

Monday, January 8. J's[1] Birthday. She came to me about twelve with the order for Woodroffe; she told me Mrs. Egerton[2] had one of the finest parts ever written, in the play[3] coming out at Drury Lane this evening; and seemed mortified at having been absent when the parts were distributed, as it would have fallen to her share. Dayus called; told me Mr. Betterton had applied for the Wells to take his Benefit *there*, after all! Godwin[4] took tea with me and went from me, to see Sergeant. In the evening went up to J's, and waited some time for her; at last she came in, in excellent spirits, the play was next to damn'd! I found Lalla Rookh at J's, and began to read it, while waiting for her. It appears to me that the mind has its seasons, like the weather; for mine was bound up in wintry coldness, inaccessible to, and incapable of, the beauties of this exquisite poem which now rise delightfully around me, like flowers and verdure waken'd by the spring. Wrote a letter to Procter[5] on the subject of his tragedy to be produced Tomorrow.

Tuesday, January 9. Went on with Lalla Rookh. The fog was such all day as completely to exclude the light; the air was red and murky; and I burnt candles without intermission. . . .

By this time the fate of Procter's tragedy is decided; he is probably at supper with his friends, happy, triumphant and carousing. Lowndes[6] says Montalto, the Drury Lane Tragedy, is written by Haynes, reporter to the Chronicle.

Wednesday, January 10. The delightful sensations produced by poetry—do they not afford gleams of the ineffable exquisiteness which the blest must feel, when disrobed of the grossness with which they are on earth enshrouded? Like the glance of the Peri into Paradise as the gate was opening to admit some blessed spirit, they make us long for that existence purely intellectual, compared with which the highest of earthly pleasures are clouded and unhallowed. The delights of virtue and of Poetry are similar; each, alike, whisperings of "*the God within the mind.*" Poetry is perhaps the language of Heaven; while Virtue is the employment of its Angels.

The shattered remains which still lift their heads in gloomy Majesty above the dust and desolation of ancient cities, resemble, in my mind, the Broken Relicts of the Great Minds of antiquity, which convey to later ages the only distinct testimonials of the Majesty of the Past,

Farringdon Street and the Fleet Prison.
Drawn by Tho. H. Shepherd. Engraved by J. Henshall.

while the millions who lived with them are only known in obscure tradition or conjecture.

By this morning's Times which was brought to me in bed, while the little dog was impertinently rushing to the charge whenever I beat him off, with my old black cane by my side, it appears that Procter's play was received triumphantly. The Times considers the two last acts to require curtailment. The plot is compared to Don Carlos.

. . . . . .

Lowndes sent me some little dramatic pieces to read. "The Warlock of the Glen,"[7] the most successful of all the recent melodramas, is puerile, and entirely made up of the Monastery and the Mountaineers. One scene taken almost literally from the latter. Moncrieff's[8] "Modern Collegians" amused me.

Friday, January 12. Lowndes sent me "Mirandola."[9] As in almost every instance of expectation extravagantly raised, it disappointed me. The language is certainly in many instances exquisitely touching and beautiful: but there is a pervading affectation of the tittle tattle, more than the *nerve,* of conversation. Johnson's authority is always entitled to remembrance: He says, in contradiction to Procter's impression, "if blank verse be not tumid and gorgeous, it is crippled prose; and familiar images in laboured language have nothing to recommend them but absurd novelty, which, wanting the attraction of nature, cannot please long." But what struck me most in this play, was, the extreme want of originality where so much is professed and was expected. The hero is made jealous, exactly like Othello, first by an Iago Monk, and then by a ring in place of the handkerchief; the father marries his son's betrothed, as in Don Carlos; condemns the son to death, like Brutus; and hears the shot of execution, like the groupe in Accusation. The letters which unravel all, are held up and create suspence, like the letters in Calas, though not half so dexterously. Some phrases made me smile. I had just been reading the Olympic pantomime, where Silvernob's characteristic phrase at the end of every speech, is "I likes" so and so —one of the Ladies in Mirandola exclaims "I love a rose!" The Duke orders his son to be dragged to the *Palace Court!* This, among the embarrassed

poor, is an awful remembrance. It is, in London, a court for the recovery of small debts. Doubtless many applied the name with a comi-tragic horror. I do not think the play likely to have a run. Twenty nights successively is a good test of success in London.

Saturday, January 13. Bought a number of the Independent, a new literary Journal, containing a critique on Mirandola, which coincides with the view I took of it yesterday. Miller[10] sent me, in compliance with my request, a file of American papers. Any thing from America awakens my yearnings after home. Our newspapers are wretchedly printed. I think their general style of printing might be, and ought to be, reformed; for I find even that trifling circumstance produces an impression against us, abroad. The immense and horrible pictures (which "might be worshipped without idolatry, being like nothing human or divine") given in the columns to sett off the advertisements, should be exploded. A paper modelled on "The Times" might be valuable, and hints might be drawn from all the European Newspapers.

Sunday, January 14.

. . . . . .

Todays Observer contains a powerful criticism on Procter's Mirandola, obviously by Croly.[11] I think such a paper would do well in America, published weekly, the advertisements on a separate sheet, and coarser paper. I must make some inquiries into the *interior* of these papers. Could not *carrier pigeons* be made very useful in collecting intelligence?

Tuesday, January 16.

. . . . . .

Elliston[12] has announced a Miss Wilson,[13] in flairing red letters at the top of the Bills. She has never acted, and has 20 guineas nightly, for 40 nights, being 800 guineas, without ever having appeared. This is the way men who know London Theatrical Trickery like Tom Welsh,[14] manage to guarantee exertions on the part of London Managers. Witness Macready[15]—They laughed in the Green Room about the red letters, so I heard. Braham[16] called them—*Elliston's Blush.* Another, alluding to the Bank Holidays being marked in Almanack's by *red letters*, said she was a *Holiday Singer.*

Wednesday, January 17.

. . . . . .

At about one, today, I received a parcel from France, without name, or letter, and I presume since it must have been from Jones (Dublin). It was merely indorsed "Havre, Jan. 10, 1821."—It contained two melodramas by Victor:—"Calas" and "Thérèse, Orphéline de Genêve."[17] Instantly left my history and read Thérèse. It is admirably constructed and most interesting. I will set about it forthwith.

Thursday, January 18. Sent my shirt to the pawnbroker's (G. & W. Gray, No. 114 Fleet Street) this morning and got money enough to buy the day's provisions and to begin Thérèse. Set to work and got through part of the first act.

In the Evening went up to J's, and there, after playing with W[18], till half past eight, read the last act into English. On my way home, composed the following stanza:

Lur'd by the tradesman's fawn within his fangs,
The little tyrant fiercely lords it o'er
His unreflecting victim; And there hangs
A thundercloud of vengeance, where before
Smil'd cringing supplication. Boding pangs
Come with th' attorney's letter; Greater when
Appears the Bailiff; and, at last, the Den
Where men, by law's decree, devour their fellow men!

———

Where, by the law's decree, men gnaw their fellow men!

———

This is the night Miss Wilson appears at Drury Lane.

Friday, January 19. Finished the first act of Thérèse and began the second. I thought it best not to go out, but to proceed in my work. God grant it may effect some good! I go to it with less eager anxiety and fear of rejection than I ever went to any work of the kind; repeated disappointments have cowed my ardour and tamed down my solicitude. Let it take its chance.

The papers speak extravagantly of Miss Wilson's success.

Saturday, January 20.

. . . . . .

Finished the second act of Thérèse. I did not put the finishing to it till the watchman was calling past six!

Sunday, January 21.

. . . . . .

Not well all day. Wrote Thérèse till late at night. Passed a miserably sleepless night, counting the clocks; and, when I slept, the characters rushed through my brain, all conversing and speaking the emphatic passages.

Monday Night, half past eleven, January 22.

I have this moment finished Thérèse. I was cooking my gruel, and spilled it on the last pages.—The watchman is now calling "gone half past eleven o'clock!" I knelt down and prayed Heaven to make this new bantling propitious to my extrication!—

Wednesday, January 24.—This morning wrote the following note to Mr. Elliston:—

Confidential

Jan. 24, 1821.

Dear Sir,

By a private conveyance, I, five days since, received from Paris a play in three acts, to which I have just given its English adaptation. The situations have a power and the interest an intensity which will be sure to recommend it to instantaneous attention should you once be anticipated in the knowledge of it, by other managers; and I think I have put it in a form to which your company may give such strength as will be almost certain to ensure success. The female part is much stronger than that in the Maid and Magpie:[19] and would be most effective for Miss Kelly.[20] I do not wish to be personally known in the business, not to trust the manuscript out of my hands;—indeed, you could not read it, if I should;—for it is full of the rude blottings of first thoughts. As there is not a moment to be lost, if you will appoint a time when I can be closetted with you, uninterruptedly, for two hours, I will read it to you myself. If you will leave an answer to this note in the hall for me, I will call there at two o'clock and shall be happy if my expectations tend to your advantage.

Yours truly,

J. H. P.

R. W. E. Esq.

Told Edwards to bring the play from J's and wait for me opposite Roach's in Russel Court, at Two. Called and found the following answer:

(This letter is missing.)

Sent Edwards off and ordered him to be opposite Roach's with the play at four.

Went up to J.'s and had a snack,—a sausage & potatoe & some porter; and hurried down, fearing, from her clock, I should be too late. J. threw her old shoe after me for luck; and I, quite as bad, having put on my under waistcoat wrong-side outwards, would not turn it. Edwards was not at the appointed place when I arrived, which startled me—and I feared my chance was lost—that he had got drunk and that the m.s.s. would not be forthcoming. He arrived after my having made several disconsolate and rapid turns, and going to look in at the stage door. I waited for some time in the entrance hall, chatting with William West[21] and Egerton,[22] all being in attendance for the end of a Tragedy reading. When it was over, the performers, as they came out, spoke highly of it. It seems *this* is Haynes's, and not the former (Montalto) which is now ascribed to Soane.[23] After awhile, I was ushered in. Elliston seemed jaded by the fatigue he had had. It seems he had read, not only a Tragedy, but an opera and a melodrama that day. After opening his various letters and giving his divers orders, he said he was ready, ordered that he should not be interrupted, and I sat down. He listened, taking some notes the while, and writing a letter or two during unimportant passages. When I finished, the band were tuning their fiddles for the overture. Elliston said the piece had good points, but still seemed undecided:—it was too long—and the sum of his objections was—it wanted reducing one half & Carwin, the leading part, cut out. I felt mortified and somewhat disgusted. I begged for a decision. He said he would say everything excepting to promise that it should be done, and

wished me to bring it to him in four and twenty hours. I left him, feeling myself annoyed & dissatisfied. J. was to act (Mrs. Candour in School for Scandal) and, as she was going on the stage, I told her the result. "What!" said she "didn't he seem struck?" I said "No!" It was very cold, but I stood behind all the evening to see Miss Chester,[24] alias, Mrs. Calcraft-that-ought-to-be, play Lady Teazle. No applause. . . . Elliston acted Charles. He took a snack, after he had done listening to my reading. He gave orders for me to be admitted behind at all times, and asked if I had been in the Green Room, but said "Let me see! have you boots or shoes on?" I replied "I can't go. I have boots." J. asked me into her dressing room and gave me some tea there. I went home with J. and left the book with her to cut, telling her I felt no further interest about it.

Thursday, January 25.

. . . . . .

I had made an appointment to see J. at two, at the Theatre. In the meantime I wandered over to the Coburg, intending, in consequence of Elliston's coldness, to make, if possible, my melodrama the medium of an engagement with Glossop. They told me Glossop was "at court." I asked "What Court?" The porter at the stage door answered "Why, the King's Court!" I paused for a moment, at first thinking he meant the Court of King's Bench; but recollecting that Glossop had purchased a situation in the King's Household, I turned upon my heel, and relinquished my plan of offering the work to him.

Friday, January 26.

. . . . . .

E. said Mr. Elliston and another gentleman had called just after I left Boy Court, desiring to see me. I went up immediately. Elliston did not ask if I had made the alterations, but said they meant to do it immediately. Miss Kelly came: He had appointed to see her and detain her from her country engagements. I gave him the m.s.s. to show Miss Kelly and arranged to call in the evening and speak to her on the subject, to know if she adopted the cuts. Saw and conversed with her on the subject in the evening and she suggested breaks of delirium after being said to have fainted often and to have been out of her mind. A sparring scene of conversation between Elliston and Miss Kelly. Three men were kept up all night, writing out the parts, and I was all the evening in and out with them. Drawings were got and directions given to the painters. J. rejoiced.

They were speaking in the Green Room of Mrs. Siddons[25] having been there last night. Harley[26] said she was much broken, and stooping with years. She has never been there since her bust was placed in a spot so conspicuous. She looked at it, but made no observation.

Saturday, January 27.—Well, today all seems to be brightening. I went to the Theatre at Eleven, and found that the reading was appointed at one. Elliston just ran over some of the first lines of the parts to get the characteristic features. I was amused to see him standing, with the book before him on the table, and asking me to describe the characters, and then making up his mouth and manner to convey the idea of each.

. . . . . .

I went to tell Davis, after they had gone in to the reading. He really seemed delighted. When I went back, I listened at the green room door. Elliston was reading wonderfully well. I heard the end of the 1st and a great part of the 2nd Act. I heard them applaud, and cry out "beautiful" in some passages. Winston caught me listening there. "What!" says he "are you coming old Cumberland over us?" The moment I heard the actors clapping at the end, I ran up the lobby stairs and went off through the box lobby by Catherine Street.

J. delighted when I went up there to dinner, and full of congratulations. Went back in the evening, and charmed with Miss Wilson's beauty and deportment, but think I have heard better singing, though never, except in Catalani,[27] united with such personal perfections. The house was tremendous. Williams described "the melodrama read that morning" in most glowing terms. I afterwards heard it very strongly spoken of. G. Lamb[28] came rolling into the room. After him, old Cal-

craft,[29] coquetting with Madame Vestris[30] and playing with her muff. I never saw littleness and low cunning more marked in any person's face, than in this man's. They were talking of the melodrama; and as he probably knew it to be mine, he asked, seeming inclined to reduce it as low as possible—"is it a good translation?" "*dont it sound as if it was a translation?*" and I asked Gattie[31] who Calcraft was. He misunderstood me, and thought I meant to ask whose the melodrama was. The reply given was "*Nobody has an idea.*" When Elliston came afterwards into the Green Room, while I was talking to Miss Kelly, he said "*Now, you rogue, you may as well acknowledge it to be yours, for it'll soon get out.*" Gattie and Williams started and seemed astonished; and Gattie hoped he had said nothing improper. Elliston said "*It was a sure card,*" and "*By the result he would stand or fall.*" I told him, every thing was expected from Brutus,[32] but the first night disappointed us. He said *this was surer than Brutus:* and added *It shall be done on Friday.* I told him Friday was an unlucky day. He answered—No day could be unlucky for that.

Monday, January 29.—Godwin breakfasted here. I went out so as to arrive at the Theatre at half past ten. Elliston and the company were in the room reading Thérèse together, and settling as to whether they would adopt the cuts. Sent a note to Elliston saying I was there, and he could come to me if he wanted any thing, but begging him not to send for me in. Carr came out and begged me to go and direct the Painters in the Room, and mentioned they were in a puzzle about the last scene. I set him right. It was whether Thérèse, *en spectre*, was to appear at the side, or middle door. I walked up and down the stage half the morning nearly, and at last Elliston sent for me, and said I *must* come in and acknowledge the authorship. I went in: Knight[33] made me a little complimentary speech, and they all congratulated me. It was the costume they wanted to settle. Knight is delighted with his part. Wallack[34] has agreed to do Carwin the *first twenty nights!* a proof they expect a run. Knight said they were always happy to see me there, especially as an Author, and more than all, as a successful one. I told him nothing was certain till it was over. He said he considered *this* as certain; and that he had too much respect left for public opinion and too much confidence in the judgment and experience of that company, to suppose that, upon a production of that description, they could not form a judgment which it was impossible should fail. I said there was accident in all success. Some agreed with me; and Elliston among the rest. Horn[35] and Cooke[36] were present; having been summoned thither to do the music. . . . In the evening Wallack attempted Richard the third for the first time in London. Braham who is friendly to the family came to the wing spying at him through an eyeglass. . . . The house was thin and Wallack frightened. The applause he got was only in the merely melodramatic situations. G. Lamb was rolling about the Green Room and Madame Vestris, crying out to every new face with affected enthusiasm "Ah!" and going to shake hands. Knight shewed me his costume print, and then took me into his room, to shew me a wig he meant to wear and which he had longed for for twenty years. When Knight was first stage hit, he saw Munden play Corney in this wig at Birmingham. He thought he should be inspired if he could get such a wig on his head. Sometime afterwards playing with Munden, the latter took a fancy to a grey wig of Knight's and asked for it; when Knight yielded, on getting the Red Wig he is to wear in Lavigne and which he so long wished for.

Tuesday, January 30.

. . . . . .

Went to the Theatre—All at sixes and sevens about the preparations for Oratorio. The stage filled with the scaffolding to support the musicians, the organ tuning, and in one of the rooms, a singing rehearsal. Elliston, with part of the company, in the Green Room. Waited there awhile, chatting, while Elliston, with the same long table drawn up before him that Kean had in reading Brutus, was running over Giovanni in Ireland to Knight, with which he appeared exceedingly diverted. The party adjourned to Mr. Arnold's room that was, at the op-

posite end of the passage, next beyond the second green room, where all the bells are communicating to the different departments. Horn and most of the actors were there. I gave Horn the books of the music (original French) of Calas—Elliston read the piece and Horn marked the music in going on.

. . . . . .

Great bother about settling the dresses —Discussions about the dancers—My wish was to have them made all different, instead of being uniformed like a company of soldiers, for they all come from different families and would rather avoid than study uniformity. Are tea parties, or dances, uniformly dressed in private life? Actors at these meetings are like children when left to themselves at school. Wallack, though, is remarkably puerile and ever was. They have named Cooper[37] who plays Fontaine the Pastor, *Rowland Hill*—Bromley the Magistrate, —*Mr. Birnie* &c. &c. Wallack was teazing Cooper to invite him to dinner. Wanted his address. Said he gave out his address No. 15 London.

Horn dotted down the notes as the ideas were given to the situations and afterwards played over the music to me in the room. I, who don't know a note! They were practising the beautiful oratorio music in the next room—what a treat this would have been in America, even to hear such fine strains through the wall! Miss Kelly did not come today. She is ill; but will come perfect, when she does come, which I understand she is accustomed to do.

Wednesday, January 31.

The performance of my piece is already announced for Friday; having appeared in this days play bills as "a drama in three acts, now performing on the continent with unbounded applause." Met Miller in the Porter's Lodge of the Theatre. He said he was waiting to see Elliston; but E. was occupied reading some new piece. I asked him if he was going presently.—he answered not for a quarter of an hour. I went in intending to return, but could not in time; for I found Elliston and great part of the company in the Green Room, and Miss Kelly among them. Miss K. suggested a reading in the room; I opposed the suggestion, as we had already had several readings in the room. Elliston therefore went on the stage, where a most scampering, perplexed attempt at a rehearsal took place; a sort of skirmish with the piece instead of a regular attack; and, in fact, nothing at all done. Miss Kelly resumed her suggestion about some breaks of wildness in her scene with the Pastor, and I told her I would make them, if she would distinctly show me how much she thought it adviseable to speak. Elliston was earnestly entreated not to do the piece on Friday. It seems Miss Wilson, his great attraction, is ill, and cannot act tonight. This has greatly disconcerted and annoyed him. When I went up to join my entreaties, he said "Sir, don't think of such a thing. We are starving. See what a thing it would be if we had the piece out now! Twill be all right, depend upon it."

Mrs. Harlowe[38] has not an idea of her part. She wishes to be amiable; and will be heavy and stupid. The character depends entirely upon its contrast, in deportment, with the officious goodness of Lavigne's manner.

Thursday, February 1st. I could not attend rehearsal of "Thérèse" Purification Day no court sits, and a pass must be signed by the court every morning.

Friday, February 2d,[39] a scampering rehearsal, and Miss Kelly wanted to be excused from attending on account of illness, but was persuaded by a note from me. Heaven help "Thérèse!" everybody in a bad humor; Elliston—and the Pavilion scene not finished. In the third act, Miss Kelly got out of temper, and told the management that it was shameful in undertaking to produce a piece without giving time to the performers to learn the words in a drama; that, if proper time were given, fine effects could be produced; that it was trifling with the dramatists and the little reputation she had acquired, and that both were to be sacrificed to an unnecessary precipitation. We got through the rehearsal late in the afternoon. All the company parted with little or no hope for the success of the piece. Distracted myself, I was too sick and prostrated to leave the theatre, was invited to dine in Elliston's

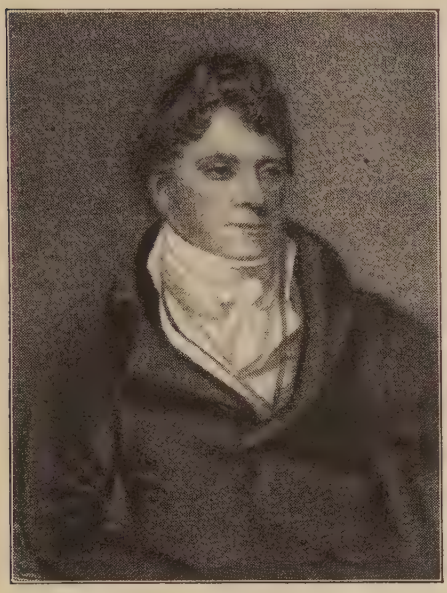
room, where I remained 'till 'twas time for the theatre to open; increased headache. At the performance, I got into the upper private box with Mrs. Edwin,[40] Georgina and Phillis. There was evidently an unfriendly feeling before the curtain drew up; the overture (one of Mozart's, which had been mistaken by the audience as something new) was hissed. The setting of the first scene was applauded, and the interest of the audience soon began to be excited. The applause was frequent, and increased at every step, 'till, when the act-drops fell, it became tumultuous, and was repeated in three or four rounds.

There was a long pause before the next act began. The people got impatient; I ran down to the stage, alarmed for the consequences. To this act there was not so much applause as might have been, until the close.

The third act, especially the scene between Fontaine and Thérèse, was tremendously applauded. Miss Kelly's acting in that scene was one of the most impressive pieces of acting I have ever seen. The play went off to my utter astonishment. The third act was the triumph. I was congratulated by the performers, and the performers congratulated each other. The Hon. George Lamb came up, shook hands with me, and expressed his pleasure at the great success of the piece; he also congratulated Miss Kelly for her fine acting.

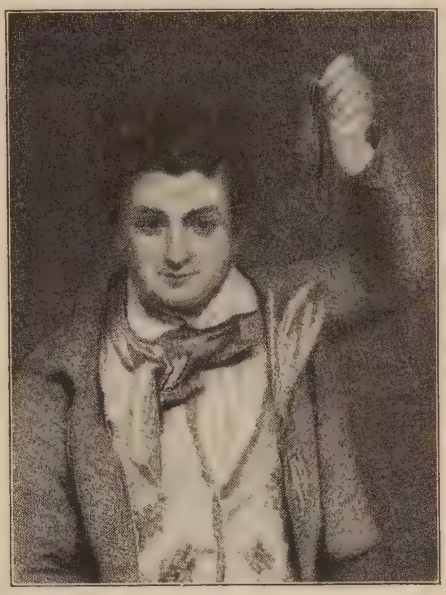
Before the piece began, I stopped for a moment or two in the green-room. They all asked me how I felt. On my asking Wallack the time, he answered "Don't be afraid, Payne (laughing), I shall be dressed in time, and things will go well." His ease of manner gave me some hope, for Wallack was always honest in his opinions, and would never give encouragement unless he had just cause.

February 3d. Well "Thérèse" has succeeded triumphantly, and splendidly, and I am enjoying my triumph with a box of pills before me, a bowl of gruel, my feet in hot water, no fire, and a terrific headache. Yet I cannot help remarking the contrast in the manner of my reception by the actors and others upon the stage last evening to the dreadful coldness with which I was treated on the same stage



Thomas Dibdin, Esq[r].

Engraved by Henry Meyer from an original picture by S. Drummond, Esq[r]., R.A.



Mr. Knight as Robin Roughhead.

Engraved by T. Woolnoth from an original painting by Clint.

when "Brutus" was produced. Miss Kelly thanked me for the little stage-business I showed her, and Wallack thanked me heartily for naming him for the part of "Carwin."

I asked Miss Kelly if I might come to her side; she said "she wished she could always have such authors by her side." Thomas Dibdin[41] was announced to read a new piece. I thought I saw a significant look from one to another, which seemed to say "Here'll be a general gaol delivery;" for Thomas Dibdin is in the bench[42] and comes out on a rule. Wallack ran up and shook hands with him and cried out "Huzza!" and others joined, welcoming their old Manager. I went and said I feared he wouldn't remember me; he replied that at first he did not I was looking "so *well*," he meant, so *fat*.

(To be concluded in February number.)

[1] Mrs. Samuel Glover, née *Julia Betterton* (1779–1850).
The daughter of a scoundrel actor who called himself, with no apparent right, by the name of Betterton.
She began her career on the stage about 1789, and ten years later her father, who treated her brutally, sold her to Samuel Glover for £1,000, which was never paid. Glover married her in 1800, but he also abused her.
She was the leading comic actress of the period of her middle life and was credited with a wonderful memory. In her closing days she was called the "Mother of the Stage."

[2] Mrs. Daniel Egerton, née *Sarah Fisher* (1782–1847).
The daughter of Rev. Peter Fisher of Little Torrington in Devonshire. She became an actress after the death of her father and married Daniel Egerton, an actor, about 1810. Her great part was Meg Merrilies in the dramatization of "Guy Mannering." She was poor in tragedy but approached the first rank in melodrama.

[3] "Montalto," a tragedy by an anonymous author, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre January 8, 1821, with the following cast:

Count Montalto	Wallack.
Durazzo	Cooper or Booth.
Michael	Booth or Cooper.
Antonio	Foote.
Count Bassano	Barnard.
Julia	Mrs. W. West.
Lady Laura	Mrs. Egerton.

Genest noted that it was "far from a bad play, the language is good."

[4] William Godwin (1803–1852).
Known as William Godwin the Younger. A writer and critic and the brother of Mrs. Shelley.

[5] Bryan Waller Procter (1787–1874).
Poet and dramatist. He was a Harrow schoolmate of Peel and Byron, and a friend and comrade of Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb. He was a very successful song-writer, and began writing plays in 1819. His nom de plume was "Barry Cornwall." The tragedy alluded to was "Mirandola," for which he was paid £630 for a run of sixteen performances at Covent Garden. Its success was largely due to Charles Kemble's acting.

[6] William Lowndes.
A well-known bookseller in the Strand.

[7] "Warlock of the Glen," a "moderate melodrama," was produced at Covent Garden Theatre December 2, 1820, with the following cast:

Andrew	Farley.
Warlock	Abbott.
Clanronald	Connor.
Sandie	Blanchard.
Adelbert	Master Boden.
Adela	Mrs. Faucit.
Marian	Miss Beaumont.
Manse	Mrs. Stirling.

[8] William Thomas Moncrieff (1794–1857).
Dramatist and manager. Associated before 1820 with Glossop at the Coburg Theatre, and after that with Elliston at Drury Lane.

[9] "Mirandola" was produced at Covent Garden Theatre January 9, 1821, with the following cast:

Duke of Mirandola	Macready.
Guido	C. Kemble.
Gheraldi	Egerton.
Casti and Julio	Abbott and Connor.
Marco	Atkins.
Hypolito	Miss Boden.
Isidora	Miss Foote.
Isabella	Mrs. Faucit.
Beatrice	Miss Shaw.

Genest said: "It is on the whole a pretty good play."

[10] John Miller, bookseller and publisher of plays.

[11] Rev. George Croly (1780–1860).
An Irish author and divine. He was a well-known dramatic critic and contributor to the magazines. He wrote prose and poetry of the school of Byron and Moore.

[12] Robert William Elliston (1774–1831).
A versatile and popular actor. Manager of Drury Lane Theatre from 1819 to 1826 and of the Surrey Theatre from 1827 until his death.

[13] Mary Ann Wilson (1802–1867).
An actress who made her début at Drury Lane January 18, 1821, as *Mandane* in "Artaxerxes," with Mde. Vestris as Artaxerxes. Genest says "she proved wonderfully attractive." She later married Tom Welsh.

[14] Thomas Welsh (1781–1848).
A singer and teacher of singing.

[15] William Charles Macready (1793–1873).
Actor and manager. At Drury Lane from 1823 to 1836.

[16] John Braham (1774–1856).
A popular tenor singer who was almost continuously at Drury Lane from 1805 until his retirement.

[17] "Thérèse, or the Orphan of Genêve," was produced at Drury Lane February 2, 1821, with the following cast:

Carwin	Wallack.
Fontaine	Cooper.
Count de Morville	Barnard.
Lavigne	Knight.
Picard	Gattie.
Delparc	Bromley.
Mariette (Thérèse)	Miss Kelly.
Cts. de Morville	Mrs. Egerton.
Bridget	Mrs. Harlowe.

It was acted thirty-one times, and Genest says it was a "very interesting drama."

[18] William Howard Glover (1819–1875).
Second son of Mrs. Julia Glover. He was a violinist and the founder, with his mother, of the Musical and Dramatic Academy in Soho Square. He composed and wrote some successful comic operas. In 1868 he came to New York as conductor of Niblo's Orchestra.

[19] Payne's first play adapted from the French. He sold it for £100 to Covent Garden Theatre, where it was produced September 15, 1815, with the following cast:

Gerald (a farmer)	Fawcett.
Martin (his servant)	Liston.
Malcour (village justice)	Blanchard.
Benjamin	Farley.
Henry (son to Gerald)	Abbott.
Evrard	Barrymore.
Annette	Miss S. Booth.
Dame Gerald	Mrs. Davenport.

It was acted twenty-seven times. Genest erroneously attributed it to Pocock. Two other versions by Arnold and Dibdin, respectively, were produced at the Lyceum August 21, 1815, and at Drury Lane Theatre September 12, 1815.

[20] Frances Maria Kelly (1790–1882).
A remarkable comic actress at Drury Lane from 1800 until 1835.

[21] William West (1796?–1888).
Comedian and musical composer.

[22] Daniel Egerton (1772–1835).
A secondary character actor in tragedy and drama. He was manager of the Olympic Theatre in 1821, and of Sadler's Wells Theatre 1821–1824, and of the Victoria, formerly the Coburg Theatre, in 1833. He retired, ruined, in 1834.

[23] George Soane (1790–1860).
A younger brother of Sir John Soane, who founded the museum which bears his name. He was a miscellaneous writer and translated and adapted many plays.

[24] Miss —— Chester (1799– ?).
An actress who made her debut at Drury Lane as Portia, July 3, 1820.

[25] Sarah Siddons (1755–1831).
The celebrated tragic actress, sister of Stephen Kemble and aunt of Charles Kemble, who retired from the stage in 1819.

[26] John Pritt Harley (1786–1858).
Comic actor and singer.

[27] Angelica Catalani (1779–1849).
Opera-singer.

[28] George Lamb (1784–1834).
Politician and writer. The fourth son of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne. He abandoned law for literature. In 1815 he helped manage Drury Lane Theatre with Byron and Kinnaird. He wrote some plays and was a good amateur actor. He was elected to Parliament in 1819.

[29] John William Calcraft (–1870).
Actor and playwright. His real name was Cole.

[30] Madame Armand Vestris, née Lucia Elizabeth Bartolozzi (1797–1856).
Dancer, singer, actress, and manageress. Later the wife of Charles James Mathews.

[31] Henry Gattie (1774–1844).
Vocalist and actor. At Drury Lane Theatre 1813–1833.

[32] Payne's tragedy of that name, which was produced at Drury Lane on December 3, 1818, in which Kean made a great success.

[33] Edward Knight (1774–1826).
He acted the parts of servants, rustics, farm-hands, etc., at Drury Lane from 1812–1826. He was commonly known as "Little Knight."

[34] James William Wallack (1791?–1864).
The actor and father of Lester Wallack. He was later stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

[35] Charles Edward Horn (1786–1849).
Vocalist and composer. He could sing either tenor or barytone rôles, and was famous as the composer of "Cherry Ripe."

[36] Thomas Simpson Cooke (1782–1848).
A tenor singer, composer and teacher of singing. Among his pupils were Miss Tree, who first sang "Home, Sweet Home," and Sims Reeves the famous tenor. He was at Drury Lane from 1815 until 1835.

[37] John Cooper (1790–1870).
A steady, capable, but heavy actor, who made his début at the Haymarket Theatre in May, 1811. Oxberry writes: "He was just as good an actor as art, without one spark of genius, or any effort of the mind, could make."

[38] Mrs. Sarah Harlowe (1765–1852).
A low-comedy actress who retired from the stage in 1826.

[39] The original pages of the diary for this date are missing, but the subject-matter has been published in Gabriel Harrison's life of John Howard Payne, and is reproduced here to make the narrative consecutive. Errors in the days of the week have been corrected.

[40] Mrs. John Edwin, née Elizabeth Rebecca Edwards (1771?–1854).
A pleasing comic actress, especially good in delivering an address or an epilogue.

[41] Thomas John Dibdin (1771–1841).
Actor, dramatist, theatre-manager, and scene-painter. When four years old he appeared as Cupid to Mrs. Siddons's Venus at Drury Lane Theatre.

[42] A term for the debtor's prison.

PUTTING A REPUBLIC ON THE MAP

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

Author of "Foch, the Winner of the War," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

IN one of the celebrated novels of Anatole France there is a departmental architect, M. Croulebarbe, who goes every day to inspect the tottering wall of the archbishop's palace, and every day is astonished anew to find that the wall, for so long seemingly ready to cave in, is still standing.

The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, before the war, was exactly like that old wall—shaky, but still strong enough to keep from collapsing, provided no political mason or architect took it into his head to tamper with it.

A war, especially a long war, no matter what the outcome, would infallibly cause the downfall of the dual monarchy. If triumphant, Austria-Hungary, indebted for her victory to Germany, would inevitably become more and more absorbed by that power. If vanquished, she would indubitably be dismembered for the benefit of her conquerors.

From the moment that France, England, and, later, America, united their fortunes with those of Italy, of Serbia, of Roumania, of Czecho-Slovakia, it was obvious that an allied victory must satisfy the aspirations of the Italians, Roumanians, Serbians, and Czechs, naturally desirous of liberating themselves or their brothers from the oppression of the Hapsburgs.

The dismemberment of Austria-Hungary was therefore inevitable, and nothing could avert it. It would have been possible, perhaps, to make the partition less complete, and especially to have so arranged that Austria, stripped of all save her German provinces, might have been able to exist economically, but it was a question of degree, not of kind.

I knew pre-war Austria-Hungary very well. I had made numerous journeys and long sojourns in different parts of the kingdom.

Ever since peace was declared I have wanted to revisit this country, so I decided to come for a couple of months to travel about and observe in detail at least one part of it—the republic of Czecho-Slovakia. To this country has fallen the best and largest share of the heritage of the Hapsburgs. The Italians, the Serbians, the Roumanians have only added one or more Austro-Hungarian provinces to their patrimony. They have been content simply to round out their domains. The Czecho-Slovaks, on the other hand, have created a new state in its entirety within the boundaries of the old dual monarchy by uniting Bohemia and Moravia, formerly belonging to Austria, with Slovakia and Ruthenia, once dependencies of Hungary. Industrial and commercial Bohemia is very rich. She keeps for herself alone three-quarters of the manufacturing output of what was formerly Austria—coal, sugar, manufactured articles, etc, etc. Slovakia is enormously rich in agricultural lands and forestry. The combine of these two countries forms a unit with almost limitless economic possibilities. Situated in the centre of Europe, where all roads going north and south, east and west, cross each other, this new state finds in all its neighbor states the outlets of which it is in need. When the day arrives on which Russia, cured of the cancer of Bolshevism, shall open her frontiers, the Czechs, who speak a kindred language, hope and expect to play the principal part in the reorganization of Russia.

The crown piece of Czecho-Slovakia is already worth five or six times more than the Austrian or Magyar crown. Compared with the latter its value is about in the same proportion as that of the franc to the German mark.

Prague, the capital of Czecho-Slovakia, has nothing of the nouveau riche, the "war profiteer," about it. It is a city with a glorious past, splendid traditions. During all the time that Bohemia was a kingdom, Prague was its capital. When, after the defeat of La Montagne Blanche, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Bohemia fell under the power of the Hapsburgs, Prague ceased to be the capital and became a simple "ville de province," systematically ignored, abandoned, cut off from the world. The most noted members of the Czech nobility were beheaded in front of the Hôtel de Ville at Prague. Their châteaux and lands were confiscated and given to Austrian, Italian, and Flemish noblemen, thus made the creators of a new alien aristocracy in Bohemia, whose aspirations and desires were thenceforward centred in Vienna.

But much must be forgiven these aristocrats for the magnificent palaces which they had built. Prague is pre-eminently a city of palaces. As soon as one has crossed the Moldava by the old Charles Bridge—the quaintest, most picturesque bridge in the world, with its gates flanked with towers and its group of beautiful statues adorning the parapet—one finds oneself in a quarter of the city entirely given over to palaces, where, in narrow old streets, crooked and grass-grown, and about tranquil, silent squares, rise the splendid façades of seigneurial dwellings.

Czecho-Slovakia and her neighbors.

When, following the signing of the peace, England, America, France, and Italy were looking for quarters for their diplomatic representatives, these palaces were just what was needed for housing the legations. France took over the palace belonging to the Buquoys, a Flemish family which came to Bohemia after the battle of La Montagne Blanche and cast in their fortunes with those of the Hapsburgs. The Buquoy palace is an old mansion dating from the eighteenth century. In it is an immense stairway decorated with a panel depicting a hunt given in honor of Maria Theresa by the Counts

Buquoy, a banquet-hall, salons filled with antique furniture and fine paintings, and a large garden that extends to the river's edge.

The United States minister, Mr. Crane, has bought with his own money the magnificent palace of the Schönborn. The château is less beautiful, less elegant, perhaps, than the Buquoy palace, but the gardens are marvellous. They rise in terrace after terrace to a hill which overlooks the entire city. At the top are the tennis-courts, where the diplomatic circle meets daily for afternoon tea.

The most strikingly original feature of Prague is the "Hradchany," an acropolis of towers, churches, and palaces dominating the capital.

From the time that Prague was reduced to a city of secondary importance, the palaces of the "Hradchany" were practically abandoned. Now and then some archduke in disgrace, some prince in exile would establish himself in one or another of them for a time. The ex-Emperor Charles, while a student at the University of Prague, an archduke with apparently no chance of ever coming to the throne, lived there.

After the revolution of July, 1830, Charles X, King of France, at the invitation of the Emperor of Austria, took refuge in the "Hradchany." He passed some time there, accompanied by all the members of the royal family. Chateaubriand, counsellor little regarded but unswerving royalist, visited him in this retreat. He has left, in "Mémoires d'Outre Tambe," a melancholy account of that visit to the kingly exile.

All these palaces, once abandoned, deserted, are to-day occupied by the president of the republic and the different ministers. President Masaryk received me in that same sumptuous drawing-room which had once been the salon of the Emperor Charles.

President Masaryk is a striking and noble figure. There is no one more popular, nor deservedly so, than he. Every one knows the important rôle which he has played in the reconstruction of his country. Fortunately he was abroad when the war broke out. From the first moment he realized that the conflict would be fatal to Austria-Hungary, and he embraced the cause of the Allies ardently and unwaveringly. He travelled constantly through all the Entente countries—America, England, France, Italy, Russia, known everywhere as the ardent and successful pleader of the Czech cause. Thanks to his efforts and to those of a little group of friends—Benés, to-day minister of foreign affairs, Stéfanik, whose premature death the country mourns, and others—the state of Czecho-Slovakia since 1917 has been recognized by the great Entente powers.

I had a long interview with President Masaryk. We discussed the domestic and foreign situation, the big difficulties that the leaders of the republic would have to face. It was a question of reconstructing in its entirety a state that for three centuries had lost its independence, and which, in consequence, possessed neither machinery of office nor administrative policy.

The task is an immense one, but President Masaryk, Benés, and their co-workers are confident of being able to accomplish it.

While at Prague I breakfasted two or three times with Benés at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the palace of the "Hradchany." The windows of his office are in the wing of the building where occurred the famous "Défenestration de Prague," that demonstration against the ministers thought to be too favorable to the Hapsburg, who were thrown from the windows into the courtyard, some forty-five feet below. The most extraordinary part of it was that no one was injured, which goes to prove how supple obsequious courtiers become!

Benés is still young—thirty-five at most. Before the war he was a professor at the University of Prague, as was Masaryk. He is the favorite of the President, with whom he is in complete accord. Sent as a delegate of Czecho-Slovakia to the Peace Conference, his intelligence and uprightness quickly gained for him an enviable position at Paris, London, and Rome.

The Czechs are a truly democratic people. The aristocratic families of Bohemia and Slovakia are, with but two or three exceptions, of foreign origin, either German or Hungarian. They have, there-

fore, no influence in public affairs. The elections of last spring were conducted on the most democratic plan imaginable, the women voting as well as the men and even the army, officers and privates alike, casting their ballots. The progressive party was elected by a large majority. The social democrats constitute the most important group in Parliament, and are largely represented in the innermost circles of the present ministry.

Prague is pre-eminently a city of palaces.—Page 83.

The enemies of the Czecho-Slovakians, especially the Hungarians, accuse them generally of a leaning toward Bolshevism and of ardent sympathy for Lenine, Trotzky, and the Soviet government. The reproach is unjustified. During the whole of my travels through the country I was unable to discover any trace of Bolshevism. Most of the Czechs hold very advanced opinions, but they are not at all drawn toward that system of government which is afflicting unhappy Russia. The outstanding characteristic of Bolshevism as practised by Lenine is the barbarous oppression of the majority by a small minority and the maintenance of power by the aid of mercenaries, foreign for the most part, liberally paid and free to massacre and pillage to their hearts' content. As a matter of fact, elections have been done away with; there is no longer any elected body, any representation of the people.

In Czecho-Slovakia, on the other hand, everybody votes and the voting is done according to a system of representation proportionate to the number of inhabitants, which has been perfected as much as possible, and which permits all parties, of whatever political leaning, to be represented. Because of this method of political representation, the Germans of Bohemia find themselves with more than fifty deputies at the Parliament of Prague, the Magyars of Slovakia only a dozen. In this way the Czechs have given the Magyars a splendid lesson in liberalism, for in the old Parliament of Budapest three million Slovaks were allowed but one or two deputies. The prefects and Hungarian

The old tower at the entrance of the Charles Bridge, Prague.

officials generally were past masters in the art of "fixing" an election. They had a thousand tricks up their sleeves. On election day, for example, all the roads leading into the city were closed by Hungarian police, who stopped all the Slovakian peasants and prevented them from going to the polls.

A well-known English newspaper man, Seton Watson, personally investigated these election frauds and has collected a number of the most extraordinary stories about them.

The Czechs are so little Bolshevist in tendency that the famous Czecho-Slovakian army divisions were never tainted with Bolshevism, although brought into such close contact with it during the two years of their memorable retreat across eastern Russia and Siberia—one of the greatest retreats in history, and comparable with the Anabasis of Xenophon.

Besides formidable domestic difficulties Czecho-Slovakia is menaced by two perils from the outside—the Hungarian peril

and the German peril. The people of Prague are so keenly alive to the first of these that they do not pay sufficient attention to the second, which is, nevertheless, according to my way of thinking, much the greater danger.

Hungary is not resigned, and never will be resigned, to the loss of those Slovakian counties she held during some ten centuries, and where a part of her aristocracy possessed enormous domains which furnished her with agricultural products and the wood which she lacks at present.

Among those whom she accuses of having robbed her—Serbians, Roumanians, Czecho-Slovakians—it is these last whom she considers much the least formidable of her foes. She regards the Czech as a bad soldier, lacking discipline, and a good deal of a poltroon. I am convinced that she is mistaken, but nevertheless that is her opinion. She believes that a few Hungarian divisions would be able to put the whole Czecho-Slovakian army to flight, and, thinking thus, at the very first opportunity she will be tempted to put her theory to the test. She will invade Slovakia just as the Maximalist forces of Bela-Kuhn, reinforced by Magyar nationalists, did in the spring of 1919.

To guard against the danger of a Hungarian reprisal, the Czecho-Slovaks count, first of all, on their army, which, under the supervision of a large and important corps of French officers, is being effectively reorganized. This war board has at its head one of the ablest and most intelligent of French generals, General Pellé, who for more than two years was Marshal Joffre's right hand. Although he had a difficult task before him, General Pellé has been most successful in accomplishing it. He has taken into his own hands the reorganization of the army. He fills the office of adjutant to the minister of war. At the present moment most of the Czecho-Slovakian divisions are commanded by French generals. A corp of officers is being trained—the most essential task of all—and should the Hun-

The old Charles Bridge across the Moldava, the quaintest, the most picturesque bridge in the world.—Page 83.

garians now take the notion to start a war with the Czechs they will find that they will have their hands full.

But as an offset to Magyar chauvinism the Czechs depend less on their arms than on diplomacy, less on force than on certain agreements just concluded with their copartners in the division of Hungary, the Jugo-Slavs and the Roumanians. It was probably Benés, the very intelligent minister of foreign affairs, who first had the idea of making those agreements and who took the initiative in regard to them. I had the opportunity of seeing and talking with him at length on the day following his return from Belgrade and Bucharest after what is called *la Petite Entente* had been concluded through his efforts. I have also met my old friend, Take Joneske, minister of foreign affairs for Roumania, and I have thus been able to obtain the most detailed information in regard to the "Petite Entente" from the two who were responsible for it.

With the Serbians Benés has made a real defensive alliance by which the two states pledge each other formally to stand together against all Magyar aggression. As for Roumania, Take Joneske did not like the idea of forming a triple alliance. In his opinion it is indispensable that Poland and Greece should also enter into a like Entente, the bases of which would thus have to be considerably enlarged.

Take Joneske has started on a visit to the principal capitals of Europe—Paris, London, Rome, Prague, Belgrade, and perhaps Warsaw. If his idea, to which he is much attached, materializes, there will be every reason to congratulate him, for in that case relations between the Czecho-Slovakians and Poles will be much improved. Those relations have been anything but good up to the present, the unfortunate Teschen affair having almost embroiled the two countries. Moreover, it was partly the fault of the representatives of the Great Powers at the peace table, who made the mstake of ordering a plebiscite to be held at Teschen. Every time there was trouble anywhere these leaders could suggest but one remedy—the plebiscite. Now there is no remedy more detestable, more absurd, nor at bottom more fundamentally unjust, while masquerading under the appearance of justice. Such a vote inevitably brings in its train all the excesses, all the violences, of a bitter electoral contest envenomed by race hatreds and rivalries. To be convinced of the truth of this one has only to look at what is going on in East Prussia, what is taking place in upper Silesia. In this latter country a plebiscite was taken, at the expressed demand, or rather at the unreasonable insistence, of Lloyd George, and against the wish of both President Wilson and Clemenceau. The English, or, to speak more exactly, those immediately about Lloyd George, agreeable to his wish to circumscribe the development of Poland, have obliged France and the United States to accept a plebiscite in upper Silesia, which has provoked, and will continue to provoke, the worst excesses.

It would have been only logical, not to say decent, that, after having imposed such a measure, England should have consented to join with France to enforce order in upper Silesia. But unfortunately she has done nothing of the sort. France is obliged to maintain, at great cost, an entire army division in Silesia, fifteen thousand men, reinforced by several Italian detachments, in order to prevent the Germans from committing acts of violence, falsifying election returns, and transforming the plebiscite into a farce.

There are, on the borders of Bohemia, some three and a half million Germans who have not looked with a favorable eye —far from it!—on the creation of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic. As a matter of fact these Germans regard the Czechs as an inferior race, which they have been accustomed for centuries not only to dominate but to oppress. At the present moment it is the Czechs who are in the saddle! The Germans in Bohemia are, of course, furious.

But their anger is not very violent. They protest, they get up popular demonstrations, especially processions, and they orate. But that is about all. These Germans, who are before everything else business men, haven't the slightest wish to separate themselves from Bohemia, which has always been a land of plenty

As soon as one has crossed the Moldava by the old Charles Bridge . . . one finds oneself in a quarter of the city entirely given over to palaces.—Page 83.

for her adopted sons. There they live infinitely better than they can in Germany, or in Austria especially, and in Czecho-Slovakia they find a market for all their arts and manufactures.

I motored over a part of German Bohemia, stopping several days at Carlsbad and Marienbad. It is very interesting and very curious to revisit Carlsbad since the war. This celebrated watering-place always has a great many guests, but their elegance, if not their numbers, has greatly waned. One sees almost no Americans, no English nor French—only quantities of Germans, especially Jews, grown rich in war profits, and called in central Europe "Schiebers."

Every morning the whole crowd swallows, first, gallons of mineral water, then gallons of *café au lait*. Each visitor, according to custom, buys himself his ham, his pats of butter, his crescents of Vienna bread, then, carrying in his hands his precious food wrapped in paper bags, he seats himself in the shady alleys of the restaurant Pupp or the Kaiser Park and consumes his "delicatessen." In the evening the gamblers collect about the baccarat-tables—for baccarat is played at Carlsbad now—and croupiers from Monte Carlo diligently rake in the piles of Czecho-Slovakian crowns that the motley crowd loses.

While on my visit to Carlsbad I was present one Sunday at a popular demonstration organized by the German counties of Bohemia. The peasants of the countryside, dressed in native costume, suggestive of the days of Charlotte and Werther, rode through the city streets in

large jaunting cars. There were many banners and placards but little cheering, and the participants in the demonstration appeared to me to be, in fact, the most peaceful, unexcited citizens in the world.

The situation will not become really serious for the Czechs until the day arrives when the Austrian Germans renew their allegiance to Germany. It is evident that on that day the Germans of Bohemia will be greatly tempted to follow their example.

Now, there is an intense propaganda going on in Bavaria at the present time. The peasants of Bavaria, religious, rather reactionary, greatly disposed to law and order, are attempting to shake the supremacy of Prussia, whom they reproach with being socialistic and revolutionary. At the same time they are trying to win over the peoples of the Tyrol and Austria. One must realize that, though the Tyroleans and Austrians have little in common with the Prussians, they are, on the other hand, very strongly attracted to the Bavarians, ardent Catholics like themselves, and with whom they are "sympathetic" by temperament, culture, and religion.

Formerly nothing was easier or more agreeable than a journey through central, or "Danubian" Europe. Everywhere one found fast trains and excellent hotels. But to-day all that is greatly changed. As far as arrangements go for travelling, especially as regards comfort, one has to acknowledge that central Europe has gone back several centuries. The strange, new frontiers, doubled and twisted, are each as impenetrable as the wall of China. No train, no merchandise, no letter, almost no traveller, succeeds in getting through.

The bridges over the Danube, connecting the Czecho-Slovakian with the Hungarian side, are all barricaded, strung with barbed wire, bristling with guns and mitrailleuses, just as though the war were still on. From either side of the barricades the Czech and Magyar sentinels stand facing each other with fixed bayonets, as though ready to run each other through!

In order to pass any one of their frontiers one must waste hours, sometimes whole days. They examine, they verify your passport, so covered with "visés" and stamps that it is necessary to have extra pages inserted. They weigh and reweigh and rummage in your baggage.

While at Prague I wrote, two weeks ahead of time, two letters to Budapest, engaging a room at the Ritz. Neither of the letters reached its destination. When I expressed my surprise to the porter of the hotel, he replied: "Monsieur must not be surprised. It is always that way with letters from Bohemia." It goes without saying that the Czechs blame the Magyars and the Magyars blame the Czechs.

Such a state of things is perfectly absurd. If it continues much longer it will inevitably bring about catastrophes of the worst sort—famine or Bolshevism—for all the countries of the old Austria-Hungary, from the economic point of view, are absolutely interdependent. Hungary, for example, has urgent need of the sugar and articles of manufacture which the Czechs supply, and the Czechs, in their turn, need wheat and cereals from Hungary. It is an absolute necessity, as soon as possible, to throw wide open those frontiers which have been closed up to the present.

Unfortunately, these new states, in the aftermath of a war where national feeling ran high, hate each other, are jealous of each other, fear each other. The Czechs claim that the Hungarian authorities send Bolshevist agents into Slovakia in order to foment disorders. The accusation is possibly true, but in any case undesirables cannot be kept out of a country by closing the frontiers, for they are the very people who always find a way of eluding customs officers, the plain-clothes men, and the police. Only honest folk are caught and punished.

In order to go from Prague to Budapest I was forced to go by way of the Danube, after the fashion of two centuries ago. As a protest against the "white peril," which they insisted still threatened at Budapest, the Austrian socialists, by invitation of the international committees, had determined on boycotting Hungary and had completely interrupted all traffic between Vienna and Budapest. I went to Bratislava to take the boat. Bratislava is the Czech name for the city

The most strikingly original feature of Prague is the "Hradchany," an acropolis of towers, churches, and palaces dominating the city.—Page 84.

which in German is called Presbourg and in Hungarian Poszony. I must inform my readers, once for all, that in the countries of central Europe any self-respecting town has at least three names, sometimes more but never less than three—German, Hungarian, and Czech—perhaps Serbian or Roumanian.

Bratislava has been occupied by the Czechs since the armistice. The surrounding country is peopled by Slovakians, but the city is entirely Magyar or German. This division of the population is seen pretty much all over Slovakia, where the rural districts have remained Slav while the cities have been almost entirely "Magyarisées." As it was impossible to separate them, the government of Prague, in order to keep the country, has been obliged to annex the cities too.

The Czechs clung tenaciously to the possession of the port of Bratislava, since it was for them a most desirable outlet. Their occupation of the city has brought great prosperity to it. Public works of considerable importance are being put through. In order to establish themselves firmly in this port and to hold the banks of the Danube for a sufficient distance, they have been obliged to annex certain districts entirely settled by Magyars, another reason, according to many, for a Hungary Irredenta.

The trip from Bratislava to Budapest, which formerly took but three or four hours, now consumes a whole day. But the journey is far from being a tedious one. On the boat, which is comfortable enough, there is an extraordinary mixture of peoples—Germans, Austrians, Czechs,

Hungarians, Serbians, Roumanians, Levantines, etc.

Budapest, where I spent several days, has the appearance of being crushed by the defeat—an overwhelming one, it must be acknowledged. Hungary has lost about two-thirds of her population and her territory.

I had often visited Budapest before the war, and on going back I found again many of my friends. Socially there are no people more sympathetic, more captivating than the Hungarians. Politically they have, for half a century, completely identified their cause with that of Germany and they are chiefly responsible for the catastrophes which have caused the overthrow of Austria-Hungary. But order has been re-established, and the country is recovering little by little from the terrible shocks it has experienced. Budapest, besides the horrors of war, has known not only the calamity of Bolshevism but that of foreign occupation, the Roumanians having been quartered there for several months. The mailed fist of Admiral Horty has, however, completely crushed all Bolshevist tendencies.

After the accounts I heard of the "white peril" I expected to find Budapest a very greatly agitated city. Not so at all. The stories of reprisals, of demonstrations against the Jews must have been grossly exaggerated, I imagine. The Hungarians have a well-known saying: "Tread on a Jew's toe at Munkacs and you can hear him holler in New York!"

The truth of the matter is that the officers who, after the departure of the Roumanian army, were deputed to maintain order in the capital, were now and then guilty of mistreating the Jews. They were absolutely in the wrong, of course, but the prime minister, Count Téléki, with whom I discussed the matter, assured me that the strictest orders have been given to prevent a renewal of the outrages. Those orders have been obeyed.

Hungary is as surely, as infallibly, on the way to a restoration of the monarchy as the Danube is to the Black Sea. It is only necessary to spend a few days, or even a few hours, at Budapest to be convinced of it. Every one talks openly of the return of the King, just as though it were going to take place to-morrow. The only thing that keeps it from happening, besides the fear of international complications, is the uncertainty as to just who will be the future sovereign. The two most likely candidates are the ex-Emperor Charles, who is living in Switzerland at present, and the Archduke Joseph.

The ex-Emperor Charles is the legitimist representative. He was crowned King of Hungary at Presbourg (Bratislava) and he has never abdicated the throne of Hungary. He is therefore considered the rightful King, by the Magyars, who are essentially a law-abiding people, very greatly attached to the spirit and even the letter of their constitution. Charles is backed by the highest aristocracy, which still wields a powerful, if not preponderant, influence in Hungary. On the other hand, the middle class and the lower middle class, the peasants and especially the laboring classes in the cities, are anything but enthusiastic about him. From what observers of the situation have told me, I should judge that his restoration would infallibly bring about grave disorders, violent protests from the socialists, and, possibly, civil war.

It is probable, moreover, that the triumphal entry of the former ex-Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary into Budapest would cause friction with the neighboring states of Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, and Serbia.

The Archduke Joseph belongs to a Hapsburg family which has been established in Hungary for four generations, and which has become, in consequence, almost entirely Hungarian. He is a descendant of the palatine archdukes who represented the imperial family in Hungary. He speaks Hungarian, of course, as his native tongue. Having had a command in the army during the war, he became fairly popular with the men, especially with the Magyars, in whom he interested himself particularly, and whom he visited in the trenches.

Through a friend who is in the full confidence of the archduke I easily obtained an audience, and passed more than an hour in conversation with him in the magnificent palace he owns at Buda, next to the royal palace, and facing the residence of the President of the Council. At

the entrance there was a military guard and an ordnance officer in uniform came to receive me, which shows that the present government of Hungary confers the same honors upon the archduke that were formerly rendered him.

The archduke is a man of fifty, robust, vigorous, and well set up. He speaks French extremely well. Before the war it was his custom every year or so to make a trip to northern Africa, to Algeria and Tunis, which, he told me, were his favorite countries.

What struck me most about the Archduke was his moderation, his poise, his good sense. Ardent Hungarian patriot that he is, like the rest of the Magyars, he refuses to resign himself to the consequences of defeat. But, on the other hand, he realizes that in the present state of things Hungary is not in a position to modify the treaty and will not be for a long time to come. There remains, then, but one course only for her to follow—build herself up, get back to work, and wait. In order to pursue this sensible policy and to improve her economic situation so seriously threatened, "Hungary," said the Archduke, "counts on the support of the Entente, and, above all, on France, more interested than any other power that order be re-established in central Europe."

Concerning the domestic policy, which he follows with an attentive eye, the Archduke made many wise observations to me. For example, he is in favor of dividing up the big estates, of parcelling out the land among the peasants. "I am ready," he told me, "to set the example and to divide my property among my farmers."

I did not hesitate to broach that topic of burning interest—the restoration of the monarchy. Although I am not at liberty to repeat all that the Archduke said to me on that head, he nevertheless gave me clearly to understand that if the throne were offered to him by a majority of the Hungarians he would not refuse it, but on one condition always—that his accession to power should have the approval of the great powers, especially of England and France. "Without the formal consent of England and of France," declared the Archduke to me, "I will not accept."

The Archduke Joseph married a Bavarian princess by whom he has several children, one of them a son. He has close relations with the former reigning family of Bavaria. There also, as in Hungary, the restoration of the monarchy will probably come, even if not in the immediate future. The Bavarians have remained very devoted to their prince. While at Munich there was pointed out to me in one of the principal streets a man, poorly dressed, before whom every one bowed with the utmost respect. It was the old King, who, in humble guise, walks the streets of his capital every day, marking time until he reascends the throne. In this regard Bavaria greatly resembles Hungary; only the fear of socialist disorders, of uprisings among the people of the cities, delays the restoration of the Wittelsbachs.

I left Budapest for the extreme eastern part of Czecho-Slovakia. A day's journey by train brought me to the frontier railway station of Sateralja-Ujhély. Since I could not make connection, I was forced to pass the night in that small locality, sleep in an impossible inn, and make acquaintance with most of the insects of central Europe. At break of day the next morning I crossed the frontier, where a military automobile was waiting for me, sent by the French general, Paris, in command of a division in Ruthenia, and I was motored to Ujorod (in Magyar, Ungvar), capital of Ruthenia.

By the treaty of Saint Germain, Ruthenia, formerly a part of Hungary, has been assigned to Czecho-Slovakia, who has pledged herself to grant a liberal autonomy to this province. The Ruthenians, who appeared, shortly after the Magyar invader, in the foothills of the Carpathians, just where the immense Hungarian plain begins to stretch out, are of the same race and speak the same language as the "little Russians," or Ukrainians. They profess the "Uniate" religion, which constitutes, in a way, a link between the Catholic and Orthodox or Greek religions. Their priests, who have the right to marry, and their bishop, are subject to Rome; but in many details the religion resembles exactly the Greek church. For example, the altar where the priest officiates is hidden from the

view of the faithful, as in the Orthodox faith.

The Ruthenians are a mountain people, primitive, near to nature, to whom their Magyar masters were not over-anxious to bring civilization and progress.

The French general, Paris, in command of the army division, is instructed to maintain order in the province—the essential thing for the present.

The government of Prague has vested the administrative powers of Ruthenia in a governor who is a Ruthenian by birth, an American citizen by naturalization, and a lawyer of Pittsburgh by choice—M. Jatkovitch. It is certainly not one of the least astonishing of the paradoxes that confront us in these days to find in the remotest part of the Carpathians an American lawyer, citizen of Pittsburgh, appointed to administer public affairs and prepare constitutional reforms for a people as uncivilized, as almost savage, as the Ruthenians. I paid a visit to Jatkovitch, who left his native country when very young, but who has kept in close touch with it and speaks the language. He explained to me at length the programme which, in complete accord with the government of Prague, he proposes to carry through. As soon as circumstances permit the Ruthenians will be called upon to elect a provincial diet, a little parliament, which will occupy itself with all sorts of local questions; for the settlement of larger issues deputies will be sent to the Parliament of Prague.

The principal difficulty of the Ruthenians is to find men to fill the political and administrative offices. This difficulty is encountered everywhere in Slovakia, however, the Hungarians having, up to the present, exercised all political powers, and prevented the people, whether Ruthenians or Slavs, from participating in any way in public life. It is obvious that an administrative personnel cannot be created overnight. I asked M. Jatkovitch how he expected to solve this difficulty. "We will solve it," he replied, "we will find the men. We have already gotten hold of a certain number."

On this hopeful note I left him, he adding, as I did so, that as soon as the provincial diet met he would consider his work finished and would retire.

I left Ujorod for Munkacs, a most curious city, a sort of Jewish metropolis. As a matter of fact, the Jews constitute more than three-fourths of the population. These Jews are the Simon-pure variety, just as they came from Galicia, wearing the ritualistic corkscrew curls on each side of the face, the long redingote, and the dirty caftan or fur-lined top-coat. One sees them everywhere in the streets, gesticulating forcibly, the hand outstretched as though counting on the fingers, faces animated, apparently given over to interminable business transactions. It is as though an open-air stock exchange were being held from morning until night. The war, which ruined so many people, brought wealth to the Jews of Ruthenia. They are gradually making a profitable monopoly of the money-exchange business. Heaven is witness that there are any number of different moneys circulating in central Europe: the Slovakian crown piece, the Hungarian crown, the Roumanian lei, etc. At the least change of locality one has to fill one's pockets with dirty bills, which, except small Slovakian bank-notes, have no value. The rate of exchange on these different notes varies continually and always to the advantage of the Jews of the country!

Besides money exchange, there is the traffic in passports, and especially in contraband, for nature, pitiful toward human errors, fortunately takes upon herself to supply the remedy for the evil. When leaders and legislators make absurd rules and regulations, those who are to enforce them almost inevitably find themselves obliged to violate them. Thanks to the Jews of Ruthenia and Slovakia, the frontiers are less hermetically closed than the powers at Prague and Budapest would like to see them. Since the frontier extends over hundreds and thousands of kilometres, there is not a large enough number of customs officers and police to effectively guard it at every point. However, the Jew understands perfectly how to fool the customs officer and the police, and sometimes, if not always, with the consent of the latter, who finds it to his advantage to let himself be fooled. The manufacture of false passports and permits for imports flourishes at Munkacs and Ujorod. There is a fixed tariff for

all these counterfeit documents. Two hundred crowns, for example, will buy you a passport, forged in every particular, that will permit you to go to Hungary; for twice that sum you can get an authentic passport wherein only the name of the person to whom it was issued has been changed, etc., etc.

Thanks to the Jews, who play the part of Providence after a fashion, there is some sort of communication between the countries which yesterday were one but to-day are separate, and which cannot subsist one without the other. For example, Ruthenia, which is a mountainous, unfertile country, produces only wood, and is absolutely economically dependent on the Hungarian plain, toward which all the rivers and streams flow. Only think! between Munkacs and Prague, the far-off capital, there is a distance greater than between Prague and Paris!

To return to Ujorod, I made a long detour across the mountains, as far as the range of the Carpathians, which separate Ruthenia from the Galician side. The country is very beautiful, and covered with immense forests. One estate alone, that of Count Schönborn, at whose hunting-lodge I was entertained, covers about sixty thousand acres. These forests, on the whole, are fairly well exploited for mercantile purposes. In the valleys there are little railways, but the gauge is too narrow to permit of the transportation of the timber. Hungary is the only market for the wood, which is sent down by the waterways—a much cheaper method of transportation than the railroad. There is absolutely no way of get-

The Moldava and its bridges, Prague.

ting it into Bohemia, herself rich in forest lands, moreover. This is another reason for the opening of the frontiers.

On our way we ran across many groups of peasants, who, arrayed in all their best finery, their most picturesque and brilliant costumes, were going to the nearest town. At the head of the procession marched two young girls, holding a banner of the Virgin, and after them the women and then the men. Both men and women walked barefoot, singing hymns as they marched. The "Uniate" church, like the Orthodox church, has a great many religious festivals and pilgrimages. In one of these pilgrimages the peasants ruled over by M. Jatkovitch, lawyer of Pittsburgh, governor of Ruthenia, walked barefoot, for whole days at a time, behind the banner of the Virgin.

I went by automobile from Ujorod to Kosicé (in Hungarian Kassa, German Kaschau). All the villages through which I passed are Slovakian, but the city of Kosicé is almost entirely peopled by Jews and Hungarians. In the very beautiful cathedral is the tomb of Rakokcy, the celebrated Magyar patriot, who, after an adventurous career, during which he fought against Austria, lived at the court of Louis XIV and died at Rodosto on the shores of the Sea of Marmora.

Hungarian national feeling runs high in Kosicé. The Magyars are continually making public demonstrations, displaying their national banners, wearing the native costumes, and singing the national air, "le Kossuth Lajos." To hold this country the Czechs need a strong government. Unfortunately they lack the right sort of officials. This question of public officials is one that gives the Czech authorities the most trouble. In Slovakia there is only a very insufficient staff of public employees, so that they are obliged to send from Bohemia anybody they can lay their hands on, and it stands to reason that they are often far from being efficient. These mediocre functionaries, exiled to a country with which they are unfamiliar, make blunders, which jeopardize the amicable relations between the Czechs and the Slovakians. Much time and tact and, especially, much attention on the part of the authorities at Prague, are needed to remedy this state of affairs.

In Central Slovakia there is a prelate who is enormously popular. It is Monseigneur Blaha, Bishop of Spiské-Podhradié. He was kind enough to invite me to go to see him and took the pains to send an automobile for me at Kosicé. No visit ever made a more profound impression upon me. The bishops of Hungary before the war lived like feudal princes. They belonged, for the most part, to the great families of the aristocracy, possessed enormous revenues, lived in sumptuous châteaux, surrounded by a large "chapter" of abbots and canons, rode horseback, and hunted the hare, the fox, and the deer. Monseigneur Blaha, Slovakian by birth and devoted to his country's cause, is the first bishop, not a Magyar, to be named in Slovakia. He is a man of barely fifty, strong and vigorous, with a finely shaped head and classic profile.

Not far from an old fortress which rises above a precipitous peak and dominates the valley from afar like a city of the Middle Ages, stand the cathedral, the residence of the canons, and the bishop's palace. Monseigneur Blaha received me with great cordiality. A magnum of admirable Tokay wine—product of the bishop's own vineyards—was opened in my honor. When we had finished it and smoked several cigarettes, Monseigneur Blaha took me for a motor ride through the surrounding country, which is extremely quaint and picturesque.

For several centuries a number of German communities have existed on these rocky spurs of the Carpathians; they are the little Saxon cities of the canton of Zips. In the architecture and arrangement of the houses and churches, and in the appearance of the inhabitants, these places differ noticeably from the Hungarian and Slovakian towns. But these German cities in an alien land have almost entirely lost their national characteristics. Curiously enough, German communities, once they are cut off from contact with the mother country, quickly become denationalized. This fact can be frequently observed in old Hungary.

Just at the close of the day a range of very high mountains, like an impassable barrier, suddenly appeared before us. They were the lofty Tatra Mountains, which seem even higher than they are, be-

Prague—Statue of John Huss on the "Place de l'Hôtel de Ville."

cause they rise so suddenly and so unexpectedly from the plateau. Magnificent pine forests, prairies, the roar of waterfalls—and suddenly our motor stopped before the entrance of a very large hotel, a place brilliantly lighted, humming with an animated crowd of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress. The bishop and I passed through the fashionable throng on our way to a table in the restaurant, and Monseigneur Blaha was as much at ease, as dignified, as though he were walking down his cathedral aisle at the head of his clerics.

Monseigneur Blaha has rendered incalculable services to the government of Prague. The religious question between the Czechs and the Slovakians might easily have become an apple of discord. Slovakia is fundamentally religious, and docilely attached to her clergy, her priests and her bishop, who, for the most part, having been educated in Magyar seminaries and appointed by the Hungarian Government, are openly Magyar in sympathies. The Czech, on the contrary, is a freethinker; the clergy of Bohemia have little influence. The slightest false move on the part of the government at Prague, therefore, will precipitate a split between the Czechs and the Slovakians. But Monseigneur Blaha is there to bridge over such difficulties, and he will succeed in doing so.

I passed several days in the Tatra Mountains and returned, after a long trip by motor, to Bratislava, the point from which I had started on my travels. From there I left for Vienna.

I have called attention, in the course of my journey, to the principal difficulties

which the new state of Czecho-Slovakia is encountering. These difficulties are assuredly very great, but the government of Prague, administered by intelligent, energetic, and experienced men, is sufficiently strong to overcome them. But, even when these domestic problems shall have been solved, the task of the government will be far from finished. The same thing is going on in the other states of central Europe—in Austria, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania. It is indispensable that, in default of amicable political agreements, these states should at least throw open their frontiers and form advantageous economic relations with each other. Central Europe will soon find herself in a position where it will be impossible for her to exist economically. But we must not cherish any illusions in regard to this matter. All these countries of central Europe, the newly formed ones as well as the old, if left to themselves will be loath to take any decisive step to end this unfortunate state of affairs. To decide them definitely to do so, they will have need of advice, support, and, upon occasion, strong pressure from the great occidental powers, especially England and France.

A SONG AT LEAVETAKING

By Clare Giffin

Voyagers and merchantmen, you who sailed seas over
In desire of new lands and marvels yet to find,
Had you ever fear at heart of what you might discover?
Cast you ever wistful looks at all you left behind?

When you saw the last of shore, the dim blue line, slow-sinking,
When you looked before you, where the first low fog-wreaths curled,
Were they all of joyous deeds, the thoughts that you were thinking,
Were they all of wondrous things in some new wondrous world?

Surely there were times for you when seas seemed drear to wander,
When the thought of some wide hearth, some long lane summer-green,
Took your heart with love of it, and made you pause and ponder
Why you left the dear known things for perilous dreams unseen!

Surely, too, you looked before and watched the gray gulls flying
Straight into the sunset's heart, flushed red and bright with gold—
Saw, and wondered, and grew chill to watch the color dying,
Fading into gray and dusk where'er the fog-bank rolled.

—Scarlet, gold, and heaven's blue, and white and green of ocean,
All the colors fading into darkness of the night—
Still you felt the westward heave and knew your vessel's motion
Took you forward through the dark to reach an unknown light.

Where you went you knew not, and each day brought its wonder—
Strange new creatures in the deep and strange stars in the sky—
With your world grown strange to you, around, above and under,
Did you shrink from what might come ere all your voyage was by?

Voyagers and merchantmen, you who sailed seas over,
If your hearts grew cold sometimes at change of sea and sky,
Say a little prayer for me, each happy-resting rover,
For I, too, have a voyage to make—and of your blood am I!

SHADOW

By Lyman Bryson

Illustrations by C. Le Roy Baldridge

WESTERN newspaper offices are not impressive places, and in those days we ran what was not much more than a print-shop. We were down in the old four-story wooden shack on Twelfth Street. Armadillo had not come in for its big boom and we had not put up this palatial example of American-Texas-Renaissance which we now inhabit. We are glad of the change into this building, of course, although some of us do question the need for a palace, and wonder how fitting the marble pile is for its Western town corner, where it fronts a dry and even horizon and suffers the fate of having its message of Old World beauty somewhat clogged up with dust. In the old days we were still there on the hottest corner in town and my office was in the hottest corner of the building. Sunlight used to come into that little room so thickly that there was scarcely space for anything else—that is, anything except alkali dust; we had that always, everywhere.

My first acquaintance with Thompson was accomplished informally in that little room. I was probably hunched down over my desk, scribbling an editorial on the national tariff policy, or something else equally remote from Armadillo and matters which I understood. He made his presence felt by getting between me and part of that solid flood of sunlight. There were no office boys to keep visitors away, and he walked in silently, as no man should enter the office of a stranger.

There was nothing sinister or repellent about him, in that first glance at least. He seemed rather a good-looking Easterner, slim, too well-dressed, with a coolness of manner which was almost a total disregard of the torrid sunlight and the drifting alkali. He looked at me calmly and I asked what I could do for him.

"We might shake hands first," he said, without too much of a smile. "My name is Atlee Thompson." He handed me a card.

He was, his card informed me, a circulation-promoter. Twenty years of small-town newspaper-owning had not made me eager for itinerant experts who break into your office and suggest that you put out a special edition of some kind or other. They usually have some "anniversary" scheme or a voting contest which they assure you will build up interest in your paper to an unhealthy degree. You know the reaction is sure to come after the excitement is over.

But Mr. Atlee Thompson was the suavest one I ever met. I could believe him when he said he had been a circulation-manager for a syndicate of small dailies in Pennsylvania. And I was hard up, too; so when he began talking of a modest little scheme to sell space at high rates to all the big men in town and give them puffy little write-ups in a "commemoration" edition, I hadn't the strength not to listen. When I asked him to put his proposition into exact figures, I knew that he had hooked me.

I turned my attention back to my tariff editorial when he said he would be around again next day and I thought he was going. But he stood there before one of my dusty windows, looking out into the thick sunlight curiously. He turned around and disturbed me in a gentle, silk-smooth voice. "I beg your pardon," he said; "it's an impertinent question, but as a newspaper man you ought to know everybody, and I— Could you tell me the name of that lady in white, walking north on the other side of the street?"

I remember noticing that a sharp tooth in the corner of his mouth had caught his thin lower lip as he turned. It gave him a peculiarly concerned and thoughtful expression.

"That is Mrs. Sumner. Ellery Sumner, her husband, is an attorney here."

"Thank you." He watched her for a

moment intently, demonstrating his extraordinary coolness, as he gave no heed to the beating light upon his sleek, black hair and smooth forehead. Then he walked out.

Mrs. Ellery Sumner was a figure to catch a stranger's eye in Armadillo. She had been living in our town for five years and had never gone back to the Eastern city from which she had come, but she had kept, in every line of her hats and dresses, the air of an Eastern street. No other woman in town could look as she did, and no one had a mistaken notion that she could. Even her husband, who was much older but had something of the same grace, adapted himself more to our ways than she. It was not a pose of pride on her part—in fact, we enjoyed a rare pride of our own in having her with us, and the women in town were glad to follow her leadership. She embodied for them an air which they hoped to attain some time and for which they accepted a model gratefully.

When the Sumners first came to town I wondered why they had come to Armadillo and why she never went back. Sumner was a good lawyer, although that made little difference, since they had plenty of money. She never spoke of her former home. I have known others like that, natives of the East, bred and groomed in every instinct and ideal for life in the East, who may be found exiled in little Western towns where no one from Philadelphia—or Boston—is likely to wander. Sometimes these exiles who never talk about their homes are discontent and fret out their lives against our crudities and simplicities and our alkali sunshine. But the Sumners never fretted; Armadillo had been for them, it seemed, more of a refuge than a punishment.

Sumner had made me his friend and I knew something of the even, unhurried happiness of their home. Mrs. Sumner had the kind of bravery which always appealed to me. She was brave enough to be gallant and fine in the face of our desert roughness and the chance of our misunderstanding, and I could see that she had, under her little airs of freedom and contentment, the most tremulous sort of sensitiveness. She cared desperately for our good opinion: watched us all, I'm sure, for the least break in our confidence or our admiration.

The stranger, Atlee Thompson, began at once to visit all the men in town who were important or thought they were important, and persuaded a number of them to pay exorbitant prices for pictures and fulsome sketches of themselves in our great "commemoration" edition. The worst of having a man whom you don't know, a too clever outsider, carrying on such business for you is that you never know what promises he may make to your customers. Thompson made me uncomfortable whether he was in the office planning his campaign or out on the street using my name and the name of my paper. I was not made happier by the realization that many of my old acquaintances, even some who had signed up for the special, looked at me inquiringly when we met. They were trying to figure out, I suppose, just what sort of a person I had tied myself up with.

He worked through the first part of the week, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Friday morning he did not appear at the office. About noon when I was just back from lunch he strolled in idly and I asked him what progress he had made for the day. "Oh, I don't work Fridays," he replied, as if that should have been expected. "I never work Fridays."

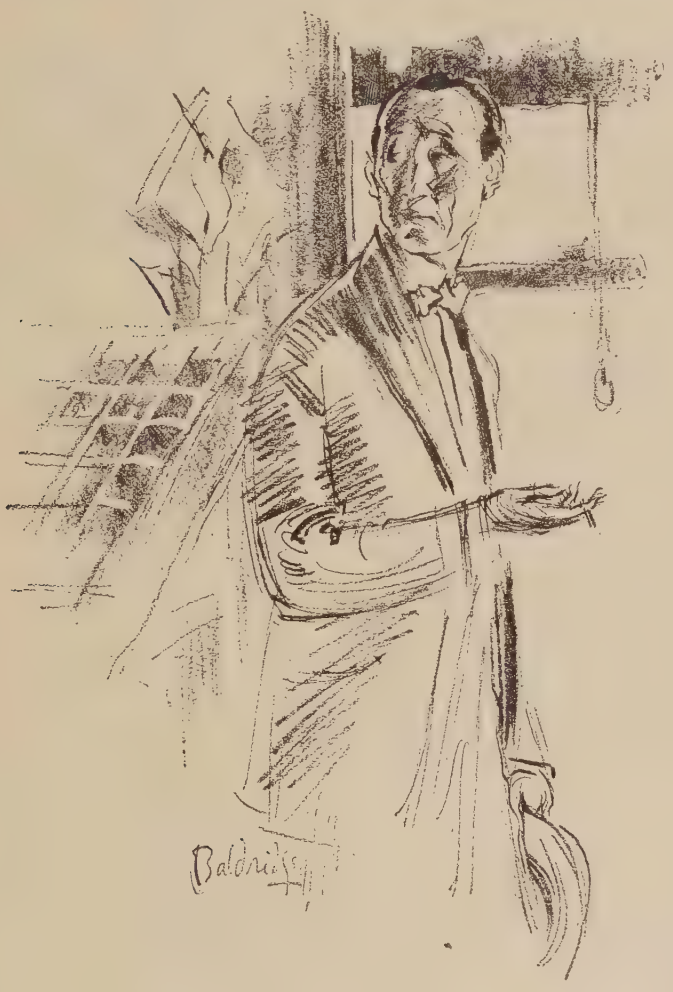
It made little difference to me whether he worked or not, but after that remark I watched him and I found that he regulated most of his activity by the most primitive sorts of superstition. He had the superstitious caution of the gambler or the born criminal. It was a queer alloy in the true and otherwise unmitigated metal of his chilly shrewdness.

But he did know how to do his work, and he made a great financial success of his scheme for both of us. We settled up without delay; my own bookkeeper had checked him at every turn so carefully that there was no chance for a difference. He was ready then to leave town.

Two days after that I met him walking on the street with Mrs. Sumner. At first glance it could be seen that he was the only man who had ever walked beside her on our hot streets who was not awkward

and crude in the necessary comparison. Sumner himself could not have matched her manner with the ease and assurance of this commercial mountebank. I was surprised, and probably my surprise did not look like pleasure. I got no more from either of them than a simple greeting, but I remember noticing that Mrs. Sumner's gray eyes sought mine quickly, and their eagerness seemed to be just that same desire to see a friendly confidence in my expression, as if my approval meant much to her. Probably that little trick of appeal to a man's judgment was half unconscious, a charm exercised carelessly. I am sure it was never insincerely used.

That was not the last time I saw them together. Thompson, as was soon evident, had no intention of hurrying from Armadillo. We were all rather amazed, I more than any one else, when he was established definitely in the community. He became a sort of secretary and office assistant to Ellery Sumner himself. Sumner was no longer in his prime and for several years had been failing slowly. He



"Could you tell me the name of that lady in white . . . ?"—Page 99.

must have been fifteen or twenty years older than his wife. She showed no signs of failing; with all her fine sensitiveness she was as vital and alive as she was graceful. But she could not share her strength with her husband, and he hired the clever Mr. Thompson to help him in his office. The mountebank may have been trained in the law; so far as that was concerned, I think probably he was—trained professionally and in sharp practice, too. Except for that queer strain of superstitious caution, which must have come to him in place of the moral decency of other men, he would have made a first-rate attorney. But Ellery Sumner needed no brilliant young casuist to steer his affairs for him. There were those in such a free-speaking town as ours who dared say it was worse than a business mistake, that it was a personal mistake; for Mrs. Sumner and Thompson walked together enough to be seen sooner or later by everybody.

I did not guess how complex and difficult the situation was until one day Thompson came to see me. He knew, doubtless, that I despised him, but he was not, like Mrs. Sumner, tremulous to hostility. He entered my office in the same unannounced, silent way that he had used the first time, slipping between me and the window and making his presence felt by the long shaft of blackness which the sun projected from his slim figure. He was as cool as always. "Just came in for a little talk," he remarked, and seated himself without an invitation from me, who owned the chair he sat in and wanted the space he occupied for thinking room.

"About what?"

"Nothing special. Since I have become a citizen of your town I think it is my duty to keep friendship with all the influential men."

I tried to make him uncomfortable by staring at him, but it didn't work. I was hot and found it necessary to wipe my face frequently. Since he was as debonair as a fresh breeze he didn't mind my staring. The realization of another's dislike, probably even the sight of another's tremendous suffering, could never have effect upon such a man. He is safe except from the enemy who has power to awake his imagination or stir his primitive fears.

"Besides"—he looked at me speculatively—"I have business. Mrs. Sumner wants to know if you can run this to-morrow." He handed me an entirely unimportant notice of a meeting of some kind, a notice which could have been sent over by an office boy.

"Is that all?"

"All my business, you mean? I suppose it is. Am I boring you?"

Before I could express my painful desire to see him depart he added: "Sorry if I am. Fact is, I was bored myself and wanted to talk to somebody. Nothing going on in our office; Sumner too ill. Mrs. Sumner has gone off to some party for women—only. It is one of my dull days." His speech was amazingly caddish and yet was delivered with a touch of bravado, almost boyish, almost engaging, and I could not answer.

"Queer, isn't it?" he continued, "that the Sumners should spend their time here when they might live anywhere they like."

I didn't answer that either.

"That is—queer—if true."

"If what is true?"

"That they can live wherever they want to."

"Well, they have plenty of money." He had got me to talking against my will.

"Oh—money." He shrugged and smiled.

At such a moment I should have met his shrewd innuendo with a shrewd pretense at stupidity, but I was not in a temper for diplomacy. "Ellery Sumner is a friend of mine," I said. "If you haven't enough decency to be his friend also, even when you are employed in his office, don't confide in me. As a matter of fact, there is probably nobody in Armadillo who cares what you think about the Sumners nor why they live in Armadillo, or thinks it is any of your business."

He smiled at my vehemence. "Oh, I'm a friend of the Sumners. I remember when they lived in Philadelphia." When he said that he caught his under-lip beneath a sharp tooth as I had seen him do before, and it gave him an expression of concern which veiled the venomous nature of his speech. I did not believe that he had been a friend of the Sumners in the East, but it was credible that he had

known something about them. He had been an observer in some capacity of that other life which they had sought to escape by coming into our obscure and hidden town. His knowledge made him swollen with power.

A man from the outer office entered then to tell me that a lady wished to see me and that she would come in. It was Mrs. Sumner. But she had not come to see me. She stood in the doorway, brave and fine, with a red spot on the whiteness of each cheek and a visible effort to control her heaving breath.

Thompson rose and bowed. "I spoke of you only a moment ago, Mrs. Sumner."

She hadn't glanced at me, but kept looking steadily at his cool, handsome eyes, and I could see that his greeting made her whiter for an instant. "I came to tell you—Mr. Sumner has decided to—your advice was best, we think, and we will carry out your original plan."

He dared to pretend that he was puzzled. Then he smiled. "Oh—you mean in the matter we were discussing this morning. To be sure, I thought you would see it my way."

She turned toward me then and I could see a look of relief that made my heart sick. "Do come and see us, Mr. Crosby," she said; "you haven't been near us for months."

I did the only thing possible. I discussed my social delinquencies at length until she essayed an unhappy little smile and they walked out of the office together. She had defeated him that time, had kept him from his attempt at telling whatever secret his vile soul held, but it was by a desperate concession at which I could only guess. His game was evident enough to me then, but my knowing didn't help any. If I had been certain that he was holding his threats over Sumner too, as well as over her, I could have offered my counsel and would have found a way to hush him. But there was no way of knowing that Sumner himself was not the very man who would have been most shocked by my suspicions. To have offered help directly to Mrs. Sumner would have given her the worst sort of unhappiness. I couldn't let her think I supposed it possible that anything could be said against her. The surface and appearance of spotlessness must be preserved for us in Armadillo at all costs, and I was only one of the crowd. That was what she was fighting for; that was why she was acceding to the insidious tightening advance of Mr. Atlee Thompson.

The worst of it was, when they walked out together, after she had made her transparent explanation for arriving in my office at that hour, that she seemed much more than relieved over his willingness to go away with her in peace. Her manner was what it might have been if she had been walking beside a brother or a dear friend from whom she had been estranged, whom she no longer trusted, perhaps, but from whom she expected affection at least. It was a very dim notion of that in her attitude which upset me completely and made the whole thing seem so much more unreasonably tragic. For her to be a victim of the man's duplicity in more ways than one was intolerable.

Sumner's ill health grew upon him rapidly. He turned more and more of his business over to Thompson, trusting him, it seemed to me, because he was too sick and tired to care how things went. There was plenty of money anyway. We had a summer of such long-drawn heat and drought that the very milk of human kindness seemed dried out of Armadillo people. Thompson kept a plausible standing in the community, but there were some drought-hardened neighbors who said that Sumner would promote happiness all around and save himself a fearful awakening if he didn't get well. It did no good to protest against remarks like that.

In August Sumner gave up his struggle against the wind that was like a fire. He was buried in our treeless graveyard east of town, under a pitiless sunlight which made the black of his coffin old and rusty as we watched it put into the earth.

Mrs. Sumner, silent, hidden under her veil, looking a sort of courageous misery as she stood in the dust and daylight, spoke to no one on that day or for several days after. At the end of two weeks I presumed to go to her house one night, thinking I might help somehow. We talked, the widow and I, about ordinary things in a calm way for an hour. Sitting

five or six feet away from me, unseen in the blackness of the porch shadow, she spoke in a listless, unanimated monotone. There seemed to be no body back of that voice.

The street down which I could see from my chair was bare of life and ghostly white in the moonlight. A block away coming suddenly into sight around a corner the figure of Thompson appeared. His shadow, preceding him along the sidewalk, seemed as much alive as he, it was so blackly distinct.

"Mrs. Sumner"—I had a moment or two before he could be with us—"do you trust my friendship?"

"I do," she answered. "I trust you absolutely."

"Then will you—" But she was already staring at me with such a tense resentment that I hesitated and stammered, afraid to go farther. Thompson and his shadow came on, his footsteps separately audible as they struck. The tense expression went out of her face. She clasped her hands tightly with interlaced fingers and pressed her knuckles against her lips.

"If you are my friend"—she shuddered and let her hands fall—"pray for me," she whispered. That was the astounding conclusion to the only attempt I ever made to go directly into her secret.

Serenely confident and secure in his own untroubled villainy, Thompson went about Armadillo like a gentleman. He was so smoothly quiet, so sure of himself, and so cunning in his efforts to avoid offense, that he put out the evil whispers which had been abroad a few months before. Ellery Sumner's memory slipped away from public attention like the memory of any other good man. Thompson and the slender widow were so much of a kind by themselves that it seemed to people no more than natural for them to be together. So they were most of the time.

A few more months and then there came to my office a formal notice that they were engaged to be married. There have been only two or three occasions in my life when I have been so surprised and so helpless. When I recovered speech and coherence, I called the Sumner residence over the telephone. Thompson's cool, polite voice answered. Mrs. Sumner was indisposed, he said, and asked for the message. When I insisted upon the personal nature of the call, he asked my name. Then—"Oh, it's you, Mr. Crosby. She'll be glad to speak to you, I'm sure. By the way, did you receive a note from my office to-day?"

"I did. That was why I called."

"You'll print that in to-morrow's paper, of course."

"I will not print it—to-morrow or any other day." That was the only answer I could make, and while I drew in my breath the instrument clicked off.

He came to see me next day, daring my anger, and stood sunning his sleek black hair in my window while I looked at him and refused to greet him.

"If you have any doubt as to the authenticity of that engagement notice," he said, "I advise you to refer the matter to Mrs. Sumner herself."

"Of course," I replied. "That was what I was trying to do yesterday."

"Then when you find it authentic you will be glad to congratulate me?"

I shook my head.

"Everybody else has been so cordial," was his remark in a gentle mildness of tone. "Every one has wished me the greatest happiness."

"I'll not wish you joy," I said, thick-voiced. "If you're engaged to Mrs. Sumner, respect for her will keep me from telling you what a hound I think you are, but I'll not wish you joy—nor will any other friend of Ellery Sumner—no, nor the memory of Ellery Sumner."

For the first time since I had known him he seemed for a moment disconcerted. "Thanks," he replied, with a dry twist to his lips. "I'm grateful to you and to Mr. Sumner." He hesitated and looked at me quizzically as if he suspected me of kindlier feelings than I had shown. "Do you know—I sometimes think—" He stopped and laughed uneasily and I could see that he had lost for more than the moment something of his cool assurance.

"Well," I urged, "go on!"

"I was about to confess a silly notion of mine, the merest folly." His face was entirely grave and quiet. "I sometimes think," he said, "that your friend Ellery Sumner is taking more interest in my affairs than he did before he was buried."

There were some drought-hardened neighbors who said that Sumner would promote happiness all round . . . if he didn't get well.—Page 103.

He recovered himself, laughed again, and departed.

It has been a theory of mine for many years, handed down to successive generations of cub reporters, that the best stories are those which are the hardest to believe. I have always thought I could never quite make another believe what I saw befall Atlee Thompson.

I printed the engagement notice when it came in a second time. Mrs. Sumner had added a note, asking that it be made public. People generally accepted the fact that Thompson was to inherit all the earthly estate and the earthly blessedness of Ellery Sumner. My loyalty was shaken then. I believed that she was making a hideous fight; that she was saving at the worst cost the good name without which life would have been intolerable to her. But I wondered if this final desperate step was necessary, or likely to win

her anything but greater misery and final tragedy.

As other months went by I saw nothing, heard nothing, learned nothing. The broad-verandaed house of the Sumner estate was a sepulchre, almost, silent and unvisited, dead to all who passed or gazed at its shut doors. They told me that once or twice the two were seen driving together; once I caught a glimpse of them on a distant street corner. They had withdrawn into a heated, unnatural world of their own, contending over issues which most of their good neighbors never glimpsed.

It was a night of uncommon heat and breathlessness even for our climate, not much more than a year after we had stood beside Sumner's dusty grave and watched the sunlight turn his sable coffin into trash. I was sitting in my own study, tired and drowsy, almost inert. The telephone rang.

The words were very faint and hurried. "Can you—witness—could—you come—" Nothing more. The voice was not unmistakable, but I thought of Mrs. Sumner in that big house at the other end of the street, half a mile away. She was there, perhaps alone with Thompson and frightened for the first time. I went blindly on the merest chance, and I am not sure even to this day that it was she who sent me the unintelligible call.

There was a faint light in the sitting-room of the Sumner house. It was probably a brace of candles, I thought. She was the only woman in Armadillo who would have had candles. I stood outside for a moment, hesitant, anxious, waiting as if for a greeting.

Then I heard a scream. It was not a woman's scream. It was the frightened, shrilling cry of a man.

The door must have been ajar, for I found myself inside the broad hall, standing still again, unable to decide whence had come the sound. The house was for a moment absolutely silent. There was one light at the other end of the hallway, a lamp which burned as steady and quiet as a ray of daylight. I heard a step, a soft footfall, which made me turn as quickly as I could. The person behind me was Mrs. Sumner. She stared at me distraught, without seeing me. She did not hear me when I spoke. At the second scared repetition of her name she opened her eyes wider, gasped, and fled.

In the room from which she had come I heard a scuffling as if men were in a struggle and I pushed through the portières. That was the room where the candles were burning. Its luxurious chairs were empty. There was no one, so far as I could see, in the apartment, but I heard the shuffling movement again and it drew my eyes into the dusk of one corner. Crouching there, his thin hands held before his face in a gesture of helpless effort at defense, was a slender man. It was scarcely possible to recognize in that dishevelled fugitive the man against whom I had come to fight.

He began talking to himself in a gibbering confusion, urging some one to leave him, to be assured that he would never betray a friend. I took a step toward him and he screamed twice, piercing shrieks which went through the house and the hot night. "For the love of God, Sumner." These coherent words I got in the stream he chattered at me.

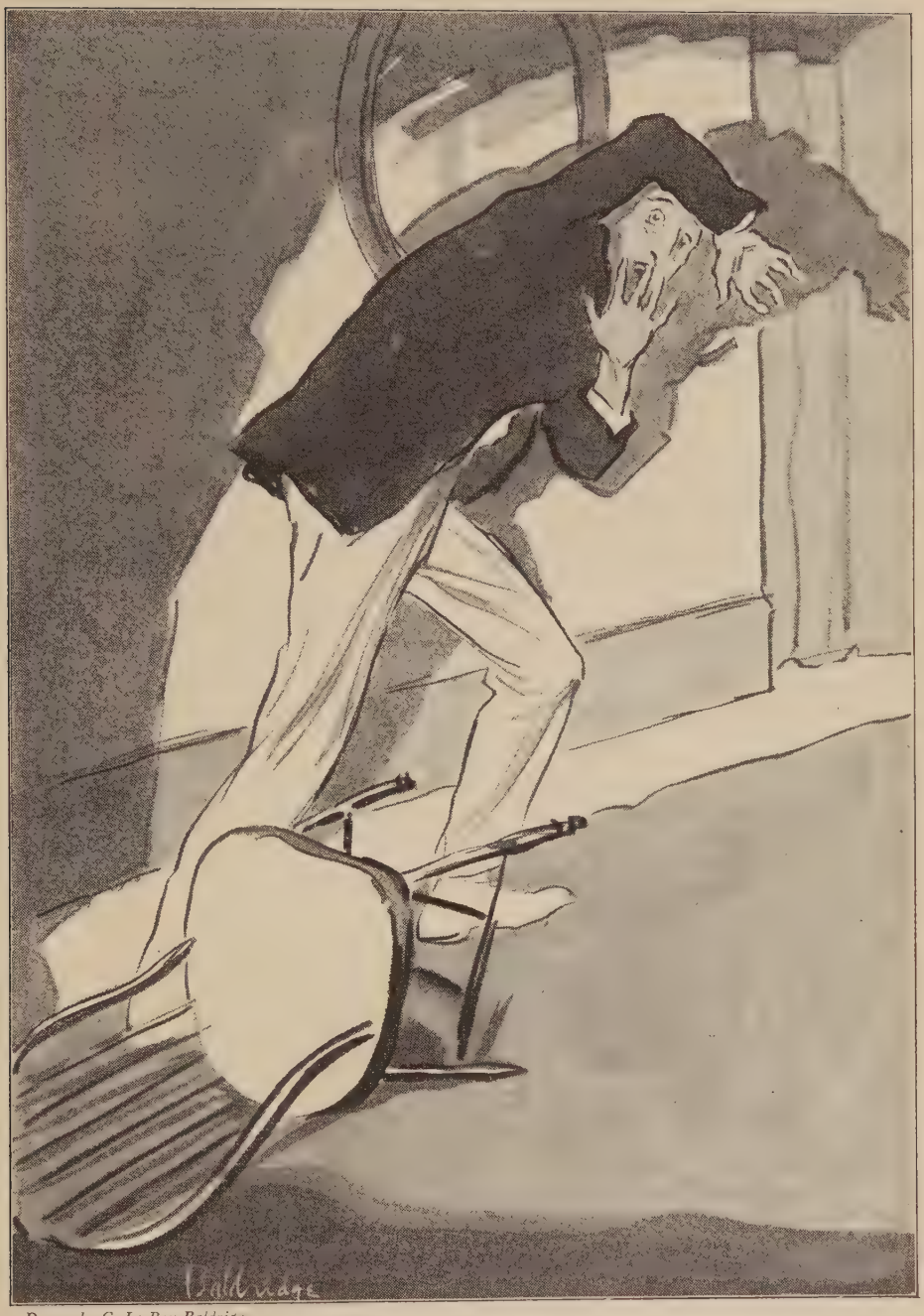
"I'm not Sumner." I tried to get closer to him, too much alarmed to think of finding a light stronger than the candle which might have revealed me more clearly. "I'm not Sumner; I'm Crosby, man. Sumner is not here."

"No. He's not here. He's dead." He said this with a sudden gusty release of his breath and straightened up abruptly, leaning his shoulders against the wall. "Of course he isn't here." He was looking at me, when he said that, with filmed eyes and a faint twitching smile which trembled for a moment on his bloodless mouth. Then he caught his under-lip beneath his sharp triangular tooth as he looked slightly anxious. "You're not here," he said.

"But I'm not—" I started toward him again and he covered his eyes with his hands, shuddering.

"Not gone yet—not gone." I moved and he screamed again. I dared not go nearer.

There was a clamoring at the door and two neighbors accompanied by a patrolman came into the hall. The patrolman and one of the neighbors knew me, and when I told them that Thompson was suf-



Drawn by C. Le Roy Baldridge.

"Not gone yet—not gone."—Page 106.

fering from some sort of hallucination, they took my word for it. Thompson followed the patrolman docilely away.

I went looking then for Mrs. Sumner. There was no one else in the house; servants had long since fled. Through the halls I tramped, calling, knocking at the closed doors, listening. On a second round of the bedroom corridor I heard a faint response. "It's Crosby out here, Mrs. Sumner—Mark Crosby."

There was a stir and she stood in the door, whitefaced but not frightened nor with the look of illusion I had feared to meet again. "Where is he?" she asked.

"They took him away."

"To the hospital?"

"I don't know."

"It should have been the hospital. He is very ill."

"But he said he saw——".

"Yes, I know. He has been—seeing for weeks. Worse and worse."

"But why?"

She looked at me with a simple, courageous trust in my understanding. "You did not pray for me, my friend, and I had to find some way."

She had found her own way. I never asked her how she had invoked the patient ghost of her dead husband, nor how she had driven anguished imaginings through Thompson's mind without losing her own. She had kept her secret and her honor, and I, who was probably the only person who ever suspected the story I've been trying to tell you, was glad.

It would have been better, I suppose, if I had told the patrolman to take Thompson to a hospital. As it was, they locked him up in the city prison. Finding himself behind bars, he raved and cursed. In two days his mind and memory were softened into imbecility.

But saving herself as she had from the tongues and slander of the neighbors in Armadillo took from Mrs. Sumner the last of her high courage. After a few months she closed her house and went back—back to Philadelphia, or wherever it was she had come from. Probably she went to face sneers and the long memories of good people who impotently hate the unfortunate. I know she met no cruelty more malignant than the evil she faced and punished in her own fashion when she was with us.

MADAME TICHEPIN

By Edward C. Venable

Illustration by O. F. Howard

THE bishop was uncommonly ill at ease in that little drawing-room, perched on the slippery satin surface of the chaise longue.

In the first place, he was not used to such unstable seats. People generally provided solid, four-square chairs and a usable back. He was that kind of a bishop. Sitting on the satin, he felt his physical insecurity invade his spirit like, he reflected, a sceptic slightly suspended over an abyss. He had come to thunder, not loudly, to be sure, but still just a trifle unmistakably to thunder; and perched so, even if all else had been befitting, which all else very markedly wasn't, he felt he could not. Forty-three years of ecclesiastical solidity in such matters had played the deuce with his sensibility. And there had been a time when he preached from soap-boxes.

And intermingled all the while was —well, not quite the consciousness, but the consciousness of the possibility that Madeleine understood his perplexities. She had been that sort of a girl. And so he was brought head-on against the main perplexity of the hour: What sort of woman was she? She assuredly could be called a woman now. One who was in

years twenty-three, in name, at least, "Madame Tichepin," who had loved, as even the most sceptical admitted she had, Tichepin, and had lost him, as all the world had been so thrillingly told, up there in the sunset in a blaze of glory, of fame, of victory, yes, such a one was a woman. But what sort?

There was no light to be had by looking at her. She was as she had always been; only, of course, swathed in that very heavy, that almost fantastic black, which he had nearly got accustomed to in three weeks of France. Her mouth, which was too large—her big, soft mouth—drooped just as of old in repose and curved just as charmingly into laughter; and she retained, even in her mourning, which was exquisite, that elusive art of always seeming just a little bit finer than her clothes. What a pity, he thought, as he looked at her and estimated her charm with that most unepiscopal sense of such values which gave him his power in the world—what a pity she had ever wished to paint! Because if she had not wished that she would never, never in the world have met Tichepin and would never have married him or run away with him or whatever it was, and she would have lived in New York instead of Paris, and she would have been—he remembered an old mocking refrain—"a little nearer than a daughter, a little dearer than a saint."

But none of these things were so; instead, she was standing before him "Madame Tichepin," in the little drawing-room in the Place des Etats-Unis, and, most unexpected of all, she was questioning him, whereas he had come, of course, to question her. He had been expressly bidden to do so by his wife, by almost every woman he knew in America, by not a few men, too. In fact, way down in his heart he knew it had been no small part of his own "mission" to France "to find out about Madeleine Foster."

And the question she had asked!

"Bishop Gryerson," she said, "do you believe in the resurrection of the dead?"

There was no tea-table, no cigarettes, no previous talk, except chit-chat, to break the awful directness of such a question. She asked it, sitting very straight up in a narrow gilt and brocade chair, of him slipping about on that abominable satin sofa.

Then suddenly the awfulness of it struck her, and she made a sort of an apology. "But really," she explained, "the clergy spend so much time protesting what they do not believe that one can hardly be quite sure of anything. Don't you think so?"

He did think so, and admitted it. And then, getting as nearly comfortable as he could be, seated as he was, he added: "But it isn't our fault. We are on the defensive. I say that quite frankly. I always do. The twentieth century has been to the rationalists. But what does that matter? A century in a struggle that is in all senses for eternity."

So saying, he stated, quite simply, in a pretty woman's sitting-room, the secret of his power in the church and in the world. There were a great many people who would have said that it was quite exactly the proper place for Bishop Gryerson's confession of any faith, and that any other place would have been inappropriate. A faint smile—provoking remembrance of such opinion—came to him as he glanced about the walls. He was getting old, he reflected. He felt truly how old when this child whom he had baptized, and whose entrance into his church his own hands had blessed, and who had gone such strange, far paths, turned toward him on her journey and called out that question about the end of it. The day was near, very near now, he felt, when the dear dream of his later years was to come true, and laying aside the responsibilities of his churchmanship he could slip back into the faith of his boyhood and have done forever with all argument and compromise.

By an impulse which he could never explain to himself, except by the discomfort of that satin-covered sofa, he suddenly began almost timidly to talk about it—this Sabine farm of orthodoxy. And he talked to Madeleine Foster, or Madeleine Tichepin—if she was that—the girl of whom New York was slyly repeating "Did you say Madeleine or Magdalen?"

And she listened. The long-schooled instinct of the public speaker taught him that even though he talked with less consciousness of his audience than ever before in his life—that struck him afterward as the most profoundly strange of all—she

had learned to listen. If that were true of all, reflected Bishop Gryerson, then the days of his labors were indeed nearer at an end than he had dreamed.

And it was so exactly what he had not come to talk about, so exactly what he had not come to do. He had come to shrive, and instead he had confessed. And such a confessional; a tiny little drawing-room with two great windows looking out on the Place, very gilt and faintly scented. He looked around at it all and smiled faintly.

"Yes, my dear, at seventy I shall say 'Now I lay me' as simply and as trustfully as at seven. Does that answer your question?"

"No," said Madame Tichepin; "to tell the truth, it doesn't."

The bishop sat down as gracefully as forty-three years of public speaking had taught him to do all such things.

"Then, Madeleine," he answered, "I am afraid I can't."

"But you can!" she cried. She leaned forward, and the tenseness of her voice, her clasped hands, robbed her words of any hint of brusqueness. "If you would only think of me instead of religion."

She paused and looked about her impatiently, as a man in a smoking-room might look for a match. On the table at her elbow was a large gilt lamp and next it a framed photograph. She took it up and handed it to him.

"Did you ever see a picture of him?" she asked.

He had very often. Indeed, he had seen this very photograph, for it was not a photograph of him—of Tichepin—but of Fabre's portrait of him; that one in his flying helmet with the chin-straps hanging loose and the heavy leather band close down over his eyes.

"I never married him," she went on. "Of course everybody wants to know that. I knew I never could when I went away with him. He has a wife somewhere floating around the ends of the world, so I went away with him. And you know what I was like, and I went away with him knowing I could never be anything but—with him. I saw him twice after that: once for three hours, once for four days. And now you tell me that in eternity, if I am very good, I shall some day meet 'face to face' a pale gray ghost which, purged of all his sins, was Tichepin. Three hours once, four days once, and then two sinless ghosts."

She took the picture from him, looked at it once, and placed it again on the table.

"Bishop," she said, "I differ from you. I don't believe in that meeting; not because it's impossible, not because it's improbable, but because it is so utterly useless."

The bishop sat silent. He looked somehow quite different now from the man who had spoken so timidly from the hearth-rug. He looked as he did when he preached his very best, his "broadest" sermon. "I am sorry," he said simply, "that it doesn't suit you, my dear, but I am afraid it's the best that can be offered you."

"Oh, no, it's not," she answered; "you overlook—the other place."

"It's a habit of the clergy," he apologized.

"There was a time when I thought of it a great deal," said Madame Tichepin—"flames, and flesh, and people as we knew them in their sins. It is better than two sinless ghosts, I thought, anyhow."

"Perhaps," said the bishop, "if it's the only alternative."

"Ah," said Madame Tichepin. For the first time she seemed to relax a little and she put out her finger-tips toward the little fire before them, a strange luxury that first peace winter in Paris. "It is the only alternative, isn't it?"

The bishop considered. "There are the table-rappers and all that sort of thing," he suggested.

"There are stranger things than that," said Madame Tichepin.

"Not for sane people," said the bishop sternly. "For sane people that is the limit."

"Who is sane?" she asked quickly. "Wasn't the whole world mad for four years? Do you think we have all got well again in four months?

"I sometimes think," she went on, "that there were things done in those four years that will never get well again; horrors, do you understand? that will lurk in the human consciousness for generations and generations."

Drawn by O. F. Howard.

He had come to shrive, and instead he had confessed.—Page 110.

She leaned toward the fire as if chilled, opening her hands wide. "Sometimes on the street I get a glimpse of a face that's remembering, thinking! You will often see them here in Paris. Look, and you will see. There will be children born who will look that way. It will be generations before we are all of us well again."

She spoke with the quiet lack of emphasis of one uttering old considered thoughts. What had she not considered, reflected the bishop as he looked at her, what possibilities, wild alternatives, mad contrivances? What a life to look back upon, to hold under the key of one's memory! What a life it would still be if only it could be ended with happiness! As he thought, watching her face intent upon the flames—the face still of a girl to him—a strange resolve seemed to take hold of him to do that.

It was a very strange feeling. He had all his life honestly labored to make people better—to save them from the consequences of their own wrong-doing—but he had never before simply wanted to make a person happy. He cared nothing for her "sin," nor for her "repentance," nor her faith. He wanted that human life that had been made clear to him so simply made a thing that was beautiful. And nothing but happiness could do that. For it to end this way in however bravely borne despair was to ruin it, make it hideous, tragic, awful. But to make it happy! To turn its grief, despair in the soul, its shame in the world, into the cherished possession of a mind at peace.

"I think," said the bishop to himself, "Christ must have felt like that."

"What are you saying?" asked Madame Tichepin.

"I think," he answered, "I was saying a sort of prayer."

"For me?"

"In the beginning for you. But at the end I rather think it was broader than that. And," he added, "I am considered a pretty broad prayer too, you know."

Madame Tichepin sat very straight up, looking at him with the half-startled look of a woman who is undecided whether to accept a compliment or rebuke an impertinence.

"Yes," the bishop continued, looking into the fire and not at her, "it was a good deal broader than that. You have never read Isaiah, of course; so few young girls have.

"'He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace is upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.'

"I was praying for 'him,' and he is you and all like you; all those who, as you say, will not be well again for generations and generations. The chastisement of our peace is yours, Madeleine, isn't it?"

"It's a very pretty phrase," said Madame Tichepin.

"It's a very great poem," said the bishop.

"Is it really in the Bible?" asked Madame Tichepin.

"I think so," said the bishop.

"If I didn't know," she said with a smile, "that you never advertise the Bible, I'd think you were trying to."

"I detest," said the bishop, "people who try to trade a human sorrow for a divine faith."

"I am sorry," she said, "that I suspected you of bargaining when you came."

"My dear," he answered, "when I came I had only one—that is, only one ulterior purpose—to find out if you had married Tichepin."

"And now you have found that out and still you linger," she suggested.

"That," said the bishop, "is partly because I love you very much and partly——"

He paused. The pause was so long that Madame Tichepin broke it.

"What was the other part?"

The bishop stirred uncomfortably on the cushions. "You see," he explained, "I have already taken one liberty in your drawing-room—I have prayed in it. I could hardly preach in it too."

"Suppose," suggested madame, "you try French and call it a salon. You can do anything in a salon—read epic poems and funeral orations."

The bishop got slowly to his feet. He was a big man, and he looked, standing in that little room, very much bigger than he actually was.

"That other part?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then, I stayed partly because I

love you very much and partly because I want to see your life rounded out into happiness, and I think I can help you do it."

She got up and put her hands so that they lay upon his shoulders. "My dear, dear friend," she said quickly in French, "the warmest blood that has touched my heart for a year ran through it when you said that."

"Ah, Madeleine," he exclaimed, "it is not your heart that suffers; it is not your heart that is lonely. In your heart you know that some day you will see him and love him again. In your heart he is no more than out of the room—gone upon a journey. Has your heart forsaken him? No, my child, it is your human reason that is numbed and stunned by grief. It is your reason that tells you he has gone forever, that he is lost. In your mind you have forsaken him. I say that it is the human in you that is false to him and the divine that is true, but, then, that is my business to say so. But what no one can deny is that your unhappiness is because you are heart and reason both—that you are not all one or all the other. Your heart cannot forsake him and your reason cannot accept him."

"I have heard all that before," said Madame Tichepin.

"My dear," he reminded her, "bishops are not supposed to say new things."

"There is no hand or heart or brain or faith or reason in grief. It is all one, all everything. And you can no more touch the grief of women like me by metaphysical distinctions than you can put out that fire with my scent spray."

"I don't wish to touch your grief. My religion is ridiculed as the 'Cult of Sorrow.' If I could affect your sorrow I would make it more intense, make you suffer until the conviction was burned in upon you that you were not suffering for the loss of a mortal man. My only fear for you is that you will not suffer so."

She moved away from him toward the table where the lamp stood and the photograph of Fabre's picture.

"No one certainly," she said, "ever said that to me before." She lifted her head and looked at him with a sort of a smile. "You are exceeding your rôle, monseigneur, you are saying new things."

"No," said the bishop, "they are as old as the things I talked about."

"I mean I never heard them before, then," said Madame Tichepin.

"A great many people," said the bishop, "are hearing them now for the first time."

"I suppose so," she answered absently. "That wave of orthodoxy that was to sweep over Europe after the war, and which hasn't arrived yet."

"Hasn't it?" asked the bishop. He glanced at his watch. "My dear lady, it is after six."

"What has that to do with what we were saying?" asked Madame Tichepin.

"That," he explained—"we have finished with all that."

"I see, 'Let us chat about eternity for a quarter of an hour,' " she suggested.

"Exactly." He put out his hand. "I shan't see you again. I go back in a week, and three days of that I am spending in the north."

"I was at the front once," said Madame Tichepin. "It was a month after peace began. Captain Malleterre, who was in his escadrille, took me. We went to the place where he was seen from last. It was a little hill in a very flat country. You could see for miles. It was sunset, too. His last fight was at sunset. They saw him whirling down, just a little black speck against the glow. The captain described it vividly. He was very kind. I think it was because I had never worried them any."

She rose. Her voice, which had been quiet and low, suddenly changed. "Don't go," she begged. "Not quite yet. Let me talk. There has never been any one but Malleterre that half-hour on the hill. And he could only talk of him as he knew him—what a great man he was. And it was his greatness that took him away from me."

She got hold of herself, and her voice steadied.

"I won't be silly, you know—too much. I am quite calm. It was more than a year ago, and I have got over all that now. It is only loneliness. But, oh, a loneliness that sometimes I feel I can't stand! That is why I am bitter when you talk of—your side of it. Faith, religion. It doesn't seem to have anything to do with

me. What can it give me that I want? The love that I had and haven't any more, the man I left everything for and now have lost too? Tell me, and tell it so I can repeat it to myself and believe it when I am alone. Can you do it?"

The simplest instincts of veracity urged him to answer simply and straightforwardly. And yet, though he was a truthful man, he hesitated. She was watching him as a child might watch some marvel-working magician across footlights. She wanted a miracle, a talisman that would ease her pain. And he hadn't any such thing; he had spent his life destroying them, preaching the virtues of light and faith and reason instead.

As if she saw his helplessness in his eyes she turned away and went over to the table and stood looking down with her shoulder to him. The gesture was almost petulant. The way to the door was quite open to him now.

"Madeleine," he said sharply, in exactly the tone he might have used to rebuke her bad manners.

She turned. It was probably the last sound she had expected his voice to give there.

"When I get back," he went on, "they —the people over there who know you— are going to ask me a great many questions, and many of them will be about you."

"I have told you what to tell them," she interrupted. "Tell them that I am Madame Tichepin only by courtesy of the French army."

He made an impatient gesture. "They know that already. They will want to know a great deal more."

"It is none of their affair," she said.

"But it is their affair," he explained. "When people do the things that you have done it is all the world's affair. Because, don't you see, you are the explorers of the world. You have gone into strange places and by strange ways, and all the rest of us can only learn of those places by what you bring back. You have loved a man who was a hero to the world in the way that as long as men live they will most want to be heroic. And you did it as fearlessly as he could have done it. You can't keep news like that from the world. It is too valuable. What they will want to know, and what I shall be compelled to tell them, is what you who have done it are like."

"You mean," she hesitated, "does it pay to marry Tichepin?"

He nodded. "Exactly."

"They will want to know," she went on, "whether——"

"Whether," he took the words away from her, "it was a bold adventure, or——"

"Or?" she demanded as he hesitated.

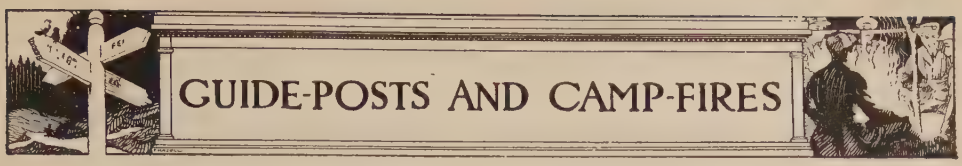
"Or is a great love. They won't say so. They will scarcely know themselves what they do mean—but that is it, isn't it?"

"What is it?"

"Is there nothing," he answered, "in your life but despair such as you have showed me? Is it all darkness, is there no hope, no light, no—well, the phrase is yours, I only repeat it— 'Does it pay to marry Tichepin?' "

She drew in her breath as if the words hurt her a little.

Later, in thinking it over as he liked to do, it seemed to him that first of all her face changed. It was the old Madeleine Foster who looked at him, the girl, all the womanhood vanished. Then came the color, flaming red against her black, rushing over her throat, and he could have fancied the heat of her blood flushed her eyes too—they glowed so. For one radiant, exquisite moment she had stood so. Then she had covered both eyes and face from him with her hands, and turned and run out of the room.



BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ON SAYING GOOD-BY

[THE TWELFTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

THE words consecrated by custom for use at meeting and at parting take on a certain formal quality by reason of their very sameness and oft repetition. For the most part they are but verbal gestures of politeness. We exchange them as mere tokens or counters of speech, without too curiously considering the metal whereof they are made, or their weight and value in the exact scales of reason.

On this ground some severe and haughty spirits affect to scorn them. Yet, after all, if they serve their purpose as signs of courtesy and friendliness in the quotidian come-and-go of life, why should we ask more of them? The greater, (though not the better,) part of our existence is composed of things whose general worth doth not depend upon their particular importance. They are of that "daily bread" which it behooves us to beseech with humility and accept with thankfulness. And believe me, reader, we digest it better without a careful computation of the calories which it contains, or a close count of the number of times we munch each morsel.

"Life is real, life is earnest," says the poet; and for that very reason, (being put together as we are of fatigable flesh and indefatigable spirit, in the proportion of a stack of fuel to a spark of flame,) our conduct of life should rightly have its large and fitting portion of things done easily and lightly, by routine, habit, and common consent.

Is the customary, the conventional, always to be despised? Shall a man always take the wrong side of the road only to prove himself original? After all the road hath but two sides, and he that taketh ever the wrong one, to show his liberal genius, is in the end as conventional a rogue as if he followed the harmless custom of the country. Nothing is more monotonous than a habitual irregularity.

I feel and admit the extraordinary attractions of change and novelty. No man can have more joy than I in a fresh adventure. Somewhat too much, indeed, of the experimental and venturesome there hath always been in my temperament, leading me often into situations from which it was difficult to emerge with credit and skin unbroken. Even now, many failures have not cured me of this fault.

But familiarity also hath its charm, and I count it good that life is impregnated with it. The regular ways, the rules of the game, the customs of courtesy, and the common phrases of colloquial speech, —these are pleasant things in their season, (which is daily,) and without them our existence would be wayward, rude, exhausting, and far less tolerable than it is.

So with the salutations we exchange as we meet and part on the highway or the foot-path of life: I find that a certain regularity and matter-of-course in them is not so much a defect, as a necessity, a wise and friendly concession to the limits of our inventive power. Meetings and partings are so common that their proper ritual must needs be of the commonplace. To make it otherwise would be to weave the plain family umbrella of cloth-of-gold.

What should we do if it were required of us to invent a new gesture of greeting every time we passed a lady of our acquaintance upon the street? Shall not the time-honored lifting of the hat suffice? You may give it a special flourish or grace-note, I admit, according to the beauty or dignity of the lady, or the degree of warmth in your regard for her.

But these are matters of subtle shading and gradation. The gesture remains the same: "Madam, I take off my hat to you." It is the homage of the civilized man to the eternal womanly.

Granted, then, that our perpetual business of coming and going must evolve its formulas of *ave atque vale*, hail and farewell. Granted that we use them by convention and habit. Granted that we say "How do you do?" without waiting for an answer, and "Good day" without looking at the sky. What does it matter? 'Tis not the bare meaning of the word that counts, but the spirit in which it is spoken: good will at meeting, good wishes at parting,—can you ask, or give, more?

Yet now and then something happens, inward or outward, to touch these familiar phrases with a finger-ray of light, so that we regard them more attentively, and reflect a while upon their origin and propriety. Maybe we would fain choose among the well-worn stock at our disposal that one greeting which hath most fitness to the moment and to our desire. Maybe we would fain lend to the mere syllables of farewell some special tone of kindness, comfort, or regret, to make it linger in the memory as a note of music in the air.

Three things of this kind have moved me in the choice of a theme for this essay. It is "the twelfth of twelve papers," and therefore of necessity a word of parting from a year-long occupation, and from the friendly readers, near and far, who have sat with me in spirit beside these camp-fires. Moreover, it belongs to the season of the year's decline and fall, that last of old December which must precede the first of new January; and though Charles Lamb calleth New Year's Day every man's second birthday, "the nativity of our common Adam," I note that his little essay on the subject, (true as his writing always is to the depth of human nature,) dwelleth more on the losses than on the gains of this anniversary. It is epicedial,—more of a farewell to the parting than a welcome to the coming guest,—and so is most poetry, ten times *vale*, to once *ave!* Finally, I find myself now upon that stage of life's journey wherein the milestones, as some one hath said, seem altered into gravestones,—at least by the evening light. Or, if that figure is too sombre for you, (and I confess in my own judgment it hath too cemeterial a shade for a whole truth,) then let me use a simpler metaphor and say: I have come so far along the way that I have surely more partings to remember than meetings to expect, on the terrestrial road. So, then, it is thrice natural at this time that I should write a little essay "on saying good-by."

I have often wondered why we have no parting word in English to express what we so clearly hear in other tongues,—the lively hope of meeting again. The Germans say *auf Wiedersehen*,—do you remember Lowell's lovely lyric with that title?—and the Italians, *a rivederci*, and the French, *au revoir*. All these are fitting and graceful words; they solace the daily separations of life with the pleasant promise that we shall see each other again, —*à bientôt*, the French say sometimes, as if to underline the wish that the next meeting may be soon.

Why should we be forced to use a foreign phrase for such a native feeling? Yet what English word is there that briefly and precisely utters this sentiment? The nearest to it is the modern slang *So long!* This comes, I fancy, from London; it is a bit of Cockney dialect. The dictionary of "Passing English of the Victorian Era," (suspicious title!) tells me that it is a corruption of the Jewish word "selah," used in the Whitechapel district as a form of good-by. Of this I have my doubts, both whether "selah" is used in that way, and whether it could be twisted into "so long." Salaam, or shalōm, the eastern salutation of peace, seems to me a more likely derivation. But why go so far afield? Have not the syllables *so long* in themselves a meaning, or at least a hint of meaning, that comes close to what we want? *So long* as we are parted may no harm befall you! Till we meet again, it will seem *so long!* I profess a liking for this child of the street who brings us what we need. I would take him in, adopt him, make him of the household. Has not his name been used already by Walt Whitman as the title of a good poem?

> "While the pleasure is yet at the full, I whisper, *So long!*
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The unknown sphere, more real than I dreamed, more direct, awakening rays about me—*So long!*"

The next time I have to bid good-by to a person not too dignified to be loved,—the next time I have to leave a scene or an edifice not too grandiose to be dear,—the next time, I am going to say, boldly and cheerfully, *So long!* and I care not who hears me,—even Brander Matthews himself!

It is a comfort that so many of our frequent partings in this sublunary sphere are temporary and carry with them the possibility of reunion. You shake hands regretfully with a good companion as you leave the ship,—you going east, he going west,—yet the world is small and round,—suddenly you and he turn a corner in Tokyo or Cairo, and there you are, gladly shaking hands again. You finish a task this year, and feel half lost as you let it go. But next year you shall find yourself busy with another task so like the first that you are sure it must be a reincarnation. You listen to some favorite actor or singer on a "farewell" tour, and sigh that you shall hear that voice no more. Yet it falls again upon your ear with the old, familiar cadence. I will not tell how many years ago I mourned at Mary Anderson's good-by to the stage. But it is less than four years since I crept out of hospital in London and saw her again in *Pygmalion and Galatea*, her face and form as magical, her liquid voice as entrancing as ever. Instead of "farewell" tours, let our well-beloved players give us "so long" tours,—with bright promise of return.

Of places, too, while we live there is ever this hope of another sight. I remember it was in the summer of 1888 that my lady Graygown and I bade farewell to Norway, not expecting to look upon those huge rounded mountains, green vales, and flashing waters again. Yet we saw them once more in the summer of 1916,—a most unlikely time,—the very heart and centre of the wild tempest of war. But the high hills of Voss gave back no echo of the world-tumult, and the swift-flowing Evanger had no tinge of crimson in its crystal current. Peace rested round our little wooden cottage in its old-fashioned garden, on the point between the rushing river and the placid lake.. Peace lay upon the far mountain-ridges, touched here and there with gleams of vanishing snow. Peace walked in the smooth, sloping meadows where the farmer-folk, prolonging pleasant labor late into the luminous night, hung the long racks of harvest with honey-scented hay. Peace floated in the air over the white rapids and translucent green pools of the stream where I cast the fly, and welcomed me walking home at midnight, carrying a brace of silver salmon, through the little square where the old villagers sat reading their newspapers by the lingering light of the northern sky and chatting

> "Of *new*, unhappy, far-off things
> And battles *yesterday*."

They gossiped also, I was sure, of homelier subjects,—

> "Familiar matter of to-day,—
> Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
> That has been, and may be again!"

Were they wrong, those ancient cronies, in taking their ease for an hour between ebbing daylight and rising dawn? And was I wrong to relish that peaceful fortnight of Norway revisited,—that steadying interval of quiet amid long months of strenuous duty on the very edge of war's black and bloody gulf? Nay then, if you blame me, reader, I must even bear your censure and contempt with the same philosophy which hath often helped me through life's hard places and bitter seasons. Rough is the road, and often dark; frequented by outlaws and sturdy beggars; encumbered with wrecks of goodly equipages, and bodies of wounded travellers; full of cripples, and weary folk who are ready to faint and fall, and overladen beasts and men, and little lost children. At every turn we meet some disappointment or grief; in the long level stretches there is blinding heat and dust; and in the steep high places, cold and solitude. It is no primrose path, but a way of trial and trouble,—yes, at times a very *via dolorosa*, a way of grief. And yet,—truth to tell,—are there not consolations and encouragements along the way? Resting-places like that house in Bethany where the Master found repose and love; wide and cheering outlooks from the brow of the hill, snug shelters in the bosom of the vale, camp-fires beneath the trees, wayside springs and fountains flowing among the rocks or trickling through the moss? Here will I stop, and stoop, and drink deep refreshment. Share with me!

Music and friendship and nature,—sleep and dreams and rested waking in the light of morn,—to these we say not good-by, but *so long!* They will always keep something for us, something to come back to; and if we are content with little, enough will be better than a feast.

Let us be honest with ourselves, and own that the return is never quite the same as the first experience. It may be more, it may be less, but it always has a shade of difference. One thing is surely lost, the touch of surprise,—

"The first fine careless rapture."

But by way of recompense there may come a deeper understanding, a more penetrating sympathy. It is so, I think, with great music. The third or fourth hearing of a noble symphony is perhaps the best. After that our delight varies, rising or falling with our mood, or with the outward circumstances. It is so with our best-beloved books,—companionable books,—books made for many readings. Their inward charm outwears their binding. As often as we revisit them after a brief separation they tell us something new, or something old with a new meaning. Yet one thing they offer us but once,—that which Keats describes in his sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer,"—the joy of discovery. I confess that I would give a thousand dollars if I had never read *Henry Esmond* or *Lorna Doone*,—so that I might have the delight of reading them for the first time. But to make it quite complete perhaps I should need also to give an extra tip to the old Timekeeper and persuade him to set my clock back fifty years.

Many of our farewells are unconscious. You lend a book, and it is never brought back. You leave a place, and find no opportunity or pathway of return. You part from a friend, in anger or in sorrow, or it may be simply in the casual way with no special feeling,—and lo, the impenetrable curtain falls and the familiar face is hidden for ever.

So much are we at the mercy of the unknown in this regard, that if we thought of it too closely and constantly it would unhinge reason and darken life with an intolerable gloom. Every departing carriage would bear black plumes, and on every ship that sailed away from us we should see a ghostly Charon on the bridge. We should be trying always to speak memorable "last words," instead of the cheerful, heartening *bon voyage* which befits our ordinary occasions.

Here memory helps us to be sane, if we trust her. For we know that whatever hath entered deeply into our being is never altogether rapt away. The scene that we have loved,

"This town's fair face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,"

cannot be blotted from the inward vision. Nor can the soul that hath companioned ours through days and nights of bright and dark, turn a corner into oblivion. Though much is taken, more remains,—the very cadence of the voice, the clasp of the hand, the light in the eyes, "the sweet assurance of a look,"—these are treasures laid up in the heaven of remembrance where thieves do not break through nor steal.

Strange, how the last sight or the last word of a friend is not always the one that we recall most vividly. It is often some chance phrase, some unmeditated look or gesture. As if nature would say to us, (even as the Master said,) "Take no thought, be not anxious, for the morrow: be yourself to-day: so you will be remembered."

It hath been my lot, (having lived too long,) to conduct the funeral, or pronounce a memorial address, for many friends more renowned than I shall ever be,—Governor E. D. Morgan, ex-President Cleveland, Mark Twain, Clarence King, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Bigelow, Hamilton Mabie, Sir William Osler, William Dean Howells,—and each of these lives in my memory by something very simple and not at all famous: a little nameless trivial act of every-day kindness or courage, a self-revealing look of wonder or joy or regret, a good word let fall by hazard at the cross-roads,—in brief a natural, unintended, real good-by.

No doubt the world grows poorer by the loss of such friends,—yes, and of others most dear to my heart: the father whose firm loving hand set my fingers on life's bow and taught me to draw the arrow to the head; the bright-faced, daring lad on whom the half of my hope was

staked; the girl of golden hair and warm brown eyes who was to me "a song in the house of my pilgrimage." Poorer,—*ay de mi!* What honest man dare deny that the deprivation of such comrades leaves life poorer? But against all inconsolable grievers and complainers, (and most of all against my own rebel thoughts,) I maintain and will ever maintain that life is also richer, immeasurably richer than it would be if these treasures had not been loaned to us for a while.

"Death," said Stevenson, "outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them." There is something taken for granted in that word "accident" which I would not altogether admit. But when our grim and genial essayist goes on to speak of the slight influence which the prospect of death and its certain uncertainty exercise upon our daily conduct, and of the folly of allowing it to play the master in our thought and drive us like slaves to a hundred trembling compliances and evasions, I follow him fully and find him right. "Better," said a great President to one who reproved him for risking his life, "better that the country should lose a President than have one who is a coward."

It is a strange fact, and worth noting, that those who have most to do with death and are, so to speak, on intimate terms with it,—like doctors and nurses, ministers and sextons,—are not much perturbed by it and rarely suffer it to unman them. They are of the same mind as Cato, in Cicero's dialogue *On Old Age:* "satisfy the call of duty and disregard death."

There is a curious illustration of this in the *History of the Gothic War*, written by Procopius in the sixth century and cited by Anatole Le Braz in his wonderful book *La Légende de la Mort.* Here it is:

"At the beginning of the sixth century after Christ, the island of Britain was popularly believed to be the country of the dead. On the opposite coast of Brittany, says Procopius, there are scattered many villages whose peoples follow fishing and farming for their living. Subjects of the Franks in all other respects, they are excused from paying tribute, because of a certain service ('tis their word,) which they say has been laid upon them since a remote epoch: they claim to be under vows as the ferrymen of souls. At night they are suddenly roused from sleep by a loud knocking at the door: a voice outside calls them to their task. They rise in haste; it would be vain to refuse obedience; a mysterious force drags them from their home to the beach. There they find boats, not their own, but stranger-boats. They look empty, but in reality they are full of people, loaded down almost to the sinking-point,—the water laps along the gunwale. The ferrymen embark and take the oars. An hour afterward, despite the heavy load of invisible passengers, they reach the island, —a voyage which ordinarily takes not less than a day and a night. Hardly have the boats touched shore when they are quickly lightened, though the rowers cannot see one of their fellow-travellers debark. A voice is heard on the land,—the same which waked the rowers in their beds. It is the Conductor of Souls presenting the dead whom he brings, one by one, to those appointed to receive them. The men he calls by their fathers' names; the women, if there are any, by the names of their husbands; and of each shade he tells what work it did while living."

There the legend breaks off. But what becomes of the boats? And what of the ferrymen of souls, with their oars dripping, and their tanned faces gleaming in the misty starlight? Undoubtedly they row home to their Breton coast, and go to bed and sleep late, and rise again to their fishing and their farming, and day after day are busy and lazy and quarrelsome and tranquil and merry and unsatisfied, (even as you and I,) until the next knocking at the door by night, and the next call from the dark, and the time, at last, when their own names will be on the list of passengers.

For what port? Methinks I know; for One who is worthy of all trust, my Pilot, hath whispered a name to me and told me not to be afraid. But where it lies, that haven of salvaged ships, and of forgiven failures, and when, or by what course it will be approached, I know not, friend, any more than you.

The guide-posts of the sea are the stars. And all its mighty waters lie in the hollow of an almighty hand.

So good-by, reader,—a good voyage, —so long!

TO one on the outside, the life of a "shut-in" may seem unendurable—yet it has its compensations, not the least of which are the little happenings within the room.

There are hobbies to ride—for instance, music; those small instruments which I learned to play because of my predilection for anything musical. When my little friend of ten comes in and wistfully tells me how he would love to play the mandolin, I order my mandolin forthwith and he takes a brief lesson, and daily he lingers by my side while we improve on that first lesson, until my old reliable guitar is summoned and we happily count and twang together; we are real chums—one can so easily play the guitar while on one's back, as demonstrated years ago during childhood's ailments.

Inside of the Room

There is writing: so much time now to write those stories and compose the songs one has long had in mind, without feeling neglectful of home and children and outside interests. And in the merry-go-round of departing and returning manuscripts, which the postman keeps a-going, with an occasional check instead of a return slip coming my way, time is not wholly wasted.

Reading! Now, if ever, the eyes must be strong for frequent service, when the light on the extension cord at the head of the bed may be switched on, and morbid thoughts, pain, worries can be forgotten in the world's work and entertaining fiction. Daughter proclaims: "Mother knows more about the war than any of us; she reads everything."

The rendezvous of the family around my bed—how dear of them to gravitate so naturally to my room; I felicitate myself that it must seem to them a cheerful place or they would not so unconsciously drift in singly and together.

Those little feet clumping up the stairway? My small friends come to show me a new soldier suit on the smaller boy of seven. He proudly stands with shoulders back, and touches his cap with outspread hand, a jerk outward and downward, and awaits with glowing eyes and flushed cheeks my admiring commendation. Where is that looking-glass and that little puzzle I have been saving for juvenile visitors? By my side in my box of pen, pencils, and safety ink-well. The young soldier squints at his soldier cap in the tiny glass, while his brother jiggles the puzzle into quick solution and yells, "I got it!" and soon both stamp out with their toys to other boyhood fascinations.

The tapping of daintier feet announces three young ladies of eight, playing 'tend-like, with hats and trailing robes, reticules and parasols from their home attic, coming to call with much ceremony; having just stopped off the train on their trip around the world, to see Indianapolis; departing soon with additional trinkets strung around their necks from my handy box. When little folk leave their play and come in to see me—that is compensation.

Another visitor came when the snow was on the trees—where I often saw the city's squirrels shaking the laden boughs as they travelled the tree lanes. Father Squirrel suddenly hopped to my window-sill from the porch roof and pushed his nose against the window-pane, while with tail proudly arched and with eyes shining he told me that at last he had a little family snug and safe in the attic where I had heard his pattering feet. I remembered what he had said when in later spring Mother Squirrel, looking lean and worn with family cares, led her three children along the roof on a tour of inspection and education; not forgetting to show them my room from the window-sill, where they lingered a moment ere she began, with Father Squirrel's assistance, to train them to spring on and off the branches that overhung the porch, and to entice them to nibble the budding leaves.

In midwinter, glancing across the room, I saw a mirage. Some one had unknowingly turned my dressing-table slightly toward a window, the mirror tipped, and the street below came into view reflected in the glass. As I gazed there appeared the familiar rotund figure of an acquaintance waddling toward me, and with swaying skirts and market-basket she passed as in a movie, while swinging along with cane tapping now and then came my blind musician neighbor,

then a group of college girls, boys at play, an ice-wagon, and several skimming autos.

Another unintentional twist of the mirror on another day revealed to me my chummiest friend, almost a block away, giving her front steps a sweep, admonishing her young son, and doing other perfectly ordinary things, but so amusing to me that I lifted the phone by my bed and called her and told her that I was on watch; and after convincing her that I could see her home in the glass while talking to her she said she would warn the family to be circumspect, her husband to come home early of nights, for I would be sure to note everything.

Near-tragedy was mirrored one day when my little mandolin boy ran into the street, a big auto rushed into view and on to him, when with a quick jump he cleared it and went off skipping happily, while the machine whirled from my sight. What a witness I would have made!

When my own young folks know that the mirror is turned streetward they remember to stop on the corner a half block away and wave to me, and I wave in response as if they could really see me. When I say I am resting my eyes looking down the long vista of houses and trees, my son teasingly explains that I can only see as far as the glass—but I know better.

While the trees were bare, during an early spring storm, a wonderful thing was shown to me. Through an open window I beheld a great ball of fire strike a tall tree near the top and fly into ten thousand pieces with a sharp pistol crack, while instantly a white ribbon ran down the tree trunk. Immediately, through my looking-glass, neighbors came to their front yards and looked up and down the street, and there was a general uneasiness along the block—but I was the only person who had seen the ball of fire. As the storm passed away I called by phone the owner of the tree and asked if she were all right. She answered yes, but something strange had happened—she had turned sick for a while after a big thunderclap. I told her of the tree. It had saved her house.

The leaves have covered the scar. My mirror shows a wealth of green beauty, which screens from me the movie street. No matter, my inquisitive eyes have discovered some of the enterprises of the robins, bluejays, flickers, and flocks of tiny birds who swing and call among the branches. Winter will bring my moving pictures back to me.

AFTER being inside the room for a long, long time and getting out by degrees —a brief walk, a little visit to near-by friends, a short ride—it is only by looking backward a few months that one can realize the progress toward health one has made.

Outside of the Room

And so, at last, I am about to be graduated from the Inside of the Room. The occasion is an automobile journey of seventy-five miles on the National Road in Indiana.

We are off—pretty prompt, too, as we had intended to start at five A. M. and it is now seven on the dot. Daughter is chauffeur and the car is her own pet. The back-seat space is filled with a typewriter and household articles which we are taking with us to my son who has moved to another town with his wife and baby—yes, I am a grandmother. It does not feel so old as it sounds. And I realize it to be a great privilege.

At seven the streets of our city are comfortably alive with flivvers and others wherein the poor working man, clad in overalls and work clothes, is rolling to his daily grind. And at eight there will be a perfect stream of tired business men motoring down Meridian Street to their daily struggle with H. C. L.

We are out of the thick of the houses and approaching the suburbs and the country. The road for miles is asphalt, smooth and ideal for travelling. Every little cottage has an auto of its own—also every big house. It is parked in front or under the trees at the side of the house, and it is a poor home, indeed, that has not a garage of some sort, however makeshift.

My driver is very careful. She hunches over and holds her breath when a little bump comes in the road, as though she wants to help the car over it, as we used to lean forward to help the horse pull the buggy up the hill. We find a notice to détour, and driver indignantly says: "Never go over the same road twice the same way," whatever that may mean. "The National Road is just awfully torn up this summer"—ungratefully forgetting the smooth miles we have come.

There is a house with front porch hung

with bunches of yellow corn, drying, quite decorative. Spring fryers make their favorite excursion crossing the road in front of the auto—heads up, legs stretched back, barely escaping the wheels. A mammoth furniture truck behind us keeps company with us as we détour out to New Jerusalem.

In a field some folks are gathering tomatoes for factory use, a wagon is waiting with boxes and crates. Why do I have to set stakes to my tomatoes taller than I am, when these people let 'em lie on the ground. From the bridges the streams look beautiful with overhanging trees reflected in the water. A man is ploughing with a small tractor. A small house stands in a grove back of barns and outbuildings bordering the road where a log house, now used for a stable, was probably the old home. We pass many log houses, but they have descended in the scale and now shelter the brute and corn and hay. Windmills are plentiful for watering stock in barn and field and wood. Some handsome and well-kept homes have water piped into the house. Horses are more numerous on the road.

We are détouring again, north several miles, then east and south, where we strike the middle of Greenfield on Main Street, and away to the east on the National Road. The air is fresh, the August fields are beautiful, the day lovely. While détouring we were reassured that we were on the right track by seeing through our window our big truck following us as we turned corners, until we stopped to let truck catch up with us to ask him a question. A fresh-faced youth peered from the driver's seat and told us he did not know the road but had been depending on us to lead him the right way.

As we were conferring, a large touring-car squawked to pass us, and, swooping perilously into the ditch by the side of the road, flew by us and disappeared in front in a cloud of whirling dust. Several other cars, not so daring, danced up and down back of us, hooting and barking to us to move on, and why should we hold them back a few seconds, anyway. So our truck driver moved ahead, followed by the impatient bunch.

An interurban traction car passes us, but I feel superior to the passengers cooped in it, as we are free to stop and go and gossip at our own sweet will. When I am on a traction car I feel haughty toward autoists and look down on them as little bugs creeping along while I go whizzing by.

Several miles east of Greenfield, a familiar squawk behind us, and lo! our friend touring-car passes us again. Somewhere in G. we had passed it, as the tortoise passes the hare.

Piggies crossing the road are not so wise as chickens. One black-and-white piggy turned back when almost across and ran in front of us—a quick swerve and twist of the machine only just saved him from an autowy death.

It looks as though some one has dropped a gray fur collar on the road, so we slow down, as fur collars are well-known articles of apparel in August. "Poor kitty!" murmurs our driver. A big maltese cat, probably on the trail of a bird, crossed the road only to be run down by some speedster with not a second to spare. Going to get there five minutes before he got there. I wonder if it was our big impatient car, the hare, getting ahead in the race. Other signs of progress appear as we go on—two fluffy baby chicks and a sturdy fryer have gone down, victims of superior speed.

A large two-story farmhouse with temporary porch, the upper front door leading out into space, but intending to open on the larger porch that never was nor will be built, as the house is now paintless and old.

Barns all have large painted white arrows and crosses and numbers for aeroplane guidance. The Dandy Trail, the Hoosier Motor Club, enterprising business firms, have instructions posted to lead us aright. The briefest and most convincing advice is a barricade of boxes and stones with the caption, "Bridge Down." We back away at once and seek a roundabout trail.

Indiana has a town named for every other town in the universe. We pass through Dublin, Philadelphia, Mt. Auburn, Cambridge City. We might have passed through Berlin but it is now called Pershing. Moncreith smacks of the English nobility—and a sign says "Go to A. Lord, Moncreith, for something." There is a house with a cement porch floor but no roof. That is to come later, when the owner can afford it—perhaps.

"What are you writing? Why write now?" daughter just now demanded.

"A little something I want to note," I answer.

Country folk living on the National Road must feel as though they are living on Main Street, it is so filled with traffic, and where it passes through each town it is invariably christened Main.

We meet many tourists packed to the guards or fenders and bulging outward with tents, hampers, and trunks. Everybody looks brown and tan, even residents, old and young. There is an occasional stationary automobile by the road with a poor fellow on his knees fixing a tire, hot and dusty, while other occupants stand by looking sheepish and ostentatiously patient. I have noticed that the looker-on usually has a martyr air—as, for instance, when one is cooking a meal and the rest of the family, at ease with newspaper and magazine, keep an irritating "When do we eat?" and "Are we going to have any dinner?" sounding through the home.

A crabapple-tree is drooping to the ground laden with yellow and red fruit. An ambitious peach-tree, loaded with green peaches, grows in the narrow space between the highway and the interurban tracks, with a heavy coating of dust over leaves and fruit. I wonder if the fruit will absorb the dust or will it, when ripe, be juicy and fresh? A clear case of heredity versus environment. The cemented road continues for miles and miles through country and town.

A Ford passed us with "the bunch" when we stopped to talk to our truck driver before Greenfield. We overtook it in Knightstown (on Main Street), where we had stopped for auto refreshments. Father, mother, and three small boys, brown as from a long trip, eating a lunch while their machine took a drink of gasolene. We waved good-by as we pulled out first, but later they passed us again. No racing, the natural course of events as we pursued our own course. Miles along we found them taking a bite of something to eat again by the roadside, where we left them. Later, once more they triumphed past us, smiling broadly with fraternal signals. One gets to know travellers on the road.

The road is clean, as though swept. Our indicator shows never more than thirty miles an hour, and we wonder what must be the pace of the many who pass us and disappear quickly in the distance to be seen no more.

Along toward noon we pass a wildly waving group of cheerful, pleasant-faced folk, at ease in a shady nook, around a luncheon spread on a white cloth on the ground. We wonder why all the friendliness—when we see our big, rushing, squawking touring-car parked near them beneath the trees, and know them for its passengers, whom we had not seen before, so fast had they raced by us. So the hare rests by the wayside—and the tortoise passes it at last and wins the race.

A beautiful, symmetrical tree in the woods is covered with bunches of red haws.

Just as we enter the outskirts of Richmond, our destination, three hilarious boys run from a Ford standing by the road and wigwag at us as though they had been waiting in ambush—our Ford comrades again and, it being noon, they are all lunching, as usual, with hands full of sandwiches and all once more give cordial greeting, and then farewell as we leave them behind.

And so we pass into the big town, confronted almost at once by a détour sign—where the never-ending street repairs are interrupting our progress but furthering civic enterprise. And as we climb and coast down the undulating streets an argument grows as to "Where is Main Street?" I think I know and chauffeur thinks she knows, and at last, triumphantly, I point to well-known landmarks, the largest hotel, the tourist automobiles lining the street from Maine, Florida, California, Ohio, and other States not distinguishable on their number-plates hanging behind.

Then, wheeling north off of Main, we slip quietly beside the curb of a house where, from a large front window, my grandson paddles his baby hands to us as we stop. At once his father and mother are beside us with welcoming and helping arms and exclamations of pleased surprise. The marvel being, not that the driver has driven her new pet seventy-five miles without a mishap, but that mother, *mother* had dared the rigors of a journey through the rich farming country, along the smoothest of roads, in the most comfortable of cars, with the most careful of drivers, on the most perfect day of the whole year.

Thereupon, I perceive that I am graduated from Inside of the Room, having passed the test for the Outside.

BOOK ILLUSTRATION IN OLD JAPAN

By Louise Norton Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RARE OLD PRINTS

[FIRST PAPER]

THE remarkable illustrated books of Japan are perhaps less familiar to foreign collectors than any other expression of the country's art. Although from time to time most print-collectors add folios and albums by the famous Ukiyo-ye artists to their treasures, these *ehon* form a very small part indeed of the books on every conceivable subject—religion, divination and magic, military matters, astronomy and medicine, history, mythology, various *monogatari*, *meisho-ki*, or guide-books, stories of hobgoblins, ghosts, and demons, different games, foreigners and their queer ways, and last, but by no means least, nature—bird, flower, and insect life; and the every-day life of the people—all profusely illustrated in black and white or colors.

While Yedo was the stronghold of the Ukiyo-ye artists, Kyōto became the centre for an impressionistic movement formed of schools that had had their origins long before. This movement, to which we are indebted for some of the most charming illustrated books that have ever been printed,

From the *Suiseki Gwafu* by Satō Suiseki Masuyuki. Published Bunkwa 11 (1814).

was one of the most important in eighteenth-century art, for it was a gathering up of teachings that had trickled down through many generations.

The famous Tendai priest, Toba Sōjō (1053–1140 A. D.), in his comical drawings and caricatures had struck an entirely new note, not only in subject but in the impulsive and rollicking technique he affected; to this style was added later the striking methods of the Kano painters; and still later, during the time of upheaval in China, just before and after the fall of the Ming dynasty, many artists and Confucian scholars emigrated to Japan, where they received an enthusiastic welcome and won many converts.

From the *Kōrin Gwafu* (1802).

Back of all this novelty and acceptance of new styles, however, stood the stately old art of the Tosa school, which perhaps was the restraining influence that kept the volatile and effervescing Japanese spirit within bounds when Bunjingwa art crossed the Yellow Sea.

In addition to these influences, Kōyetsu had, by the beginning of the seventeenth century, become settled in his unique methods; to be followed by Kojima Sōshin and Tawaraya Sōtatsu; and in the following generation by Kōrin, the latter's brother Kenzan, and still later by Sakai Hōitsu. This was pure native art, although both the Tosa paintings and the impressionism of the southern Chinese school had been influences that slipped into the crucible from which this truly wonderful Japanese school emerged. Although the artists of this school did not work to any extent for wood-engraving, the illustrations in the famous "Ise Monogatari" of 1608 are believed by many Japanese connoisseurs to have been the work of Kōyetsu, who also made the powerful drawings in the rare "Waka Sanjū-rokkasen" and the "Ogi-no-Sōshi." Followers of Kōrin published some ten or a dozen books containing his drawings after his death, and most collectors are at least familiar with the charming "Kōrin Gwafu" and the "Kōrin Gwashiki." The influence of the Kōyetsu-Kōrin school may be traced in the work of many artists who were never really accounted as its followers—as in that of Keisai

From the *Nantei Gwafu* by Nishimura Nantei. Published Kyōwa 4 (1804).

Masayoshi, for instance; Tani Bunchō of Yedo; Chinnen, also of the Shōgun's city; and in the beautiful but little-known drawings of the woman artist of Ōsaka, Hokumei.

Before the middle of the eighteenth century these different influences had crystallized into several schools. Chin Namping had established an academy in Nagasaki in 1730, where his methods were later taught by his pupil, Kumashiro Yūhi. Followers of this school established themselves in Kyōto, where Yosa Buson, a follower of the Bunjingwa method, also opened a studio and school of poetry some years later. Many of the students of these two schools became famous painters.

Takabe Kanyōsai, also known as Mōkyō, who had formerly been a priest of the Zen temple of Tōfuku-ji, came back from his studies in Nagasaki and opened a studio in Kyōto; Sō-Shiseki did the same; and Utanosuke Ganku, who had gone to the Chin Namping school from far-off Kanazawa, also established himself in the old capital and became the leader of a very aristocratic circle there. All of these men produced charming books.

Buson, Ike no Taigadō, Ogura Tōkei, and in the next generation Kino Baitei or Kyūrō, were the leaders in the Bunjingwa movement, and, although Fenollosa condemns them as "Bunjingwa fanatics," their work appeals strongly to the foreigner who does not care for the cold severity of academic methods, and it is immensely admired by Japanese connoisseurs. A number of books were illustrated by these men. The exceedingly rare "Haikai Sanjū-yok-kasen" by Buson, with a poem on each page in his chirography, was a compilation made by his pupils and published in 1799, sixteen years after Buson's death. A poetical diary of Buson's was illustrated by Matsumura Goshun (Gekkei) and appeared in 1784. The illustrations are of pronounced Bunjingwa style and are printed in soft colors. Taigadō illustrated the rare "Taigadō Gwafu" (1808), a set of three richly gotten-up folios printed in black and white with here and there a note of soft color. Kino Baitei illustrated a number of books, all of which are excessively rare. Ogura Tōkei, whom Fenollosa called the "arch-impressionist," illustrated the delightful "Tōkei

Gwafu" in two series (1787 and 1809), both of which are almost impossible to find now. The drawings in the first series are in the Chin Namping method, while those in the supplementary volume are in strong Bunjingwa style, with a gray tint added to the line which gives great richness of effect.

The famous Shijō academy had its origin in Buson's school, for it was Buson's famous pupil, Matsumura Goshun (Gekkei), who, with his brother Keibun, established it. This school has usually been confused by foreign students with the Maruyama studio, but the two were entirely distinct, although Ōkyo and his pupils used something of the same loose technique that characterized the work of Goshun and his followers. All of these men and practically all of their followers—although painters first and only incidentally working for wood-engraving—produced delightful books. One of the rarest and most curious of these volumes was the work of the Osaka artist, Satō Suiseki Masuyuki. It is called the "Suiseki Gwafu" and appeared in 1814. The drawings show something of the brutality that marked Baitei's work. Both men flung rules utterly aside and expressed what they wanted to convey in the baldest and most abrupt fashion. Nothing could be further removed from the work of the print-designers in Yedo at this time than the impressionism of these Kyōto men. One must be in entirely different moods for the two kinds of drawings. If one admires the beauty and flowing lines of a print by Utamaro, he may also have moods when the tremendous daring and strength of the rebellious souls of the Bunjingwa school who created such work as Buson's, Baitei's, and Suiseki's appeal powerfully to him, and seems, for the time being at least, the very essence of art, in which the artist, despising any sensuous appeal of beauty, endeavors to express his ideas by the simplest and ruggedest truth.

Book-collecting has been a fad among educated Japanese for many years, and these books have always been especially popular with them. But, while Americans and Europeans have been devoting their attention to the prints, these utterly charming books have been almost ignored and they are rapidly becoming as rare as the rarest

From Volume II of the *Mōkyō Wakan Zatsuga* (1772) by Mōkyō Kanyōsai.

work by the Ukiyo-ye artists. The technique in them, impulsive and expressing much in little, was similar to that which the Japanese had been familiar with for generations—the technique which, in superb kakemono and screens, depicted with a few rapid strokes of the brush a snowy landscape that made one shiver with the chill, or a rain-swept river where a dim brown spot or two became broad-hatted boatmen sculling their sampans toward the sea.

The men who made these charming drawings were famous in their own generation and occupied a far higher place in the estimation of artistic circles of the time than the print-designers of Yedo, whose fame is so largely posthumous. The French are the only foreigners who have been quick to appreciate these books, and when in the early seventies the Duret collection appeared in Paris containing many of these works, the enthusiasm of the artists who saw them knew no bounds. Indeed, it is more than possible that French impressionism had its origin in this far-off Japanese movement of a century and a half ago. Allowing for the difference in subjects, the technique of some of the modern French drawings might almost have been directly copied from that used by Goshun, Bumpō, Nantei, or a dozen other eighteenth-century Japanese painters.

(To be concluded.)

From the *Bumpō Sansui Gwafu*. Landscape drawings by Kawamura Bumpō. Published Bunsei 7 (1824).

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

Etched by Louis Orr.

LE PONT MARIE.

Commenced in 1618. Although Marie de Médicis laid the first stone of this bridge, Pont Marie is considered to have derived its name from its builder Marie, who was at that date "Entrepreneur général des Ponts de France."

—"Some Etchings of Old Paris," page 163.

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MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE NURSERY AND ITS DEITIES

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON
Author of "Service and Sacrifice," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FAMILY PORTRAITS

I

THE first recollections of a child are dim and hazy, and so the nursery at 28 East 20th Street, in New York City, does not stand out as clearly to me as I wish it did—but the personality of my brother overshadowed the room, as his personality all through life dominated his environment.

I suppose I must have been about four, and he about seven, when my first memory takes definite form. My older sister, Anna, though only four years older than my brother Theodore, was always mysteriously classed with the "grown people," and the "nursery" consisted of my brother Theodore, my brother Elliott, a year and a half younger than Theodore, and myself, still a year and a half younger than Elliott.

In those days we were "Teedie," "Ellie," and "Conie," and we had the most lovely mother, the most manly, able, and delightful father, and the most charming aunt, Anna Bulloch, the sister of my Southern mother, with whom children were ever blessed.

Theodore Roosevelt, whose name later became the synonym of virile health and vigor, was a fragile, patient sufferer in those early days of the nursery in 20th Street. I can see him now struggling with the effort to breathe—for his enemy was that terrible trouble, asthma—but always ready to give the turbulent "little ones" the drink of water, book, or plaything which they vociferously demanded, or equally ready to weave for us long stories of animal life—stories closely resembling the jungle stories of Kipling—for Mowgli had his precursor in the brain of the little boy of seven or eight, whose knowledge of natural history even at that early age was strangely accurate, and whose imagination gave to the creature of forest and field impersonations as vivid as those which Rudyard Kipling has made immortal for all time.

We used to sit, Elliott and I, on two little chairs, near the higher chair which was his, and drink in these tales of endless variety, which always were "to be continued in our next"—a serial story which never flagged in interest for us, though sometimes it continued from week to week, or even from month to month.

It was in the nursery that he wrote, at the age of seven, the famous essay on "The Foregoing Ant." He had read in Wood's "Natural History" many descriptions of various species of ant, and in one instance on turning the page the author continued: "The foregoing ant has such and such characteristics." The

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Elliott Roosevelt, aged five and a half years, about 1865.

young naturalist, thinking that this particular ant was unique, and being specially interested in its forthgiving character, decided to write a special thesis on "The Foregoing Ant," to the reading of which essay he called in conclave "the grown people." One can well imagine the tender amusement over the little author, an amusement, however, which those wise "grown people" of 28 East 20th Street never let degenerate into ridicule.

No memories of my brother could be accurate without an analysis of the personalities who formed so big a part of our environment in childhood, and I feel that my father, the first Theodore Roosevelt, has never been adequately described.

He was the son of Cornelius Van Schaack and Margaret Barnhill Roosevelt, whose old home on the corner of 14th Street and Broadway was long a landmark in New York City. Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt was a typical merchant of his day, fine and true and loyal, but ultraconservative in many ways; and his lovely wife, to whom he addressed, later, such exquisite poems that I have always felt that they should have been given more than private circulation, was a Pennsylvanian of Quaker blood.

The first Theodore Roosevelt was the youngest of five sons, and I remember my mother used to tell me how friends of her mother-in-law once told her that Mrs. Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt was always spoken of as "that lovely Mrs. Roosevelt" with those "*five horrid boys.*"

As far as I can see, the unpleasant adjective "horrid" was only adaptable to the five little boys from the usual standpoint of boyish mischief, untidiness, and general youthful irrepressibleness.

The youngest, my father, Theodore Roosevelt, often told us himself how he deplored the fate of being the "fifth wheel to the coach," and of how many a mortification he had to endure by wearing clothes cut down from the different shapes of his older brothers, and much depleted shoes about which, once, on overhearing his mother say, "These were Robert's, but will be a good change for Theodore,"

Corinne Roosevelt, about four years old, 1865.

he protested, vigorously crying out that he was "tired of changes."

As the first Theodore grew older he developed into one of the most enchanting characters with whom I, personally, have ever come in contact; sunny, gay, dominant, unselfish, forceful, and versatile, he yet had the extraordinary power of being a focussed individual, although an "all-round" man. Nothing is as difficult as to achieve results in this world if one is filled full of great tolerance and the milk of human kindness. The person who achieves must generally be a one-ideaed individual, concentrated entirely on that one idea and ruthless in his aspect toward other men and other ideas.

Theodore Roosevelt, aged seven, 1865.

My father, in his brief life of forty-six years, achieved almost everything he undertook, and he undertook many things, but, although able to give the concentration which is necessary to achievement, he had the power of interesting himself in many things outside of his own special interests, and by the most delicate and comprehending sympathy made himself a factor in the lives of any number of other human beings.

My brother's great love for his kind was a direct inheritance from the man who was one of the founders in his city of nearly every patriotic, humanitarian, and educational endeavor. I think, perhaps, the combination of the stern old Dutch blood with the Irish blood, of which my brother always boasted, made my father what he was—unswerving in duty, impeccable in honesty and uprightness, and yet responsive to the joy of life to such an extent that he would dance all night, and drive his "four-in-hand" coach so fast that the old tradition was "that his grooms frequently fell out at the corners"!

I remember that he always gave up one day of every week (and he was a very busy merchant and then banker) to the personal visiting of the poor in their homes. He was not satisfied with doing active work on many organizations, although he did the most extraordinary amount of active organization work, being one of the founders of the Children's Aid Society, of the State Aid Society, of the Allotment Commission in the time of the Civil War, and of the Orthopædic Hospital, not to mention the Museum of Natural History and the Museum of Art—but he felt that even more than this organized effort must be the effort to get close to the hearts and homes of those who were less fortunately situated than he.

My older sister suffered from spinal trouble, and my father was determined to leave no stone unturned to make her body fit for life's joys and life's labors, and it was because of his efforts to give his little girl health—successful efforts—that in co-operation with his friends, Howard Potter and James M. Brown and several others, he started the great work of the New York Orthopædic Hospital, having become imbued with belief in the methods of a young doctor, Charles Fayette Taylor. Nobody at that time believed in treating such diseases in quite the way in which modern orthopædy treats them now, but my father, like his gifted son, had the vision of things to be, and was a leader in his way, as was my brother in his.

He could not at first influence sufficient people to start the building of a hospital, and he decided, if the New York public could only *see* what the new instruments would do for the stricken children, that it could be aroused to assist the enterprise.

And so, one beautiful spring afternoon, my mother gave what was supposed to be a purely social reception at our second home, at 6 West 57th Street, and my father saw to it that the little sufferers in whom he was interested were brought from their poverty-stricken homes to ours, and laid upon our dining-room table, with the steel appliances, which could help them back to normal limbs, on their backs and legs, thus ready to visualize to New York citizens how these stricken little people might be cured. He placed me by the table where the children lay, and explained to me how I could show the appliances, and what they were supposed to achieve; and I can still hear the voice of the first Mrs. John Jacob Astor, as she leaned over one fragile-looking child and, turning to my father, said: "Theodore, you are right; these children must be restored and made into active citizens again, and I for one will help you in your work."

That very day enough money was donated to start the first Orthopædic Hospital, in East 59th Street. Many business friends of my father used to tell me that they feared his sudden visits when, with a certain expression in his eyes, he would approach them, for then before he could say anything at all they would feel obliged to take out their pocket-books and say: "How much this time, Theodore?"

One of his most devoted interests was the newsboys' lodging-house in West 18th Street and later in 35th Street, under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society. Every Sunday evening of his life he went to that lodging-house, after our early hospitable Sunday supper, to which many a forlorn relation or stranded stranger in New York was always invited, and there he would talk to the boys, giving them just such ideas of patriotism, good citizenship, and manly morality as were the themes of his son in later years.

The foundational scheme of the Children's Aid Society was, and is, to place little city waifs in country homes, and thus give them the chance of health and individual care, and a very dramatic incident occurred many years after my father's death, when my brother, as governor of New York and candidate for the vice-presidency in 1900, had gone to the Far West to make the great campaign for the second election of William McKinley. The governors of many Western States decided to meet in the city of Portland, Oregon, to give a dinner and do honor to the governor of the Empire State, and as Governor Roosevelt entered the room they each in turn presented themselves to him. The last one to come forward was Governor Brady, of Alaska, and as he shook hands with Governor Roosevelt he said: "Governor Roosevelt, the other governors have greeted you with interest, simply as a fellow governor and a great American, but I greet you with infinitely more interest, as the son of your father, the first Theodore Roosevelt."

My brother smiled and shook him warmly by the hand, and asked in what special way he had been interested in our father, and he replied: "Your father picked me up from the streets in New York, a waif and an orphan, and sent me to a Western family, paying for my transportation and early care. Years passed and I was able to repay the money which had given me my start in life, but I can never repay what he did for me, for it was through that early care and by giving me such a foster mother and father that I gradually rose in the world, until to-day I can greet his son as a fellow governor of a part of our great country."

I was so thrilled when my brother told me this story on his return from that campaign, that the very next Sunday evening I begged him to go with me to the old 35th Street lodging-house to tell the newsboys that were assembled there the story of another little newsboy, now the governor of Alaska, to show that there is no bar in this great, free country of ours to what personal effort may achieve.

My father was the most intimate friend of each of his children, and in some unique way seemed to have the power of responding to the need of each, and we all craved him as our most desired companion. One of his delightful rules was that on the

birthday of each child he should give himself in some special way to that child, and many were the perfect excursions which he and I took together on my birthday.

The day, being toward the end of September, was always spent in the country, and, lover as he was of fine horses, I was always given the special treat of an all day's adventure behind a pair of splendid trotters. We would take the books of poetry which we both loved, and we would disappear for the whole day, driving many miles through leafy lanes until we found the ideal spot, where we unharnessed the horses and gave them their dinner, and, having taken our own delicious picnic lunch, would read aloud to each other by the hour, until the early September twilight warned us that we must be on our way homeward.

In those earlier days in New York the amusements were perhaps simpler, but the hospitality was none the less generous, and our parents were indeed "given to hospitality."

My lovely Southern mother, of whom I shall speak more later, had inherited from her forebears a gift for hospitality, and we young children, according to Southern customs, were allowed to mingle more with our elders than was the case with many New York children. I am a great believer in such mingling, and some of the happiest friendships of our later lives were formed with the chosen companions of our parents, but many things were done for us individually as well. When we were between thirteen and sixteen I remember the delightful little Friday evening dances which my mother and father organized for us in 57th Street, in which they took actual part themselves.

As I said before, my father could dance all night with the same delightful vim that he could turn to business or philanthropy in the daytime, and he enjoyed our pleasures as he did his own. It always seems to me sad that the relationship between father and son, or father and daughter, should not have the quality of charm, a quality which it so often lacks, and which I believe is largely lacking because of the failure of the older generation to enter into the attitude of the younger generation.

I was delicate at one period and could not dance as I had always done, and I remember when I was going to a little entertainment, just as I was leaving the house I received an exquisite bunch of violets with a card from my father, asking me to wear the flowers, and think of his wish that I should not overtire myself, but also of his sympathy that I could not do quite what I had always done.

Comparatively few little girls of fourteen have had so loverlike an attention from a father, and just such thought and tender, loving comprehension made our relationship to our father one of perfect comradeship, and yet of respectful adoration. He taught us all, when very young, to ride and to swim and to climb trees. I remember the careful way in which he would show us dead limbs and warn us about watching out for them, and then, having taught us and having warned us, he gave us full liberty to try our wings and fall by the wayside should they prove inadequate for our adventures.

After graduating from our first Shetland pony, he provided us each with a riding-horse, and always rode with us himself, and a merry cavalcade went forth from our country home, either early in the morning before he started for the train or in the soft summer evenings on his return. When at one time we were living on the Hudson River, we had hoped one autumn afternoon that he would come home early from the city, and great was our disappointment when a tremendous storm came up and we realized that he would take a later train, and that our beloved ride must be foregone. We were eagerly waiting in the hall for his return and watching the rain falling in torrents and the wind blowing it in gusts, when the depot wagon drove up to the door and my father leaped out, followed by the slight figure of a somewhat younger man. As the young man tried to put up his umbrella it blew inside out and, like a dilapidated pinwheel loosened from his hand, ran round and round in a circle. The unknown guest merrily chased the umbrella pinwheel, and my mother, who had joined us children at the window, laughingly wondered who my father's new friend was. The front door opened, and the two dripping men came in, and we rushed to meet them.

I can see the laughing face of the young man become suddenly shy and a little self-conscious, as my father said to my mother: "Mittie, I want to present to you a young man who in the future, I believe, will make his name well known in the United States. This is Mr. John Hay, and I wish the children to shake hands with him."

Many and many a time, long, long years after, when John Hay was Secretary of State in the cabinet of the second Theodore Roosevelt, he used to refer to that stormy autumn afternoon when a delicate boy of eleven, at the instigation of his father, shook hands with him and looked gravely up into his face, wondering perhaps how John Hay was going to make his name known throughout the United States. How little did Mr. Hay think then that one day he would be the Secretary of State when that same little delicate boy was President of the United States.

Theodore Roosevelt, about eighteen months old, 1860.

My father's intimacy with John Hay had come about through the fact of contact in the Civil War, when they both worked so hard in Washington together.

My father stands out as the most dominant figure in our early childhood. Not that my mother was not equally individual, but her delicate health prevented her from entering into our sports and unruly doings as our father did; but I have always thought that she, in an almost equal degree with my father, influenced my brother's nature, both by her French Huguenot and Scotch blood and her Southern ancestry.

The story of her meeting with my father has a romantic flavor to it. My grandmother, Mrs. Stephens Bulloch, lived in an old plantation above Atlanta, on the sand-hills of Georgia. There, in the old white-columned house overlooking a beautiful valley, my grandmother led a patriarchal life, the head of a large family, for she had been as a young girl the second wife of Senator John Elliott, and she not only brought up the children and stepchildren of that marriage, but the children and stepchild of her second marriage as well. My own mother was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephens Bulloch, but she never knew the difference between her Elliott half brother and sisters and her own brother and sister.

In the roomy old home with its simple white columns there was led an ideal life, and the devotion of her children to my beautiful grandmother, as the many letters in my possession prove, was one of the inspiring factors in their lives, and became the same to our own childhood, for many were the loving stories told us by my mother and aunt of the wonderful character of their mother, who ran her Southern plantation (Mr. Bulloch died comparatively young) with all the practical ability and kindly supervision over her slaves characteristic of the Southern men and women of her time.

The aforesaid slaves were treated as friends of the family, and they became to us, her little Northern grandchildren, figures of great interest. We were never tired of hearing the stories of "Daddy Luke" and "Mom Charlotte."

The first of these two, a magnificent

Nubian, with thick black lips and very curly hair, was the coachman and trusted comrade of my grandmother's children, while his wife, "Mom Charlotte," was a very fastidious mulatto, slender and handsome, who, for some illogical reason, considered her mixed blood superior to his pure dark strain. She loved him, but with a certain amount of disdain, and, though on week days she treated him more or less as an equal, on Sundays, when dressed in her very best bandanna and her most elegant prayer-book in hand, she utterly refused to have him walk beside her on the path to church, and obliged him ignominiously to bring up the rear with shamefaced inferiority. Mom Charlotte, on Sundays, when in her superior mood, would look at her spouse with contempt, and say, "B'Luke, he nothin' but a black nigger; he mout' stan' out to de spring," referring to Daddy Luke's thick Nubian lips, and pointing at the well about one hundred yards distant from the porch.

Theodore Roosevelt, about four years old, 1862.

There was also a certain "little black Sarah," who was the foster-sister of my uncle, Irvine Bulloch, my mother's younger brother. In the old Southern days on such plantations there was almost always a colored "pickaninny" to match each white child, and they were actually considered as foster brother or sister. Little Irvine was afraid of the darkness *inside* the house, and little Sarah was afraid of the darkness *outside* the house, and so the little white boy and the little black girl were inseparable companions, each guarding the other from the imaginary dangers of house or grounds, and each sympathetically rounding out the care-free life of the other.

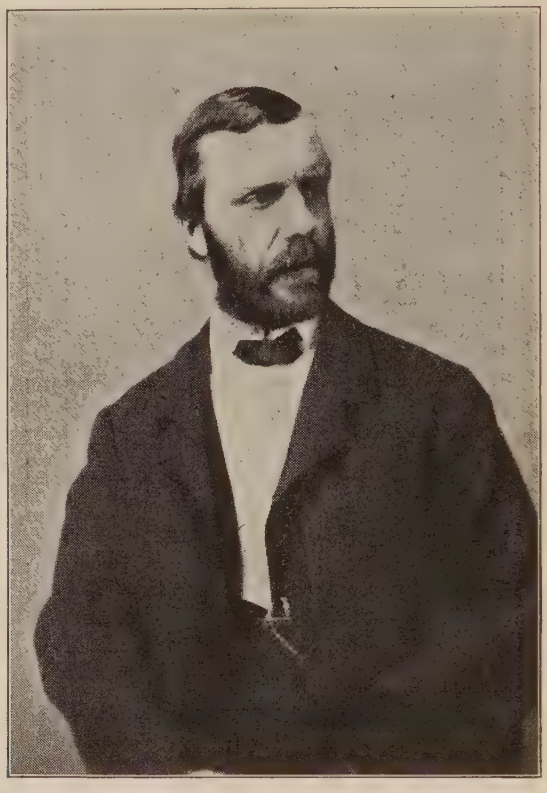
My mother's brilliant half-brother, Stewart Elliott, whose love of art and literature and music took him far afield, spent much of his time abroad, and when he came back to Roswell (the name of the plantation) he was always much amused at the quaint slave customs. One perfect moonlight night he took his guitar into the grove near the house to sing to the group of girls on the porch, but shortly afterward returned much disgusted and described the conversation which he had overheard between little white Irvine and little black Sarah on the back porch. It ran as follows, both children gazing up into the sky: Sarah—"Sonny, do you see de moon?" "Yes, Sarah, it do crawl like a worrum." The moon at the moment was performing the feat which Shelley poetically described as gliding, "glimmering o'er its fleecelike floor." The young musician could not stand the proximity of such masters of simile as were Irvine and Sarah, and demanded that they should be forbidden the back porch on moonlight nights from that time forth!

There was also another young slave who went by the name of "Black Bess," and was the devoted companion of her two young mistresses, Martha, my mother, and her sister, Anna Bulloch. She slept on a mat at the foot of their beds, and rendered the devoted services that only the slave of the old plantation days ever gave to his or her mistress.

My mother used to accompany her mother on her visits to all the outlying little huts in which the various negroes lived, and she often told us the story of a visit one day to "Mom Lucy's" little home, where a baby had just been born.

Mom Lucy had had several children, none of whom had lived but a few hours, and when my grandmother and her little daughter visited the new baby, now about a week old, the mother, still lying on her couch, looked up at my grandmother and said: "Ole miss, I jus' done name her." "And what have you named her, Lucy?" asked my grandmother; "she is a fine baby, and I am so glad you are going to have the comfort of her all your life." "Oh!" said the colored woman sadly, "I don't 'spec' her to live; dey ain't none of 'em done live, and so I jus' call her Cumsy." "Cumsy?" said my grandmother; "and what may that mean, Lucy?" "Why, ole miss, don't you understan'? dey all done go to deir heavenly home, and so I jus' call dis one 'Come, see de world and go,' and my ole man and me we is goin' to call her 'Cumsy' fo' short."

My grandmother tried to argue Lucy out of this mortuary cognomen, but with no effect, and years afterward, when my mother revisited Roswell as Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, one of the first negroes to greet her was "Come, see the world and go!"



Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., aged thirty, 1862.

All these stories of the old plantation were fascinating to the children of the nursery in 20th Street, and we loved to hear how the brothers and sisters in that old house played and worked, for they all did their share in the work of the household. There the beautiful half-sister of my mother, Susan Elliott, brought her Northern lover, Hilborne

West, of Philadelphia, whose sister, Mary West, had shortly before married Weir Roosevelt, of New York, the older brother of my father, Theodore Roosevelt. This same Hilborne West, a young physician of brilliant promise, adored the informal, fascinating plantation life, and loved the companionship of the two dainty, pretty girls of fourteen and sixteen, Martha and Anna Bulloch, his fiancée's young half-sisters.

Martha Bulloch Roosevelt, twenty-two years old, about 1856.

Many were the private theatricals and riding-parties, and during that first gay visit Doctor West constantly spoke of his young connection by marriage, Theodore Roosevelt, who he felt would love Roswell as he did.

A year afterward, inspired by the stories of Doctor West, my father, a young man of nineteen, asked if he might pay a visit at the old plantation, and there began the love-affair with a black-haired girl of fifteen which later was to develop into so deep a devotion that when the young Roosevelt, two years later, returned from a trip abroad and found this same young girl visiting her sister in Philadelphia, he succumbed at once to the fascination from which he had never fully recovered, and later travelled once more to the old pillared house on the sand-hills of Georgia, to carry Martha Bulloch away from her Southern home forever.

I cannot help quoting from letters from Martha Bulloch in July, 1853, shortly after her engagement, and again from Martha Roosevelt, a little more than a year later, when she revisits her old home. She had been hard to win, but when her lover leaves Roswell, at the end of his first visit, immediately following their engagement, she yields herself fully and writes:

"Roswell, July 26, 1853.

"THEE, DEAREST THEE:

"I promised to tell you if I cried when you left me. I had determined not to do so if possible, but when the dreadful feeling came over me that you were, indeed, gone, I could not help my tears from springing and had to rush away and be alone with myself. Everything now seems associated with you. Even when I run up the stairs going to my own room, I feel as if you were near and turn involuntarily to kiss my hand to you. I feel, dear Thee, as though you were part of my existence, and that I only live in your being, for now I am confident of my own deep love. When I went into lunch today I felt very sad, for there was no one now to whom to make the request to move 'just a quarter of an inch farther away'—but how foolish I am,—you will be tired of this 'rhapsody.' . . .

"Tom King has just been here to persuade us to join the Brush Mountain picnic tomorrow. We had refused but we are reconsidering."

"July 27th.

"We have just returned after having had a most delightful time. It was almost impossible for our horses to keep a foothold, the Mountain was so steep, but we were fully repaid by the beautiful extended view from the top, and when we descended, at the bottom, the gentlemen had had planks spread and carriage cushions arranged for us to rest, and about four o'clock we had our dinner. Such appetites! Sandwiches, chicken wings, bread and cheese disappeared miraculously.

"Tom had a fire built and we had nice hot tea and about six o'clock we commenced our return. I had promised to ride back with Henry Stiles, so I did so, and you cannot imagine what a picturesque effect our riding party had,—not having any Habit, I fixed a bright red shawl as a skirt and a long red scarf on my head, turban fashion with long ends streaming. Lizzie Smith and Anna dressed in the same way, and we were all perfectly wild with spirits and created quite an excitement in Roswell by our gay cavalcade—But all the same I was joked all day by everybody, who said that they could see that my eyes were swollen and that I had been crying."

All this in a very delicate Italian hand, and leaving her lover, I imagine, a little jealous of "Henry Stiles," in spite of the "rhapsody" at the beginning of the letter!

My father's answer to that very letter is so full of deep joy at the "rhapsody" in which his beautiful and occasionally capricious Southern sweetheart indulged, that I do not think he even remembered "Henry Stiles," for he answers her as follows:

"New York, August 3rd.

"How can I express to you the pleasure which I received in reading your letter! I felt as you recalled so vividly to my mind the last morning of our parting, the blood rush to my temples; and I had, as I was in the office, to lay the letter down, for a few minutes to regain command of myself. I had been hoping against hope to receive a letter from you, but *such* a letter! O, Mittie, how deeply, how devotedly I love you! Do continue to return my love as ardently as you do now, or if possible love me more. I know my love for you merits such return, and do, dear little Mittie, continue to write, (when you feel moved to!) just such 'rhapsodies.'"

On December 3, 1853, very shortly before her wedding, Martha Bulloch writes another letter, and in spite of her original "rhapsody," and her true devotion to her lover, one can see that she has many girlish qualms, for she writes him: "I do dread the time before our wedding, darling,—and I wish that it was all up and that I had died game!"

A year and a half later, May 2, 1855, Martha Roosevelt is again at the home of her childhood, this time with her little baby, my older sister Anna, and her husband has to leave her, and she writes again:

"I long to hear you say once again that you love me. I know you do but still I would like to have a fresh avowal. You have proved that you love me dear, in a thousand ways and still I long to hear it again and again. It will be a joyful day when we meet again. I feel as though I

would never wish to leave your side again. You know how much I enjoy being with mother and Anna, but all the same I am only waiting until 'Thee' comes, for you can hardly imagine what a *wanting* feeling I have when you are gone.

"Mother is out in the entry talking to one of the 'Crackers.' While I was dressing mother brought in a sweet rose and I have it in my breast pin. I have picked one of the leaves off just this moment and send it to you,—for Thee,—the roses are out in beautiful profusion and I wish you could see them. . . ."

A year and a half in the cold North had not dimmed the ardor of affection between the young couple.

We children of the nursery in 28 East 20th Street loved nothing better than to make my mother and aunt tell us the story of the gay wedding at the old home near Atlanta. I remember still the thrill of excitement with which I used to listen to the details of that wonderful week before the wedding, when all the bridesmaids and ushers gathered at the homestead and every imaginable festivity took place.

One of my mother's half-brothers had just returned from Europe, and fell in love at first sight with one of her beautiful bridesmaids, already, alas! engaged to another and much older man, not a member of the wedding party. My child's heart suffered unwarranted pangs at the story of the intense attraction of these two young people for each other, and I always felt that I could see the lovely bridesmaid riding back with the man to whom she had unwittingly given her heart, under the Southern trees dripping with hanging moss. The romantic story ended tragically in an unwilling marriage, a duel, and much that was unfortunate.

But my mother and my father had no such complications in their own lives, and the Southern girl who went away with her Northern lover never regretted that step, although much that was difficult and troublous came in their early married life because of the years of war from 1861 to 1865, when Martha Bulloch's brothers fought for the South, and Theodore Roosevelt did splendid and unselfish work in upholding the principles for which the North was giving its blood and brawn.

The fighting blood of James Dunwoody and Irvine Bulloch was the same blood infused through their sister into the veins of their young kinsman, the second Theodore Roosevelt, and showed in him the same glowing attributes. The gallant attitude of their mother, Mrs. Stephens Bulloch, also had its share in the making of her famous grandson.

Her son Irvine was only a lad of sixteen, while her stepson, James, was much older and was already a famous naval blockade-runner, when she parted from them. Turning to her daughter Anna, she prayed that she might never live to know if Irvine were killed or Richmond taken by the Northern army. I cannot but rejoice that her life passed away before such news could come to her. It must have been bitter, indeed, for her, under these circumstances, to face the necessity of accepting the bread of her Northern son-in-law, and it speaks volumes for the characters of both that during the whole war there was never a moment of estrangement between them, or between my father and his lovely sister-in-law, Anna Bulloch, who became, because of the fact that she lived with us during those early years of our lives, one of the most potent influences of our childhood.

I myself remember nothing of the strain of those troubled days, but my aunt has often told me of the bedtime hour in the nursery when a certain fair-haired, delicate little boy, only four years old, would kneel at her side to say his evening prayer, and, feeling that she would not dare interrupt his petition to the Almighty, would call down, in baby tones and with bent head, the wrath of the Almighty upon the rebel troops. She said that she could never forget the fury in the childish voice when he would plead with Divine Providence to "grind the Southern troops to powder!"

This same lovely aunt taught us our letters at her knee, in that same nursery, having begged, in return for my father's hospitality, that she should be accepted as our first instructress, and not only did she teach us the three R's, but many and many a delightful hour was passed in listening to her wonderful renderings of the "Brer Rabbit" stories.

Both my aunt and my mother had but little opportunity for consecutive education, but they were what it seems to me Southern women ever are—natural women of the world, and yet they combined with a perfect readiness to meet all situations an exquisite simplicity and sensitive sympathy rarely found in the women of the North. This sensitiveness was not only evidenced in their human relationships, but in all pertaining to art and literature. I have often said that they were natural connoisseurs.

I remember that my father would never buy any wine until my mother had tasted it, and experts of various kinds came to her in the same way for expressions of her opinion. She was very beautiful, with black, fine hair—not the dusky brunette's coarse, black hair, but fine of texture and with a glow that sometimes seemed to have a slightly russet shade,* and her skin was the purest and most delicate white, more moonlight-white than cream-white, and in the cheeks there was a coral rather than a rose tint. She was considered to be one of the most beautiful women of the New York of her day, a reputation only shared by Mrs. G. Gardiner Howland, and to us, her children, and to her devoted husband she seemed like an exquisite *objet d'art*, to be carefully and lovingly cherished. Her wit, as well as that of my aunt, was known by all her friends, and yet it was never used unkindly, for she had the most loving heart imaginable, and in spite of this rare beauty and her wit and charm she never seemed to know that she was unusual in any degree, and cared but little for anything except her own home and her own children. Owing to delicate health, she was not able to enter into the active life of her husband and children, and therefore our earliest memories, where our activities were concerned, turn to my father and my aunt, but always my mother's gracious loveliness and deep devotion wrapped us round as with a mantle.

And so these were the three deities of the nursery in which Theodore Roosevelt spent his first years, and even at that early time they realized that in that simple room in the house which the patriotic women of America are about to restore as a Mecca for the American people there dwelt a unique little personality whose mentality grasped things beyond the ken of other boys of his age and whose gallant spirit surmounted the physical difficulties engendered by his puny and fragile body.

* What her French hair-dresser called "noir doré."

II

The nursery at 28 East 20th Street in the early years of the Civil War missed its chief deity, my father. From the letters exchanged between my mother and father, preserved by each of them, I have formed a clear realization of what it meant to that nursery to lose for almost two years the gay and vigorous personality who always dominated *his* environment as did later his gifted son.

Mr. William E. Dodge, in a very beautiful letter written for the memorial meeting of the Union League Club in February, 1878, just after my father's death, gave the following interesting account of my father's special work in the Civil War. This letter was read after an eloquent speech delivered by Mr. Joseph H. Choate. The part of the letter to which I especially refer ran as follows:

> When the shadows of the coming war began to grow into a reality he [Theodore Roosevelt] threw himself with all heart and soul into work for the country.
>
> From peculiar circumstances he was unable to volunteer for military service, as was his wish, but he began at once to develop practical plans of usefulness to help those who had gone to the front.
>
> He became an active worker on the Advisory Board of the Woman's Central Association of Relief, that wonderful and far-reaching organization of patriotic women out of which grew the Sanitary Commission.
>
> He worked with the "Loyal Publication Society," which, as many of our members know, was a most active and useful educating power in the days when there was great ignorance as to the large issues of the conflict.
>
> He joined enthusiastically in the organization of the Union League Club, was for years a most valued member of its executive committees and aided in the raising and equipment of the first colored troops.
>
> His great practical good sense led him to see needs which escaped most other minds. He felt that the withdrawal from the homes of so many enlisted men would leave great want in many sections of the country. He saw the soldiers were more than amply clothed and fed, and their large pay wasted mostly among the sutlers, and

for purposes which injured their health and efficiency. So with two others he drafted a bill for the appointment of Allotment Commissioners, who without pay should act for the War Department and arrange to send home to needy families, without risk or cost, the money not needed in the camps. For three months they worked in Washington to secure the passage of this act—delayed by the utter inability of Congressmen to understand why anyone should urge a bill from which no one could selfishly secure an advantage.

When this was passed he was appointed by President Lincoln one of the three Commissioners from this State. For long, weary months, in the depth of a hard winter, he went from camp to camp, urging the men to take advantage of this plan.

On the saddle often six to eight hours a day, standing in the cold and mud as long, addressing the men and entering their names.

This resulted in sending many millions of dollars to homes where it was greatly needed, kept the memory of wives and children fresh in the minds of the soldiers, and greatly improved their morale. Other States followed, and the economical results were very great.

Toward the close of the war, finding the crippled soldiers and the families of those who had fallen were suffering for back pay due and for pensions, and that a race of greedy and wicked men were taking advantage of their needs to plunder them, he joined in organizing the Protective War-Claim Association, which without charge collected these dues. This saved to the soldiers' families more than $1,000,000 of fees.

He also devised and worked heartily in the Soldiers' Employment Bureau, which found fitting work for the crippled men who by loss of limb were unfitted for their previous occupations. This did wonders toward absorbing into the population of the country those who otherwise would have been dependent, and preserved the self-respect of the men. I believe it did more and vastly better work than all the "Soldiers' homes" combined. For the work in the Allotment Commission he received the special and formal thanks of the State in a joint resolution of the Legislature.

Nothing was more characteristic of my father's attitude toward life than his letters during this period to my mother. He realized fully that in leaving his young family he was putting upon his youthful and delicate wife—whose mental suffering during the war must have been great, owing to the fact of her being a Southerner—her full share of what was difficult in the situation. He writes with the utmost frankness of his wish that she might look on the great question of which the war was a symptom from the same standpoint as his, but the beautiful love and trust which existed between them was such that in all these letters which passed so constantly during my father's labors as Allotment Commissioner there was never the slightest evidence of hurt feelings or friction of any kind.

In the early fall of 1861 he was struggling to have passed by Congress the bill to appoint Allotment Commissioners, and spent weary days in Washington in the effort to achieve that purpose. When the bill was passed and he and Mr. William E. Dodge and Mr. Theodore Bronson were appointed as the three commissioners, he threw himself, with all the ardor and unselfishness of his magnificent nature, into the hard work of visiting the camps in midwinter and persuading the reluctant soldiers to believe that it was their duty to allot a certain portion of their pay to their destitute families.

He writes on January 1, 1862:

"I have stood on the damp ground talking to the troops and taking their names for six hours at a time. One of the regiments that I visited last, which is wretchedly officered and composed of the scum of our city, seemed for the first time even to recall their families. We had an order from the General of Division and the Colonel sent his adjutant to carry out our desires. He came, dirty and so drunk that he could not speak straight, and of course got the orders wrong. All the officers seem to be in with the sutler while the private said he was an unmitigated thief. The delays were so great that I stood out with one of these companies after seven o'clock at night, with one soldier holding a candle while I took down the names of those who desired to send money home. The men looked as hard as I have often seen such men look in our Mission neighborhood, but after a little talking and explaining my object and reminding them of those they had left behind them, one after another put down his name, and from this company alone, they allotted while I was there $600.00. This would be increased afterwards by the officers, if they were decent ones, and other men absent on guard and through other reasons. I could not help thinking what a subject for a painting it would make as I stood out there in the dark night, surrounded by the men with one candle just showing glimpses of their faces,—tents all around us in the woods. One man after putting down five

dollars a month said suddenly: 'My old woman has always been good to me, and if you please, change it to ten.' In a moment, half a dozen others followed his example and doubled their allotments.

"I enclose a letter for 'Teedie' [Theodore]. Do take care of yourself and the dear little children while I am away, and remember to enjoy yourself just as much as you can. [This sentence is so like my father. Duty was always paramount, but joy walked hand in hand with duty whenever it legitimately could.]

"I do not want you not to miss me, but remember that I would never have felt satisfied with myself after this war is over if I had done nothing, and that I do feel now that I am only doing my duty. I know you will not regret having me do what is right, and I do not believe you will love me any the less for it.

Yours as ever,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

This particular letter is very characteristic of the father of President Roosevelt —a man of the qualities which his country has grown to associate with its beloved "Colonel." In my brother's case they were the direct inheritance from the man who stood, knee-deep in mud, using his wonderful personality to make those hard-faced drafted men remember their own people at home, and at the same time writes to the lovely mother of his children to try and enjoy herself as much as possible in his absence.

The letters all give vivid accounts of his experiences, differing in interest. He speaks of General Wadsworth, the grandfather of our present United States senator, and says that the general "helped to make my bed when I spent one night with his Division."

In an interim of work, on February 7, he writes of his invitation to Mrs. Lincoln's ball, at which he says he had a delightful time. "Mrs. Lincoln in giving the Ball, stated that she gave it as a piece of economy in war time, and included those diplomats, senators, congressmen and others, that it had been previously the habit to invite at a number of formal dinners. No one lower in the army than the Division General,—not even a Brigadier, had an invitation to the Ball, and of course there was much grumbling and a proportionate amount of envy. Some complained of the supper, but I have rarely seen a better, and often a worse one. Terrapin, birds, ducks, and everything else in great profusion when I was in the dining room, although some complained of the delay in getting into the room, as we went in in parties."

On February 12, 1862, comes this description of the delightful visit to Newport News, and he says:

"All the officers received us in such a hospitable spirit and the weather assisted in making our stay agreeable. I passed two of the pleasantest days that I have enjoyed when away from home. General Mansfield suggested some practice with the parrot gun, and one of those sad accidents occurred, for a gun burst and two men were killed.

"We have been treated like princes here. The steamboat was put at our disposal and when through a misunderstanding it left before we were on board, another one was immediately sent with us. I enclose several things to keep for me."

Amongst the enclosures was a note which is sufficiently interesting to give in facsimile.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
186

"MR. ROSEVALT
"*Dear Sir*

"I very much regretted, that a severe headache confined me to my room on yesterday, this morning, I find we are expected to hold a noon reception, which will be over, by 3½ o'clock—at which time, I will be very happy to have you ride with us.

Very truly yours
MRS A. LINCOLN."

This quaint missive reminds me of the fact of my father's kindly tolerance of "Mrs. A. Lincoln's" little peculiarities. I remember how he used to tell us when occasionally he was invited, as this letter says, to "ride" with her, that he would also be invited to stop at the shop where she bought her bonnets, and give his advice on which bonnet was especially becoming!

Under date of Washington, February 14, he writes again:

Executive Mansion,

Washington, 186

Mr Roosevelt

Dear Sir

I very much regretted, that a severe headache confined me to my room on yesterday, this morning, I find we are expected to hold a noon reception, which will be over, by 3½ o'clock - at which time, I will be very happy to have you ride with us.

Very truly Yours

Mrs A. Lincoln.

An invitation from the wife of Abraham Lincoln to Theodore-Roosevelt, Sr.

"I have so many acquaintances here now that I could easily find a temporary companion. Hay [John Hay] is going with me to Seward's to-night, and I am hoping to procure the pass for your mother." (My grandmother was most anxious to get back to her own people in the South.) "In Baltimore I saw, or fancied I saw, on the faces of our class of the inhabitants, their feelings in consequence of the news just received of the taking of Roanoke Island. They looked very blue. The sutlers here are serious obstacles in getting allotments. As soon as we see a Regiment and persuade the men to make allotments, they send around an agent to dissuade them from signing their names, convincing them that it is a swindle because they want the money to be spent in Camp and go into their pockets instead of being sent home to the poor families of the men, who are in such want.

"I enclose you a flower from the bouquet on the table of the Executive Mansion. Also a piece of silk from an old-fashioned piano cover in Arlington House."

As I opened the letter the flower fell to dust in my hands, but the little piece of green silk, faded and worn, had evidently been treasured by my mother as being a relic of Arlington House.

On February 27, 1862, his stay in Washington was drawing to a close, and my father regretted, as so many have done, that he had not kept a diary of his interesting experiences. He writes:

"All those whom I have seen here in Washington in social intercourse day by day will be characters in history, and it would be pleasant to look over a diary hereafter of my own impressions of them, and recall their utterly different views upon the policy which should be pursued by the Government. I have rarely been able to leave my room in the evening, for it has been so filled with visitors, but I have not felt the loss of liberty from the fact that those who were my guests I would have taken a great deal of trouble to see, and never could have seen so informally and pleasantly anywhere except in my own room.

"It has, of course, been more my duty to entertain those whose hospitality I was daily receiving, in the camps, by invitations to drop in during the evening; all of these are striving to make their marks as statesmen, and some, I am sure, we will hear from hereafter."

On March 1, 1862, he says:

"We have all been in a state of excitement for some days past, caused by movements in the Army foreshadowing a general battle. The snow which is now falling fast, has caused a damper over all our spirits. . . . Several of the Generals have stated to me their belief that the war, as far as there was any necessity for so large an army, would be closed by some time in May,—probably the first of May. If so, my work will be all over when I return to New York, and I can once more feel that I have a wife and children, and enjoy them.

"It is Sunday afternoon, and I have a peculiar longing to see you all again, the quiet snow falling outside, my own feelings being very sad and that of those around being in the same condition makes me turn to my own quiet fireside for comfort. I wish we sympathized together on this question of so vital moment to our country, but I know you cannot understand my feelings, and of course I do not expect it.

Your loving husband who wants very much to see you."

One can well imagine the note of sadness in the strong young man who had relinquished his urgent desire to bear arms because of the peculiar situation in which he found himself, but who was to give all his time and thought and physical endurance to the work vitally needed, and which he felt he could have handled better with the sympathy of his young wife, whose anxiety about her mother and brothers was, however, so poignant and distressing. Never, however, in the many letters exchanged between the parents of my brother, Theodore Roosevelt, was there one word which was calculated to make the close family love and the great respect for each other's feelings less possible.

In the last letter quoted above, one feels again that history does indeed repeat itself, when one thinks that it was written in March, 1862, and that those "generals"

of whom my father speaks were expecting that no large army would be needed after May 1 of that year, when in reality the long agony of civil war was to rack our beloved country for nearly three years more. This was proven shortly after to my father, and in the following October he is writing again from Baltimore, and this time in a less wistful mood:

"Since I last wrote you I have enjoyed my pleasantest experiences as Allotment Commissioner. The weather was lovely our horses good and Major Dix accompanied us from the Fortress to Yorktown. It was about twenty-five miles of historic ground passing over the same country that General McClellan had taken his army along last spring. . . .

"Next morning we rode another twenty-five miles to Newport News to see the Irish Brigade. General Corcoran was there and accompanied us to the regiments first suggesting Irish whiskey to strengthen us. At dinner ale was the beverage and after dinner each Colonel seemed to have his own particular tope. On our return they made an Irish drink called 'scal thun' and at about one o'clock gave us 'devilled bones.' The servant was invited in to sing for us and furnished with drinks at odd times by the General, who never indulged, however, himself to excess. We then went the grand rounds with the General at two in the morning, arrested two officers for not being at their posts and returned at half past three, well prepared to rest quietly after a very fatiguing day, and one of the most thoroughly Irish nights that I ever passed.

"Next morning (yesterday) we had a delightful ride over to Fortress Monroe and had lunch at General Dix's before leaving in the boat."

Again, on October 18, having apparently been able to return for a brief visit to his family, he writes from Niagara:

"All our party started from Albany to Fonda and I had a hard day's work, for the men had been deceived by the bounty and were suspicious about everything regarding the Allotment Commission. The officers' dinner was a good deal like pigs eating at a trough. When at night three companies had not yet been visited, I determined to do it wholesale. I had two tents pitched and occupied one already prepared, placing a table, candles and allotment roll in each. I then had the three companies formed into three sides of a square and used all my eloquence. When I had finished they cheered me vociferously. I told them I would be better able to judge who meant the cheers by seeing which company made most allotments." (This sentence of my father's makes me think so much of my brother's familiar "Shoot; don't shout!" when he would receive vociferous cheers for any advice given.) "I thus raised the spirit of competition and those really were the best that I had taken during the day. By eight o'clock we found our work done, dark as pitch, and rain descending in torrents, but still the work was done."

These letters give, I think, a vivid picture of my father's persistence and determined character, and the quality of "getting there" which was so manifestly the quality of his son as well, and at the same time the power of enjoyment, the natural affiliation with his human kind, and always the thoughtfulness and consideration for his young wife left with her little charges at home.

In that same home the spirit of the war permeated through the barriers of love raised around the little children of the nursery, and my aunt writes of the attitude of the small, yellow-haired boy into whose childish years came also the distant din of battle, arousing in him the military spirit which even at four years of age had to take some expression. She says: "Yesterday Teedie was really excited when I said to him that I must fit his zouave suit. His little face flushed up and he said, 'Are me a soldier laddie, too?' and when I took his suggestion and said, 'Yes, and I am the Captain,' he was willing to stand for a moment or two to be fitted." Even then Theodore Roosevelt responded to his country's call and equally to the discipline of the superior officer!

(To be continued.)

TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART I (*Continued*)

IV

THE MAUSOLEUM

THERE are houses whose souls have passed into the limbo of Time, leaving their bodies in the limbo of London. Such was not quite the condition of "Timothy's" on the Bayswater Road, for Timothy's soul still had one foot in Timothy Forsyte's body, and Smither kept the atmosphere unchanging, of camphor and port wine and house whose windows are only opened to air it twice a day.

To Forsyte imagination that house was now a sort of Chinese pill-box, a series of layers of wrappings in the last of which was Timothy. One did not reach him, or so it was reported by members of the family who, out of old-time habit or absent-mindedness, would drive up once in a blue moon and ask after their surviving uncle. Such were Francie, now quite emancipated from God (she frankly avowed atheism), Euphemia, emancipated from old Nicholas, and Winifred Dartie from her "man of the world." But, after all, everybody was emancipated now, or said they were—perhaps not quite the same thing!

When Soames, therefore, took it on his way to Paddington station on the morning after that encounter, it was hardly with the expectation of seeing Timothy in the flesh. His heart made a faint demonstration within him while he stood in full south sunlight on the newly whitened doorstep of that little house where four Forsytes had once lived, and now but one dwelt on like a winter fly; the house into which Soames had come and out of which he had gone times without number, divested of, or burdened with, fardels of family gossip; the house of the "old people" of another century, another age.

The sight of Smither, still corseted up to the armpits because the new fashion which came in as they were going out in 1903 had never been considered "nice" by Aunts Juley and Hester, brought a pale friendliness to Soames' lips; Smither, still faithfully arranged to old pattern in every detail, an invaluable servant—none such left—smiling back at him, with the words: "Why! it's Mr. Soames, after all this time! And how are *you*, sir? Mr. Timothy will be so pleased to know you've been."

"How is he?"

"Oh! he keeps fairly bobbish for his age, sir; but of course he's a wonderful man. As I said to Mrs. Dartie when she was here last: It *would* please Miss Forsyte and Miss Juley and Miss Hester to see how he relishes a baked apple still. But he's quite deaf. And a mercy, I always think. For what we should have done with him in the air-raids, I don't know."

"Ah!" said Soames. "What *did* you do with him?"

"We just left him in his bed, and had the bell run down into the cellar, so that Cook and I could hear him if he rang. It would never have done to let him know there was a war on. As I said to Cook, 'If Mr. Timothy rings, they may do what they like—I'm going up. My dear mistresses would have a fit if they could see him ringing and nobody going to him.' But he slept through them all beautiful. And the one in the daytime he was having his bath. It *was* a mercy, because he might have noticed the people in the street all looking up—he often looks out of the window."

"Quite!" murmured Soames. Smither

was getting garrulous! "I just want to look round and see if there's anything to be done."

"Yes, sir. I don't think there's anything except a smell of mice in the dining-room that we don't know how to get rid of. It's funny they should be there, and not a crumb, since Mr. Timothy took to not coming down, just before the war. But they're nasty little things; you never know where they'll take you next."

"Does he leave his bed?"

"Oh! yes, sir; he takes nice exercise between his bed and the window in the morning, not to risk a change of air. And he's quite comfortable in himself; has his Will out every day regular. It's a great consolation to him—that."

"Well, Smither, I want to see him, if I can; in case he has anything to say to me."

Smither colored up above her corsets.

"It *will* be an occasion!" she said. "Shall I take you round the house, sir, while I send Cook to break it to him?"

"No, you go to him," said Soames. "I can go round the house by myself."

One could not confess to sentiment before a servant, and Soames felt that he was going to be sentimental nosing round those rooms so saturated with the past. When Smither, creaking with excitement, had left him, Soames entered the dining-room and sniffed. In his opinion it wasn't mice, but incipient wood-rot, and he examined the panelling. Whether it was worth a coat of paint, at Timothy's age, he was not sure. The room had always been the most modern in the house; and only a faint smile curled Soames' lips and nostrils. Walls of a rich green surmounted the oak dado; a heavy metal chandelier hung by a chain from a ceiling divided by imitation beams. The pictures had been bought by Timothy, a bargain, one day at Jobson's sixty years ago—three Snyder "still lifes," two faintly colored drawings of a boy and a girl, rather charming, which bore the initials "J. R."—Timothy had always believed they might turn out to be Joshua Reynolds, but Soames, who admired them, had discovered that they were only John Robinson; and a doubtful Morland of a white pony being shod. Deep-red plush curtains, ten high-backed dark mahogany chairs with deep-red plush seats, a Turkey carpet, and a mahogany dining-table as large as the room was small, such was an apartment which Soames could remember unchanged in soul or body since he was four years old. He looked especially at the two drawings, and thought: "I shall buy those at the sale."

From the dining-room he passed into Timothy's study. He did not remember ever having been in that room. It was lined from floor to ceiling with volumes, and he looked at them with curiosity. One wall seemed devoted to educational books, which Timothy's firm had published two generations back—sometimes as many as twenty copies of one book. Soames read their titles and shuddered. The middle wall had precisely the same books as used to be in the library at his own father's in Park Lane, from which he deduced the fancy that James and his youngest brother had gone out together one day and bought a brace of small libraries. The third wall he approached with more excitement. Here, surely, Timothy's own taste would be found. It was. The books were dummies. The fourth wall was all heavily curtained window. And turned toward it was a large chair with a mahogany reading-stand attached, on which a yellowish and folded copy of *The Times*, dated July 6, 1914, the day Timothy first failed to come down, as if in preparation for the war, seemed waiting for him still. In a corner stood a large globe of that world never visited by Timothy, deeply convinced of the unreality of everything but England, and permanently upset by the sea, on which he had been very sick one Sunday afternoon in 1836, out of a pleasure boat off the pier at Brighton, with Juley and Hester, Swithin and Hatty Chessman; all due to Swithin, who was always taking things into his head, and who, thank goodness, had been sick too. Soames knew all about it, having heard the tale fifty times at least from one or other of them. He went up to the globe, and gave it a spin; it emitted a faint creak and moved about an inch, bringing into his purview a daddy-long-legs which had died on it in latitude 44.

"Mausoleum!" he thought. "George was right!" And he went out and up the

stairs. On the half landing he stopped before the case of stuffed humming-birds which had delighted his childhood. They looked not a day older, suspended on wires above pampas-grass. If the case were opened the birds would not begin to hum, but the whole thing would crumble, he suspected. It wouldn't be worth putting that into the sale! And suddenly he was caught by a memory of Aunt Ann—dear old Aunt Ann—holding him by the hand in front of that case and saying: "Look, Soamey! Aren't they bright and pretty, dear little humming-birds!" Soames remembered his own answer: "They don't hum, Auntie." He must have been six, in a black velveteen suit with a light-blue collar—he remembered that suit well! Aunt Ann with her ringlets, and her spidery kind hands, and her grave old aquiline smile—a fine old lady, Aunt Ann! He moved on up to the drawing-room door. There on each side of it were the groups of miniatures. Those he would certainly buy in! The miniatures of his four aunts, one of his Uncle Swithin adolescent, and one of his Uncle Nicholas as a boy. They had all been painted by a young lady friend of the family at a time, 1830, about, when miniatures were considered very genteel, and lasting too, painted as they were on ivory. Many a time had he heard the tale of that young lady: "Very talented, my dear; she had quite a weakness for Swithin, and very soon after she went into a consumption and died: so like Keats—we often spoke of it."

Well, there they were! Ann, Juley, Hester, Susan, quite a small child; Swithin, with sky-blue eyes, pink cheeks, yellow curls, white waistcoat—large as life; and Nicholas, like a Cupid with an eye on heaven. Now he came to think of it, Uncle Nick had always been rather like that—a wonderful man to the last. Yes, she must have had talent, and miniatures always had a certain back-watered cachet of their own, little subject to the currents of competition on æsthetic Change. Soames opened the drawing-room door. The room was dusted, the furniture uncovered, the curtains drawn back, precisely as if his aunts still dwelt there patiently waiting. And a thought came to him: When Timothy died—why not? Would it not be almost a duty to preserve this house—like Carlyle's—and put up a tablet, and show it? "Specimen of mid-Victorian abode—entrance, one shilling, with catalogue." After all, it was the completest thing, and perhaps the deadest in the London of to-day. Perfect in its special taste and culture, if, that is, he took down and carried over to his own collection the four Barbizon pictures he had given them. The still sky-blue walls, the green curtains patterned with red flowers and ferns; the crewel-worked fire-screen before the cast-iron grate; the mahogany cupboard with glass windows, full of little knickknacks; the beaded footstools; Keats, Shelley, Southey, Cowper, Coleridge, Byron's Corsair (but nothing else), and the Victorian poets in a bookshelf row; the marqueterie cabinet lined with dim red plush, full of family relics; Hester's first fan; the buckles of their mother's father's shoes; three bottled scorpions; and one very yellow elephant's tusk, sent home from India by Great-uncle Edgar Forsyte, who had been in jute; a yellow bit of paper propped up, with spidery writing on it, recording God knew what! And the pictures crowding on the walls—all water-colors save those four Barbizons looking like the foreigners they were, and doubtful customers at that—pictures bright and illustrative, "Telling the Bees," "Hey for the Ferry!" and two in the style of Frith, all thimble-rig and crinolines, given them by Swithin. Oh! many, many pictures at which Soames had gazed a thousand times in supercilious fascination; a marvellous collection of bright, smooth gilt frames.

And the boudoir-grand piano, beautifully dusted, hermetically sealed as ever; and Aunt Juley's album of pressed seaweed on it. And the gilt-legged chairs, stronger than they looked. And on one side of the fireplace the sofa of crimson silk, where Aunt Ann, and after her Aunt Juley, had been wont to sit, facing the light and bolt upright. And on the other side of the fire the one really easy chair, back to the light, for Aunt Hester. Soames screwed up his eyes; he seemed to see them sitting there. Ah! and the atmosphere—even now, of too many stuffs and washed lace curtains, lavender in bags, and dried bees' wings. "No," he thought,

"there's nothing like it left; it ought to be preserved." And, by George, they might laugh at it, but for a standard of gentle life never departed from, for fastidiousness of skin and eye and nose and feeling, it beat to-day hollow—to-day with its Tubes and cars, its perpetual smoking, its cross-legged, bare-necked girls visible up to the knees and down to the waist if you took the trouble (agreeable to the satyr within each Forsyte but hardly his idea of a lady), with their feet, too, screwed round the legs of their chairs while they ate, and their "So longs," and their "Old Beans," and their laughter—girls who gave him the shudders whenever he thought of Fleur in contact with them; and the hard-eyed, capable, older women who managed life and gave him the shudders too. No! his old aunts, if they never opened their minds, their eyes, or very much their windows, at least had manners, and a standard, and reverence for past and future.

With rather a choky feeling he closed the door and went tiptoeing up-stairs. He looked in at a place on the way: H'm! in perfect order of the eighties, with a sort of yellow oilskin paper on the walls. At the top of the stairs he hesitated between four doors. Which of them was Timothy's? And he listened. A sound as of a child slowly dragging a hobby-horse about, came to his ears. That must be Timothy! He tapped, and a door was opened by Smither very red in the face.

Mr. Timothy was taking his walk, and she had not been able to get him to attend. If Mr. Soames would come into the back room, he could see him through the door.

Soames went into the back room and stood watching.

The last of the old Forsytes was on his feet, moving with the most impressive slowness, and an air of perfect concentration on his own affairs, backward and forward between the foot of his bed and the window, a distance of some twelve feet. The lower part of his square face, no longer clean-shaven, was covered with snowy beard clipped as short as it could be, and his chin looked as broad as his brow where the hair was also quite white, while nose and cheeks and brow were a good yellow. One hand held a stout stick, and the other grasped the skirt of his Jaeger dressing-gown, from under which could be seen his bed-socked ankles and feet thrust into Jaeger slippers. The expression on his face was that of a crossed child, intent on something that he has not got. Each time he turned he stumped the stick, and then dragged it, as if to show that he could do without it.

"He still looks strong," said Soames under his breath.

"Oh! yes, sir. You should see him take his bath—it's wonderful; and he does enjoy it."

Those quite loud words gave Soames an insight. Timothy had resumed his babyhood.

"Does he take any interest in things generally?" he said, also aloud.

"Oh! yes, sir; his food and his Will. It's quite a sight to see him turn it over and over, not to read it, of course; and every now and then he asks the price of Consols, and I write it on a slate for him—very large. Of course, I always write the same, what they were when he last took notice, in 1914. We got the doctor to forbid him to read the paper when the war broke out. Oh! he did take on about that at first. But he soon came round, because he knew it tired him; and he's a wonder to conserve energy as he used to call it when my dear mistresses were alive, bless their hearts! How he did go on at them about that; they were always so active, if you remember, Mr. Soames."

"What would happen if I were to go in?" asked Soames. "Would he remember me? I made his Will, you know, after Miss Hester died in 1907."

"Oh! that, sir," replied Smither doubtfully, "I couldn't take on me to say. I think he might; he really is a wonderful man for his age."

Soames moved into the doorway, and, waiting for Timothy to turn, said in a loud voice: "Uncle Timothy!"

Timothy trailed back half-way, and halted.

"Eh?" he said.

"Soames," cried Soames at the top of his voice, holding out his hand, "Soames Forsyte!"

"No!" said Timothy, and stumping

his stick loudly on the floor, he continued his walk.

"It doesn't seem to work," said Soames.

"No, sir," replied Smither, rather crestfallen; "you see, he hasn't finished his walk. It always was one thing at a time with him. I expect he'll ask me this afternoon if you came about the gas, and a pretty job I shall have to make him understand."

"Do you think he ought to have a man about him?"

Smither held up her hands. "A man! Oh! no. Cook and me can manage perfectly. A strange man about would send him crazy in no time. And my mistresses wouldn't like the idea of a man in the house. Besides, we're so proud of him."

"I suppose the doctor comes?".

"Every morning. He makes special terms for such a quantity, and Mr. Timothy's so used, he doesn't take a bit of notice, except to put out his tongue."

"Well," said Soames, turning away, "it's rather sad and painful to me."

"Oh! sir," returned Smither anxiously, "you mustn't think that. Now that he can't worry about things, he quite enjoys his life, really he does. As I say to Cook, Mr. Timothy is more of a man than he ever was. You see, when he's not walkin', or takin' his bath, he's eatin', and when he's not eatin', he's sleepin'; and there it is. There isn't an ache or a care about him anywhere."

"Well," said Soames, "there's something in that. I'll go down. By the way, let me see his Will."

"I should have to take my time about that, sir; he keeps it under his pillow, and he'd see me, while he's active."

"I only want to know if it's the one I made," said Soames; "you take a look at its date some time, and let me know."

"Yes, sir; but I'm sure it's the same, because me and Cook witnessed, you remember, and there's our names on it still, and we've only done it once."

"Quite," said Soames. He did remember. Smither and Jane had been proper witnesses, having been left nothing in the Will that they might have no interest in Timothy's death. It had been—he fully admitted—an almost improper precaution, but Timothy had wished it, and, after all, Aunt Hester had provided for them amply.

"Very well," he said; "good-bye, Smither. Look after him, and if he should say anything at any time, put it down, and let me know."

"Oh! yes, Mr. Soames; I'll be sure to do that. It's been such a pleasant change to see you. Cook will be quite excited when I tell her."

Soames shook her hand and went downstairs. He stood for fully two minutes by the hat-stand whereon he had hung his hat so many times. "So it all passes," he was thinking; "passes and begins again. Poor old chap!" And he listened, if perchance the sound of Timothy trailing his hobby-horse might come down the well of the stairs; or some ghost of an old face show over the banisters, and an old voice say: "Why, it's dear Soames, and we were only saying that we hadn't seen him for a week!"

Nothing—nothing! Just the scent of camphor, and dust-motes in a sunbeam through the fanlight over the door. The little old house! A mausoleum! And, turning on his heel, he went out, and caught his train.

V

THE NATIVE HEATH

"His foot's upon his native heath,
His name's—*Val Dartie*."

With some such feeling did Val Dartie, in the fortieth year of his age, set out that same Thursday morning very early from the old manor-house he had taken between Steyning and Amberley on the north side of the Sussex Downs. His destination was Newmarket, and he had not been there since the autumn of 1899, when he stole over from Oxford for the Cambridgeshire. He paused at the door to give his wife a kiss, and put a flask of port into his pocket.

"Don't overtire your leg, Val, and don't bet too much."

With the pressure of her chest against his own, and her eyes looking into his, Val felt both leg and pocket safe. He should be moderate; Holly was always right—she had a natural aptitude. It did not seem so remarkable to him, per-

haps, as it might to others, that—half Dartie as he was—he should have been perfectly faithful to his young first cousin for the twenty years elapsed since he married her romantically out in the Boer War; and faithful without any feeling of sacrifice or boredom—she was so quick, so slyly always a little in front of his mood. Being first cousins they had decided, or rather Holly had, to have no children; and, though a little sallower, she had kept her looks, her slimness, and the color of her dark hair. Val particularly admired the life of her own she carried on, besides so perfectly satisfying himself and riding better every year. She kept up her music, she read an awful lot—novels, poetry, all sorts of stuff. Out on their farm in Cape Colony she had looked after all the "nigger" babies and women in a miraculous manner. She was, in fact,—clever; yet made no fuss about it, and had no "side." Though not remarkable for humility, Val had come to have the feeling that she was his superior, and he did not grudge it—a great tribute. It might be noted that he never looked at Holly without her knowing of it, but that she looked at him sometimes unawares.

He had kissed her in the porch because he shouldn't be doing so on the platform, but she was going to the station with him, to drive the car back. Though tanned and wrinkled by Colonial weather and the wiles inseparable from horses, and handicapped by the leg which, weakened in the Boer War, had probably saved his life in the war just past, Val was much as he had been in the days of his courtship; his smile as wide and charming, his eyelashes, if anything, thicker and darker, his eyes screwed up under them, as bright a gray, his freckles rather deeper, his hair a little grizzled at the sides. He gave the impression of one who has lived actively *with horses* in a sunny climate.

Twisting the car sharp round at the gate, he said:

"When's young Jon coming?"

"To-day."

"Is there anything you want for him? I could bring it down on Saturday."

"No; but you might come by the same train as Fleur—one forty."

Val gave the Ford full rein; he still drove like a man in a new country on bad roads, who refuses to compromise, and expects heaven at every hole.

"That's a young woman who knows her way about," he said. "I say, has it struck you?"

"Yes," said Holly.

"Uncle Soames and your Dad—bit awkward, isn't it?"

"She won't know, and he won't know, and nothing must be said, of course. It's only for five days, Val."

"Stable secret! Righto!" If Holly thought it safe, of course it was. She slid her big gray eyes round at him, and said: "Did you notice how beautifully she asked herself?"

"No!"

"She did. What do you think of her, Val?"

"Pretty enough, and clever; but she might run out at any corner if she got her monkey up, I should say."

"I'm wondering," said Holly dreamily, "whether she's the modern young woman, or not. One feels at sea coming home into all this."

"You? Oh! no. You get the hang of things so quick."

Holly slid her hand into his coat-pocket.

"That's the beauty of you," went on Val, encouraged; "you keep one in the know. What do you think of that Belgian fellow, Profond?"

"I think he's rather 'a good devil.'"

Val grinned, not recognizing a translation.

"He seems to me a queer fish," he said, "for a friend of our family. In fact, our family is in pretty queer waters, altogether, with Uncle Soames marrying a Frenchwoman, and your Dad marrying Soames' old wife. Our grandfathers would have had fits!"

"So would anybody's," said Holly.

Val was silent. "This car," he said suddenly, "wants rousing; she doesn't get her hind legs under her up-hill. I shall have to give her her head on the slope if I'm to catch that train."

There was that about horses which had prevented him from ever really sympathizing with a car, and the behavior of the Ford under his guidance, compared with its behavior under that of Holly, was always noticeable. He caught the train, however.

"Take care going home; she'll throw you down if she can. Good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye," called Holly, and kissed her hand.

Once in the train, after quarter of an hour's indecision between thoughts of Holly, his morning paper, the look of the bright day, and his dim memory of Newmarket, Val plunged into the recesses of a small square book, all names, pedigrees, tap-roots, and notes about the make and shape of horses. The Forsyte in him was bent on the acquisition of a certain strain of blood, and he was subduing resolutely as yet the Dartie hankering for a flutter. On getting back to England, after the profitable sale of his South African farm and stud, and observing that the sun seldom shone, Val had said to himself: "I've absolutely got to have an interest in life, or this country will give me the blues. Hunting's not enough, I'll breed and I'll train." With just that extra pinch of shrewdness and decision imparted by long residence in a new country, Val had seen the weak point of modern breeding. They were all hypnotized by fashion and high price. He should buy for looks, and let names go hang! And, here he was already, hypnotized by the prestige of a certain strain of blood! Half consciously, he thought: "There's something in this damned climate which makes one go round in a ring. Still, I must have a strain of Mayfly blood."

In this mood he reached the Mecca of his hopes. It was one of those quiet meetings favorable to such as wish to look into horses, rather than into the mouths of bookmakers; and Val clung to the paddock. His twenty years of Colonial life, divesting him of the dandyism in which he had been bred, had left him the essential neatness of the horseman, and given him a queer and rather blighting eye over what he called "the silly haw-haw" of Englishmen, the "flapping cockatoory" of Englishwomen—Holly had none of that and Holly was his model. Observant, quick, resourceful, Val went straight to the heart of a transaction, a horse, a drink; and he was on his way to the heart of a Mayfly filly, when a thick, slow voice said at his elbow:

"Mr. Val Dartie? How's Mrs. Val Dartie? She's well, I hope." And he saw beside him the Belgian he had met at his sister Imogen's.

"Prosper Profond—I met you at lunch," said the slow voice.

"Yes. How are you?" murmured Val.

"I'm very well," replied Monsieur Profond, smiling with a certain inimitable slowness. "A good devil" Holly had called him. Well! He looked a little like a devil, with his dark, clipped, pointed beard; a sleepy one though, and good-humored, with fine eyes, unexpectedly intelligent.

"Here's a gentleman wands to know you—cousin of yours—Mr. George Forsyde."

Val saw a large form, and a face clean-shaven, bull-like, a little lowering, with sardonic humor bubbling behind a full gray eye; he remembered it dimly from old days when he would dine with his father at the Iseeum Club.

"How are you?" said George. "I used to go racing with your father. How's the stud? Like to buy one of my screws?"

Val grinned with a sudden feeling that the bottom had fallen out of breeding. Europe! They believed in nothing over here, not even in horses. George Forsyte, Prosper Profond! The devil himself was not more disillusioned than those two.

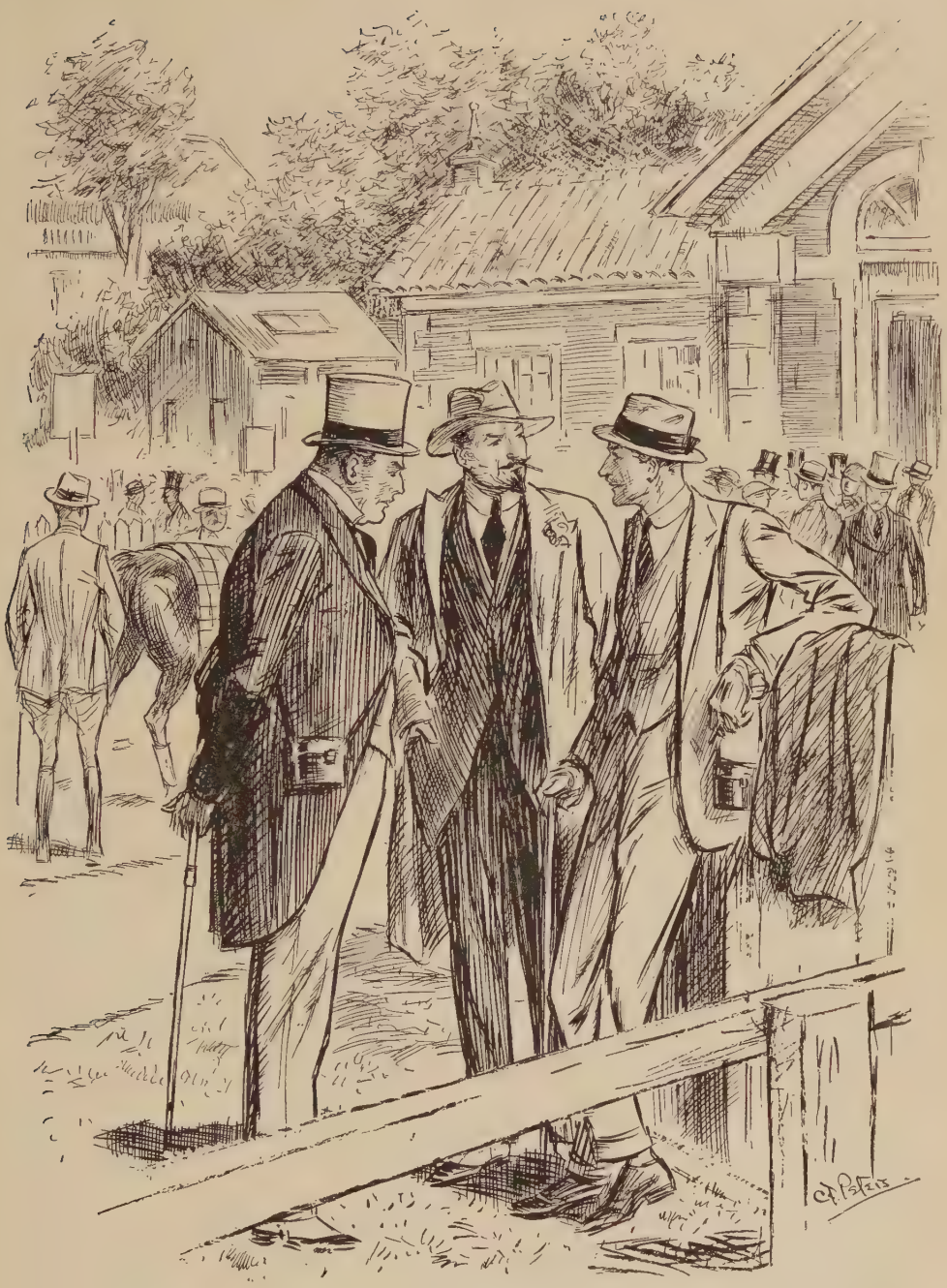
"Didn't know you were a racing man," he said to Monsieur Profond.

"I'm nod. I don' care for it. I'm a yachdin' man. I don' care for yachdin' either, but I like to see my friends. I've got some lunch, Mr. Val Dartie, just a small lunch, if you'd like to 'ave some; nod much—just a small one—in my car."

"Thanks," said Val; "very good of you. I'll come along in about quarter of an hour."

"Over there. Mr. Forsyde's comin'," and Monsieur Profond "poinded" with a yellow-gloved finger; "small car, with a small lunch"; he moved on, groomed, sleepy, and remote, George Forsyte following, neat, huge, and with his jesting air.

Val remained gazing at the Mayfly filly. George Forsyte, of course, was an old chap, but this Profond might be about his own age; and Val felt extremely young, as if the Mayfly filly were a toy at which



Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"I'm nod. I don' care for it. I'm a yachdin' man. I don' care for yachdin' either, but I like to see my friends."—Page 152.

those two had laughed. The animal had lost reality.

"That 'small' mare"—he seemed to hear the voice of Monsieur Profond—"what do you see in her—we must all die!"

And George Forsyte, crony of his father, racing still! The Mayfly strain—was it any better than any other? He might just as well have a flutter with his money instead.

"No, by gum!" he thought suddenly, "if it's no good breeding horses, it's no good doing anything. What did I come for? I'll buy her."

He stood back and watched the ebb of the paddock visitors toward the stand. Natty old chips, shrewd portly fellows, Jews, trainers looking as if they had never been guilty of seeing a horse in their lives; tall, flapping, languid women, or brisk, loud-voiced women; young men with an air as if trying to take it seriously—two or three of them with only one arm!

"Life over here's a game!" thought Val. "Muffin bell rings, horses run, money changes hands; ring again, run again, money changes back."

But, alarmed at his own philosophy, he went to the paddock gate to watch the Mayfly filly canter down. She moved well; and he made his way over to the "small" car. The "small" lunch was the sort a man dreams of but seldom gets; and when it was concluded Monsieur Profond walked back with him to the paddock.

"Your wife's a nice woman," he said surprisingly.

"Nicest woman I know," returned Val dryly.

"Yes," said Monsieur Profond; "she has a nice face. I admire nice women."

Val looked at him suspiciously, but something kindly and direct in the heavy diabolism of his companion disarmed him for the moment.

"Any time you like to come on my yachd, I'll give her a small cruise."

"Thanks," said Val, in arms again, "she hates the sea."

"So do I," said Monsieur Profond.

"Then why do you yacht?"

The Belgian's eyes smiled. "Oh! I don' know. I've done everything; it's the last thing I'm doin'."

"It must be d—d expensive. I should want more reason than that."

Monsieur Prosper Profond raised his eyebrows, and puffed out a heavy lower lip.

"I'm an easy-goin' man," he said.

"Were you in the war?" asked Val.

"Ye-es. I've done that too. I was gassed; it was a small bit unpleasand." He smiled with the deep and sleepy air of prosperity which went so well with his name of Prosper Profond. Whether his saying "small" when he ought to have said "little" was genuine mistake or affectation, Val could not decide; the fellow was evidently capable of anything. Among the ring of buyers round the Mayfly filly who had won her race, Monsieur Profond said:

"You goin' to bid?"

Val nodded. With this sleepy Satan at his elbow, he felt in need of faith. Though placed above the ultimate blows of Providence by the forethought of a grandfather who had tied him up a thousand a year to which was added the thousand a year tied up for Holly by *her* grandfather, Val was not flush of capital that he could touch, having spent most of what he had realized from his South African farm on his establishment in Sussex. And very soon he was thinking: "Damn it! she's going beyond me!" His limit—six hundred—was exceeded, and he dropped out of the bidding. The Mayfly filly passed under the hammer at seven hundred and fifty guineas. He was turning away vexed when the slow voice of Monsieur Profond said in his ear:

"Well, I've boughd that small filly, but I don'd wand her; you take her and give her to your wife."

Val looked at the fellow with renewed suspicion, but the good humor in his eyes was such that he really could not take offense.

"I made a small lot of money in the war," began Monsieur Profond in answer to that look. "I 'ad armament shares. I like to give it away. I'm always makin' money. I wand very small lot myself. I like my friends to 'ave it."

"I'll buy her of you at the price you gave," said Val with sudden resolution.

"Why?" said Monsieur Profond. "You take her. I don'd wand her."

"Hang it all!" said Val, "one doesn't——"

"Why nod?" smiled Monsieur Profond. "I'm a friend of your family."

"Seven hundred and fifty guineas is not a box of cigars," said Val impatiently.

"All right; you keep her for me till I wand her, and do whad you like with her."

"So long as she's yours," said Val, "I don't mind that."

"Thad's all right," murmured Monsieur Profond, and moved away.

Val watched; he might be "a good devil," but then again he might not. He saw him rejoin George Forsyte, and thereafter saw him no more.

He spent those nights after racing at his mother's house in Green Street.

Winifred Dartie at sixty-two was marvellously preserved, considering the three-and-thirty years during which she had put up with Montague Dartie, till almost happily released by a French staircase. It was to her a vehement satisfaction to have her favorite son back from South Africa after all this time, to feel him so little changed, and to have taken a fancy to his wife. Winifred, who in the late seventies, before her marriage, had been in the vanguard of freedom, pleasure, and fashion, confessed her youth outclassed by the donzellas of the day. They seemed, for instance, to regard marriage as an incident, and Winifred sometimes regretted that she had not done the same; a second, third, fourth incident might have secured her a partner of less dazzling inebriety; though, after all, he had left her Val, Imogen, Maud, Benedict (almost a colonel and unharmed by the war)—none of whom had been divorced as yet. The steadiness of her children often amazed one who remembered their father; but, as she was fond of believing, they were really all Forsytes, favoring herself, except perhaps Imogen. Her brother's "little girl" Fleur frankly puzzled Winifred. The child was as restless as any of these modern young women —"She's a small flame in a draughd," Prosper Profond had said one day after dinner—but she did not flop, or talk at the top of her voice. The steady Forsyteism in Winifred's own character instinctively resented the feeling in the air, the modern girl's habits and her motto: "All's much of a muchness! Spend, tomorrow we shall be poor!" She found it a saving grace in Fleur that having set her heart on a thing, she had no change of heart until she got it—though what happened after, Fleur was, of course, too young to have made evident. The child was a "very pretty little thing," too, and quite a credit to take about, with her mother's French taste and a gift for wearing clothes; everybody turned to look at Fleur—great consideration to Winifred, a lover of the style and distinction which had so cruelly deceived her in the case of Montague Dartie.

In discussing her with Val, at breakfast on the Saturday morning, Winifred dwelt on the family skeleton.

"That little affair of your father-in-law and your Aunt Irene, Val—it's old as the hills, of course, Fleur need know nothing about it—making a fuss. Your Uncle Soames is very particular about that. So you'll be careful."

"Yes! But it's dashed awkward. Holly's young half-brother's coming to live with us while he learns farming. In fact, he's there already."

"Oh!" said Winifred. "That is a gaff! What's he like, Val?"

"Don't know. Only saw him once—at Robin Hill, when we were home in 1909; he was naked and painted blue and yellow in stripes —a jolly little chap."

Winifred thought that "rather nice," and added comfortably: "Well, Holly's a sensible little thing; she'll know how to deal with it. I shan't tell your uncle. It'll only bother him. It's a great comfort to have you back, my dear boy, now that I'm getting on."

"Getting on! You're as young as ever. That chap Profond, mother, is he all right?"

"Prosper Profond! Oh! he's the most amusing man I know."

Val grunted, and recounted the story of the Mayfly filly.

"That's *so* like him," said Winifred. "He does all sorts of things."

"Well," muttered Val shrewdly, "our family haven't been too lucky with that kind of cattle; they're too light-hearted for us."

It was true, and Winifred's blue study lasted a full minute before she answered:

"Oh! well, he's a foreigner, Val; one must make allowances."

"All right," said Val, "I'll use his filly and make it up to him somehow."

And soon after he gave her his blessing, received a kiss, and left her for his bookmaker's, the Iseeum Club, and Victoria station.

VI

JON

Mrs. Val Dartie, after twenty years of South Africa, had fallen deeply in love, fortunately with something of her own, for the object of her passion was the prospect in front of her windows, the cool clear light on the green downs. It was England again, at last! England more beautiful than she had dreamed. Chance had, in fact, guided the Val Darties to a spot where the South Downs had real charm when the sun shone. Holly had enough of her father's eye to apprehend the rare quality of their outlines and chalky radiance; to go up there by the ravine-like lane and wander along toward Chanctonbury or Amberley, was still a delight which she hardly attempted to share with Val, whose admiration of Nature was confused by a Forsyte's instinct for getting something out of it, such as the condition of the turf for his horses' exercise.

Driving the Ford home with a certain humoring smoothness, she promised herself that the first use she would make of Jon would be to take him up there, and show him "the view" under this May-day sky.

She was looking forward to her young half-brother with a motherliness not required elsewhere. A three-day visit to Robin Hill, soon after their arrival home, had yielded no sight of him—he was still at school; so that her recollection, like Val's, was of a little sunny-haired boy striped blue and yellow, down by the pond.

Those three days at Robin Hill had been exciting, sad, embarrassing. Memories of her dead brother, memories of Val's courtship; the aging of her father, not seen for twenty years, something funereal in his ironic gentleness which did not escape one who had much subtle instinct; above all, the presence of her stepmother, whom she could still vaguely remember as the "lady in gray" of days when she was little and grandfather alive and Mademoiselle Beauce so cross because this intruder gave her music lessons—all these confused and tantalized a spirit which had longed to find Robin Hill untroubled. But Holly was adept at keeping things to herself, and all had seemed to go quite well.

Her father had kissed her when she left him, with lips which she was sure had trembled.

"Well, my dear," he said, "the war hasn't changed Robin Hill, anyway. If you could have brought Jolly back with you! I say, can you stand this spiritualistic racket? When the oak-tree dies, it dies, I'm afraid."

From the warmth of her embrace he probably divined that he had let the cat out of the bag, for he rode off at once on irony.

"Spiritualism—queer word, when the more they manifest the more they prove that they've got hold of matter."

"How?" said Holly.

"Why! Look at their photographs of auric presences. You must have something material for light and shade to fall on before you can take a photograph. No, it'll end in our calling all matter spirit, or all spirit matter—I don't know which."

"But don't you believe in survival, Dad?"

Jolyon had looked at her, and the sad whimsicality of his face impressed her deeply.

"Well, my dear, I should like to get something out of death. I've been looking into it a bit. But for the life of me I can't find anything that telepathy, subconsciousness, and emanation from the storehouse of this world can't account for just as well. Wish I could! Wishes father thoughts but they don't breed evidence."

Holly had pressed her lips again to his forehead with the feeling that it confirmed his theory that all matter was becoming spirit—it felt somehow so insubstantial.

But the most poignant memory of that little visit had been watching, unob-

served, her stepmother reading to herself a letter from Jon. It was—she decided—the prettiest sight she had ever seen. Irene, lost as it were in the letter of her boy, stood at a window where the light fell on her face and her fine gray hair; her lips were moving, smiling, her dark eyes laughing, dancing, and the hand which did not hold the letter was pressed against her breast. Holly withdrew as from a vision of perfect love, convinced that Jon must be nice.

When she saw him coming out of the station with a kit-bag in either hand, she was confirmed in her predisposition. He was a little like Jolly, that long-lost idol of her childhood, but eager-looking and less formal, with deeper eyes and brighter-colored hair, for he wore no hat; altogether a very interesting "little" brother!

His tentative politeness charmed one who was accustomed to assurance in the youthful manner; he was disturbed because she was to drive him home, instead of his driving her. Shouldn't he have a shot? They hadn't a car at Robin Hill since the war, of course, and he had only driven once, and landed up a bank, so she oughtn't to mind his trying. His laugh, soft and infectious, was very attractive, though that word, she had heard, was now quite old-fashioned. When they reached the house he pulled out a crumpled letter which she read while he was washing—a quite short letter, which must have cost her father many a pang to write.

"My dear,

You and Val will not forget, I trust, that Jon knows nothing of family history. His mother and I think he is too young at present. The boy is very dear, and the apple of her eye. Verbum sapientibus.

Your loving father, J. F."

That was all; but it renewed in Holly an uneasy regret that Fleur was coming.

After tea she fulfilled that promise to herself and took Jon up the hill. They had a long talk, sitting above an old chalk-pit grown over with brambles and goosepenny. Milkwort and liverwort starred the green slope, the larks sang, and thrushes in the brake, and now and then a gull flighting inland would wheel very white against the paling sky, where the moon was at its bravest—a white bow stretched in heaven. Delicious vague fragrance came to them, as if little invisible creatures were running and treading scent out of the blades of grass.

Jon, who had fallen silent, said rather suddenly:

"I say, this is wonderful! There's no fat on it at all. Gull's flight and sheep-bells——"

"Gull's flight and sheep-bells— You're a poet, my dear!"

Jon sighed.

"Oh, Golly! No go!"

"Try! I used to at your age."

"Did you? Mother says 'try' too; but I'm so rotten. Have you any of yours for me to see?"

"My dear," Holly murmured, "I've been married nineteen years. I only wrote verses when I wanted to be."

"Oh!" said Jon, and turned over on to his face: the one cheek she could see was a charming color. Was Jon "touched in the wind," then, as Val would have called it? Already? But, if so, all the better, he would take no notice of young Fleur. Besides, on Monday he would begin his farming. And she smiled. Was it Burns who followed the plough, or only Piers Plowman? Nearly every young man and most young women seemed to be poets nowadays, from the number of their books she had read out in South Africa, importing them from Hatchus and Bumphards; and quite good—oh! quite; much better than she had been herself! But then poetry had only really come in since her day—with motor-cars. Another long talk after dinner over a wood fire in the low hall, and there seemed little left to know about Jon except anything of real importance. Holly parted from him at his bedroom door, having seen twice over that he had everything, with the conviction that she would love him, and Val would like him. He was eager, but did not gush; he was a splendid listener, sympathetic, reticent about himself. He evidently loved their father, and adored his mother. He liked riding, rowing, and fencing, better than games. He saved moths from candles, and couldn't bear spiders, but put them out of doors in screws of paper sooner than kill them.

In a word, he was amiable. She went to sleep, thinking that he would suffer horribly if anybody hurt him; but who would hurt him?

Jon, on the other hand, sat awake at his window with a bit of paper and a pencil, writing his first "real poem" by the light of a candle because there was not enough moon to see by, only enough to make the night seem fluttery and as if engraved on silver. Just the night for Fleur to walk, and turn her eyes, and lead on—over the hills and far away. And Jon, deeply furrowed in his ingenuous brow, made marks on the paper and rubbed them out and wrote them in again, and did all that was necessary for the completion of a work of art; and he had a feeling such as the winds of Spring must have, trying their first songs among the coming blossom. Jon was one of those boys (not many) in whom a home-trained love of beauty had survived school life. He had had to keep it to himself, of course, so that not even the drawing-master knew of it; but it was there, fastidious and clear within him. And his poem seemed to him as lame and stilted as the night was winged. But all the same he kept it. It was a "beast," but better than nothing as an expression of the inexpressible. And he thought with a sort of discomfiture: "I shan't be able to show it to mother." He slept terribly well, when he did sleep, overwhelmed by novelty.

VII

FLEUR

To avoid the awkwardness of questions which could not be answered, all that had been told Jon was:

"There's a girl coming down with Val for the week-end."

For the same reason, all that had been told Fleur was: "We've got a youngster staying with us."

The two yearlings, as Val called them in his thoughts, met therefore in a manner which for unpreparedness left nothing to be desired. They were thus introduced by Holly:

"This is Jon, my little brother; Fleur's a cousin of ours, Jon."

Jon, who was coming in through a French window out of strong sunlight, was so confounded by the providential nature of this miracle, that he had time to hear Fleur say calmly:

"Oh, how do you do?" as if he had never seen her, and to understand dimly from the quickest imaginable little movement of her head that he never *had* seen her. He bowed therefore over her hand in an intoxicated manner, and became more silent than the grave. He knew better than to speak. Once in his early life, surprised reading by a night-light, he had said fatuously "I was just turning over the leaves, Mum," and his mother had replied: "Jon, never tell stories, because of your face—nobody will ever believe them."

The saying had permanently undermined the confidence necessary to the success of spoken untruth. He listened therefore to Fleur's swift and rapt allusions to the jolliness of everything, plied her with scones and jam, and got away as soon as might be. They say that in delirium tremens you see a fixed object, preferably dark, which suddenly changes shape and position. Jon saw the fixed object; it had dark eyes and passably dark hair, and changed its position, but never its shape. The knowledge that between him and that object there was already a secret understanding (however impossible to understand) thrilled him so that he waited feverishly, and began to copy out his poem—which of course he would never dare to show her—till the sound of horses' hoofs roused him, and, leaning from his window, he saw her riding forth with Val. It was clear that she wasted no time; but the sight filled him with grief. He wasted his. If he had not bolted, in his fearful ecstacy, he might have been asked to go too. And from his window he sat and watched them disappear, appear again in the chine of the road, vanish, and emerge once more for a minute clear on the outline of the Down. "Silly brute!" he thought; "I always miss my chances."

Why couldn't he be self-confident and ready? And, leaning his chin on his hands, he imagined the ride he might have had with her. A week-end was but a week-end, and he had missed three hours

of it. Did he know any one except himself who would have been such a flat? He did not.

He dressed for dinner early, and was first down. He would miss no more. But he missed Fleur, who came down last. He sat opposite her at dinner, and it was terrible—impossible to say anything for fear of saying the wrong thing, impossible to keep his eyes fixed on her in the only natural way; in sum, impossible to treat normally one with whom in fancy he had already been over the hills and far away; conscious, too, all the time, that he must seem to her, to all of them, a dumb gawk. Yes, it was terrible! And she was talking so well—swooping with swift wing this way and that. Wonderful how she had learned an art which he found so disgustingly difficult. She must think him hopeless indeed!

His sister's eyes fixed on him with a certain astonishment, obliged him at last to look at Fleur; but instantly her eyes, very wide and eager, seeming to say: "Oh! for goodness' sake!" obliged him to look at Val; where a grin obliged him to look at his cutlet—that, at least, had no eyes, and no grin, and he ate it hastily.

"Jon is going to be a farmer," he heard Holly say; "a farmer and a poet."

He glanced up reproachfully, caught the comic left of her eyebrow just like their father's, laughed, and felt better.

Val recounted the incident of Monsieur Prosper Profond; nothing could have been more favorable, for, in relating it, he regarded Holly, who in turn regarded him, while Fleur seemed to be regarding with a slight frown some thought of her own, and Jon was really free to look at her at last. She had on a white frock, very simple and well made; her arms were bare, and her hair had a white rose in it. In just that swift moment of free vision, after such intense discomfort, Jon saw her sublimated, as one sees in the dark a slender white fruit tree; caught her like a verse of poetry flashed before the eyes of the mind, or a tune which floats out in the distance and dies.

He wondered giddily how old she was—she seemed so much more self-possessed and experienced than himself. Why mustn't he say they had met? He remembered suddenly his mother's face; puzzled, hurt-looking, when she answered: "Yes, they're relations, but we don't know them." Impossible that his mother, who loved beauty, should not admire Fleur if she did know her!

Alone with Val after dinner, he sipped port deferentially and answered the advances of this new-found brother-in-law. As to riding (always the first consideration with Val) he could have the young chestnut, saddle and unsaddle it himself, and generally look after it when he brought it in. Jon said he was accustomed to all that at home, and saw that he had gone up one in his host's estimation.

"Fleur," said Val, "can't ride much yet, but she's keen. Of course, her father doesn't know a horse from a cart-wheel. Does your dad ride?"

"He used to; but now he's—you know, he's—" He stopped, so hating the word old. His father was old, and yet not old; no—never!

"Quite," muttered Val. "I used to know your brother up at Oxford, ages ago, the one who died in the Boer War. We had a fight in New College Gardens. That was a queer business," he added, musing; "a good deal came out of it."

Jon's eyes opened wide; all was pushing him toward historical research, when his sister's voice said gently from the doorway:

"Come along, you two," and he rose, his heart pushing him toward something far more modern.

Fleur having declared that it was "simply too wonderful to stay indoors," they all went out. Moonlight was frosting the dew, and an old sun-dial threw a long shadow. Two box hedges at right angles, dark and square, barred off the orchard. Fleur turned through that angled opening.

"Come on!" she called. Jon glanced at the others, and followed. She was running among the trees like a ghost. All was lovely and foamlike above her, and there was a scent of old trunks, and of nettles. She vanished. He thought he had lost her, then almost ran into her standing quite still.

"Isn't it jolly?" she cried, and Jon answered:

"Rather!"

She reached up, twisted off a blossom and, twirling it in her fingers, said:

"I suppose I can call you Jon?"

"I should think so just."

"All right! But you know there's a feud between our families?"

Jon stammered: "Feud? Why?"

"Isn't it romantic and silly? That's why I pretended we hadn't met. Shall we get up early to-morrow morning and go for a walk before breakfast and have it out? I hate being slow about things, don't you?"

Jon murmured in a rapturous assent.

"Six o'clock, then. I think your mother's beautiful."

Jon said fervently: "Yes, she is."

"I love all kinds of beauty," went on Fleur, "when it's exciting. I don't like Greek things a bit."

"What! Not Euripides?"

"Euripides? Oh! no, I can't bear Greek plays; they're so long. I think beauty's always swift. I like to look at *one* picture, for instance, and then run off. I can't bear a lot of things together. Look!" She held up her blossom in the moonlight. "That's better than all the orchard, I think."

And, suddenly, with her other hand she caught Jon's.

"Of all things in the world, don't you think caution's the most awful? Smell the moonlight!"

She thrust the blossom against his face; Jon agreed giddily that of all things in the world caution was the worst, and bending over, kissed the hand which held his.

"That's nice and old-fashioned," said Fleur calmly. "You're frightfully silent, Jon. Still I like silence when it's swift." She let go his hand. "Did you think I dropped my handkerchief on purpose?"

"No!" cried Jon, intensely shocked.

"Well, I did, of course. Let's get back, or they'll think we're doing this on purpose too." And again she ran like a ghost among the trees. Jon followed, with love in his heart, Spring in his heart, and over all the moonlit white unearthly blossom. They came out where they had gone in, Fleur walking demurely.

"It's quite wonderful in there," she said dreamily to Holly.

Jon preserved silence, hoping against hope that she might be thinking it swift.

She bade him a casual and demure good-night, which made him think he had been dreaming. . . .

In her bedroom Fleur had flung off her gown, and, wrapped in a shapeless garment, with the white flower still in her hair, she looked like a mousmé, sitting cross-legged on her bed, writing by candlelight.

"Dearest Cherry:

"I believe I'm in love. I've got it in the neck, only the feeling is really lower down. He's a second cousin—such a child, about six months older and ten years younger than I am. Boys always fall in love with their seniors, and girls with their juniors or with old men of forty. Don't laugh, but his eyes are the truest things I ever saw; and he's quite divinely silent! We had a most romantic first meeting in London under the Vospovitch Juno. And now he's sleeping in the next room and the moonlight's on the blossom; and to-morrow morning, before anybody's awake, we're going to walk off into Down fairyland. There's a feud between our families, which makes it really exciting. Yes! and I may have to use subterfuge and come on you for invitations—if so, you'll know why! My father doesn't want us to know each other, but I can't help that. Life's too short. He's got the most beautiful mother, with lovely silvery hair and a young face with dark eyes. I'm staying with his sister—who married my cousin; it's all mixed up, but I mean to pump her to-morrow. We've often talked about love being a spoil-sport; well, that's all tosh, it's the beginning of sport, and the sooner you feel it, my dear, the better for you.

"Jon (not simplified spelling, but short for Jolyon, which is a name in my family, they say) is the sort that lights up and goes out; about five feet ten, still growing, and I believe he's going to be a poet. If you laugh at me I've done with you forever. I perceive all sorts of difficulties, but you know when I really want a thing I get it. One of the chief effects of

love is that you see the air sort of inhabited, like seeing a face in the moon; and you feel—you feel dancey and soft at the same time, with a funny sensation—like a continual first sniff of orange blossom—just above your stays. This is my first, and I feel as if it were going to be my last, which is absurd, of course, by all the laws of Nature and morality. If you mock me I will smite you, and if you tell anybody I will never forgive you. So much so, that I almost don't think I'll send this letter. Anyway, I'll sleep over it. So good-night, my Cherry—oh!

Your
FLEUR."

VIII

IDYL ON GRASS

WHEN those two young Forsytes emerged from the chine lane, and set their faces East toward the sun, there was not a cloud in heaven, and the Downs were dewy. They had come at a good bat up the slope and were a little out of breath; if they had anything to say they did not say it, but marched in the early awkwardness of unbreakfasted morning under the songs of the larks. The stealing out had been fun, but with the freedom of the tops the sense of conspiracy ceased, and gave place to dumbness.

"We've made one blooming error," said Fleur, when they had gone half a mile. "I'm hungry."

Jon produced a stick of chocolate. They shared it and their tongues were loosened. They discussed the nature of their homes and previous existences, which had a kind of fascinating unreality up on that lonely height. There remained but one thing solid in Jon's past—his mother; but one thing solid in Fleur's—her father; and of these figures, as though seen in the distance with disapproving faces, they spoke little.

The Down dipped and rose again toward Chanctonbury Ring; a sparkle of far sea came into view, a sparrow-hawk hovered in the sun's eye so that the blood-nourished brown of his wings gleamed nearly red. Jon had a passion for birds, and an aptitude for sitting very still to watch them; keen-sighted, and with a memory for what interested him, on birds he was almost worth listening to. But in Chanctonbury Ring there were none—its great beech temple was empty of life, and almost chilly at this early hour; they came out willingly again into the sun on the far side. It was Fleur's turn now. She spoke of dogs, and the way people treated them. It was wicked to keep them on chains! She would like to flog people who did that. Jon was astonished to find her so humanitarian. She knew a dog, it seemed, which some farmer near her home kept chained up at the end of his chicken run, in all weathers till it had almost lost its voice from barking!

"And the misery is," she said vehemently, "that if the poor thing didn't bark at every one who passes it wouldn't be kept there. I do think men are cunning brutes. I've let it go twice, on the sly; it's nearly bitten me both times, and then it goes simply mad with joy; but it always runs back home at last, and they chain it up again. If I had my way, I'd chain that man up."

Jon saw her teeth and her eyes gleam. "I'd brand him on his forehead with the word 'Brute'; that would teach him!"

Jon agreed that it would be a good remedy.

"It's their sense of property," he said, "which makes people chain things. The last generation thought of nothing but property; and that's why there was the war."

"Oh!" said Fleur, "I never thought of that. Your people and mine quarrelled about property. And anyway we've all got it—at least, I suppose your people have."

"Oh! yes, luckily; I don't suppose I shall be any good at making money."

"If you were, I don't believe I should like you."

Jon slipped his hand tremulously under her arm.

Fleur looked round at him:

> "Jon, Jon, the farmer's son,
> Stole a pig, and away he run!"

Jon's arm crept round her waist.

"This is rather sudden," said Fleur calmly; "do you often do it?"

Jon dropped his arm. But when she laughed, his arm stole back again; and Fleur began to sing:

"O who will o'er the downs so free,
O who will with me ride?
O who will up and follow me——"

"Sing, Jon!"

Jon sang. The larks joined in, sheep-bells, and an early morning church far away over in Steyning. They went on from tune to tune, till Fleur said:

"My God! I am hungry now!"

"Oh! I *am* sorry!"

She looked round into his face.

"Jon, you're rather a darling."

And she pressed his hand against her waist. Jon almost reeled with happiness. A yellow-and-white dog coursing a hare startled them apart. They watched the two vanish down the slope, till Fleur said with a sigh: "He'll never catch it, thank goodness! What's the time? Mine's stopped. I never wound it."

Jon looked at his watch. "By Jove!" he said, "mine's stopped, too."

They walked on again, but only hand in hand.

"If the grass is dry," said Fleur, "let's sit down for half a minute."

Jon took off his coat, and they shared it.

"Smell! Actually wild thyme!"

With his arm round her waist again, they sat some minutes in silence.

"We are goats!" cried Fleur, jumping up; "we shall be most fearfully late, and look so silly, and put them on their guard. Look here, Jon! We only came out to get an appetite for breakfast, and lost our way. See?"

"Yes," said Jon.

"It's serious; there'll be a stopper put on us. Are you a good liar?"

"I believe not very; but I can try."

Fleur frowned.

"You know," she said, "I realize that they don't mean us to be friends."

"Why not?"

"I told you why."

"But that's silly."

"Yes; but you don't know my father!"

"I suppose he's fearfully fond of you."

"You see, I'm an only child. And so are you—of your mother. Isn't it a bore? There's so much expected of one. By the time they've done expecting, one's as good as dead."

"Yes," muttered Jon, "life's beastly short. One wants to live forever, and know everything."

"And love everybody?"

"No," cried Jon; "I only want to love once—you."

"Indeed! You're coming on! Oh! Look! There's the chalk-pit; we can't be very far now. Let's run."

Jon followed, wondering fearfully if he had offended her.

The chalk-pit was full of sunshine and the murmuration of bees. Fleur flung back her hair.

"Well," she said, "in case of accidents, you may give me one kiss, Jon," and she pushed her cheek forward. With ecstasy he kissed that hot soft cheek.

"Now, remember! We lost our way; and leave it to me as much as you can. I'm going to be rather beastly to you; it's safer; try and be beastly to me!"

Jon shook his head. "That's impossible."

"Just to please me; till five o'clock, at all events."

"Anybody will be able to see through it," said Jon gloomily.

"Well, do your best. Look! There they are! Wave your hat! Oh! you haven't got one. Well, I'll cooee! Get a little away from me, and look sulky."

Five minutes later, entering the house and doing his utmost to look sulky, Jon heard her clear voice in the dining-room:

"Oh! I'm simply *ravenous!* He's going to be a farmer—and he loses his way! The boy's an idiot!"

(To be continued.)

SOME ETCHINGS OF OLD PARIS AND OTHER FRENCH SCENES

BY LOUIS ORR

INCLUDING THE FRONTISPIECE AND SIX OTHER EXAMPLES

Self portrait.

LOUIS ORR is an American artist, painter, and etcher, who has lived for a number of years in Paris. He has won high distinction in the French capital, and in recognition of his work during the war was awarded the Legion of Honor by the French Government. He has the rare distinction for an American artist of having his work hung in the black-and-white section of the Louvre. In the Luxembourg there are a number of his original pencil drawings and etchings, including his noted series of "Old Paris." Mr. Orr came to America at the invitation of the city of Springfield, Massachusetts, to make an etching of its famous group of Municipal Buildings. His work is included in a number of American public and private collections.

La Rue Mazarine.

Here lived the Cardinal Mazarin whose "College of the Four Nations" is now the home of the Institut de France. La Rue Mazarine has undergone but little change; every house has its story of romance or tragedy.

L'Impasse des Bœufs.

This curious group of buildings forms an important part in the composition of an ancient stained-glass window in the Church of St. Étienne du Mont.

French Landscape.

Not only are there interesting architectural motifs to be found in the South of France. The lover of hills and meadow will understand why Alphonse Daudet returned to his native country. There he wrote his "Lettres de Mon Moulin," and other French classics.

Villeneuve-les-Avignon.

Opposite Avignon is found one of the finest specimens of mediæval strongholds. Fort St. André, since the time of Philippe le Bel and the popes of Avignon, has sheltered many powerful barons. Partly destroyed by Louis XIV, the château, or fort, is now classed as a historic monument and is the property of the Beaux Arts.

Chapelle St. Nicholas.

The Pont d'Avignon is but one of a multitude of rare architectural masterpieces to be found in La Provence; Avignon, surrounded by its walls and towers, has attracted a number of artists and poets. John Stuart Mill lived for many years in this aristocratic city, and his French admirers have erected a bronze statue to his memory.

THE "GUM-SHOE"

By Philip Curtiss

Illustration by Wallace Morgan

THERE are certain professions which have an innate fascination for even the least illusioned of us, which probably explains why I always went out of my way to talk to Frank Casey, the house detective of the Hotel St. Romulus. At any rate it could not have been Casey's personal charm, for he was a fat, red-faced man with puffy lips, while a mind more strictly literal than his I have never encountered. As for the poetry of his particular office, it consisted largely of looking intently and fiercely at certain well-dressed persons who seemed to think that the lobby of the St. Romulus was maintained solely as a free social and recreation room for their benefit, while occasionally he was called into service by a headwaiter or clerk to explain to some Latin that the customs of this country and his own were not always the same. As a romantic figure he was distinctly a disappointment, and once I almost told him so.

"Frank," I said one night, "sometime before I get too old to enjoy it, I would like to meet a detective who really looks like a detective."

Frank considered the matter coldly.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't I look like a detective?"

"Yes," I replied, "you do look like a detective. That's just the trouble. I meant a detective who looked like a detective in a book. That's the kind I'd like to meet."

"So would I," replied Frank fervently.

The conversation seemed at an end, but standing alone in a hotel lobby had given Frank a vast power of soliloquy, and I waited patiently while he rocked back and forth on his heels, his eyes following the figure of a young man in a brown derby who was wandering toward the newsstand. The young man bought a copy of "The Signboard," and Frank lost interest but his eyes still roved.

"You write books," he said at last. "But you don't have long hair or a sissy necktie do you?"

The question seemed superfluous, but burly Frank Casey had a disconcerting way of thrusting his nose in your face, and demanding answers to even superfluous questions.

"Do you?" he insisted.

"I hope not," I hastened to reply.

"Well, then."

My quest did not seem to meet with much encouragement. It passed from my mind and I thought that it did from Frank's too, but I reckoned without his elephantine memory, for one night, a full year later, he hailed me at the foot of the elevator.

"Say," he said, with a ponderous jerk of his head which made the elevator-boys look at me sharply, "come here, I want to talk to you."

He led me a few steps away, and then with rough confidence he vouchsafed in a low tone:

"Remember you said detectives never looked like detectives? Well, there's a fellow here I want you to meet."

Standing at the point where Frank usually stood was a tall, striking-looking man of forty in evening clothes. A silk hat was pushed back easily on his head, a yellow cane hung over his arm, and a pair of gloves were crumpled in his hand. From the languid, humorous way in which he stood watching the crowd in the lobby he might have been a typical man-about-town, but his lean, rather gaunt face, with its blond mustache, had a tanned, weather-beaten look which made him notable in that pallid company. It was the type of face which one usually attributes to a British officer.

"Mr. Blake, shake hands with Mr. Munson," said Frank, and as we obeyed he added: "You boys ought to know each other. You'll have things to talk about."

Blake and I smiled as we studied each other, and my scrutiny, at least, was one

of interest, for Blake did look like the kind of man who would have things to say. In my business clothes he made me feel dingy, and his air of cool self-possession rather awed me. I waited for him to make the advances but he waited too, and Frank had to start the thing moving.

"Would either of you like a sandwich or something?" he began hopefully.

The tall man smiled.

"I would like *something*," he said.

He seemed to express the will of the party, but hardly were we seated at a dark oak table in the café when a bell-boy whispered in Frank's ear, and our host stood up.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, I've got to run off, but stick around. I'll be back. If you want anything sign my name."

With his hundreds of friends among travelling men, actors, reporters, and other casuals who flowed in and out of the St. Romulus lobby, it was seldom that worldly wise Frank was as lordly as that. The note in his voice increased my respect for this stranger who commanded such deference, but our conversation, as soon as he left us, concerned Frank himself.

"A great character—Casey," remarked Blake as the huge, waddling back disappeared through the door.

"A fine fellow," I agreed, but a certain whimsical twinkle in the eyes of my new companion told me that our conversation need not be limited to platitudes and I struck out boldly on the line which had failed with Frank.

"I can never see Casey," I suggested, "without thinking how different are most of the detectives you meet in real life from—well from what you imagine detectives would be."

A deep pair of parenthesis lines formed around my companion's mouth. He looked down at the wooden table-top and slid the glass in his hand idly about in small circles as if to see how hard he could do it without spilling its contents. I gathered that my remark was not wholly novel.

"Well," he replied in a not unkindly way, "in real life, you know, a detective is usually nothing but a high-grade roughneck, a sort of glorified policeman."

He kept his eyes on the glass in his hand and put on the brake just as the contents swirled up to the edge. Then, as if he had found out all that he wanted to know, he suddenly shoved it aside and continued:

"And, when you come down to it, that is just about the way that it should be, for detective work, like any other business, is largely a matter of acquaintance. The best man to sell bonds is the man who knows the most investors. The best man to catch crooks is the man who knows the most crooks."

He made it sound disappointing but I still clung to my cherished romance.

"Then you think the detective stories we read are impossible?"

My companion laughed.

"I wondered if that was what you had in mind."

As if he could not concentrate without doing it, he began circling his glass again.

"No," he continued, rather hesitatingly, "I wouldnt say that the stories are impossible. I wouldn't say that anything was impossible."

By the long time that he sat in silence gazing at the table-top he seemed to be giving my question a flattering amount of thought.

"The difference between a detective in a story and a detective in real life," he began at last, "is that the detective in the story goes on the principle that things are seldom what they seem, while the real detective goes on the principle that things are almost always just what they seem."

"It sounds simple," I said rather vaguely.

"If it weren't," replied Blake, "few crooks would ever be caught."

Then, suddenly, as if he had been playing a part, as if he had been holding himself in restraint, he leaned back and laughed.

"I don't want to spoil your romance," he said. "Perhaps I can show you what I mean by a little instance."

I summoned all my attention and also summoned the waiter.

"I'll have the same," said Blake, nodding, then lighting a cigarette, he asked: "Do you happen to know the motto of the Enterprise Agency?"

I shook my head.

"Well," explained Blake, "the motto of the Enterprise people is, 'Evidence where evidence exists.' That covers about the whole of detective work right

Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"You boys ought to know each other. You'll have things to talk about."—Page 169.

there, but the more you think of it the more it means. First off it means not to go chasing half over the world looking for things that exist right under your nose; but it means something else that you don't realize at first.

"When you spoke about old Frank there," he continued, "I couldn't help thinking about a man I once knew who had all the ideas you find in the story-books—the international intrigue, the gentleman sleuth stuff. So every time I am tempted to laugh at the books I think of this case and have to believe them after all.

"You see, most detectives are honest chaps who have graduated from patrolmen, or have made investigations for lawyers, or have been private watchmen, or express-messengers. Then there are lots of foreigners, especially Italians. You have to have them at any price because they speak the language. But this boy was unusual. He went into the business deliberately, just out of pure romance. He went into it to keep life from being dull, like our old friend Sherlock. He was a college man, had travelled abroad, had done some writing for the newspapers——"

"And his name was—?" I interrupted.

Blake flushed but smiled in spite of himself.

"Well, call his name Smith, because that is easy to remember and you won't trip me up on it. Anyway Smith—how's that?—Smith, with his college clothes and his happy smile walked into the Enterprise office one morning and asked the chief for a job. Can you get it? Young Hopeful breezing into that place with a fraternity pin and a little cane and calmly saying, 'I want to be a detectuv!'

"I—well I might as well say that I was there. Anyway, you can imagine what happened. Even the stenographers got it and began tittering until the poor kid got all red and flustered, and ended up by wishing that he'd never been such a romantic ass. But he stuck to it, and after looking him over a minute and trying to keep his face straight the chief asked him into his private office and said: 'So you want to be an operative, do you?'

"Of course—what did I call him? Smith had never heard that word before, but he nodded and then the chief began to do some quick thinking, for, although he didn't let the kid know it, he was a gift on a blank Christmas. He was exactly the kind of man the chief wanted for a case he had in hand, and exactly the kind he thought he could never get, for that office, like every other office, was filled up with Frank Caseys, only they weren't all so fat. The youngster looked to the chief too good to be true. He was almost afraid of a 'plant,' but he asked him some questions, got some references, and the next day he took him on, after which he began to teach him Lesson Number One.

"'Now, er Smith,' he said, 'this may not be your idea of the gay and happy life of a gum-shoe, but you know that all our work does not consist in tracking murderers to their lairs or putting the Prince of Moravia back on his throne. The job I'm going to give you is like a lot of work you'll get in this business, and you can take it or leave it.'

"Then he told him about the job, which really is of a sort that you get all the time in some agencies. The client was a nice old gentleman. You'd know him in a minute if I told you. He was not a multi-millionaire but one of those solid old boys who has dinner at four o'clock on Sunday afternoons, serves on all sorts of committees, subscribes to the opera and the horse show alike, and never gives a hang whether the market goes up or down. And the old gentleman had a daughter. And the daughter had a young man who wanted to marry her, and gave signs that he was going to do it, too."

Blake lit a fresh cigarette from his old one, and the parentheses around his mouth deepened again at the memory of that case.

"So there you are," he said between puffs. "Doesn't that sound like Chapter One?"

I agreed that it did and Blake went on:

"To make it better this suitor was a foreigner. At least, he was an Englishman. He was almost a stage Englishman. He was one of those young fellows that you used to see in droves in the hotel tea-rooms before the war—tall, languid, long nose, little mustache, handkerchief up his sleeve, and all the rest of it, a great ladies' man, a regular parlor-snake."

"Is this what Smith told you?" I interrupted suddenly.

Blake grinned.

"Presumably so," he answered. "Anyway that's what Smith told the chief. Of course that was the job, to go out and shadow this Englishman, for although everything about him was beautifully plausible, the old gentleman began to suspect what was in the air. He wanted to get rid of him, and he wanted to get rid of him before things had gone so far there would be a muss. Plenty of people in New York knew the Englishman but they didn't know anything about him. He had drifted into New York the way that lots of others had done—letters to somebody who gave him letters to somebody else until he was there and nobody remembered exactly where the original letters had come from. He claimed to have been an army officer and a younger son of some one important at home, but after a while people had begun to talk and the father was getting scared.

"So that was the case as the chief laid it before young Smith. He gave the names and the general facts, told him that the Englishman was visiting the family at their country-place down on Long Island, and then he put it to him straight:

"'Now, boy' he said, 'you may have to do some things in this business that you think no gentleman would do, and if you feel that way about it you've got to remember that this is no gentleman's game. First you're to meet old Mr. So-and-So at his club on Forty-fourth Street and get acquainted. Then you're to go down there and visit. You're a guest from—well what place do you know besides New York?'

"'I was brought up in Akron,' answered the kid. 'And I went to school in Ann Arbor.'

"'Right,' said the chief. 'You can take your choice, only let me know which you choose in case some friend from your home town should have reason to call you up on urgent business. You're to fix up some reason for visiting there. Get a simple one and one that will come easy to the old gentleman, for remember that you're going to carry the work, not he. Then, when you get there, I want to give you one rule. I want you to forget that you are a detective or have ever been one, which you only have for fifteen minutes. If you think of it you will show it and somebody else will guess it. You won't have to wear any false whiskers or do any hiding behind doors. You're to fool yourself into believing that you are just what you pretend to be, a guest of the family from Akron or that other place. Act natural, eat natural, sleep natural, and make yourself agreeable without slopping over. Don't shadow this Englishman, just remember that he's there, that's all, and make up your mind about him as you would about any new fellow you meet. Without seeming to watch him think him over and get his number. Every time he mentions a name or a place or a date let it sink in and, when you get a chance, write it down. Don't try to draw him out. Let him hang himself if he's going to. As you get more names and places and dates, check them over and see if they agree, and then bring them in to me.'

"'Is that all?' asks the kid.

"'No, it's not,' said the chief, looking suddenly pretty hard. 'There's one thing more and the most important of all. I told you to forget that you are a detective, but I don't want you to forget that you are working for me and that I am working for my client. My client is paying me to spot this bird, and I am paying you to do it. He may be as pleasant as a day in June and may put you under obligation to him, but no matter how noble a lord he may seem to you, don't forget that you are working for me, not him. You get that, don't you?'

"This sort of talk and the sneery way the chief said it made the kid feel kind of uncertain, and wonder whether he wanted to be a detective after all, but he thought he was in for it now, so he went away, made his appointment with the old gentleman, and two days later, when he came back, he was feeling a whole lot better. So was the chief.

"'Well,' he said, 'how do you like the work? Or are you sorry you ever learned the trade?'

"'To tell the truth,' the kid had to confess, 'so far I like it fine, only I can't make it seem like work. I haven't done anything but play golf and ride horseback and live off the fat of the land.'

"The chief grinned.

"'That was what I told you to do,

wasn't it? But how about this bird you're watching?'

"At that young Smith got sort of embarrassed, but he had at least one thing to report: 'Anyway, I've found out that he really has been in the army.'

"'How do you know that?' asked the chief.

"'Well,' said the kid, 'he was telling a story at dinner last night about a soldier in his company. It was a long, long story, and the soldier talked all the time, but not once did he use the word "you" to the officer. He always addressed the man he was talking to in the third person. "The leftenant this," and "the leftenant that." Nobody who has never been in the army can keep that up without slipping.'

"'That's a new one on me,' said the chief. 'Still he might have been the soldier himself and not the officer. That's fine as far as it goes but what more of him? What kind of a fellow is he?'

"At that the kid got red again and finally he burst out: 'To tell the truth, I think he's a dandy.'

"The chief couldn't help smiling a little but he gave a grunt. 'I told you he was a smooth article. He wouldn't be there if he wasn't. He's working you, boy, just as he's working the rest of the family.'

"'I don't know whether he's working me or not,' said the kid. 'But that's the way he looks to me so far.'

"'Awright,' said the chief. 'Stick to it and do a little snooping around now.'

"A couple of days later Smith reported again, and this time he had a long list of names and places in England, but the story was about the same. He couldn't find an edge in the Englishman anywhere and the chief was getting impatient.

"'You know it is costing our client good money to keep you out there, don't you?' he asked. 'From all I can make out the bird is getting ready to stay there for life, and that's what you're to keep from happening.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the kid, looking and feeling pretty rough about it. 'But to tell the truth, sir, I can't get a single thing on him from anything that has happened.'

"At that the chief looked at him hard and half shut his eyes.

"'Happened?' he said; 'can't you make something happen? Suppose things were made easy for him? Put in his way? How about a little card-game with you playing the easy-mark, or a little trip and a couple of bottles of fizz? Places do occasionally get raided, you know, if the right people have the tip. Do you get me now?'

"The kid's face must have been a study. For a long time he thought he was going to balk, but he also was awfully uncertain about himself, for he wanted to be game.

"'Yes, sir, I get you,' he said at last, but he didn't say it with much heart.

"'Very well, then,' said the chief. 'Now get back there and give us some action.'

"For three days Smith never showed up at all, and when he did come in he had made up his mind about the detective business, bag and baggage. He went up to the chief as if the chief were a waiter.

"'I think, sir,' he said, very lordly himself now, 'that my career as—as an *operative* is over.'

"The chief looked him over from head to foot.

"'You think what?' he howled.

"'I think,' repeated the kid, 'that my career as an *operative* is over. I not only think it but I know it.'

"This time the chief got the situation and he became quieter.

"'Before you go into that,' he said, 'you might give me your final report on this chap that you were sent out to lose.'

"At that the kid burst. 'My report,' he said, 'is that he is one of the cleanest, finest fellows I ever met in my life.' He was looking at the chief now just as hard as the chief was looking at him, and something was going to crack. 'He told me his whole story last night. The facts are there on that paper. You may not believe it but I believe every word of it. My report is that if your client could get that man for a son-in-law he would be lucky. I came here to be a detective, not a blackmailer. That's my report, sir. Now is there any reason why I should not resign?'

"'None whatever,' answered the chief, 'except that we want to keep you.'"

Blake lighted another of his interminable cigarettes which he had been smoking all during his story. He watched the

first puffs of smoke reminiscently and then he went on:

"For a long time both of them sat there without saying a word but at last the chief asked:

"'Young man, did you ever see the motto of this agency?'

"Of course Smith had, for it was on all the letter-heads, but the chief told him just the same:

"'The motto of this agency is "evidence where evidence exists," and among other things that means *only* where evidence exists. Pleasant or unpleasant, it is our business to dig up the facts, but we have never yet had to go into the business of manufacturing them.'

"The chief," explained Blake, "was not exactly a man for the heart-to-heart business and he did a good deal of hemming and hawing, but he was trying to be square.

"'Young man,' he said to Smith, 'I want you to stay with us because I think that you are the man I have been looking for ever since I have been in the game. I have given you rather a raw deal but I had to do it. Every agency in the country needs a man of your education and standing, but there's not one in five that has got him. There are plenty of so-called gentlemen who will take money from us, but a man of education who goes into this business in nine cases out of ten is merely a parasite, a failure at everything else. All he wants is a soft living and easy money. He is not a detective, he is a sneak. He will lie about his friends if we pay him to do it, and a man who will lie about anything is no use to us. You have got to learn the tricks of the trade. We can teach those to any scoundrel, but if a man hasn't got a love of truth in him we can't teach it to him. I gave you plenty of chance to fake, but I have checked you up from day to day and if you had faked one fact you would have been through before now.'

"The kid looked at him with his mouth wide open, and the chief let him look just to give it a chance to sink in.

"'As to this particular case,' he said finally, 'you've told me just what I thought from the start, and I may as well tell you now that it wasn't necessary to send you clear out to Long Island to get what I wanted. I got all the dope on our British friend the day after I wired to London for it.'

"'But—but,' asked the kid, 'what *is* the dope about him?'

"'Exactly what you said it was,' said the chief. 'He's straight as a die. And I'll tell you this. There are people in England who are more worried about his marrying our client's daughter than our client is about her marrying him.'

"'As for that,' said Smith, 'I don't think she meant to marry him, anyway.'

"The chief gave him a look. 'What makes you think that?' he asked.

"'Oh,' stammered the kid, 'just things she said from time to time.'

"'To you?' roared the chief.

"'Yes, to me,' confessed the kid, and at that the chief lay back and threw up his hands.

"'Smith,' he said, 'I wouldn't have missed you for money. It's all right once, but don't think it's part of your work to have a love-affair every time I send you out on a dress-suit party.'"

Blake emptied his glass and looked at me smiling.

"So that," he said, "is my one real detective story."

"But," I said, puzzled, "you haven't finished it. Did Smith himself marry the girl, or did the Englishman, or what?"

Blake laughed.

"If I could tell you that, I wouldn't have to call him Smith."

I was disappointed but I could hardly pursue it.

"Well, anyway," I insisted, "how did the chief get his own line on the Englishman? How was he able to check Smith up from day to day?"

"Oh, that," replied Blake. "That was routine. Of course when he sent out Smith, the chief planted one of his roughnecks, one of your glorified policemen, to watch him."

As if the words were a signal, at that moment the fat, red face and immense shoulders of old Frank Casey came towering into the room, but I had to hurry.

"You might as well tell me," I begged. "You were Smith, weren't you?"

Blake laughed at my persistence and then relented.

"No," he replied, "I wasn't Smith. I was the glorified policeman."

"Any chance o' gettin' set on terdaye?"
London dockers get sixteen shillings for an eight-hour day. The trouble is that there aren't enough full days.

"FULL UP!"

GETTING AND GRIPPING THE JOB IN CROWDED BRITAIN

By Whiting Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"FULL UP!"

At almost every one of the cheap boarding or lodging houses of the manufacturing cities, as well as at practically all of the mines, docks, shipyards, and steel-plants where I asked for work—and looked as though I needed it—last summer, in Wales, England, and Scotland, that was the answer. Generally it was delivered with the same expressive gesture of the hands and shoulders, and usually in the same regretful but completely final tone of voice.

To a certain extent the words were the result of the war. In spite of the vast army of young and middle-aged men who left their jobs never to return to them from "Flanders Field," nevertheless, something like one hundred and fifty thousand demobilized soldiers were, last summer, still without work—and that in spite, too, of the urgent appeals of Earl Haig on their behalf. But for the most part "Full up!" spells not a transient but an established condition.

Britain is a crowded country. It has been so for a long time. It expects to be so for a long time to come. It has less than half our population in a space less than twice the size of Ohio.

Industrial Britain is even more crowded. The margin between the number of available jobs and the number of people who need them for their bread and butter is narrow. It has been narrow—and acknowledged as narrow—through-

out a long period in the past. Britain expects it to be narrow for a long time to come.

British life is largely what it is to-day as the result of this situation, this acknowledgment, and this expectation.

"If yer 'ave yer card with yer—awnd ye're well known in these parts—mebbe!" was the answer of a London docker to my inquiry as he proudly walked away with his pay for the Saturday forenoon's work.

On all sides getting a job is regarded—regularly, chronically—as a very serious matter over there. The humblest of workers will do well to have his "character" with him at all times.

"'Ere it is. 'Of gude character, sober, and industrious,' it says. I'm not for the losin' o' it, not for onythink, awnd thot's God's trufe!" testified with much pride the pathetic-looking young traveller who made one of the six of us who slept in the same attic dormitory above the taproom of "The Leg of Lamb" in a well-known steel centre. (Incidentally it might be said that each of us made sure to put our shoes nearest our heads and took our coats to bed with us!)

With the "character" should go, too, the other papers in proof of his claims for so many years at this job or that, and the skill which those years are taken to imply. The losing of the job may mean the losing of the value of those years. The period of apprenticeship will bring to the new joiner—after he has gone through the further stage of "improver"—as high wages as he will ever get—unless his whole trade group secures more. But the years by which the "general laborer" moves up the line to the coveted position, dignity, and emoluments of "first hand" on the "smelting stage," as they call our open-hearth floor, may be lost entirely if he unthinkingly quits in hopes of finding elsewhere a similar place of privilege not already pre-empted to a whole line of others zealously guarding their precious rights of position and preference.

Few of even the largest British establishments have employment offices except under the hat of the "gaffer" or foreman in charge of his particular group of workers. A more elaborate office is not needed. The reason is that giving up a job is, in the nature of the case, certain to be just as serious a matter as getting one. Being discharged is even more serious. It means not only the loss of the job but also the loss of the "character" likely to be needed for the securing of the next one. So a discharge pretty generally requires the approval of the local union and, of course—in view of that seriousness of getting "set on" to the next place—such approval is quite generally very difficult to obtain. Repeated drunkenness on the job and repeated fighting—also on the job—seem to be generally agreed upon as barring a man from all hope of retention; unless he were at the same time to be put in jail or fined for his misdoings by the civil authorities. In that case there would be a question.

"Well, if we do give a man the sack in such a case, we see to it that we do it *before* he is arrested," a manager answered my question whether it was true that certain railway employees had been "kept on" after serving prison terms for stealing from their company a great number of valuable things—including a few pianos! "In that way we would, as you would say, 'beat them to it'—I mean we would so avoid the possibility of the men's friends claiming that they had been punished twice for the same offense."

Needless to say, one consequence of such an attitude—an attitude resulting, it must be remembered, from the seriousness of joblessness—is a fairly well formulated prejudice in favor of the restriction of individual output as a means of preserving the maximum number of jobs for the general good.

"Well, I'd say everybody knows thot!" a subforeman on a lighter in one of London's docks responded to my question about the cause of the job shortage on the city's wharfs. "Of course it's this 'ere proppagander for 'More production! More production!' It's well there's some as 'asn't 'eeded it or there be no work fer nobody!"

Among the more intelligent workers, of course, such a misunderstanding does not prevail. During and since the war some of the more skilled industries have equipped what are often called "American shops," where the most scientific of methods of maximum production have

been in full operation. Among many others, however, the salesmen of devices for saving labor are likely to find it necessary to persuade not so much the purchasing agent or the manager as the worker and his friends. Whether organized or not, the universal and highly manifest difficulty of finding jobs for those displaced makes it appear to all workers the obviously proper—and the obviously kindly—thing for them to insist as far as immediately practicable upon the rule of "One man, one machine," or other device for saving jobs.

It is highly superficial to see in this merely an evidence of crass and arbitrary class or union selfishness. After all, the difference between class selfishness and class benevolence is a difference of view-point—a difference likely to depend, in turn, like all such view-points, largely upon the personal experience of the viewers.

"Yuss, I know them piece-work fellies!" exclaimed with an amazing heat the old fellow with whom I had been standing for some hours at the gate of a great dock in hopes of a stray job—after the "badge" or union men had had their first chance, of course. I had mentioned to him the men seen the day before unloading seven thousand tons of frozen beef from the *Argentine* and getting big money for their magnificent exertions. "I know 'em well! They gets their fifty bob [shillings] a daye—awnd tikes the bread outen the mouths o' three workers the likes o' you awnd me—awnd our wives and kiddies! But wot do *they* care so long as they mikes their three men's paye?"

He had had only a few days of work in several weeks. To such a man the assurance of the economists that the husky-shouldered carriers of *Argentine's* contribution were, in the long run, helping his class, gives only a cold and cruel denial of the actualities as he sees and—more important—*feels* them. Orthodox economics and empty stomachs sit seldom in the same classroom.

But what is more important to our proper understanding of "the land of the precious job" is this: to a far larger proportion of the whole people over there than here the view-point of the old man appears, on the whole, fairly reasonable.

Such a view-point and such a proportion in its support are only the logical result of this: the narrow margin between the number of available jobs and the number of people needing them is a huge and fundamental fact which holds not simply for the hand-workers but for practically all parts of British society except the idle rich.

Here in America we are quite likely to take for granted that if a man has a good education, then his finding of an opportunity to apply it profitably is a comparatively simple matter. Certainly our whole educational programme, and especially our whole line of educational appeal and propaganda, will have to be changed the moment that assumption is no longer to be made. "Equip yourself, Young America, and the country's yours!" we say in effect to our youth, whether in school or at work.

In Britain there is much testimony to the effect that that assumption is not thus to be made.

"Unless they spend additional years training for medicine, the law, or other of the professions, graduates of the universities must pretty much expect to find berths in the civil service. The exams for that are extremely difficult. Those who come out of them with marks at the top of the list get the best of the positions in the most important departments here at home. The next go out to India or other provinces, while those below them take the second grade of the places here—and so on. The pay starts at about £300 (nominally $1,500, and considerably more in buying power), with gradual yearly increases up to a certain maximum and a pension."

This testimony, with the comparatively narrow demand or opportunity for men of the country's best education, which it implies, was borne out by another graduate. This man had gone into the competition for the secretaryship in one of the most important offices of the Department of State. First, all competitors had been given a careful questioning for the discovery of any obvious disqualifications. Failure to have served in the Great War was one of these. "If a man said he volunteered in September of 1914, he was asked what was the

reason for his delay during August. After this screening discouraged quite a number, there were still left to take the written examination from which he came out victor a total of only a few less than three hundred!

In many cases the highly educated entrants in such a contest would not expect to obtain from the position's usually modest salary all the income needed for their support. Quite probably the possessors of the training necessary to win the successful rating would be in a position to add to their earnings an additional hundred or few hundreds of pounds received from some legacy which may have been in the family for generations. Such "old gold," as it has been called, is expected to permit many a man to give the heart of his day to the uninteresting bread-and-butter routine of some government bureau, while in the remaining hours he does his real living in the absorbing activities of the scientist or man of letters.

"When my engagement to Mr. Asquith was announced," writes the famous Mrs. Asquith in the diary which is greatly interesting Britain, "a number of friends asked if I did not consider that I was doing a very unsafe thing to marry a man who, while undoubtedly brilliant at the law, was nevertheless *entirely dependent for his living upon his earnings.*"

The italics are mine—it would hardly occur to Mrs. Asquith or any other English person of her group, brought up in the security of "old gold," to see anything out of the bounds of ordinary prudence in such advice.

The same thought of the uncertainty and risk which accompanies the ordinary business pursuits is one of the reasons, doubtless, why the highly educated Englishman is not normally expected to go into "trade." To maintain the establishment on the same limited basis as inherited from father or uncle hardly offers proper opportunity for the use of a university training largely classical. On the other hand, efforts to build up and extend the business by the application of the economics or the psychology of a college graduate may possibly mean the loss

Dockers unloading copra or cocoanut-shells for making oil, cattle-food, or oleomargarine at a London dock.

Crowds listening to the smooth-tongued salesmen of "riot, racing, or religion—representatives of a better chance in either this world or the world to come."

of the entire patrimony. And, with the old gold vanished, what then? What will his own children and grandchildren say to that!

The psychology of such a situation is much the same as that of the young American whose sister was explaining the matter of her brother's life of complete leisure:

"You see, he could not get a position of the importance his social standing in the city would require without investing in the business rather heavily. But if he did that, he might lose the whole of his share of father's estate. That gives him enough to live on, provided he can hold on to it."

Luckily, such a man is rare with us. But the most important difference is that if he did lose his paternal "leisure insurance," he would find it immensely easier to apply his particular brand of Eastern college education to the earning of a living over here than over there.

While the well-to-do expect to meet the scarcity of economic opportunity by thus stepping into father's bank-account —inherited, in turn, perhaps, from *his* father's father!—it is only natural that the workers should expect to step into father's job.

" 'If this berth has been good enough for me for forty years, I don't see why it isn't good enough for you!' That's what my father back in England said to me when I told him I wanted to try my fortune. I was just turned twenty-one, and had passed the examination which showed that I could expect to succeed him—and also my grandfather—as the head of the government shipyard. That was twenty years ago, but I have never had a word from him since that day!" So one who is now an American said recently.

All this surely makes plain one of the most fundamental and far-reaching of the consequences which follow—which are sure to follow—upon an actual and an acknowledged scarcity of jobs or positions: it becomes the generally accepted and the socially proper thing to place *security* of position high above *opportunity* of position. A "place" becomes known as a "berth" or "crib"—suggesting, at least, something to lie down on rather than to stand up on or climb up through!

The whole of a people, in fear of the Gehenna of placelessness, begins to vie in what that fear makes appear the highly moral virtue of playing safe.

It is quite evident that all this means that the earning of a living—and to every American that is most of life—has by all this been robbed of its spirit of adventure.

The mythical investigator from Mars who would proceed this far in his study of British life would quite probably ponder only a moment at this point before asking:

"Well, then, where *do* the people find opportunity for the thrill of excitement and achievement which comes from playing with not too dangerous uncertainties —from the taking of certain chances combined with the exhibition of personal skill?"

He would not need to travel far to find the answer to his question. From bottom to top, the British people all but universally finds pleasure in the uncertainties and the skills connected with sport. For many this means active—and healthy —participation, thanks to the universal week-end holiday and the all but universal athletic field at the edge of every hamlet, town, and city. For most it doesn't. Every day in the year except Sunday, it is said, sees somewhere in the isles an opportunity for the enjoyment of the Sport of Kings. Which means that at the gate of the ordinary factory the newsboys stand a chance of being injured by the crowd which pours out at the noon-hour to purchase the sheets of "dope" for the afternoon's events. After they have looked this over with the eyes of experts, the small slips of paper are marked with the name of the expected winner and handed, as unobtrusively as possible, to the ever-present "bookie," or his representative. In case the worker is taking a day off or is in a factory too small for the attentions of the bookie, little eight-year-old Mary can be trusted from earlier experience to find the right man without difficulty.

"'Old this a moment, old chap!" a man I had never seen before whispered to me in great excitement one afternoon in a "pub" where I was trying to learn from some new pals how to get a job in a near-by steel-plant in South Wales. I

Some of fifteen thousand miners at a football game in Barnsley, the capital of the Yorkshire coal-district.

could feel the small tablet which he had shoved under me. But I could not guess what should make him seem so perturbed at one moment, and now so manifestly calm as he lolled nonchalantly upon the bar over his beer. An instant later it was plain—entirely too plain! In walked two "bobbies"!

I had visions of some extremely difficult explanations in the local police court. Instinctively I reached into my pocket as I wondered whether I had any documents with which to prove my American honesty and respectability in the face of my obvious disreputable appearance and illegal possessions. The living of a "double life," so it occurred to me in a flash, even when for proper purposes, has its disadvantages. Luckily, the sergeant and his companion made no careful search and went on their stalwart and officious way. The rightful owner took time to assume again his rightful property—and responsibility—and I my breath.

"Registered" bookies have certain rights to receive wagers under certain conditions and obligations, but they comprise a small proportion of those who take bets in more or less covert and unnoticed places, such as the toilet of the pub.

Under ordinary circumstances it proved surprisingly easy for an apparent working man like myself to stroll into a plant without obstruction—in search of that employment office under the "gaffer's" hat. Ordinarily such a visitor attracted little enough attention. Without stopping them from their work, he could without difficulty get them to talking first about their work and then—especially if he had himself worked on those same jobs—about all the other factors of their lives. But when such a visitor happened along in the late afternoon with a newspaper under his arm, he was likely to cause something of a stoppage. The first time I encountered this surprising thirst

The crowd waits as the bookies mark up their preferences at the week-end whippet races.

for news I tried to tell them some of the chief items noticed in the few columns of news with which what was in reality a racing-sheet was "salted." It did not take long to note the disgust registered in the faces of my inquirers, and to hand the whole paper over to them. In an instant they were able to learn whether they had won or lost their noon-hour wager, and

Among the workers themselves the testimony was universal as to both the extent of such gambling and its harmfulness.

"There's many 'ere as loses regular, ye might say, 'arf their earnin's," was the strongest statement from a grimy laborer in the "jinnies," or generating-chambers beneath the furnaces.

"Two quid [pounds] 'ight [eight] bob

The week-end whippet race.

The chief starter about to fire, the starters holding their dogs by neck and tail.

justified or failed to justify their noon-hour judgment.

"'Ow they wangle it [arrange it by skill or craft] I do unt know," explained a worker to me as we sunned ourselves in the main square of a factory town. One after the other a group of old men had borrowed my paper and proceeded to scrawl upon their white slips the choice of "Silver Glove" or "Spy Glass." "There be 'ardly one of um as 'as 'ad a daye's work in a fortnight, but they never misses the findin' of a bob or two fer at least the week-end race."

Hi've mide this week on the bloo-ody 'osses—awnd me brains, y' understawnd!" a husky dock-hand was boasting in the pub. I remarked that he must be putting a lot of his winnings into the bank as so much "velvet." His answer raises the question as to what happens when the 'osses and his brains fail to run so well together:

"No bloo-ody fear awve its gettin' inter the bank—not with five little chicks ter buy shoes fer!"

With the majority, of course, the purpose is not so much to get money for the

shoes—most of the workers are quite fairly well paid when work is steady, and the wagers are usually for small sums. Rather it is the hope of getting that feeling of accomplishment which a lifetime's job at much the same type of labor, especially when it is unskilled, rather frowns upon—with always, back in a man's head, the dream of the lucky strike which will not only bring the "big money" but also, and more important, the outstanding fame and reputation of the man in ten thousand. To the workers of a crowded country where scarce jobs offer less opportunity for taking long chances upon themselves in the ways urged by the amazing exploits of other workers as recounted in the correspondence-school advertisements, such a stroke is certain to supply the subject of prideful conversation for many years.

"Me brother-in-law 'e been a bookie, ye oonderstawnd, awnd the very day o' the rice 'e wires me the tip. Awnd I says ter meself, 'I'll take this 'ere tip, I will,' awnd so——".

In such wise the half-drunk miner on his "'olidays" would recount—and recount—the story of the time he won from a daring ten-pound wager the young fortune of three hundred and thirty pounds!

"Wull, thot been the waye it 'appened. Awve coorse, w'en I left the plice, I 'ad only three poond left in me pocket. Awnd, awve coorse, I could not walk strite, like. But all me friends been 'appy—I'll say thot for thum, awnd fer meself, too.—'Ere, miss, a pint o' mild all roond!—Yes, I says to meself: 'I'll take this tip fer once!' Me brother-in-law bein' a bookie, ye see, awnd makin' a cool fifty thoosand poond on it too," etc., etc., to the accompaniment of many a "Wull now!" or "I saye!" from the admiring and envious crowd of us.

In every town "Stable Whispers" or "Paddock Secrets," or other such books of advice, are on sale in great numbers. In one great city every pleasant Sunday afternoon would see great crowds assembled in an open square—about evenly divided in their crowdings around the "speechifying" Bolshevist, the race-tipster, and the preacher of the Gospel. Of these representatives of riot, racing, and religion, the first two might be said to be talking about men's bettering their chances in this world, the third their chances in the next.

Besides the horses, there are the races of the whippet dogs and the pigeons. Good sport I found them and interesting to watch—though it dulled my pleasure in them to notice that most of the onlookers seemed to give slight attention to anything except the placing of their wagers, the watching of the judge's flag giving the results, and then the careful annotating of their score-cards in the assembling of a performance record which might be counted on for wiser choosings in the future. In at least some parts of the country, football games are made to afford the usual opportunity for placing the white slips with the bookie. But at any rate this does not lessen the great Saturday-afternoon crowds of working men who follow every play with the eyes of experts—though not with the voices of the ordinary American "fans."

"Old gold," oddly enough, comes into this matter of sport, and the opportunities it presents for lessening the uneventfulness that goes with both a play-safe kind of job and a similarly play-safe sort of leisure. For the man, that is, who cannot get the pleasure and excitement of testing himself and his resourcefulness in the real problems of business—for the reasons of the American mentioned—the football or cricket field offers opportunity to meet the artificial obstacles set up by the game, and by the exhibition of his prowess to gain a popularity which may perhaps secure an election or other form of public recognition. At the very least it provides a widely used means of taking off the curse, as it were, from the otherwise unavoidable life of do-nothingness and the social insignificance which it is likely to imply.

Such attitudes toward the earning of a living and toward the finding of something like adventure in life follow, I believe, from that decisive "Full up!" of the factory "gaffer." Needless to say, they affect vitally such other matters as education, morals, drinking habits, class feelings, unionism, and similar factors in the life of a people—with deep-going consequences. The proper discussion of these, and of the causes of the gaffer's words, will require another article or two.

BIG TOP O' THE WORLD

By W. Edson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

IT was circus weather, even though this first day of September found them in the high country. A hot afternoon, getting along toward evening; the low mellow sun—there in a wide gap horizonward—generously glorifying what the bill-boards called the hills of canvas. Big as it was, with its hippodrome and its thousands of seats and many rings, the big top seemed small to-day, for this town was built in the shelter of the range. Splendid hills were smiling down on the big top's littleness. And the real mountains—the snow-caps—crowded up behind the hills and looked solemnly over their shoulders at the diminutive white mounds that dared call themselves hills of canvas. For the circus had come from where the west begins, and now it was back again after the long, long circling through the flat country. Soon they would be far to the south. But to-day the smell of the upland pines was in the air.

The largest of touring-cars flashed up and stopped just to the rear of the ticket-wagon. Native Exton, the manager, was quick to meet it. In desperation he had sent for Sardon, and Tommy Sardon had covered the hundred odd miles out of Denver in no time. For it was Sardon's sweetheart—that circus. It wasn't merely owning it. Anybody could own a thing. It wasn't a lot of wagons and elephants and poles and railway-cars to Sardon. It was a love-affair. He stepped from his car hastily—a portly, iron-gray figure, cold eyes roving.

"What's the matter, Native?" he asked sharply. "Come, let's walk over behind the tent here. Can't you talk, man? Why didn't you say something in your message?"

"Six of the damn hoboes down and the rest white around the gills."

"Now, what the——"

"It *looks* like it might be measles only—there haven't been any new cases since day before yesterday. The bunch is restless—due to stampede."

Sardon rose to the occasion. He always rose to an occasion.

"We'll rush 'em away right now," he declared. "If they're gone in the morning, it'll do for the scare. Forget it in a day."

"I thought of getting some young doctor to ride the train with us a while——"

"Doctor, the devil," sneered Sardon. "A kid doctor would do a heap of good, now wouldn't he? Find me that black nigger they call Sunburn—the one that takes care of those little white dogs."

"Get that Sunburn," called Exton to a boy that was passing. "Quick now!"

And Sunburn was there almost at once, grinning uncertainly. A short, broad specimen he was, immensely long-armed and muscular, with a shiny, scarred face.

"Kid," snapped Tommy Sardon, "you remember that time in New Mexico and what you did for me. Well, I've something else on hand for you. We've half a dozen men here that feel sick and lazy. We're going to put them in a wagon and you're to drive them up into the hills to a place I know of, and take care of them till they're through loafin'. You order a covered wagon, Native—please, please don't ask me whether it should be blue or white—a covered wagon, and give him a team you won't miss. Get Fred to stock him up at the cook-house with a lot of grub. He won't be where he can get to town every few minutes. We want to hustle and have them well along the road before dark."

"But I cain't drive, Mistah Sardon, I nevah mixed it up with hawses, sah. I've allas ben in de cook-tent or wid de dawgs. I nevah knew nothin' about hawses. I could tek care o' dem boys ef I was on'y there, boss. I ain't no 'fraid cat."

"You'll have to send a driver, Native—who'll it be? Step him to the front!"

"Say, I don't know about that. I haven't enough teamsters, and any way you handle them, they're a touchy lot."

"Touchy be damned! I want a man to drive that wagon. Money'll do it, I reckon. Bring one out. I'll talk to him."

"There's one fellow, Ben Elder. He's due to drop out in this country anyhow. He's a mountain man and I don't care overmuch, for he's shinin' around one of the girls, and the first thing you know he'd coax her away. But he's an independent devil. One of the respectable sort."

"Oh, roll him up here, quick! What do I care for all that? I'm independent, too, ain't I? And respectable?" And Sardon turned his back on the manager.

Presently Ben Elder came. A good-looking man, brown-faced, blue-eyed, tall, and never a slouch to his six feet.

Sardon went at him like a tiger.

"We've some sick men over in the cars. I'm loading them out for a hill camp. I've got a black boy to go along and nurse them through. But he ain't there with the horses. I want you to drive the lay-out up into the big sticks. I'm going to give you——"

"But, look here, I'd rather stay with the show. I don't want to break away—not just now."

"Want money, don't you?" snarled Sardon, furiously flinging himself closer to the other. "I suppose you're makin' eyes at one of the gals around here. You need money for that game, son. I'm going to give it to you. You can pick up your skirt later on—or another one. I'm going to give you—let's see how much I have here—four, five, six hundred dollars—and the team. I'll give you a scrap of paper so they won't nail you for horse-stealing. You pass the nigger four hundred after you get there. He'll have to keep the camp going for a while. The rest and the team is yours. You know what the worst of our stock is worth these days. You're going—d'ye understand? Might as well. If you didn't, I'd have you run off the lot, you can bank on that. As it is, I'm your friend and I'll stick. Now listen! You follow the big road out of town up this Peaceful Creek till you pass the sawmill. Then you come to a branch to the north—right hand. Twelve miles up that road is the Live Oak shaft. Only it's a dead one, if I know anything about mines. But it's gobbled up a heap of my money in its time. And that's not so long but that the bunk-house is in fair shape. See that you take enough blankets. Tell that Sunburn there's a trail straight on over the ridge that'll take him to a ranch where he can buy grub when he runs out. There's good water and pasture for the horses. Only you better take your Dobbins along with you from there, son. Unless you want to loaf around—which isn't likely. Get me?"

"I've been up that way," said Ben Elder slowly. "I've been up and down

"I have the bad luck to own this show. What do you do around here?"—Page 188.

these hills. Well, I'll do it; partly to give those poor devils a breath of fresh air. I'm not leary of a smallpox scare. I've been straight through a worse deal than you're giving me. If a man's clean like a white man ought to be, he ain't afraid and he don't get sick. When somebody takes down with something, why—usually somebody's been shivery. I'll get Sunburn up there an' stowed away nice, then I'll hit the trail. I'll leave the big end of your stake like you said, and sell the pair to the Valley Ranch man. I know him. He'll give me a fair price."

"Now you're saying things," beamed Sardon. "Good-by, son. I'll go over to the ticket-wagon and fix up your horse deal on paper. Take along any damn thing around this show that they can use up yonder to make 'em comfortable. Be sure and get one of those big gasoline lanterns filled. Make it easy driving to-

night. And here's your money, boy. You're welcome to it. Just get those fellows on the road before sundown, that's all I ask. Shake hands on it, and God bless you."

"Oh, that part's all right," returned Ben Elder easily, showing his white teeth in a laugh. "I reckon God blesses everybody, only it sort o' slips our memory sometimes. I'm gone—so long!" He hurried away and Sardon turned away, too—first to the ticket-wagon, then on to a restless stroll.

He did not go wrong on things he was used to, either at home or abroad, so when he came to the angle between the back of the side-show and the menagerie, and found Colette MacKenzie sitting on the tongue of a seat wagon, he knew her for a show-hand instantly. He took in the comeliness of the girl appreciatively. Colette was enjoying as much privacy as one ever had around a circus, but Sardon broke in on it ruthlessly. Wasn't she part of the equipment?

"Hello, little one!" he said. "I'm Mr. Sardon. I have the bad luck to own this show. What do you do around here?"

"I take tickets inside and check up the passes and the cook-tent meals. Then I help the wardrobe mistress some."

"You ought to be in the chorus," asserted Mr. Sardon. He could never let well enough alone—it wasn't in him. "You're pretty and you've got the shape. You ought to be a regular show-girl. I'll attend to it."

"I don't want to," returned Colette briefly. By her tone, a storm threatened.

"Oh, now look here, kid," coaxed Tommy Sardon softly. "You don't want to be pokey. Be a sport. And I'll tip you to something better than that, yet. Quit 'em cold to-night and come down to Denver. Look me up. I've got a whale of a business office, and it's a treat to me to have a pretty girl around. You don't mind giving the old man a treat, do you, kid? You can file my darn letters or something. There's a million of 'em a day. And you don't need to think I'll be tryin' to kiss you when I come down in the morning, either. I'm more likely to cuss than to kiss. But I'll be a mighty good friend in a quiet way. Show a little life. Quit 'em to-night and put up over at the hotel. See me in the morning. I'll take you along in my car. Or if you don't like the looks of that, come down by train and ask me for a job. I'll be there. I'm in the 'phone book, all right. Good-by. You do that—we'll make it pay. I'll be knowing you'll come, kid. You sit here and study about it."

She sat on the wagon-tongue—an odd, haggard, pretty girl, small and lithe, with warm gray eyes—eyes that may have been warmed at her hair, for her hair was red—the pleasant bronze red of an autumn leaf. There was a clear-cut, decent honesty in those eyes—sweetness at the corners of her mouth. Her years were twenty, and she was an old circus-hand at that. She was staring off at the hills. All day long they had drawn her. She did not remember ever being so near the mountains before.

And at the same moment Ben Elder was near to forgetting his native hills entirely.

"I'll see if I can get a word with her so she'll know," he whispered as he neared the dressing-room. "There's Mother Mark now. Say, Mrs. Mark, is Colette around? I've just got to see her a little minute."

"Well, you won't!" The wardrobe mistress eyed him sternly. "She said she was going to town after the show to buy a pair of shoes. She must've gone—I haven't seen her since. Moreover, I don't want any good-looking eight-horse driver around this dressing-room. You hear that?"

Ben Elder was disappointed. "Say—" he begged soberly. "I've got to go and go quick. Will you tell Colette I'm leaving? And that I'll write her as soon as I can? I wouldn't bother you, only they're running me off in a hurry."

"Where you going—walking away like this?"

"Oh, up in the high country. I belong around here. You'll sure tell her?"

"Yes. Though I ain't any post-office, an' you want to remember there are forty of those girls. But if she gets past me to-night, I'll tell her to-morrow."

"I'll be much obliged, ma'am," returned Ben Elder earnestly. "Good-by, Mrs. Mark. Happy days!"

"Good-by. I won't be sheddin' any

"Say, Mrs. Mark, is Colette around?"—Page 188.

tears. You'll be joinin' on in the spring. I know you boys. Your feet get itchy when the weeds begin to grow."

The cook-tent was down and gone. A summer day—a circus day—was ending. It was high time for a side-show opening. And there were enough quarters in sight. So Mr. Henry Pussifer, better known as Pussycat, Pilgrim's right-hand spieler, mounted to a vantage-point in front of his banners and addressed a rapidly thickening crowd. It was Pussycat's pride that he could get 'em to listen regardless—rain or shine. And that, too, with neither a cow-bell nor a snake-charmer. He was just around a corner of canvas from Colette. She heard him vaguely, as something far away.

"Friends of mine," he began with genial earnestness, "the most wonderful thing of all shall I tell you. Come close. You folks there by the ticket-wagon also. It is important that you hear me plainly —that there be no disappointment. Did you ever—ever hear of an oyster, a common, every-day oyster—gentle, affectionate, and well trained—walking a tight wire? I said—did you ever? No—and you never will! But I am here to tell you more wonderful things. So all get as near me as is possible while I describe these startling, amazing features of our annex—an annex which has held uncounted thousands spellbound this season. Mysteries unparalleled. Phenomenon after phenomenon! Marvel upon marvel!"

Colette knew the marvels well enough. There was Pasquale the Mexican who

had the ugly tumor on his forehead that Pilgrim had faked into a second head. There were the poor little negro half-wits from the asylum who made up well as a cannibal crowd. She sighed, looking at the last of the light in the west. But it seemed she was never to be left alone, for it was just then the manager came upon her. And Native Exton was in a very bad humor. He loved his horses and it had gone against the grain to give up that one team. He stopped short in front of Colette.

"Mysteries unparalleled. Phenomenon after phenomenon!"—Page 189.

"I've been looking for you," he began. "We need another girl in the chorus, George tells me—and they don't seem to be joining on around here—not so you'd notice it. I'm putting one of the boys from the reserved seats to taking tickets. You trot around to Mother Mark and have her fix you up with some real pretty tights."

Colette's cheeks burned and a small blaze started in each of her gray eyes.

"I don't want to go into the chorus," she returned. "I won't wear tights. I don't care about that sort of thing. I never——"

"It don't matter what you want or don't want, Colette," interrupted the manager, his thin lips grim. "It's what I want you to do. If you'd been one of these 'boes, I'd 've— Well, what do *you* want?"

A black man was standing close, far from picturesque in his dirty, torn, red sleeveless undershirt and dirtier overalls. His thick lips were curled into a leer.

"Ah wan's mah money. Ah ben workin' three days an' yo' boss am runnin' me off an' no pay at yo' ticket-wagon. Now, ah wan' dat money. Ah don' wan' to have to hurt yo'. Yo' am an old man——"

"Old man, the devil—" The black man seemed to rise into the air, so hard was the blow. After an instant he got up, wiping the blood from his mouth, glaring uncertainly.

"Get out of here!" the manager told him sharply. "Step lively, or I'll land on you again. That's right—keep going— Don't let's have any more nonsense, Colette. Be a good girl and do what I tell you. Run around and see the wardrobe mistress while she isn't busy."

"It says on my contract I'm to be ticket-taker——"

"*And* make yourself generally useful. It says that, Colette, I'm sure! Don't let's argue about a fool thing like a contract. You heard what that darktown just said. I'm an old man."

"I won't wear tights," said the girl doggedly.

"You've been stubborn quite a spell, Colette. Furthermore, I've seen a teamster hanging around talking to you. I haven't much use for that kind of mixin' up—dressing-room and stables. But we've got rid of your friend. And you want to let go your grumpiness at the same time."

"Did you run Ben Elder away for—for that?"

"He's gone. Didn't leave you any word, did he? No! But I can't stay here any longer. Do as I tell you, Colette."

"I won't!"

"You're sure you mean that?"

"Yes."

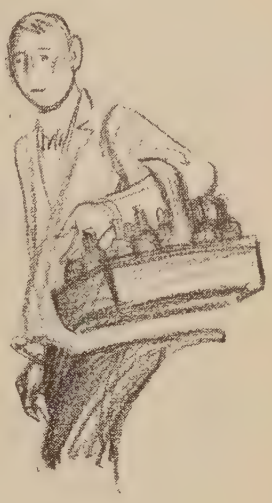
The manager's eyes hardened. "Curly," he called to a young man who had emerged from the half-lifted side-wall near by, "tell that property-man to come here. And you'd better change your mind before he gets here, Colette; I'm telling you that." Then the manager fell to sharpening a pencil. The girl said nothing. Her eyes stayed on the hills, all darkening into purple—quiet, cool, serene—though the monotonous side-show music was beating in her ears and Pilgrim's voice around in front, spieling.

"Come on—come on—come on," he called to those he knew only as "come-ons." "It's a long time before you can get into the big show—a long time before the ticket-wagon opens. And you have entertainment offered—something you can never, never forget. Wild wonders—exciting sights! A big change for a little change. Come on! Come on! Come on!"

"Ah wan's mah money."—Page 190.

The boss property-man was always in a hurry. He came up breathless.

"Lucky," said the manager deliberately, "you're packing around a trunk for Miss Colette MacKenzie. You dig it out and leave it on the lot when we move to-night. She's leaving us here. That's all."



"All right, sir." And the property-man went as hastily as he had come.

"I'm going over to the front door, Colette. It's about time to open the wagon. If you decide to do as you've been told, let me know. Got any money coming?"

"Just to-day."

"Here, I'll give it to you and collect at the wagon. They're too busy to pay off right now. Well, good-by, Colette. I'm sorry."

"Good-by. I'm not sorry."

Left to herself, the girl sat for a minute, swinging her feet and eying her new shoes. They were very good shoes—very good, indeed. In fact, she had spent nearly all of Saturday's pay—all that hadn't been spent before she got to the wagon. Colette was not thrifty. She had not been told anything about such things in her brief life. Yes, they were good shoes. The old ones were in a package there on the wagon-tongue. For she had just come from town and had sat there to rest. She opened her purse and put in the silver the manager had given her—the last day's pay. That made four dollars and ninety cents she had to go on. And in another part of the purse was her emergency fund—three new five-dollar bills. But, somehow, she was not thinking about dollars and cents. She was pondering the fact that Ben Elder was gone. Colette had never cared for the

men of the circus. Through the seasons she had carried the frank manner of a boy and as little sentiment. But Ben Elder was—different. He was so big and gentle and clean. Just clean. And the circus world seemed rather a dirty world—the best they could do. Now he was gone. Surely he must have left some word for her.

She jumped from the wagon-tongue and went to find Pardner, the mail-man. Pardner brought the letters from the post-office and distributed them. Also he was an usher and leader of the ushers' band. Pardner knew everybody and everything. If you couldn't write a letter yourself, didn't know how, Pardner would do it for a quarter. He would send money home for you if you had the money and the home—which was seldom. So by all these things Pardner had a deep insight into personal affairs.

Happily she found him at the back door—the performers' entrance. He had his red coat on one arm and was on his way to the seats.

"Pardner, where did Ben Elder go?"

"Didn't know he'd gone, Colette. You mean he blew?"

"Yes. Won't you go and ask Brownie?"

"I will if I can do it in a minute. That's my limit on time."

Colette consulted her wrist-watch. "Oh, you've plenty," she told him. "You've ten minutes. Please do find out. I'll be right in here."

She went into the dressing-room almost like a stranger, hoping to avoid the wardrobe mistress, having a sudden distrustful notion that maybe the manager had given instructions about her, so that she might have her argument all over again, and perhaps be overborne. But she reached her trunk unnoticed. Every one was busy. Mother Mark was having a violent wrangle about something or other with a half-dozen girls at the other end of the tent. She took a hand-bag from the tray, slipped a couple of khaki-bound books into it, together with a few trivial necessities, put the old shoes in the space where the hand-bag had been, got out a light cravenette rain-coat—then shut and locked the trunk and set the suitcase on top of it. Lucky would do the rest. Cool, clutching fingers of excitement caught her throat and held her breathless for an instant. What was she going to do? Resolutely she turned her back on the trunk—the only homelike thing she knew—and went out just as Pardner came back from a fruitless errand.

"I don't know what's wrong," he told her, aggrieved at his own lack of success. He did not know that the bosses had been sternly instructed to keep their mouths to themselves about the flitting. "Brownie's got a grouch on. Says he don't know anything but that Ben had some sort of round-up with the old man and blew. I didn't have time to snoop any more. But I'll find out for you to-morrow, Colette. I'd like to see 'em have secrets! Say, I've got to hustle—they'll open the front door on me. So long!"

Colette was out of it. She hesitated, then went irresolutely around toward the front door. The moon was up in the east, but nobody around a circus notices a moon. Lights were flaring everywhere—side-shows, concession stands, front door. The midway was packed with people. They were selling out of all three windows at the ticket-wagon. The sharp "Lay your money down!" of the lightning-handed ticket-sellers broke into the blaring notes of the canned music in the menagerie tent. Then the ticket-takers lined up and the front door opened.

Colette went slowly around and across to the other side. Over behind the big top and menagerie was a long stretch of wooden seats, tier upon tier—by courtesy a grand stand on athletic field-days. There were scattered knots of people along it—small family groups of men and women, boys and girls—getting all the circus they could without paying a cent; glimpses through the space between the side-wall and top; and the steady, racy music of the band.

The girl had been carrying her jacket over her arm, together with the cravenette. Now she put it on and chose herself a place, nestling down apart at the end of one of the tiers. There was a gap here—a sort of an entrance. She leaned over and looked down on the top of an automobile standing below. It was full of talk and laughter. A voice floated up to her.

"Jimmie and Ralph broke camp early," laughed the voice. "And then left us

The familiar flamboyant march.

womenfolk while they walked into town to order out the wagon that was to haul the outfit. Oh, it was such a lovely place where we were!"

"Though now we know a better one." It was a man's voice this time. "We climbed a ridge and got a line on it. Only you never could get there with a machine. You'd probably have to pack a burro, though a buckboard might negotiate it. Only an apology for a road but the real thing in pines. If you folks decide to spend a few days roughing it—tell you which way. Right up this street—the main street—there's a barn of a building where they handle ore from the mines. Just the other side, a road turns off to the left around a little hill. That's the way we came down this morning. As pretty a bit of scenery as you'd ever see and looks like it had never been peeked at."

The machine went its way, but it left a most amazing bit of free thinking behind it.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" whispered Colette to her own heart. "I'm going along that very road he spoke of. Maybe I'll find a gold-mine. Maybe there'll be a cave where I can sleep. Anything would be better than the mattress in my berth on that Empress car. Just think—I've never in my whole life been out of a town! A body wouldn't believe it, but it's true! I wonder what it'll be like! You old circus—I'm done with you. But I'll watch you off the lot."

Her seat was on a level with the sidewall and she could see into both tents. By now the trappings were on the elephants, and the girls were in place on their backs. It was time for the walk around. The band-concert stopped abruptly. Brown and his men were getting into their togs. The familiar flamboyant march began—the familiar clapping of many hands. The show had begun, and that meant the beginning of the end, for it was

melting away at the same moment. The menagerie was vanishing almost while one might say the words. Its side-wall was down. The canvas covers were on most of the cages. Colette laughed to see Jimmie Dee put a sack over each ostrich's head—one by one—and, with the aid of an energetic helper, pull and push them up the runway into their cage. A few minutes ago the long inside candy-stand had seemed a fixed enterprise. Now it was in the heavy iron-bound trunks, and the last of the red lemonade had been recklessly given to the thirsty, trampled weeds. The clusters of lights slipped down the centre poles and were blotted out. The canvas followed. A half-dozen canvas men came along, taking down the side-poles. The centre poles swayed—came deliberately down. Then three more big top men with a stake-puller. The elephants hurried from their act and went away to their own car—big black lumps against the night. The menagerie was gone. Pilgrim's side-show was gone. The outside lemo-stands would be there till the last. A small runabout leaped out of the dark and stopped very close to the side-door of the ticket-wagon. That was for the money. Colette knew the manager went away with that. Instantly four horses had taken the ticket-wagon.

"It's going!" whispered Colette—a tremulous whisper. "Oh, dear! They're starting on the empty sections in the big top. I don't care! I'm staying! I'm done with you—you old circus! I'm done!"

The band paused momentarily while the Princess Pauline was announced. Again it stopped while the girls lined up for the concert talk. It seemed only a minute till the crowd came pouring out through the sides—the big top steadily melting, melting, even while the concert was going on. Then she heard the familiar shout: "All over! All over!" Colette looked suddenly around her. The people on the board seats had disappeared. The lights were out. The big top was down. There was only a flaring torch here and there—there and here, for a memory. She drew a long breath and got to the ground, picking her way across the lot to where the dressing-room had been. Yes, there was her trunk—such a lonesome-looking little steamer-trunk with her suitcase cuddled against it.

"You poor dear," crooned Colette to the trunk as she picked up the suitcase. "You've been my old Kentucky home for a good while. Never you mind, I'll go this minute and have you sent for."

There was a garage across from the lot with a sign "Express and Drayage." The man in the office stared owlishly at the show-girl. But she had been stared at in so many ways so many days. It was a part of living.

"I want you to get a small trunk from the circus lot. It's right behind the big pole-wagon—where you see those torches—marked MacKenzie on the end. It's to go to the depot. Here, check my suitcase, then I'll be travelling light."

"S. and S., you mean?"

Colette nodded. "How much?"

"Dollar. Thanks. Here's your claim checks. Tend to it right now."

She went along the deserted street leisurely—yes, right happily even, till youth's greatest problem presented itself.

"I'm hungry," she murmured gravely, coming to a corner and inspecting the cross streets where there was a semi-occasional lighted front. "And here's a little eating-place—you wouldn't call it a restaurant. That would be too huge a name. Let's go in, Colette. And I'll tell you something else, Colette MacKenzie—you're not going to look up any shabby, shoddy, down-in-the-mouth hotel and spend a lot of your money for a bad, bad bed and a worse breakfast. There's no one in there," she meditated, surveying the interior of the restaurant, "and it's real bright and nice-looking. I'll go in and eat them out of house and home. While I'm busy at that they shall put me up a scrumptious lunch. There'll be provisions to last a short lifetime. I'll follow that road—follow—follow—follow. I'm not a bit sleepy; and there's the moon. Even if it is behind those clouds now, I just know it will give me light by the time I'm on my way. Oh, won't it be fine! Who knows what next? I can say it like old Pussycat: Come on! Come on! Come on!"

She went to a bit of a table in the rear, almost hidden by a sideboard. A clean, oldish Chinaman came out. Colette was

The show had begun, and that meant the beginning of the end.—Page 193.

rather glad. A Chinaman would know his place. He would neither forget her altogether nor try to flirt with her. She smiled up at him companionably.

"I'm good and hungry—what's your name?"

"Name Al Sing. Anything you like?"

"Al Sing, you make me some real hot buttered toast and French fried potatoes and some sliced tomatoes. And a pot of hot chocolate. You sabe chocolate—yes? And put me up a nice big lunch—enough for three girls."

"All so," Al Sing smiled placidly. "I fix you fine good box—you like to read now? One funny page here."

After a bit Colette let the paper fall and sat dreamily wondering what the journey would be like. It had been a hard road—the one she knew about. Colette had a vague notion it had been harder than was good for a girl. This would be something new, even though it took her to the jumping-off place.

"That's exactly where I want to go," she mused, pleased by the last fancy. "The jumping-off place. And then, oh, when I get there you'll see me jump!"

She ate and drank eagerly yet deliberately, and smiled with fine approval at Al Sing as he came from the kitchen carrying a long flat pasteboard box strongly tied, and with a rope handle so it looked a good deal like a suitcase. Colette lifted it appraisingly.

"I'm sure that's just right," she remarked contentedly. "How much is all this?"

"Three dollar and a half," smiled Al Sing politely. "Good lunch. V'y good lunch."

"I'm glad you didn't say 'velly,'" said Colette. "I'm glad it's that much. It's worth it and I have the money. You surely put in everything?"

"All things—all!" Al Sing spread his hands comprehensively.

"Good. Here's your money and a quarter to remember me by, Al Sing." She took the package and started out, pausing at the glass case in front. There was a penny machine for selling matches. Colette thoughtfully took a penny from her purse and possessed herself of a box.

"I might have a camp-fire," she murmured. "You never can tell." Then she went out into the night. "Isn't this street quiet! Lights behind, but up at this end it's off the beat. I'm glad of it. I hope I can get clear out of town without some cop stopping to chin me—like as not have to pause and tell him my life history. Only I won't lie to anybody—I'll tell the truth. I've been nowhere and I'm on my way to somewhere."

The big building of which the man had spoken loomed into view presently. Beyond it the houses were few and fewer. The skies above were gray with clouds, but the moon, over to westward, was almost a full circle behind those clouds, and there was light enough to see the road.

"Here's the branch I follow," laughed Colette in soft delight when she had been trudging for a time. "Pretty soon now there won't be any houses. Just hills and hills and hills. Those beautiful blue hills I saw last night from the lot. Fancy a girl never seeing anything like that, except from the windows of a circus-train, all hot and dusty, with fifty girls crowded into the same car. Why, I'm part of them. If anybody's looking at those lovely, misty peaks now, they're looking at Colette MacKenzie."

Around the corner of the hill the road went up over a rise, then dipped steeply into the hollow—then up again with rocks beginning to pile high on either side. The girl went steadily along, a lonely little figure through the mountain night. It was after another sharp turn and another bit of a climb and another bit of a valley—it was after that the trees began to come closer to the road. Sometimes standing in serious groups to see her go by. And then——

"It's raining!" she exclaimed, stopping short of a sudden and tilting her face heavenward. "It's raining and, oh, I do love a rain! I'm glad I have the cravenette. But I must get under one of you trees! Now which one wants me most? Don't all speak at once."

She began to pick her way carefully to a shadowy rock a hundred steps or so off the road. Silhouetted against the skyline and very close to the rock was a tree. By the time she reached her destination the shower was pattering briskly. But it was the right place. Creeping beneath the low branches, she found that the rock sent out a great slab almost to the tree-trunk—a goodly roof over her head. It was dry under there, carpeted with the pine-needles of years and years gone by. Colette put the precious box in the farthest driest nook, and then propped herself luxuriously, listening in huge content. It was only a shower, though. Over in the west the moon was breaking through the clouds. But how good it sounded! How good to be in this dear cranny—so warm and sheltered—listening. Such a kindly, gentle rain—the way the drops touched the rocks and the big tree was like a soft voice whispering—a sweet voice whispering.

Colette sighed. "If I put my hand-bag under my head it will make enough of a pillow. I can listen to that rain just as well lying down. I don't want to miss a single drop—I love it so!" She buttoned the last button of the long rain-coat and drew her feet up beneath it. "I'm very comfortable," she told herself. And then it was quiet indeed in the lodging under the rock—quiet indeed.

When she opened her eyes a chipmunk was sitting within a foot of her face, alert and curious. They stared at one another for a flick of an instant, after which the chipmunk, thinking about breakfast, flashed away. Colette sat up, wide-eyed. There was sunlight everywhere. Morning was out for a walk—so they went together. Morning and Colette were good comrades by all the ups and downs of the mountain road till afternoon. Morning companioned her till the road had come to be not much more than a trail up a steep hillside. She had been on the friendliest terms with the lunch-box, but

Drawn by O. F. Howard.

Morning and Colette were good comrades.—Page 196.

it was heavy, the rain-coat heavier. Yet only to see a reckless young creek cascading down the ledges a dozen steps away made up for all that. And it was fine the way the big courteous pines lined up along the march so a small body could rest at will in their shade. Then she came suddenly out into an open glade; a little oval from which one could look out over wonderful miles of mountains. And across the glade was a most inviting cabin—a homey place with a long porch. It was the kind of a cabin that looked to have been built to last forever and ever.

The one window to the rear was shaded by a pine-tree and looked out upon a great boulder higher than the house. The window wasn't boarded closely like the others, for the back of the house was in the shelter of the hill. Colette peered between the boards.

"It doesn't seem to be nailed down," she murmured. "I could take this old pole and pry the boards off." She did it too and then pushed up the sash. "Gracious me! If some one should come suddenly around the corner and say, 'Did you do this?' I guess I'd have to speak right up and say, 'Yes!' But they wouldn't care. Not when I told them about me—surely they wouldn't care. There! It was a bar across the front door. What a big room—and a fireplace! Colette, you've never had a chance at a fireplace except in a hotel parlor, and what fun is that? And a better bed than I've been used to; the blankets look as clean as can be. But looky!—here's an extra pair folded up and there's no question about them. In a minute I'll carry them out and give them a good airing till bedtime. There are books and a lamp. How could any one go away from such a house? Aren't those windows the darlings, even boarded up? I love it all this minute more than anything. Let's see the kitchen. That ladder must lead to an attic. Such a cunning little cook-stove. Al Sing, I'm cross. There isn't a solitary thing in that lunch-box to cook, and who wouldn't want to cook? Here's the pantry—do you suppose—but of course they stayed till it was all gone—every bit. No, here's some cocoa in a can. There's been sugar in—oh, here's sugar in a glass jar. No flour—that's about all. Why, of course they stayed until it was all gone. Nobody would leave till then. I wish I had four weeks' provisions. Well, I'm very thankful for this little bit and the cocoa. Now, what must I do before dark? There must be wood for the fireplace and the stove, and water from the creek."

There was plenty of wood scattered everywhere. Then there was the woodpile with pieces saved for the fireplace, and lots of chips to start with. Very soon smoke was curling from kitchen and fireplace too.

"It isn't cold," admitted Colette; "not yet. But I like the looks of it." So she made her cocoa, and ate her supper in the living-room, sighing to see how much empty space was left in the lunch-box. And then she went to watch the sunset.

The shadows were getting long. Evening had settled on the canyon below and in all the hollows of the hills, though the sun was yet warmly red on the heights. It was a lovely, contented corner of the world. Some time or other fairies had come here and put in a summer day cooking up a supply of peace spells—and the kettle had boiled over. A belated gray squirrel cut a green cone from the tallest of the trees at the side of her doorway and then stopped short, half-way down the trunk, to chatter mountain news to her before he took his provision away. After he was gone she was very much alone, for by now the sun was gone. The hills stood darkly blue. The quietness that came was a rare thing—pleasant as the fragrant breath of the pines. Colette had been hammered with noises all her young life. Circus days—city ways—are clamorous. Somehow the singing of the little stream did not break in upon the stillness in the least. Indeed, the singing of the stream was part of the stillness.

After a while it grew cool, so Colette went within and built up the blaze in the fireplace, rejoicing in the light and its warmth for hour-long ages. Then she put on her jacket and strolled out to see how it all looked beneath the moon—for the moon was just getting above the shoulder of the hill eastward. The sidewise swing of its rising made it seem to cling to the crest—a big, blown glory-bubble, resting on the velvet-green carpet of pines along the ridge.

"Mother Mark told you—but how did you know about my mine?"—Page 200.

She walked slowly across the glade to the singing water, and then—more slowly, so very slowly—back again. On the porch she turned her flowerlike face to the dark clearness above.

"Are you going down the hill to-morrow, Colette—to see what Mr. Sardon will do for you?" she queried softly, as if she were there—up above. "You know well enough there'll be something for you. Oh, it's wrong, wrong to go down there—but it's all you can do. And it's right to stay up out of it—like here—you love it so—and that's all you can't do! You can't eat pine-cones like that dear old squirrel that talked to me. Well, there's God, you know. There couldn't be such a beautiful, beautiful place unless God made it all. Men don't do things this way. They make a—a—circus-tent! And God's here. He is my life—that's how I can love everything so much. I haven't any folks. I don't want to leave this house that I found all by myself. But I can't stay—and I must go—to-morrow. God'll have to change that around to-night—so that I must stay and I can't go—yes, to-night—so it'll be done in the morning. God's no sleepy-head like Colette MacKenzie."

She went in and crept into bed by the firelight and was instantly asleep.

Morning came to visit her again—only a minute it seemed. Colette went to the stream and rejoiced in the sting of the icy water on hands and face. Then she took a small mirror from the cabin wall and, propping it against a convenient rock, combed her hair. She was hardened to makeshift ways and means. The sun was high, for she had slept very late. By the time she had brought a stew-pan full of hot cocoa out to the right corner of the porch and arranged her breakfast, it was later yet.

Just then a burro came out into the open—behind the burro, a man. Colette's eyes suddenly became intent—there was something oddly familiar about that man. The clothes didn't look the same, but—the man.

"Why, why—Ben—Ben Elder," she said shakily as he came near. "I—I came— How did you— Good morning!"

The small burro began to gather weeds or flowers at its own good pleasure. Ben Elder stood as still as one of the pines before the cabin.

"It is you, Colette. It must be you!"

Then he broke the spell suddenly and caught her two hands, perhaps to make sure she was no shadow.

"Colette," he queried wonderingly, "Mother Mark told you—but how did you know about my mine?"

"Your mine! Yours! Ben Elder, you aren't telling me that my house I found is yours! Oh, Ben! No, I didn't know. How could I know? I didn't see Mother Mark."

"I asked her to tell you I was going. I drove some sick men out to the tall timber—out the other way, it was. Left a man to take care of them. Say, they were pretty near well men when we got there, even after a rough drive. They liked it. Got 'em located and caught a ride in yesterday afternoon. Then I stocked up on some new clothes and had a bath and a shave, and wasn't a circus man any more. But I'm glad I joined on, Colette. I guess I am glad! Yesterday afternoon I bought the little burro—her name's Katie. And I loaded Katie with a grub-stake and came home. I've been away seven weeks. Now you tell me. It's your turn."

"I closed night before last—quit the show—they wanted me—well, I didn't like it and quit. I was sitting around watching them tear down when I heard some folks talking about a road out of town. And I'd heard you talk about the hills, and I'd never seen them, so I bought a lunch and came. And to your house! I'm so ashamed! I tore some boards off the window, Ben—to get in. And I used your cocoa and sugar and a good deal of wood."

Ben Elder had no harsh word for any of her sins.

"Colette," he said diffidently, "I never told you. I thought maybe a circus man looked best to you. You see, it was this way. I've been up here a long time. I can take out enough ore to make a mighty fine living. It's hard work—anything's hard that's worth while. But one day two months ago I got tired of it all of a sudden and I said to myself I'd ride east as far as Chicago. When I got there it was hot. Nothin' to do; and I wished I was home digging a little deeper into the hill there. Then I saw a circus picture on a bill-board and I went out there that night. You took my ticket to the seat inside. I was right close to where you stood. After the show, when they were tearing down, I stood around. The boss hostler was growling to another fellow about being short of drivers. All at once I woke up and joined. That's the way I got to know you, Colette. Last night I wrote you—went at it pretty late, and then took the letter over and mailed it before I slept. This morning I woke Katie grand 'n' early and came home to wait and see what you'd write back to me. Henry in at the post-office is a good old friend of mine. He was going to send any likely letter out quick. Colette—Colette——"

"Yes."

"What would you have written? Tell me."

"How should I know? I don't know what you said."

"Why—I told you all about this place and the hills. And how anybody could live here from April to the last of October, and then stay in town till spring. I've plenty of money for us, Colette. There's a ranch back in Dixie Canyon—a fellow runs it on shares. It's almost as pretty as this, only I like the high ground. And I said—I said you'd be just as happy as I knew how to make you. I'm not much of a girl's man, Colette. I never saw a girl before you, not to look at twice. But I'd be decent. I know there's a big principle in behind things somewhere, and I never buck it by drinking or playing it low down. I haven't had a chance to talk to you much. As it was, I got cussed twice a day for neglecting my horses, just trying to get a glimpse. So I thought I might as well write it. But that was all I said, except that you were the kind of a girl that a man would love forever—and that I loved you. I do love you, Colette, more than I can very well tell. If we went right away to town to be married—I could have them drive us back out as far as the foot of the hill. Then we'd walk up here together—home."

Colette was not haggard now. She was rosy and her gray eyes were like morning stars.

"I must get us something to eat," she said shyly. "Oh, what are you doing, Ben? I didn't say I would—but I will! Oh, my dear, yes, I will! And I'm glad! It's such a wonderful way to go—and come."

MENTAL CONTAGION AND POPULAR CRAZES

By James Hendrie Lloyd, M.D.

TO the physician, whose habit it is to study the pathology of his cases, the tendencies of the present day offer some interesting problems. He can make no claim to write about them as a politician or economist; and, in fact, he is rather happy to be exempt from the prejudices of the partisan, and to be able to take a detached position in which he can wield the pen of the scientist.

De Quincey tells us that an eminent British surgeon, by whom he is supposed to have meant Sir Astley Cooper, thanked heaven that he was entirely ignorant of history; that what little history he had ever known he had resolutely tried to forget, or to confuse in his memory, so that "as to all such absurd knowledge" his mind was a *tabula rasa*. Now this may be a qualification for a surgeon, or at least no disadvantage to him (as to which point the present writer expresses no opinion); nevertheless, it is indisputable that there is an aspect of history that is distinctly pathological, and therefore cannot be ignored by the mental pathologist. History is full of instances that prove the truth of this thesis. If, as has been claimed, history is philosophy teaching by example, it is also psychiatry warning us by many frightful instances.

The cases of individuals who have been insane and yet have played a part in history are not unknown and need not be mentioned. Ireland has written a book on this subject which he calls "The Blot upon the Brain." We are concerned here not so much with individuals as with popular movements, for such movements may be quite as abnormal as men. The mental pathologist has even invented a name for this sort of movement and calls it a "pandemic psychosis"; that is to say, a functional mental disorder which tends to spread over large numbers of people. Its chief characteristic, indeed, is this tendency to spread; it is like the cholera or the smallpox in so far as it pursues what may be called a centrifugal course. It grows out of what has been somewhat crudely called "mob psychology," but a better term is mental contagion, because the analogy to the contagious diseases is complete.

The Middle Ages, which were a period of dense popular ignorance, were prolific of such crazes. The belief in demons dominated all imaginations; superstition spread everywhere; it was the reign of sorcery; of the witches' Sabbath; of demonopathy, and of demoniacal possession. Terrible epidemics of religious insanity occurred, which led to priestly exorcisms and mystical ceremonies, and ended in the condemnation of the ill-fated insane and in their punishment as witches by torture and death. Thousands of these unhappy wretches atoned with their lives for their loss of reason, and perished at the stake.* Calmeil and other French writers have preserved the history of this deplorable distemper of the human mind. Lord Chief Justice Hale, of the King's Bench, was so firm in his belief in witchcraft, that he is known to have condemned two women to death for it; and King James I wrote a work on demonology in which he urged that the plea of insanity for those accused of witchcraft should be rejected in the courts; but most of the writings of this monarch were "studded with absurdities." In this country the historic epidemic of witchcraft at Salem is too well known to need more than a passing reference. All this literature should be commended to the notice of Sir Oliver Lodge. If we are to have a witchcraft craze in this present age of so-called enlightenment, it will be due to those who claim that they can hold communion with the spirits, for they ignore the fact that, if they can summon up *good* spirits from the vasty deep, there will be some perverts who will draw the

*See the writer's work on "The Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity," in Wharton and Stille's "System," vol. III, p. 506; also, Régis, "Manual of Mental Medicine," translated by Bannister, p. 16, from which the statement is taken.

logical conclusion that *they* can summon up *evil* spirits as well—and so we shall have all the materials for a witches' dance. There may be some cynical neurologists who would rather like to see such a dance. It would give them an opportunity for a critical study—for these pandemics are of great scientific interest to your cynical neurologist.

There are two principles that dominate this subject. The first is the emotional or sentimental factor. When a mere emotion, such as desire or fear, becomes the chief motive of conduct, we have a reversal of normal psychology, for evidently in the normal man the reasoning process should precede the emotional, although there is a school of psychologists who deny this. Nevertheless, their denial only raises an academic question, for practically in sound morals it is not to be denied that a man should have a clear conception of his duty or his aims, which conception should hold precedence of his emotions, which latter are merely the reactions of his mind to his own personal interests. We can perhaps gain a clear understanding of this subject if we observe the mental processes of children. They argue and act largely from their emotions, not having yet developed the reasoning faculties sufficiently to control conduct. They act from the narrow personal standpoint, of which alone they are cognizant, not from any large general principles of reason. This is the normal state also of animals. Now, it is not unusual to see a certain type of men and women who seem never to have advanced far beyond this juvenile stage; and even in the best of people such an occasional reversion to the juvenile status may be seen. It is also very common in the insane, for the more their reason is dethroned the more their emotions run riot. This, indeed, is one of the marks, or stigmata, of insanity. But there is no hard-and-fast line between sanity and insanity, and in the border-land between the two we see all kinds of queer or aberrant conduct, in which the emotions have more sway than they are legally entitled to. This is a feature never to be overlooked in considering the psychology of the crowd.

The second factor is the principle of imitation. We owe more to this in our education than some of us might like to acknowledge. There is little that is original in any of us; we owe most of our attainments to others, and we have come by them by the simple process of copying them. This facility is very marked in our simian kinsfolk, and doubtless has come down to us from a remote ancestry among the anthropoid apes. It is such a powerful and all-pervading impulse that it clearly transcends the limits of a magazine article. Sufficient to say that it is by imitation largely and unconsciously that mental contagion spreads. There is a form of insanity which the French call "Folie Communiquée," which is communicated from one person to another. The writer once saw an example of it in three sisters, who had communicated their delusions to one another in an abnormal domestic environment, until they all became so insane that they had to be locked up. If the abnormal environment, instead of being the domestic circle, is a nation-wide or a world-wide pandemonium, such as has followed the Great War, the conditions are most favorable for the growth of pandemics such as we see at the present day. A homely illustration of what is meant can be seen in the automobile mania, which now holds this country in its grip. The great majority of the people who go tearing up and down our city streets and along our country roads could probably not tell why they do it. There is nothing rational in their conduct, and most of them would doubtless be better off if they remained at home and engaged in some useful occupation. They are following an imitative impulse which hurries them into a mad race—useless, extravagant, and homicidal.

Zionism, for another example, looks to an outsider like one of these pandemic psychoses, although it is still in the making. Its moving spring is a disordered sentiment, not reason. The Jews have not possessed Palestine for nearly two thousand years, and even at that remote time their tenure of the land was a very feeble one. They originally acquired it, according to their own book of Judges, by conquest, and were not overnice in their methods—as when they cut off the

thumbs and the great toes of Adoni-bezek. Therefore, if there are any descendants of the ancient Canaanites still living, these have a prior claim to the Jews, who at most held on for only a few centuries. It is difficult to see how the modern Jews have any better claim to Palestine than the descendants of the *Mayflower* pilgrims have to their ancestral homes in England. But the cold facts of history do not disturb enthusiasts—and so contagious, unfortunately, is this mental state in America, that a large body of sympathizers is easily marshalled, who care no more for history than did old Sir Astley Cooper.

You can more easily convince some people by a hunger strike than you can with a lecture on mental contagion. They will not, or cannot, see that a man who substitutes his stomach for his reason as the umpire of his cause, and stakes the morality of his case on his ability to withstand starvation, is dangerously near to lunacy. His fight is no better than the old ordeal by fire or water, or the old wager of battle, and it is not nearly so picturesque.

Gibbon tells us that "in the quarrels of ancient Greece, the holy people of Elis enjoyed a perpetual peace, under the protection of Jupiter, and in the exercise of the Olympic Games." This probably comes as near to the dream of the modern pacifists as anything that will ever be realized on earth. It is a pity that our American baseball could not be utilized in some such way instead of being a perpetual war on the umpire. Elis was the capital of the Hellenic state in which stood Olympia; yet, in spite of its dedication to sport and its exemption from war, it was a rather backward provincial place and contributed no great man to history. The fact, indeed, would seem to be, as we cast our eyes over the past, that peace has had no monopoly of the virtues, and that mankind, since its début upon the stage of history, has been in such a constant state of war that this state has some claims to be considered its normal environment. This is in strict accord also with our modern doctrine of evolution, for all life is a struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. We can no more escape from this universal law than from the law of gravitation—which puts us down where we belong, whether we like it or not. It is by no means certain that to substitute the ignoble wrangles and deadly competitions of peace for the occasional out-and-out conflicts of arms would greatly redound to the moral progress of the race. It is rather humiliating to our bourgeois pride to recall the story of the Persian general who looked down with contempt on the Greeks cheating one another in the market-place. Man in full vigor of health is a fine fighting animal; such is his normal state, and to this martial vigor has been due the success of the great Nordic race, which has dominated in the modern civilization of Europe. Mental pathologists know full well that brain-fatigue is most likely to show itself in its earlier stages by aversion to strenuosity; a desire for seclusion and repose; an avoidance of conflict; a fear of pain; a dread of responsibility. This aspiration of the pacifists is an abnormal sign; a mental contagion. This dream of perpetual peace can easily end in a neurasthenic nightmare. It should be resisted, before it goes too far, as the manifestation of a world-wide psychosis; the reaction, as it were, of a sick world, which knows not itself nor the diagnosis of its own case. From another angle of mental pathology this morbid desire for peace may be regarded as one of the "repressed emotions," which, according to Freud, are usually kept out of view in the hysterical brain by force of convention, until some great crisis gives them an eruptive impulse which drives them to the surface—an impetus which may not lose its force until it has created a veritable craze.

The present age is neurasthenic from war-shock and industrialism, and this state of nerves provides good ground for propaganda, which is merely a mode of imitation. Neurologists know that nothing is more characteristic of neurasthenics and hysterics than their tendency to yield to the potent influence of suggestion, and that no other patients are so liable to be affected by their surroundings. This mental contagion can spread, like a bad odor, through a hospital or sanitarium, and on a pandemic scale it goes far to explain the present tendency of people to fall victims to all kinds of moral schemes, impracticable reforms, and uplifts. There is also an underlying

sense of vague apprehension—"a sense of impending evil," as the nerve specialists call it—which is very commonly seen in persons on the verge of a nervous breakdown. When this gathers momentum in such a vast country as the United States we witness a furor of virtue and fanaticism which may become an appalling tyranny—for there is no tyranny like the tyranny of the populace.

In a former paper, written for a medical society, the present writer said that prohibition in America is the greatest pandemic hysteria since the crusades. The analogy may be thought to need justification. The crusades made their appeal to religious enthusiasm, and the object they sought to attain was not only not practicable but not even (except from a sentimental standpoint) greatly to be desired. So strong was the impulse that inspired them, and so oblivious to the teachings of common sense were the ignorant multitudes who followed them, that they lasted, with intermissions, for nearly two centuries. They levied a frightful toll in blood and treasure, and set an awful example of cruelty and fanaticism. And, after all, they accomplished nothing. There never was, up to that time, such a misdirected effort, such a barren enthusiasm, such a long-lived pandemic. Gibbon, in his summing up of the effects of the crusades, says that they appear to him to have checked rather than forwarded the maturity of Europe. Among the few benefits which they introduced into Western civilization he mentions windmills, silk, and sugar—but he does not mention *alcohol*. The discovery of the art of distilling the spirit of wine has been ascribed to the Arabs, and the name is obviously Arabic. The knowledge of this art is said to have been spread to Europe by means of these holy wars, but our modern prohibitionists will hardly claim this knowledge as one of the benefits conferred by the crusades. Berthelot, however, has written a learned essay to disprove that we owe to the Arabs this our first step in the downward course of alcoholism.

Now in the object and circumstances of the crusades there is evidently much that can find no analogy in our modern prohibition, but in their main features, as a pandemic psychosis, such as their religious enthusiasm, their fanaticism, their impracticality, and their lack of common sense, the analogy is not far-fetched. Can any man in his senses believe that this stupendous revolution in the habits and morals of a 100,000,000 people is to be accomplished by adding a few lines to a written constitution? This law has been a half-dead letter since the very day it was promulgated. The new broom did not sweep clean. How will it be in another ten, twenty, fifty years? And if it does not succeed, if it is flouted, will it not have brought the Constitution itself into disrepute? This is one of its most menacing features. Our fathers left us a rational and liberal Constitution, but we have patched and disfigured it by adding to it a sumptuary law which raises a secret rebellion in the breasts of self-respecting men. Physicians have little reason to defend alcohol, but neither can they, without a protest, follow in the wake of a popular movement which seems to lead nowhither, unless to chaos.

But perhaps we are to fall back on the doctrine of the perfectability of mankind. This is one of the catchy terms which seem to have had their origin in a misinterpretation of Darwin. If men to-day are not what they ought to be, they will become so to-morrow, for the doctrine of evolution teaches that there is a constant upward progress. This is the argument. But a candid study of evolution does not support these hopes of a millennium. According to Professor Conklin, of Princeton, there has been no notable progress in the evolution of the human body for at least 10,000 years, and there is none in prospect. He points out that the more highly specialized an organism becomes the greater is its risk of extinction, because a very slight change in its environment may be fatal to it. It is like a delicate machine, such as a watch—easily put out of order. The progress of evolution through the ages is marked with the fossil remains of animal forms that perished from the earth because of changes in their environment. Now it may be that such a crisis is at present confronting civilized man. We are face to face with conditions that indicate very clearly that civilized man is not adjusting himself successfully

to his environment. This is a biological way of stating a sociological fact.

Dean Inge, of London, seems to think that the Great War inflicted a mortal wound on Western civilization. The human race can no longer bear the burden of our hard, mechanical, industrial life, and is going to refuse to continue to produce. To the present writer the most ominous symptom of this decadence, this maladjustment of the organism to its environment, is the modern strike. As this is a morbid phenomenon, it is a fit subject for the mental pathologist.

The strike exhibits the action of the two principles already referred to: first, arguing from the emotions; second, imitation. When, from natural causes, the price of wheat fell recently to a little below two dollars and thus gave some promise to a suffering world of a reduction of the high cost of living, the Western farmers raised a cry that they would hold their wheat until they forced the price up to three dollars. In other words, like Joseph of old, they would corner the wheat-market, even though the world starved for it; and they proclaimed that in their opinion this was an act of justice or equity. Now it is impossible to argue with men like those. Their disregard of economic law is complete; and this disregard of, or ignorance of, economic law is the characteristic of the strike almost everywhere. But the industrial world rests on economic law. To speak biologically, this law is a part of the environment. If fate has brought the world to a pass where it cannot, or will not, conform to it, the world is in a bad way for evolution along present lines.

It is the power of one idea acting on large masses of men that gives the strike its distinctive feature—and this one idea makes its way by the most elementary method, namely, by imitation. Complex thinking is not possible for the crowd; everything must be brought to a focus, until the one idea becomes an obsession; and it is then transmitted from brain to brain as a sort of unreasoning impulse, very much like what is seen when a herd is stampeded. It goes in one direction, heedless of the dangers incurred or the obstacles to be overcome. When men are thus stampeded there is a strong instinct of self-preservation, but there is also a supreme indifference to the claims of society at large, and just as in the individual who suffers with a monomania, and feels that his claims to favor are disregarded, so there occurs in the strikers a sense of persecution, which leads to acts of resentment and violence. At this writing there are 1,000,000 coal-miners on strike in Great Britain. It is impossible to suppose that any great number of these men have either the inclination or ability to reason fully and clearly about all the momentous and disastrous consequences of their action. The industrial world is a highly complex organism; or, to use Professor Conklin's phrase, it is highly specialized—the product of a process of evolution. It will suffer, and it may perish, if its component parts are no longer able to keep themselves in adjustment to their environment. This may not be the fault of any man or of any set of men—it may be due to some inherent weakness in the organism or to some inscrutable law acting in the environment.

If the reader will turn to Osborn's book on "Men of the Old Stone Age," he will wake up to the fact that we civilized men are not far removed from the barbarians. The whole period of man's civilization, from the time of the earliest records in Egypt and Mesopotamia, is but as yesterday compared to the long prehistoric period during which the human race existed in Europe as the contemporary of the cave-bear, the cave-hyena, and the rhinoceros. Osborn presents us with an ancestral portrait of the Piltdown man, who is supposed to have lived about 300,000 years ago.* But it is little more than a thousand years ago that our ancestors were living in a semi-civilized state. When Charlemagne took the Roman crown, in 800 A. D., he was a barbarian chieftain with only a thin veneer of the old Roman culture. From out of all that state of unpreparedness, extending back through myriads of years, man has been called upon, in a comparatively short period, without time to adjust himself to his new environment, to assume the burdens of this complex and

* Professor Osborn does not admit that the Piltdown man is an *ancestral* form; but Elliot Smith, whom he quotes, is of the affirmative opinion.

exacting industrial civilization. If he fails, it will not be due entirely to his own fault, but due in a large measure to his destiny. Perhaps the failure of the coal-beds will have much to do with it, but more may be due to the faults of the whole system. Man was never made for this sort of thing. He may not have developed the capacity of brain, the endurance of nerve, to sustain it.

In his long career through the ages man has not greatly changed his nature. He is the lineal descendant of the Neanderthaloids and Cro-Magnons of prehistoric times. This new-fangled civilization is but a costly and dangerous experiment which he has been making for a few centuries. Perchance he may tire of it and cast it aside; or, having exhausted the forests and the coal-fields, like the improvident son of a barbarian that he is, he may resolve to make another trial, having discovered that not all the advances of the human spirit in the past have depended on the steam-engine and the coal-mine.

He has the ample promises of a "new day," made to him by the idealists, the pacifists, the Socialists, the Bolshevists, the prohibitionists, and the suffragists, all of whom in their own way are ready to provide for him a millennium. But he must wait awhile and see how well they will redeem their promises. It will fortunately not be for the present generation of mental pathologists to chronicle the results.

THE VIOLIN

By Florence Earle Coates

He gave me all, and then he laid me by.
Straining my strings to breaking, with his pain,
He voiced an anguish, through my wailing cry,
Never to speak again!

He pressed his cheek against me, and he wept—
Had we been glad together overmuch?
Emotions that within me deep had slept
Grew vibrant at his touch,

And I, who could not ask whence sprung his sorrow
Responsive to a grief I might not know,
Sobbed as the infant, that each mood doth borrow,
Sobs for the mother's woe.

Wild grew my voice and stormy with his passion,
Lifted at last unto a tragic might;
Then swift it changed, in sad and subtile fashion,
To pathos infinite,

Swooning away, beneath his faltering fingers,
Till the grieved plaints seemed echoless to die:
When, calm, he rose, and with a touch that lingers,
Laid me forever by.

Forever! Ah, he comes no more—my lover!
And all my spirit wrapt in trance-like sleep,
Darkling I dream that such a night doth cover
His grief with hush as deep.

The noble, seated in his chair smelling a water-lily bud, listens to his minstrels—a blind harper and a singer who pats his lips to make a warbling note.

DIGGER'S LUCK

REMARKABLE MODELS DISCOVERED IN AN EGYPTIAN TOMB 4,000 YEARS OLD

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PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM BY HENRY BURTON

AS soon as anybody finds out that you excavate in Egypt, their first question is bound to be: "And how do you know *where* to dig?" I have always found that if you answer truthfully and tell them that there is no more infallible rule for knowing where to dig than there is for knowing where to find a cook, they immediately put you down as incorrigibly flippant. What they want to hear about is an archæological divining-rod, or a story with a dream or table-rapping in it, and so I always beg the question.

But in the field with a couple of hundred Arab workmen on your hands you can't wriggle out of giving some sort of an answer, and the way you arrive at it—or the way it answers itself—sometimes is most unexpected. Here is the story of the Egyptian Expedition of the Metropolitan Museum at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, last winter, and the fluke that turned a very bad guess into a howling success.

Just before sunset on the 17th of last March all of our guesses seemed to me very bad ones indeed. I was in no mood to take in the violet shadows creeping up out of the deep ravines of the mountain. I was absolutely indifferent to the silvery dust raised in the evening glow by two lumbering old water-buffaloes, driven by a diminutive slip of a girl, shambling up

across my path from the green fields to some cavernous tomb that was house and stable for a whole swarming family. Men were coming back from the fields; gossiping women were returning from the wells with water-jars precariously balanced on their veiled heads; lop-eared goats shuffled along the dusty paths, still smelling out wisps of parched straw, heedless of the surprising antics of the kids that bucked and jumped around them unaware of the seriousness of life.

I thought life was very serious indeed, for it was about time to write another letter home explaining why we hadn't found anything yet; and leaving my nimble little mouse-gray donkey to pick his way through the pitfalls that beset our homeward path, I began to run over the situation as it stood.

We had dug for eight weeks in a valley where the mighty Pharaohs of the Egyptian Empire had been found hidden away some forty years ago, and where, just the year before, our expedition under Lansing had unearthed the mummy of a little prince of the royal family—and we had found literally nothing.

Then we had taken a desperate chance on a big tomb cut in the cliffs near by. Its two dark, yawning entrances led into gloomy tunnels where great bats squealed like enormous litters of blind puppies every time we ventured into the mysterious twilight of the rock-cut chambers behind. In front of the entrances were mountainous piles of rock fallen from the crags above, and down below, in the desert valley, were traces of a gateway. We had looked the place over time after time, and many a long argument we had had before we had decided to risk a fortnight of the little cool weather left to us. The place had been dug over before, and we had copies of the discouraging reports of our predecessors there, but after all there had seemed a chance that some fragments of sculpture might be buried under those fallen cliffs in front. Burton, who took the expedition's photographs, had been all for the place. He had noticed a big block of limestone lying

The mound of rubbish which raised—and dashed—our hopes, and the entrance to one of the corridors which we had believed would hardly repay the clearing.

in the rubbish in front and had persuaded Lansing and me to help him heave it over to look at the under side, and when we saw the delicate tracery and brilliant coloring of a frieze pattern of four thousand years ago upon it, we had been won over to take the chance.

Then there had been another advocate for the desolate old tomb, but one whom, rightly enough, we took less seriously.

Every morning we used to see him squatting near our front door, an unsightly, dirty, gray-bearded old fellah, whose blind eyes were hidden behind an ancient pair of misty, steel-rimmed spectacles. Whenever one of us appeared on the porch the little, wild-looking granddaughter, who was his guide, would silently give him his cue and his piercing old voice would rise in a wail of salaams and greetings, mixed of Arabic and donkey-boy English. He was one of the Abdel Rasoul family—notorious old tomb-robbers who had found the royal cache years before it was known to archæologists. When he was younger he had dug for himself by night, and putting on an air of respectability, had dug for the government Service des Antiquités by day. But now he was fallen on evil days and lived in a dream of retrieving his fortunes by giving us a lucky tip to some place where we might make a find.

We had tried all sorts of wiles to get him away from our front steps, but he always came back hopefully every morning. Once I saw him out of the window and sent my boy Gilani around to warn him very confidentially that the "mudir" had gotten up that morning in a frightful temper, and that all the Arabs in the house were scuttling for dear life every time they ran across me. The scheme worked beautifully and I saw the old thing break into a shambling trot in tow of the granddaughter, seeking sanctuary out back in the kitchen, where he got a cup of tea out of Hadji Kheir, the cook, and stayed in hiding until it was safe to go home. As Gilani put it, had old Abdel Rasoul known of any place to dig he would have emptied it out long ago even if he had had to drag the mummies out with his two old stumps of teeth.

What we saw when we peeped into the crack and flashed on our electric torches.

Every noon and every evening for three days, the men were formed into a procession to bring some of the models down from the tomb to our house.

But finally all of my stratagems were exhausted, and in a moment of weakness I had agreed to go with him to his marvellous place. Lansing and Burton came along and we had taken with us the old man's son Seddîk, who happened to be one of our workmen. The little granddaughter had hardly seemed capable of dragging the old patriarch over the rocks, and none of us could see ourselves touching the dirty old gelabieh he wore. Curiously enough, he led us to this very tomb where we had already decided to dig. As soon as we saw which way he was heading we told him that all of our plans were laid for that place, and called Seddîk to witness that his old sire could not say that he had had anything to do with our choice. But when the old man claimed to have been head workman for M. Daressy, when he dug there twenty-five years before, we had agreed to go on up to the tomb to see whether he could tell us anything worth while. In some ways his story seemed reasonable, and checked up more or less with Daressy's published report. The rubbish in front had not been thoroughly dug through, he said—which was what we had already seen. The corridors had been completely emptied, and whatever rock now filled them must have fallen from their roofs—which seemed probable enough. And finally, his great point was that at the back of the corridors there were two great pits, one of which they had emptied out to the bottom and the other still remained intact, with its treasure buried in it still. As a tip this was manifestly worthless, for Daressy described having dug out both of the pits. We took his word that the courtyard had not been finished and that the corridors had, and a few days later began work in the former.

We had worked now for three solid weeks with all of our hopes centred on that big pile of rubbish on one side of the courtyard, and had found nothing whatever under it but the hammers and rollers some ancient quarrymen had left up

there after they had smashed up the façade to get stones for some later building. The place was a sell evidently. We had left the men there for a few more days to clear out the fallen stones from the corridor so that we could make a plan of the tomb—our archæological consciences demanded that of us, because our predecessors had omitted it. Otherwise we were finished, and our haunting question of where to dig was still unanswered.

I devoutly wished I knew where to try next and what to write home to the museum, so that they wouldn't think we were frittering away our time. The fellaheen were coming home in the sunset, their day's work over. My hardest job for the day remained—that letter.

I had gotten as far on my way home as the ruins of Medinet Habu—but no farther toward an answer to my question than I have told the reader. The walls of the old temple were turning pink in the sunset glow. The water-wheel that drones and quavers all day under the palms near by was silent for the night. Way up where the purple shadows were creeping out of the valleys in the tawny mountain I could see little specks of men and boys winding down the paths from the work at the tomb. The evening meal was being prepared and the bluish smoke of cook fires was beginning to float over Gurnet Murraï, where the tombs are seething tenements of Arabs and their flocks. At the house they would be getting tea ready and I was late.

From among the passers-by on the path there broke into my thoughts a cheerful voice saying: "May thy night be happy."

I looked around and recognized one of our workmen, Abdullahi. "And may thine be happy and blessed," I replied, without checking my donkey, who was far more interested in getting home to his evening clover than in stopping for wayside greetings.

But Abdullahi felt otherwise. He must shake hands—quite an uncalled-for politeness, I thought—and evidently wanted to stop and chat.

"I am going home," he informed me, and I said that that seemed evident. "And when I get my blankets I am going

The noble sits on his porch taking the count of the cattle driven past him—a photograph taken in the tomb before anything was touched.

The stalled oxen are being fattened for the slaughter.

The butchers at their work slaughtering oxen, plucking geese, and making blood puddings under the direction of a scribe with a roll of papyrus in his hand.

back to spend the night at the tomb." For the life of me I couldn't remember whether we kept guards up there at night to look after the equipment, but I supposed we must, and as I started on again I laughingly hoped he had something to watch. "The Headman Hamid says I must tell no one, but your Honor will see something up there," Abdullahi called after me.

A bird's-eye view of the granary with the scribes drawing up the accounts of the grain which the men measure and dump into the bins.

He had charged his voice with all the mysteriousness he could put into it and his whole manner would have been strange enough to impress me at any other time, but I was convinced of failure, and when I remembered that Abdullahi belonged to one of the gangs which were clearing those corridors, I knew perfectly well there could be nothing to it all. Daressy had surely dug those corridors out, and our reclearing to draw a plan could not possibly show up anything new.

At the house I met Lansing and Hauser coming out. They said they were going up to the work, and showed me a scrap of paper with a hastily scribbled note from Burton: "Come *at once* and bring your electric torch. Good luck *at last.*" This seemed preposterous. Surely it was another false alarm, and we had had so many of them. However, there was Abdullahi and his mysteriousness, and I

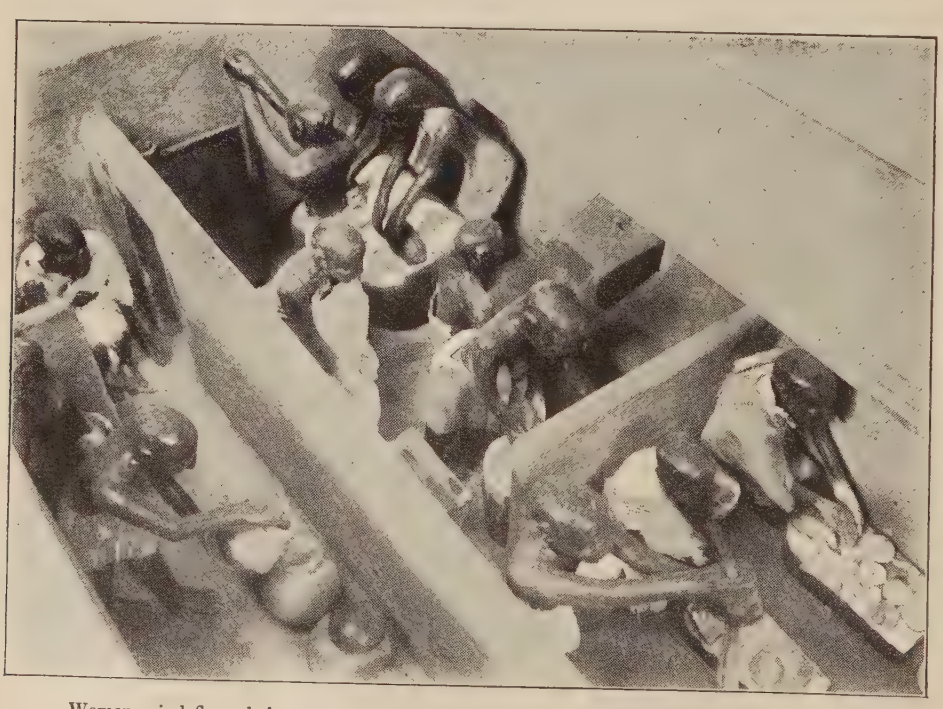
decided to let my tea wait a while and go along with them, but I refused to have any hopes, and the three of us got ready all sorts of sarcasms for Burton's benefit as we trudged along.

A little knot of Arabs were standing around the mouth of the tomb in the twilight. Inside in the gloom we could just make out Burton and the head men. There was something in the air that made our sarcastic remarks sound flat. Burton pointed to a yawning black crack between the wall of the corridor and the rock floor. He said he had tried to look in with matches but they didn't give light enough and told us to try the torches.

At least a hole here was unexpected, but we had looked into so many empty holes. Anyway, I got down flat on my stomach, pushed the torch into the hole, pressed the button, and looked in.

The beam of light shot into a little world of four thousand years ago, and I was gazing down into the midst of a myriad of brightly painted little men going this way and that. A tall, slender girl gazed across at me perfectly composed; a gang of little men with sticks in their upraised hands drove spotted oxen; rowers tugged at their oars on a fleet of boats, while one ship seemed foundering right in front of me with its bow balanced precariously in the air. And all of this busy going and coming was in uncanny silence, as though the distance back over the forty centuries I looked across was too great for even an echo to reach my ears.

I was completely stupefied when I gave the torch to the others and one by one they looked in through the crack. It was almost night now and we saw that we could do nothing until the morning. While the other two went back to the house to get sealing-wax and cord, Burton and I sat down dazedly to talk it over. He told me how he had been coming down from the mountain-top, where he had been taking photographs and had stopped at the work to dismiss the men, as usual. As he expected, they had cleared most of the fallen stone from the corridors, but just before he had come along one of the men in this one had noticed that the chips had an unaccountable way of trickling into a crack as fast



Women grind flour, bakers make odd-shaped cakes, and a brewer pours off the fermented "home beverage" into jugs which he caps with round clay stoppers.

The fishermen haul their seine between two papyrus canoes.

as he dug. At first the man hadn't paid much attention. It was just one of those crazy whims of the Americans that had made them want to dig out such a place anyway. Still he had called the head man of his gang and together they were scraping away the stones from the crack when Burton had arrived.

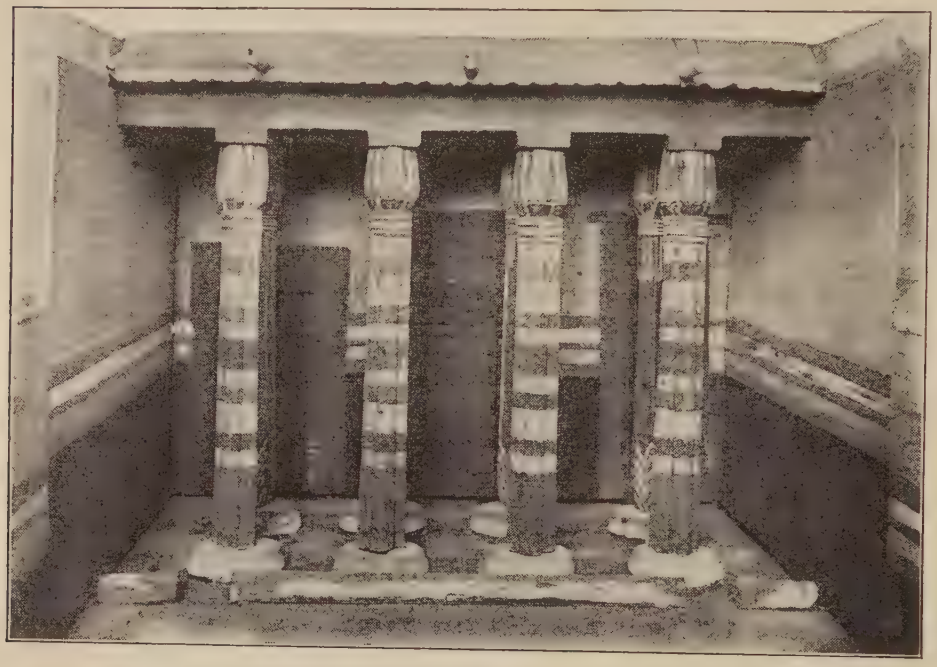
When we left the tomb for the night the crack was stopped up with stones and stretched across with strings securely sealed with sealing-wax—quite a little of which was on my fingers. The gang, which was working in the corridor, had received all sorts of needless instructions about keeping some one on watch all night. None of them slept a wink for the next three nights, I am sure, sitting in the starlight in front of the tomb discussing the backsheesh they hoped to get. We were no less excited. That night we sat up late discussing what the place could be and each one of us dwelling at length on some marvel he alone had seen. I believe some one claimed to have seen Santa Claus and his eight tiny reindeer—or possibly I dreamed I had seen him. Anyway, I for one woke up in the morning with a raging headache that was made no better by trying to seem masterfully calm.

In the morning our work began, and three terrific days followed. Burton rigged up mirrors to throw sunlight down the corridor and took a photograph of the crack in the rocks. Then we dug in front of it and found in the floor of the corridor a little pit, about a yard square and waist-deep. It had been carefully filled with chips of the very rock it was cut in, and both ancient thieves and modern archæologists had taken this filling for the living rock of the mountain and passed over it. The side of the pit under the wall of the corridor was built up of mud bricks, and when we had photographed them and taken them away we were looking down into a little low chamber about three yards square and scarcely four feet high into which no man had entered for four thousand years. Rock had fallen from the roof—in doing so it had opened up the crack we had looked into the night before—and had upended one of the boats and broken others, but except for this nothing had been disturbed. Our only fear was that as fresh air got into the chamber more would come tumbling down, and we were torn between a desire to get everything out safely before we had a catastrophe and to get a complete set of photographs and plans of everything just as we found it. It was just luck that made both possible, for after we were finished tons of rock began to fall in the tomb. Still

we escaped the misfortunes of our French colleagues digging half a mile away. They had a man killed by rock falling in a tomb chamber while we were working in this one.

We photographed, we planned, we carefully cleared away chips of fallen stone, and then we lifted out one or two of the boats or a group of little men and began all over again. One night will always remain a weird picture in my mind. Lansing and I had gone up to clear away more of the fallen shale to get ready for Burton's photographs in the morning. From afar off we began to halloo to the guards, for we had lent them a couple of revolvers and we were afraid of the zeal they might show in their use in the dark. Duly challenged, we made our way up the slope and inside the tomb, and lit candles to work by. For hours we worked away, the shadowy Arabs pattering barefooted back and forth from the flickering candle-light out to the open, where the brilliant desert stars seemed to hang right down to the mouth of the gloomy tunnel.

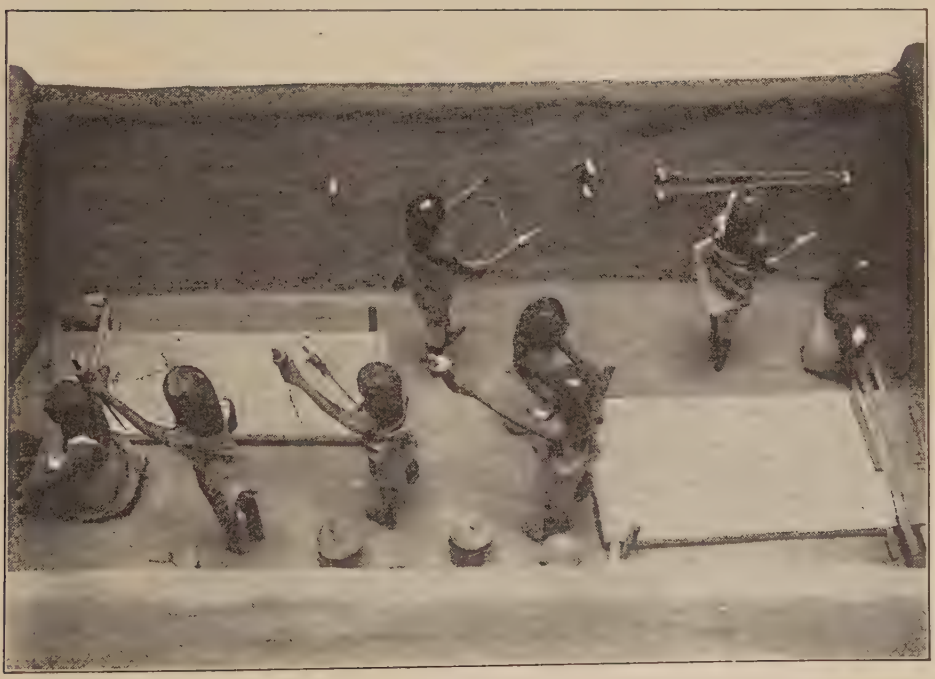
As we worked along through those three days and nights we began to realize what it was that we had so unexpectedly discovered. The tomb was that of a great noble of four thousand years ago. He himself had been buried in a gilded coffin and a sarcophagus of stone in a mortuary chamber deep down under the back of the corridor, where the thieves had destroyed everything ages before our day. Only this little chamber had escaped and it was turning out to be a sort of secret closet where the provision was stored for the future life of the great man.



The porch which looked out on a garden in Thebes four thousand years ago.

He could not conceive of an existence in which he would not require food and drink, clothing and housing, such as he was used to in this life, and being a rich man, naturally he wanted an estate in eternity like that which he had owned on earth. His philosophy carried him beyond that of the savage chieftain who expects a horde of servants to be slaughtered at his grave. He attained the same end by putting in his tomb a host of little wooden servants, carved and painted, at their daily tasks, working before little portraits of himself. The spirits of these little servants worked eternally, turning

A carpenter with chisel and mallet cuts mortises in a plank; another saws planks from an upright beam; others dress beams with adzes and smooth them off with sandstone.



Women spinning, stretching the thread over pegs in the wall, and weaving on flat looms on the floor.

out spirit food or sailing ships upon a spirit Nile, and his soul could enter any one of the little portraits of himself at will to reap the harvest of their labors. In short, we had found a picture of the life the great noble hoped to live in eternity, which was nothing more or less than the one he had led on earth forty centuries ago.

The first thing we had seen when we had peeped through the crack had been a big model nearly six feet long, showing the noble seated on a porch among his scribes, taking the count of his cattle as they were driven past. In the back of the room we found, under a lot of other models, neatly stacked, the stable where these same cattle were being fattened, and finally when we came to move one big boxlike affair in the far corner—a model I had tried my best to get a peep into and almost fallen headlong in the process—we found it was the butcher-shop where the cattle's life history ended. The night we worked in the tomb by lamplight we got a peep into a granary where diminutive scribes sat writing down the quantity of grain being measured and carried to the bins by hard-working laborers. And later we ran across the bakery where the grain was ground and made into loaves and the brewery where the home beverage was being fermented in tall crocks and then decanted into round-bellied jugs. Lansing extricated two canoes manned by fishermen, who hauled a miraculous draft of painted wooden catfish and perch in a seine, and I picked the fallen stones out of two gardens in which copper ponds—that would hold real water—were surrounded by little wooden fig-trees and cool, shady porches. Then there was a carpenter-shop and another shop where women spun thread and wove cloth. The very threads on their distaffs and spindles—frail as cobwebs though they were with age—had remained unbroken in that eternal stillness.

Getting up sail on a travelling boat, alongside of which lies the kitchen tender.

The business of the great man entailed a lot of travelling, and his idle hours were passed in pleasure sails or fishing trips on the Nile or on the still backwaters of the marshes. On the celestial Nile he would want to go voyaging or yachting, too, and therefore a dozen model boats were put in the chamber. We found them setting sail, the captain bossing the sailors who sway on

A yacht paddled by the crew against the wind.

the halyards and set the backstays. A man throws his whole weight against the pole as they put off from the bank and another stands by in the bow with a fender in case they bump against another vessel. When they travel down-stream against the north wind the mast and sail are lowered and the crew man the sweeps. The noble himself sits under the awning in front of the cabin smelling a lotus flower while his son sits on deck beside him and they both listen to a singer and an old blind harper. Inside the cabin squats a steward beside the bunk, under which are shoved two little round-topped leather trunks. A kitchen-boat follows, and the cooks get ready a meal to be served when evening comes and they are moored to the bank. There were yachts, to be sailed with the wind or paddled against it, and a low raking skiff, from the bow of which two men are casting harpoons while others land an enormous fish over the side.

Thus had the great man lived and so did he expect to live after he had gone to his "eternal abode," as he called it. Finally, the funeral day had come. His body was brought across the river from his mortal home in Thebes, through the

The noble goes out for sport. He sits on deck watching his sailors harpooning fish.

green fields where the wondering peasants leaned on their hoes to watch it pass, and then up through the rocky gorges to his tomb. A long procession followed him, each model borne on the head of one of his serfs, and a crowd of peasant girls and women from his estates brought baskets of wine and beer and baked meats for the funeral banquet. Even their contributions were expected to go on forever, and statues of two of them, half life-sized, had been made to go with the models in the chamber. There we found them, towering above the horde of miniature men and beasts, looking over at us with grave, wide-open eyes. Four thousand years they had stood thus silent—if only we could have broken that silence and got from them the secret of the pattern their tightly clinging dresses were made on, we were sure we could have made a killing in the suit and clothing trade in the New York of to-day.

The statues of two peasant girls in gala dress, bringing wine and food to the tomb in the funeral procession.

Four thousand years is an eternity. Just saying it over and over again gives no conception of the ages that have gone by since that funeral. Stop and think of how far off William the Conqueror seems. That takes you only a quarter of the way back. Julius Cæsar takes you half-way back. With Saul and David you are three-fourths of the way, but there remains another thousand years to bridge with your imagination. Yet in that dry, still, dark little chamber those boats and statues had stood indifferent to all that went on in the outer world, as ancient in the days of Cæsar as Cæsar is to us, but so little changed that even the finger-prints of the men who put them there were still fresh upon them. Not only finger-prints but even fly-specks, cobwebs, and dead spiders remained from the time when these models were stored in some empty room in the noble's house waiting for his day of death and burial. I even suspect that some of his grandchildren had sneaked in and played with them while they were at that house in ancient Thebes, for some of them were broken in a way that is hard to explain otherwise. Possibly that is a wild guess, but at any rate there is no doubt of what had happened to them in the little chamber in the tomb on the day of the funeral. After all of the models had been stowed away and the masons had come to brick up the doorway, they had found one of the boats in their way. So one of them picked it up and laid it to one side on top of the granary, and under bow and stern he left a great smear of the mud he had just been mixing for mortar. There those smears still remain.

The letter to the museum that had seemed so much of a task when I was riding home that evening and met Abdullahi had turned out to be a very easy one to write after all, and the tomb which we were going to abandon kept our workmen busy for four weeks more. We cleaned it up from the gateway at the bottom of the slope, right up the causeway, through the courtyard and inside to the bottoms of the pits. Not a square foot was neglected, nor did we have any reason to regret our labors. To one side of the courtyard we found the little tomb of a retainer of the great noble, absolutely intact, which in itself would have been no mean return

for our season. The place which had been left unfinished by two other expeditions, and which we ourselves had almost left, discouraged, had finally panned out a success.

And, by the way, old Abdel Rasoul forgot all about our warning. He is perfectly convinced that he alone persuaded us to dig there, and that he knew all about the models. We had given him what we considered a munificent backsheesh, but that only whetted his appetite. Again he laid siege to our front doorstep, and when he found it was impossible to argue with us he procured a professional letter-writer who composed this moving appeal:

"His Ex. Director:

"Mr. Willick;

"I am the Guide who guided you to discouvere the ancient toombs till you founded precious things.

"I deserve good reword, but they not gave me.

"You know me will and I rely on your British honour & your famous kindness.

"I am very poor in great need, & ready to serve you in honour.

Your obedient servant
Abdel Rasoul Ahmed
Soliman from
Korna."

I am very much afraid that he is at this moment looking for a listener into whose ear he can pour his version of the story. I only hope that when he discovered I was not British he did not rashly come to any false generalities about American character.

The little models had to be parted after all these ages together. Half of them went to the Egyptian Government, under the terms of our concession, and are now on view in the museum in Cairo. The others can be seen in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. If any reader should see them there in their glass cases he will get a far better first view of them than we did with our electric torches flashing through that crack in the rock—but none of us would swap places with him. They meant too much to us that evening when we were wondering where we would dig next.

The tomb in the cliffs with the avenue leading up to it, after we had finished our season.

A SPICE OF DANGER

By Hugh S. Miller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. K. HARTWELL

IN the compound at Talas, which is on the hillside above Cesarea, which in turn is in the interior of Asia Minor, one hundred and twenty-five sunburned miles from the Bagdad Railway, it was early morning. The air was sweet and cool; the sun was hidden behind the brow of the hill, and the dew of night still clung to the leaves of the apricot-trees and the grass of the plot, set off by the bare brown earth around it, where by much careful labor a tiny lawn had been created. The stir of the day's life was beginning. A few birds sped through the trees; one of the house girls crossed the grounds, her wooden clogs making a merry tinkle on the stone walk; from the kitchen came the murmur of women's voices; on the lower balcony of the hospital a night nurse, pale from her long watch indoors, appeared for a breath of air. From the dusty road outside the high fence came the creaking of an ox-cart, slowly descending the hill to the plain. Beside the gate, on the slope at the side of the enclosure, the old gatekeeper, who had risen from his sleeping-place in a corner of the fence at the break of day, was squatting on the ground, yawning.

Presently, he knew, his daily troubles would begin. A red-haired youth with a joyful grin would appear from somewhere, climb into the big motor-truck that was standing idle in the yard, and without warning drive it full tilt at the gate. Woe to the gate if it was not opened in time! And woe to the gatekeeper! The youth always shouted "'Lo, old scout!" as he went bouncing out into the rock-paved passage that led down to the road. The gatekeeper wondered at the meaning of "'Lo, old scout!" No doubt it was a malediction. Later, a second truck would go out with a load of wool, to be taken to the mountain stream above the town for washing; but it would go carefully, and the gatekeeper would have plenty of time to jump. The young man who drove it was no foreigner like the other, but was of Cesarea, and the gatekeeper had known him by sight from boyhood. He was prudent and well-behaved. But that red-haired youth with his "'Lo, old scout!" was like a devil riding on a gale of wind, and the old gatekeeper raised his hands to heaven every time he closed the gate after him.

It should be told also that the gatekeeper was glad that he had but this one gate to watch, and especially that he did not have the gate of the great yard down in Cesarea, where the red-haired youth went each day, and which was always busy with the coming and going of the truck trains on the long road to Harpoot. I know, because I have talked with him. "Here he has but one accursed contrivance of the evil one," he would say. "There he has"—he would spread out the gnarled and bony fingers of both hands in a gesture to indicate quantity—"a dozen or a hundred. By the Prophet, what could he not do to me with a dozen such things!"

The compound and its buildings composed an institution at which the old gatekeeper never ceased to marvel, inasmuch as it was a relief-station that gave without price to those who were in want (and there were many of these, as he could testify, he being among the number), and such a thing had never been known in the land as far back as the memory of his fathers extended. The old gatekeeper approved of it. Never had he heard of so many hungry folks; he himself had not had a bite of food for three days before he was taken in and given his post at the gate (which, God willing, he intended to keep forever, the foreigners being liberal people to work for); and it was not good for a country to lose too many people by starvation.

This early morning I went out and

Drawn by G. K. Hartwell.

The gatekeeper wondered at the meaning of "'Lo, old scout!" No doubt it was a malediction.—Page 222.

nodded at the old gatekeeper, who as yet was too drowsy to talk, then strolled along the stone walks under the trees, and at last sat on the home-made bench which, though of the size of benches, still was large enough to cover about a sixth part of the tiny lawn, and there considered what a pretty spot it was to look upon.

A door opened somewhere behind me, and I heard the clatter of heavy shoes descending the steps; the next moment a long leg came over the back of the bench, and some one slid easily into the seat beside me.

He wore khaki trousers, belted about his waist, and a khaki shirt, with sleeves rolled up, revealing freckled forearms. His age was about twenty, his hair was red, and of a disposition that refused to be suppressed; it was thick and strong and upstanding, and now, unconfined by any covering, rose erect as if to flaunt itself before the notice of the world. His face, too, was freckled, and glistened from its recent washing; around the edges, in the roots of the thatch of hair, it still showed damp. He smiled when he spoke, as if in his philosophy the act of speaking was a ceremony, to be performed auspiciously or not at all. An ambulance-driver at the front in France, he had been moved by a desire to see more of the world (little of which was visible from the farm in Indiana where he lived), and at the end of the war had signed up for a year's relief-service in Turkey, where at once he had been assigned to "transportation."

These things I observed or was told during the conversation on which we entered—a desultory chat on small affairs, characterized by intervals of silence in which we contented ourselves with regarding amiably the gathering activity of the compound, especially as it applied to the preparation of the morning meal.

Finally, with a motion of his hand that designated vaguely all our surroundings, he confided that he was well satisfied with the fortune that had cast his lot in such a pleasant location.

"It sure beats riding the truck train," he said. "It's a hard grind, that road to Harpoot."

"It is, indeed," I said.

"Dust and flies and bandits and hills—sleep on the ground, some places—eat what you can get—wash in a tin cup—no good!" He slapped his knee and laughed. "I guess I wasn't lucky to fall into this. I go down to Cesarea in the morning and come back here at night; I sleep in a bed; I get three meals a day and a bath when I want it. And I've got grass and birds and trees to look at and people to talk to. It's bad, yes?"

"It might be worse," I said.

"But," he went on, with a shake of his head, "it's ruining me."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"If it hasn't ruined me already."

I demanded to know what he was driving at.

"It's like this," he said. "When I came out here I was what you might call a bit rough. I never had much at home—and you know what things were like at the front during the war, and what a man had to put up with. I got so I couldn't have slept in a bed if I had had one, I was so used to sleeping on the ground; and I had forgotten there was such an article as a bathtub made. And I wasn't fussy about what I ate, or whether I shaved, or the language I used, or whether I changed my shirt, or washed my hands before eating, or—well, any of those things. I was just the kind for a job out here on the trucks, where the life is nothing to brag about in the way of easy comforts."

"Quite so," I said.

"And what did they do with me when I got here? Instead of sending me out on the trucks, they put me here—in this!" And again he waved his hand, to call my attention to the charms of the quiet compound. "Of course it isn't like New York or Indianapolis, but it's a nifty little place all the same. And there's even women here. Why, say—look at me!"

I complied wonderingly.

"I'm washed and I'm shaved!" He passed his hand quickly over his chin to prove it. "And it's every morning like this—regular as clockwork. And take a look at the shirt—it just came out of the wash. Every so often the lady that has charge of those things comes around and gathers them up, and if I haven't changed she gives me the dickens. Leastways she did at first; she doesn't have to any more,

because I'm always ahead of her." He chuckled delightedly. "They sort of got after me when I came—kind, of course, and all that—but they made me spruce up considerable, they did."

I inquired why he should feel that such a process was accomplishing his ruin.

"Well," he said mournfully, "it's got to be a habit with me now. It's gone so far I'm going to have a hard time shaking it off. It's surprising what it's done to me. Why, if I don't get my bath on time I'm as nervous as a cat; and if my eggs aren't cooked right I'm upset for all day. Sooner or later I'm going to be taken off this job and sent out on the road, and then I'll be up against it. You can see for yourself. Right now I hate to think of sleeping on the ground and roughing it the way you have to on the road. If I don't have a bed, with clean sheets and a netting to keep the flies and mosquitoes off my fair anatomy, I can't sleep a wink. And I can't go anything but civilized food. And if I don't hear a little woman's chatter on the porch in the cool of the evening I feel abused and want to go home. Next thing I know I'll be knocking off early to run up here for afternoon tea. I can feel it coming. Now, can you beat that?"

"You're only a boy," I said. "A day or two on the road—a dash of adventure—a spice of danger—and——"

The breakfast gong sounded suddenly on the porch, with a vigor that rendered conversation difficult, and I stopped. He waited until the clamor had subsided, and we were walking toward the house, and then replied:

"Say, I'm so darned tame now a spice of danger would scare me cold."

This was Sergeant Rouge. It was not his name, but he was known for no other reason than that he had been in the army and his hair was red.

It turned out that those who prescribed what he might and might not do for the year of service for which he was bound did come presently to the opinion (as he had anticipated) that it was time for him to leave Talas and follow the fortunes of the truck train across the plains and over the mountains, up hill and down dale—except that on the road to Harpoot there was not a dale to be found, it being a term which, I think, implies the presence of green grass and shade, and possibly a brook. Valleys there were, and gullies, but of grass not a blade—nothing but baked brown earth and hot brown rocks, with here and there a clump of dead brown weeds.

And of what happened thereafter I had the story from George, the interpreter, who accompanied him throughout, whom I found resting in the compound at Sivas, protesting to all who would give him ear that no reward in heaven or on earth would tempt him to go through it again.

From Talas, Sergeant Rouge went to Sivas, which was the next station on the line, a day's journey on the truck train. And there he was agreeably provided for because, as it happened, the pleasant-faced housekeeper reserved a special corner in her heart for the transportation men, believing that when they came in from the perils of the road they should be well cared for and made to feel at home.

"I'm always glad to fix up beds and a bite to eat for the boys when they arrive," she told him, as she showed him where he was to sleep, "provided they are in by twelve o'clock. After that, you run the risk of being scolded," she added with a smile. "I'm in a bad humor if I'm called out after midnight. I warn you."

"Yes, ma'am; I'll remember that," said Sergeant Rouge. "And might I be asking if a fellow like me could some time have a bath?"

"Good land, yes!" she replied. "Whenever you want it."

"I'm much obliged, ma'am. I guess I'll take one to-night." And as she was leaving the room: "I'll sure mind what you said about twelve o'clock. I shouldn't want to disturb you from sleeping if I could help it."

She stopped in the doorway to remark that there were not many who were so considerate, and went on down the hall, smiling to herself.

The convoy remained in Sivas two days, during which Sergeant Rouge further attracted the favorable notice of the housekeeper by certain little evidences of domestic virtues, such as his practice of shaving each morning, the care with

which he washed his ears, his punctuality at meals, and his solicitude concerning the laundry facilities of the station, directed at ascertaining whether his limited supply of extra linen could be washed and ready for him on his return journey from Harpoot. This the housekeeper, of course, promised to accomplish. Being a motherly soul, she even came down-stairs to see him off the morning of his departure, expressing her regret that he should have to endure such a rough life as service on the truck train afforded.

None of these things escaped the attention of the rest of the crew of the convoy or, indeed, of the other members of the staff of the station, all of whom engaged in pleasant raillery at his expense. He, however, accepted it good-naturedly. Not even when they pretended to take up subscriptions to have a dressing-table made for him, and collected and bestowed upon him previous donations of face-powder and cold-cream from the feminine contingent of the station, and offered him a frilly sleeping-cap in which to confine his exuberant locks at night, did he make the slightest protest. Likewise, when some of the more boisterous expounded largely on the desperate character of the bandits who infested the road, and hinted delicately that it was no place for a person of ladylike nerves, and suggested that there might be a chance of employment teaching sewing at one of the girls'orphanages, he merely smiled blandly or invited them genially to undertake the interesting diversion of chasing themselves.

It was the same when the truck train reached Harpoot, the end of the line, after a heart-breaking pull of days over seemingly interminable mountain ranges. Aware that the little company of workers isolated at this outpost were grateful for any tales of the road that might furnish entertainment, the other members of the convoy regaled them with stories of Sergeant Rouge; of the extremities to which, on the journey, he had been driven to obtain his morning shave; of his obvious distaste for an unvaried diet of cold beans; of his diligence in bathing; of his unsuccessful efforts to emulate their example in sleeping on the hard ground—and such further matters concerning him as they remembered or their playful imaginations improvised. To all of them, and to the friendly bombardment of jests that they provoked, Sergeant Rouge listened appreciatively, and in the best of humor.

In due time the trucks set out on their return journey to Sivas. There were now twenty of them in the convoy. They proceeded in their usual manner, which is to say that an American driver accompanied the leading truck to keep up the pace, two or three others were distributed along the line to inspire the native drivers with confidence and insure their maintaining the proper rate of speed, while in the rear was the "trouble" car, driven by the chief, carrying spare parts and equipment for repairs. Inasmuch as on the down trip there was little freight (not like the upward journey, when the train was always overloaded with relief supplies) a number of passengers were taken, and these were scattered through the train wherever it was convenient to place them.

The long procession, trailing clouds of dust, had toiled over the range of dry, lonely mountains outside Harpoot, then had crossed the Euphrates and slept in the malodorous city of Malatia, of evil reputation, well deserved. In the morning, before the heat was great, it had started off again and hurried across the stretch of desert sand, flat as a board and thirty miles in width, which skirts the base of another range; great hills these to surmount which takes a truck train two full days.

It is on this stage of the run that it is the custom of the convoy to spend the night outside the village of Hassan Chelebi, beside a little stream at the exit of a winding, rocky canyon; on which occasion the trucks are parked with their backs to the running water, and the men, after a snatch of wretched food and tiresome labor at repairing tires, cleaning carburetors, and tuning up motors, take such sleep as they can get on the ground, to rise early for the next day's work.

There had been rumors that the bandits had gathered in force and were intending to attack the train, so the trucks were proceeding with caution, keeping close together for company, and maintaining a sharp lookout. Every man was armed.

Several small groups of bandits had been seen on the slopes of the hills overlooking the road, sitting motionless on their horses, watching the passing of the trucks. At one place a man had been found beside the road, shot dead by those who had robbed him.

The spirits of the company had suffered by the strain and uncertainty, combined with the prospect of the hard night and long journey ahead; the drivers did their work in silence; the helpers had ceased the songs with which, in the open places where the horizon for miles around was clear, they were accustomed to lighten the tedium of the trip; the passengers, weary of their uncertain seats in the rear of the trucks, were complaining gloomily.

Sergeant Rouge for the first time had put off his smile, and rode at his station, midway of the line, in a mood of deep abstraction—affected, no doubt, like the others, by the depression which had settled upon the caravan, and perhaps by his own thoughts of the uninviting night to be spent in the miserable precincts of Hassan Chelebi, toward which they were slowly advancing.

It was then something happened. One of the drivers, presumably because of the general atmosphere of uneasiness, allowed his thoughts to wander for a moment when preparing to ascend a grade. By mistake he shifted to the reverse gear; then, as the car started backward, lost his head. This, it may be remarked, is not unusual in a native driver when his car begins to slip backward on a grade. In this case the truck ran away and backed over the edge of a shallow gully, which was about twenty feet from the road. There were eight passengers in the truck, and six of them were injured.

By the time they had been carried up and laid on blankets on the ground, the chief of the convoy, beside whose eyes already were wrinkles of worry, arrived from his place at the rear of the train and took charge of affairs.

"The nearest hospital," he said, "is at Sivas, and that," he added, after a moment's reflection, "is about a hundred and forty miles from here. If we take them on the convoy, they will have to spend the night at Hassan Chelebi, and won't reach the hospital until to-morrow night at the earliest. Some of them may die."

"There's one or two that looks to be pretty bad off," said a raw-boned youth, who hailed from Wisconsin.

"Yes," said the chief. "Therefore we can't risk any delay. Some one will have to take them through to Sivas. It's a rush job and a night drive over the hills—and you fellows know what that means. Besides, there are the bandits. But if nothing happens they can be at the hospital before morning. Now—who wants to do it?"

There was no response for a moment. Then Sergeant Rouge grinned. "I do," he said.

And so it was arranged. A truck was emptied of its freight; blankets were collected, and soft bundles commandeered from passengers; and thus beds were prepared on which the injured might lie with a degree of comfort. Sergeant Rouge himself went over the motor and saw to it that the water-cans were filled, an extra quantity of gasoline obtained from the supply car, and spare tires from the trouble car.

When everybody was ready he took his seat and beckoned to George, the interpreter, to get in beside him. Much against his will George obeyed. The others crowded about him.

"Good luck, Rouge!" said the chief. "Don't stop to shave!" said somebody else, with rough humor. "Cut it!" drawled the youth from Wisconsin. "Nobody kids him any more while I'm around."

"Same here," said another. "He's all nerve, *that* baby!"

Sergeant Rouge grinned again, glanced over his shoulder to see that the injured were well bestowed, then shoved in his gear. "So long!" he said.

The car starting with hardly a jerk, gathered speed and ground its way up the grade in a storm of dust.

They went then (said George) up one hill and down another, mile upon mile, with never a sight of other travellers on the road, or of trees, or of human habitations; but occasionally they saw men on horseback watching them from the heights above, and once, as they whirled around a turn, they observed, ahead of

them four men spurring their horses desperately along the bare rocky slope at their left in an effort to intercept them. At this Sergeant Rouge laughed, and at the sound (or so it seemed to George, who could not drive a car, and so had neglected to notice the movement of his foot) the big truck leaped forward and went thundering along the road at a speed that made the wind whistle in their ears. Sergeant Rouge had long ago removed his cap and rammed it down behind the seat, with his coat, and was driving with sleeves rolled up and head bare; his red hair, as George related it, stood up like a fiery torch waving in the breeze. Thus it probably appeared to the four horsemen, who jerked their horses to a halt and brandished their arms angrily as the truck shot by them, a bare but unattainable hundred yards away.

The succeeding hills were higher and harder to climb, until at last they came out on the crest of a wind-swept ridge stripped bare of every scrap of vegetation, where the white, deserted road wound among boulders, some small and others large; and as by this time the sun had set and the short twilight of the mountains was over the land, the larger boulders resembled men waiting by the road—men whose outlines were shadowy and vague, who seemed to start up and move as the truck raced past them.

The darkness enveloped them while still they were speeding along the ridge, and on this account the lights, when Sergeant Rouge turned them on, shot across the brink of the range and disappeared in the enormous void of the night beyond.

Where the road leaves the right to descend to the floor of the canyon that leads out by way of Hassan Chelebi there is a mighty grade that has earned for itself the name of "The Big Hill," in the language of the men who run the risks of the Harpoot trail. To ascend it is the work of half a day for the convoy, the trucks proceeding one at a time on signals from above, and assisted by a crew of helpers, who, especially where the road turns sharply on a narrow ledge, must dig their toes in deeply and shove prodigiously to keep them from going over the edge, to be smashed to smithereens on the rocks some hundreds of feet below. To descend it, even in the daytime, is equally a matter of touch and go. At night, of course, it is far more hazardous.

They went down this hill as if it had been a trifling mound with a straightaway beyond, instead of a short, twisting approach to a narrow bridge. The big headlights danced on and off the road, alternating between the bare, dusty ground just in front of them and the floor of the canyon, a fearful distance down. Around them it was pitch dark; the deep canyon was filled to the brim with blackness, and through this blackness the light stabbed clear to the bottom, revealing, as through a long tube, the tiny stream there and the toy bridge by which it was spanned. The sight made George's head swim with horror; the shaft of light was so nearly perpendicular, each time it lifted from the foreground and darted to the stream beneath, that they seemed to be directly overhanging the little bridge. Whenever the wheels struck an irregularity in the road, raising the truck, he had the impression that they had lost contact with the solid earth and were falling. He cried out with relief when they slowed, as slow they did, even though he knew it was only to turn on the ledge, the most perilous point of the whole descent. Here, in a breathless stillness, the hum of the motor having stopped, the bare-headed, bare-armed youth at his side eased the heavy, creaking truck around, inch by inch, with the outer wheel in front on the very edge of the bank; then, with a perfection of skill, coaxed it again into the road that led downward in a succession of short plunges. At times the light was off the road completely, either playing on the stream below or tracing fantastic patterns on the rocky slope across the canyon, and they were dropping down the hill in utter darkness.

They reached the bottom; the motor caught with a roar and lifted them over the bridge; then, turning into the road that in places wormed itself half under the lofty cliffs as if trying to escape from its narrow prison, they sped toward Hassan Chelebi.

Between fear and excitement, George was in a constant shivering. The danger and the darkness frightened him. But the thought of the errand on which they

Drawn by G. K. Hartwell.

The charging truck, the . . . dazzling lights, the thunder of wheels, and the harrowing scream of the horn, were more than the horses could stand.—Page 230.

were bound, the knowledge that they were rushing through the night on a mission of mercy, thrilled him. So, too, did the dash and daring, the cool unconcern of his companion. There were times when he completely forgot his anxieties in admiration for the boy who could risk his life for others with such indifference to his own fate. It amazed and captivated him.

At the village, on the spot by the little stream where it was the custom of the convoy to spend the night, they stopped and took on water, and filled the tank with fuel, and Sergeant Rouge looked to the comfort of his passengers, having nearly a hundred miles still to go. Then along the rough street they hurried with a great rattling and rumbling, the lights revealing stone walls and huts on either side, and the doorways crowded with veiled women and ragged children, drawn from their evening fires to learn the cause of the commotion and speculate as to the reason for such unseemly haste.

Down an empty valley, where the dust lay thick on the road and spurted aside under the heavy tread of the truck, as the sea parts under the feet of a racing ship; over a sullen hill and then to a high plateau, where the night wind was cold and the stars seemed strangely near—down valleys and over hills, endless and innumerable, with no light of camp-fire or cottage to cheer them with companionship—they went on and on.

And then came the moment when, as they reached the top of a low rise, their headlights struck full upon three bandits drawn up on horseback across the road before them.

In the instant that they were revealed, the men raised their rifles with grim swiftness. At the same time the horses, shrinking from the blinding glare, began to stir restlessly. Their riders angrily jerked them back into line. George watched with the fascination of terror. The scene, he said, would never leave his mind. The three fierce-looking men, their chests crossed with cartridge-belts; the anger on their evil faces; the trembling horses; the black, ugly rifles——

He knew well that the bandits on the roads in Turkey are a cruel lot of men, who kill where there is no need of killing. The rifles even then were covering the truck. In a second they would crack. Panic seized him. He clutched at Sergeant Rouge, his fingers gripping his shoulder despairingly.

"Stop!" he gasped.

But . . .

"Stop—hell!" said Sergeant Rouge violently.

He reached forward, and at once the heavy truck, like a mammoth unchained, leaped at the horses, which promptly reared. To further enliven them, he grasped the plunger of the horn and jammed it down—again and again. The shriek that went up from the tortured device, on the silence of the empty night, was an ear-splitting crescendo of discord. The charging truck, the powerful, dazzling lights, the thunder of wheels, and the harrowing scream of the horn, were more than the horses could stand. The one in the centre bolted, crashed into its neighbor on the right, and together they went floundering off into the darkness; the third as quickly wheeled and sprang out of the road.

The truck tore on, lurching and swaying. A spiteful bullet slapped the back of the seat. Then something, with a snap that made his fingers sting, thudded close beside George's hand, still clutching his companion's shoulder, forcing him to take it away and nurse it until the pain subsided. . . .

It seemed to George that thereafter Sergeant Rouge drove even more daringly than before, crowding the truck up the hills, one after another, and letting it coast almost unchecked down every grade, so that it appeared to be running wild, and threatening each moment to plunge to the bottom of the black space beneath them; and, further, that he grew tired toward the end. For sometimes the truck would swerve dangerously, and it would take all his skill and strength to hold it in the road; and on several occasions they narrowly missed the curves toward which they were racing, because he was a shade too slow with the wheel. But he never for a moment slackened speed.

They came noisily through the gate of the compound at Sivas (which the gatekeeper, roused by the thunder of their

approach, had made haste to open), and halted in front of the hospital. The night staff began to remove the injured passengers, while messengers were sent to summon the doctors. One way or another, most of the people in the houses of the compound were awakened, so that there quickly gathered a group of men and women in a variety of attire. Among them was the housekeeper of the station.

It was her voice that presently was heard demanding: "Where is the boy who brought them in?"

The question was not answered until George, recalling that he had seen nothing of Sergeant Rouge since their arrival, thought to look in the driver's seat, which, being in the dark, had escaped notice. There he found him, in a faint. They lifted him out and carried him indoors, where the light revealed his sleeve red with blood, and his face very pale beneath the dust that covered it.

When he opened his eyes it was to find the housekeeper bending over him, while behind her were the other members of the station.

His lips parted in a familiar grin. "Did I make it?" he inquired hoarsely.

"That you did," said the housekeeper emphatically. "And you were very brave to come through so much danger. You saved——"

"And I got in by twelve o'clock?"

"Why," said the housekeeper, "I think —yes," she added definitely, glancing at the watch on her wrist. "But what——"

"I'm glad of that," said Sergeant Rouge. "It was what I tried to do. But I guess you're wrong about the danger and me being brave. There was nothing like that in it at all. No, ma'am."

He gave a little chuckle. Then he added:

"I was just wanting a bed and that bite to eat you spoke of. That was all. You see, I don't take much to the life on the road. It's too wild for me. Why, say, I'm so darned tame now a spice of danger would scare me cold."

DREAMS

By Gertrude Hall

NEVER do I come upon a chapter on dreams but I read it. Never does any one talk about dreams but I listen. I induce people to tell me what they have dreamed. I go to bed with the strong formulated hope every night that I may dream.

I seldom find in the literature upon dreams quite what I would like to. The more serious articles tell one that though in old days it was held that the spirit of the sleeper really visited the regions and had the experiences painted by his dream, science forbids a belief in this. Further, that all one dreams is in some sort reminiscence; that each fantastic episode has been suggested by an impression or thought at some time during wakefulness. The brain, in madness, they say, acts, while awake, as, in a state of sanity, it only acts in sleep. The sleeping brain is therefore mad. All this, which may so easily be true, I should regret having incontrovertibly proved to me. I like better to think that dreams, some of them, have a sort of significance, which a sage, by the grace of God wise enough, might interpret. The fact that no such sage exists does not signify. The dream need never be interpreted. One only likes to imagine that it is interpretable, and then wonder about it.

One is loath to classify anything so charming as dreaming, anything which besides claims so great a part of lifetime, as without exception mere froth on the surface of sleep. As in the case of the intricate markings of the human palm, one craves to find for it some sort of reason a little profound. I do not know whether it is strictly scientific to believe that one has a soul. Most of us quietly take our souls

for granted. And when we feel the need to invest with dignity the beautiful movements of the imagination in sleep, we try to relate them somehow to the soul. The soul, we suppose, is aware of things which the brain does not consciously know, and sometimes in sleep contrives to give the mind a hint which it can keep hold of after emerging from its dream.

But this just now and then. One would laugh at the notion of attaching importance to the ordinary nightly dream. It is so obviously just fun which the imagination is having when let out of school, so to speak, freed from rule and constraint. If the servant-girl has lent one her dream-book, one may not be above turning the well-thumbed leaves to be warned, if one has dreamed of eating, that it will be well to practise great frugality, or if one has dreamed of a snake, to look out for an enemy. But it will be for the sake of the laugh, and one will forget all about it. Can one think of classification more offensive to the pride of intelligence than that which should include one among persons who believe in dreams?

No, the ordinary nightly dream seems to be just the pictured story-book by which nature, the kind old nurse, enlivens the hours of darkness for her children. Going to bed is to the healthy habitual dreamer like starting off on a journey of adventure. The most delicious element in it all is that, continually, of surprise. If it be true, as we are informed, that we ourselves have prepared the surprise, it is none the less true that we are genuinely surprised by the turn our dreams take, by the discoveries we make; completely taken in by ourselves. We expect nothing but this, and the other happens. We ask a question, mentally formulating an answer, and a different answer is given. We open a box which might easily pass for a tea-caddy—though it resembles, too, the tin lantern we bought yesterday for a child; we look into it in the sure expectation of finding the tea we need—no, it contains a few pinches of dried rose-leaves and a fragment of purple pastel. We climb many flights of stairs in a city house, supposing that we shall at last reach the roof. No, upon emerging from the scuttle we stand in open country, among little hills and trees. We follow a path winding through the grass; presently it bends sharply down-hill, and before we know what is coming we are back in a city square. We go to the looking-glass to put on our hat: instead of the face which we habitually see reflected, there looks back at us an animated brunette with frizzled hair, snapping black eyes, and a brilliant color. The hat she is tying on is as unlooked-for as the face—one such as heaven forbid we should be seen wearing! A tasteless black affair with bright red roses.

Only a little less diverting than the surprises of dreams are, when we reconsider them by daylight, the things which in dream have not in the least surprised us. Our friend is to perform in some public show. We examine the costume she proposes to wear, and see, without any question of its propriety, a skirt of a foot and a half in length, composed of black net with a sprinkling of spangles, over a loose swinging fringe of black velvet straps.

Now if it be that we ourselves have arranged all this which is to surprise our own minds, it seems quite legitimate to feel flattered. The intelligence which invents it all is so much richer in resource than we can claim to be. We admire to the point of envy the fertility, the dramatic quality, of the mind which frames our dreams. The acuteness of observation, too. Dream versions of figures which are familiar to us by day, while acting perhaps fantastically, are continually saying and doing things which we recognize as perfectly characteristic, though depending upon idiosyncrasies we had not while waking consciously noted. We of the day get so tired of our little habitual round of thoughts; the limits of our intelligence are so fast-set; our imagination is so languid; but the other, that ourself of the night, is a poet, a novelist, is a wonder! Once in a while we catch that other in the very exercise, and recognize it in a flash for our self. It is when we dream of reading, and are aware that even while we do so we are creating the text. The ease and rapidity with which we perform the feat wakes a consciousness in us of amazement. If anything of the text clings to the memory after we wake, what dull dead leaves they turn out to be which

we mistook for gold! Once in a while, though, there is left among them to delight us a glimmering grain or two.

To make up a dream, say for literary purposes, is singularly difficult. I mean a dream which could deceive an observant dreamer into supposing it a real one. The dream quality is a thing so especial. It has something in common with the quality of likeness in portraiture. Very subtle, and any invention seems unable to supply it. What the reason is for the touch of queerness almost invariably present in dreams, who can say? But that characteristic it is which most stamps a dream as a dream. Now a thing is not truly queer which can be predicted. The waking mind can seldom be queer in just the unforeseeable dream way. Never is a dream entirely lifelike for long. Convincing as it is while we sleep, when we reconsider it after waking some detail of it advertises its character of dream. We are at a great costume-ball; the company, all in the daintiest pastel colors, of eighteenth-century effect, faint visual echo of Watteau, perform together some figure of a dance symbolizing the seasons. We are one of the dancers. Our eyes fall upon our feet, and we behold them incased in the black walking-boots, not at all eighteenth century, which are in fact ours for the daily tramp. A wave of mortification sweeps over us. We look shyly around to see if any one has noticed them, then brace ourself with the thought that if that solecism of our feet had been going to rouse the scorn of the assembly this would already have happened. If our shame is acute, we perhaps, say to ourself that it is only a dream, upon which reflection follows instant comfort, for the dream is usually at that point dropped for a different one. Or, we witness a frightful accident, a tram-car running over somebody. The shock of it sets us gasping so that we come to. The picture has been so vivid that we cannot for a moment recover from the sense of having actually beheld a catastrophe. Then, quieting down, we take account of the fact that though the street and the car were full of people, no one paid the slightest attention to the crushed man, no one but we, while the most immediate sign of an accident, outside of a dream, is, as we know, the concourse of people gathering around it in an instant from no one knows where.

The touch of queerness, we said, is the characteristic which most stamps a dream as a dream; to the touch of queerness let us add the touch of exaggeration. One has caught oneself sometimes in the very act of dropping asleep, and has perceived how an image of the waking brain turned into a dream-image. One was considering casually the shaft by which the inner rooms of a tall building receive the modified light of heaven. While one was awake, it was no higher than the highest of such structures one had ever seen. All at once it shot up to an incalculable height; row reared itself above row of the little black rectangles which were windows, till one could no longer see the top. The New York hotel had turned into a weird dream-palace. It is possible that dreams are qualified by our tastes and predilections, that we dream somewhat *as we like it.* I have in mind that touch of exaggeration. Some of us have a fancy for excess, for accent, dwell with relish upon imaginations of boundless plains, boundless waters, heaven-kissing mountains, abysses in whose depths dwells unbroken night; love the sense of immensity, are fascinated as well as awed by the prodigies of astronomy, eagerly climb great heights, alps or belfries, for the marvel of glutting our eyes with a wide prospect; even in pictures have a preference for those which dwarf the human figure so as to make great the scale of the scenery. It is perhaps to such of us that the vastness of dreams offers its gratifications.

But the touch of exaggeration in splendor is the feature of dreams which most makes us wake with the sense of having lived in romance. Earth cannot match it; the imagination takes what earth has shown it of most splendid, and multiplies it by just what number it will. Dream cathedrals can be so vast that from the clear-story the throng of the faithful forms but a dim swarming mass. The fountains of dream gardens can have, instead of such a number of grouped marble or bronze figures as we have seen at Versailles or in Rome, figures towering and innumerable, touched with golden light. As for banquets—a hint of the possible poetry of food must have been given by

earthly cooks, but the ingenious picturesque magnificence of dream feasts can be Keatsian, no less. It is said that one never eats of dream food. It seems to me that one sometimes does, though not so as to taste it, any more than one tastes it at dinner-parties often, when one is interested in the spectacle and the talk. I have never examined it closely, but had just an impression of glitter and exquisiteness, related to forms sometimes familiar, sometimes new and strange.

But these are the dreams of choice occasional nights. Sometimes instead of an exaggeration in size and richness, it will be in intensity of beauty, more accurately, intensity in one's sense of the things being beautiful. There will be Greek seas of sapphire blue, strewn with golden willow-leaves (always that touch of caprice!), and while a boat takes us past velvety islands, the boatman chants a Greek name, which we remember still at waking, then suddenly have forgotten. Or we are walking on snowy mountain-heights. The masses of snow are so majestically beautiful that something whispers to us they are more than natural. The knowledge dawns that Michelangelo moulded them. Or, there spreads before us a landscape all mellow gold with autumn. Among the stacked cornstalks walks pensively a lion incapable of harm, a gentle lion. The dreamy light over all suggests that it is perhaps the hour when he will lie down with the lamb. We return to the real world with the sense of having been on a vacation. The same exaggeration goes to darken the bad dreams. We visit holes of more unspeakable squalor than we have ever in fact seen, behold poverty more dire and degraded. An intensity of horror which wakes us struggling will pertain to a cause totally inadequate, such a thing as a puff of woolly gray dust, softly but inexorably rolling toward us across the floor on the draft that blows under the door. There lived in a dream once a tiny sluglike animal belonging to a malignant Chinaman, from which emanated an effluence so evil that it was feared should the creature escape from the bottle in which the Chinaman kept it it might miasmatically infect the whole world.

One wonders why certain dreams come so often. Not the very same dream, but the same scheme of dream, with different developments. One can see why one should dream that one must appear on the stage in a dramatic performance when one does not know a word of one's part; or why one should be trying to make ready to start on a journey, and find none of the things needed either to put on or to pack; or part of one's clothing has been omitted in dressing, or mysteriously lost. Why, when there is dream necessity to hurry, one's fingers should become cork and one's feet lead. It is very nearly obvious why one dreams these things. But why does a person dream so often, for instance, that she has moved into a new house (the house always vaster and richer than any she has really lived in) and goes from room to room examining the strange architecture and furniture, planning the installation of her family in the sumptuous apartments, the person being one who has in reality seldom moved or had much to do with the encumbent arrangements? And why does one so often go up and down infinite flights of stairs and through strange narrow passages leading to unexpected things? Experience does not give us so very much of that. Perhaps it is merely because the dream charms one, it is part of the *as you like it* of sleep.

One could almost believe that there exist dream places to which one can go. We are fairly positive that we have repeatedly visited in dream the same villa, the same city, the same suburb of a city, where there is a gate-tower and a terraced garden of shrubs, all full of a charming queerness and strange charm, and having not much relation to anything we have really known. If there is no such objective dream region, then it is sure that the same surroundings can be dreamed more than once. Why, we know our way about that villa, through those city streets, from having been there so many times. In them, instead of meeting at every turn the unexpected, it is finding the familiar which constitutes the surprise.

A curious hint is given by dreams of things which are impossible subjects, it would seem, of thought. I hardly know how to tell my meaning, but fellow dreamers will be able to interpret by their

own experience. We have dreamed something, it was clear, the impression lingers when we wake. But it is not reducible to terms of thought, much less words. We have no grasp on it as an image or a sensation, yet in some remote corner of ourself we know perfectly what it was. It is not a matter of having forgotten—the thing is inexpressible to others or ourself. Only itself knows what it was, and itself is buried away somewhere within us. When vainly trying to master the conception of the fourth dimension we are reminded of those dreams.

There are those, of course, to whom dreams represent merely unrest, comfortless slumbers, their dreams are a sort of suffering. They wake fatigued, as if there had been exertion. But the more fortunate sleepers, though the experience they pass through in dream may to the reason be painful, suffer no more than they would in reading the same in a book. The nerves of pain seem drugged. Behind their most acute dream embarrassments there exists a sort of saving realization that it is after all a dream, that if it become intolerable they can defy it and awake.

In a dream we have known a fact we had completely forgotten, as far as waking hours go; in dream we have solved an arithmetical problem, lived out the plot of a story, have been the story as well as the reader; we have composed poetry (very indifferent), we have committed a pun, not witty, to be sure, after we waked, but yet according to rule; have invented a conundrum, an anecdote, and made a joke which woke us shaking with laughter. Such diversions come to vary the nights of us children. Could ingenuity invent richer phantasmagoria than we are offered? As if to preclude our failing for a moment to be entertained, the scenes melt into one another, the personages change personality, sometimes are even completely two persons in one.

That they adorn by their touch of fancy the commonest night is reason enough why we should glorify dreams, but there is another reason why we hold them dear, and I was thinking of it chiefly when I began this humble dissertation. There can be in them such comfort. The most sorrowful experiences of life, are, few will dispute it, its losses. First the actual loss of beloved persons, and then the closing up of the space they occupied, the fading of the wake they left, the loss of one's sorrow for them, the sense one has of being helplessly unfaithful to them by the very law of one's nature.

> "But each day brings its petty dust
> Our soon-choked souls to fill,
> And we forget because we must,
> And not because we will."

But while this is true of our waking moments, it is not so, we discover, of our mysterious sleeping self. Again and again they come in the night, the adored and lost, and the yearning affection for them is all there, fresh as at first, though it may be many years since one has seen them outside of a dream. The characteristic marks of dreams will be most likely on those dreams of them, the queerness, the exaggeration, the incoherence, but a reality so sweet and intense belongs to the outgoing of affection toward them that one is only glad of the renewal of anguish which so often accompanies it. One is grateful for the reassurance that something within us is holding fast in its secret stronghold that which has been confided to it. Thickly showering daily impressions may through the years bury it under more and more deeply, but, as the dreams are there to show, not destroy it. The dreams testify to the triumph of love over time. What is the ideal while we wake is proved to be the real when we sleep.

And concluding, as we choose to do, that some of our dreams are related to the soul, or that we are upon occasion nearest to our souls when asleep, we find ourselves yielding to the inclination sometimes to imagine a significance in dreams whose intimations our intelligence, which would perhaps not have evolved them, yet finds it possible to support. One had quarrelled with a friend; while wanting to make up, one supposed him angry and unapproachable, until one dreamed that he came offering an armful of crimson roses. Waking, one felt sure that his heart like one's own begged pardon. The close of the episode, it happened, placed the dream in the right. By another friend one feared oneself forgotten, outgrown, until one dreamed that that person called

one by an old pet name, never used by any one else, and which meant in itself remembrance of the old affectionate terms. And one woke cheered. One received a dream letter from a person who had long, long not written. Amid the confused dream characters one word stood forth very clear: Mizpah! After that, one seemed to know how it was. One dreamed of visiting hell, and was struck by the simplicity and justice of its torment: a passionate, a surpassing, sleepless regret for the evil done. One beheld in dream the Lord Christ. He pointed at a star directly overhead, saying: "That is the star which shall guide you," and one understood the parable to mean that the highest he could conceive should be the Christian's rule of life. Fancy loves to indulge itself, attributing to dreams of the kind a sort of wise intuition. One wonders and weaves theories. It is safest, no doubt, to hold them loosely.

But the most memorable dreams of all are connected with no image, or, if they be, it is not remembered as the important fact about them. They consist of an impression received, one hardly knows how, in sleep—a conviction with which one wakes.

"*Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof,*" relates Eliphaz the Temanite,

"*In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men,*

"*Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.*

"*Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up.*

"*It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice saying:*

"*Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his maker?*"

It has not much in common, this dream, with the whimsical dream spirit which has one stoking a furnace with bricks of chocolate cake, or handling snow which is warm to the touch. The ancient friend of Job woke surely with a sense of having had the conjectures of his outreaching faith confirmed by a mighty revelation.

The dream quoted may be literature, it is however typical. The awakened dreamer's sense of the message of the night is described to perfection: the sense that there was a great deal more to it than he can remember on waking; that, in fact, he had while asleep the consciousness of something greater than he really could grasp, could put into articulate thought. "*A thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof.*" The thing, the revelation, brought was felt to be complete; but what the ear, the conscious mind, could seize was recognized as partial.

One of the chief points concerned with the like revelations of the night is that the dreamer places faith in those which have come to himself, whatever he may think of those communicated by others. Certainty is after all the result of accord between a proposition and the way one intimately feels things to be; and in the case of the revelations in question, one does not doubt, because it seems part of one's essential being to know that the thing is true. One may for the rest of life go on getting courage from mental reference to a thing of which one received assurance, like Eliphaz the Temanite, "in visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men."

WRITING A PLAY IN A DEBTOR'S PRISON

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME"

Edited by Thatcher T. Payne Luquer

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD ENGRAVINGS AND PRINTS

[SECOND PAPER]

Saturday, February 3. (Continued.)

. . . . . .

I SAW Lowndes, who, after a deal of manœuvring to conceal that my order had been given, no doubt, to some of my Covent Garden foes, confessed that he was not at the Theatre. He tampered, trying to get the copyright for publication, and for nothing, or next to nothing. He said that Simkin and Marshall gave Soane Ten Pounds for the Innkeeper's Daughter, and lost by it: that The Warlock of the Glen produced the author fourteen pounds in books, and the publisher nothing! At any rate, that is as much as 'tis worth!

. . . . . .

Went to the Theatre in the evening. Tremendous House, but dull audience. Sir Lumley St. George Skeffington,[43] with his tremendous black whiskers and semi circular back was stuck by the side of Carr in the little Prompter's Sentry Box, and did not recognise me: but, afterwards, as Miss Cubitt mentioned my name in the Green Room passage, caught at it with his usual enthusiasm and civility; and we talked over old times, when I was acting and his new play came out and was damned. I received fresh congratulations, and Miss Cubitt introduced me to Lord William Lenox.[44] Mr. Calcraft desired to be introduced and was very complimentary.

. . . . . .

The speech they wanted me to cut out, the only one opposed *last* night to night was bravoed. Miss Kelly did not play so well, but Wallack much better.

Monday, February 5th. No offer for the copyright of Thérèse. Dibdin's play is on the subject of Kenilworth. Went up to the Theatre in the evening. His Majesty's intended visit to the Theatre tomorrow, announced at the doors. The attraction of this night injured by it. The audience were dull to the serious points of Thérèse, and took all the comic ones enthusiastically; probably in consequence of its coming after a serious opera, and rather a heavy one. Miss Kelly is not well, and seems, by her first success, almost frightened out of the power of doing so wonderfully again. Fontaine greatly applauded throughout. Wallack not so much: and is already trying to get out of the part. Foolish young man! These are the things he excels in, and not intellectual ones: yet he must fritter away his reputation by showing how feebly he enters into the loftier creations of Shakespeare. His Majesty has commanded *Who's Who?* as the afterpiece. Elliston says he *will* see Thérèse next week. There was hissing the moment Russel[45] came to the word—*by command*—and much after the announcement, but it was overpower'd by the applause & huzza's. Of course, the Court will take care of these points tomorrow. All were talking of the sale of John Kemble's Books. Called at Miller's in the course of the day, & saw two numbers of a new graphic work from Philadelphia, published by Carey, called "American Scenery" & a very beautifully engraved & ornamented fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence; besides some late papers, with announcements of Kean. Called at Davis's on Felter Lane, who

*** The foot-notes to this article will be found on page 246.

congratulated me; rec'd a card from Capt. Simpson, & an anonymous letter in a female hand with a copy of the Wells Advertisement.

Tuesday, Feb. 6th. The King came to the Theatre this evening. Great preparations, of course, were made. A canopy put up at the private box entrance & a room magnificently fitted up, leading to the stage box, R. H., through a smaller room. Elliston obtained the loan of things to the amount, (he sayd) of 1400 pounds in value, to decorate this royal apartment, which was really very splendid. His Majesty was sixteen minutes in the room, previously to entering the box, and Winston said he seemed to be talking of one thing, and thinking, all the while, of another. He stopped, involuntarily, as he was going in, & fetched an unconscious sigh. The applause predominated, and the noise was tremendous, shouting, clapping and then an universal jumping which made a sound like the rumbling of an earthquake. His Majesty was drest in plain blue with a red, embroider'd collar & black stock, the coat button'd all the way up. He is very tall & proportionally stout, a gigantic look; and his face very like the pictures. He bowed,. put his hand to his heart, & smiled repeatedly. They called out often "where's the Queen! God save the Queen!" One called "King George forever!" Another answered "Queen George forever!" "God save the King" was sung at the beginning, after the opera, and then "Rule Brittannia," in which the King joined. I observed that he bowed at the end of every verse of "God save the King." I was on the stage with the singers of the national anthem, and I had Mrs. Edwin and Miss Tree with me; but I managed to keep behind. No one, however, could have a better view; and the *toute ensemble* was tremendous. Countless heads, all vociferating; numberless hats and handkerchiefs waving; one mighty mass, all in frightfully tumultuous motion; and all eyes directed to the one point, where the King stood, in the centre of the Box; the Duke of York on one side, on the other, the Duke of Clarence; and officers of state filling the Box behind him. At the farce, his Majesty laughed very heartily & the long ridges of his cheeks, seemed full of hearty good humor, he bent forwards, see sawing back & forth, with peals of laughter. Two Beef Eaters stood on the stage at the two sides of the Box, with their Halberts. They are relieved every half hour, as, formerly, one fell down dead in consequence of being kept standing for several hours, not daring to retire for the relief of nature. They laughed heartily, too, these last night's Beef Eaters, which, is, I believe, not considered as etiquette.

Drury Lane Theatre.
Drawn and engraved by W. Wallis for the "Walks Through London."

The Green Room presented an amusing scene. The actors and actresses diverting themselves exceedingly; and great folks frequently passing in and out. All were making fun of Elliston, Winston & Russel, in their court dresses. George Colman the Younger[46] (an old man to bear a *juvenile* cognomen) came in. Taylor, of the Sun, (author of M. Tonson)

Miss Kelly as "Annette."
Engraved by T. Wright, from a drawing by Walton.

Mr. Wallack as "Rugantino."
Engraved by T. Wright, from a drawing by Wageman.

observing Colman in his lace cover'd regimentals, said "Why, Colman, you'd *burn* for something." "I shall presently," said Colman, looking back at the large fire & getting farther off, "if I don't move." 'Tis said that the King, on first seeing Colman, in his regimentals, observed, laughing "Why, George, you'd make an excellent *Pam*." "Yes, your Majesty, I've been *lewd* all my life, but I'm *flush* now."

The King backed out of the Box, bowing to the great applause, and doubtless glad enough to get through his début; for this was his *first* appearance (at the Theatre) *in that character*.

The Hon. G. Lamb was standing by me, & observ'd to me, during the first acclamation to his Majesty's appearance. "*This is the most serious blow the Queen has received.*"

I saw Mòncrieff at Lowndes's, who looks smaller, queerer & shabbier than ever; the edges of his mouth dirty and brandyfied. He said he was most particularly happy when he heard that Thérèse was mine, & disclaimed having anything to do with the pirated one announced this day for representation at the Coburg.

Planché[47] came in & took me with him to his lodgings in Long Acre, where he shewed me a three act piece he had written in blank verse, intending to introduce Kean, Miss Kelly & Elliston; but Elliston had galled him in some drunken moment, by telling Winston, before him, "Here's a man that has been writing a piece in eleven acts;" and after that, in consequence of some jokes in a piece of his produced at the Adelphi, which were interpolated by Lee, who had a personal grudge against his old master, Planché was cut off from the free list. I offered my aid & mediation & begged to see the piece at full. Planché then told me he had it not. Booth[48] who promised to try & do something with it, had run away to America with a fruiterers daughter & taken the original with him; but he would try to remember it & pick it out; and would send it to me, when he could.

Wednesday, February 7.—This evening

the King went to Covent Garden, which injured the house at Drury.

Owing to the removal of the red fire to the passage into which Miss Kelly rushes in the close of the second act of Thérèse, the sudden and unexpected puff of sulphurous vapour, set her coughing and as soon as the curtain dropped, on attempting to move, she was seized with violent spasms in her side. All thronged around her, and I of the party: she shrieked out—"'tis pain—'tis pain" then, seeing me, burst in a laugh, and cried, "not *Mr. Payne, I don't mean Mr. Payne,*" and was carried, still in agony, into a private room. There was considerable delay and the audience became clamorous; but she finished the piece, and no apology was made.

Thursday Feb. 8. . . . In the evening went to the Cobourg to see Thérèse. Carr and Tighe also went, one with the Prompt Book and the other with the French Copy. I did not see them there. I took my place at the back of the pit. Some persons seemed to recognise me, and were prowling about, to try if they could not interpret my looks.

The piracy is the most evident thing in the world; even to minutiæ in the scenery, and its very faults; but, what we wish to do, is to prove it; and this will be a difficult matter. The very manner of acting the different parts is pirated, with the exception of a little jumping, pantomimeizing fellow who plays the Count, certainly, in a very unique and perfectly original style.

Perhaps to those who can only enter into the broadest kind of evidence, and cannot be made, with us, to feel that it is impossible this should be any thing but a piracy, it may have some effect for them to know that my piece is greatly changed from the original by compression, which is, in itself, a work of considerable labour and thought: and, in every instance, the Cobourg has availed itself of these compressions. Upwards of five hundred lines of the original french are omitted in the present translation, and the very same lines are omitted in the Coburg Copy, always in the same places. Is this a coincidence likely to be accidental? Two persons may hit upon similar curtailments in one, two, three or half a dozen instances; but would any two persons carry an exact co-incidence through a work of seventy four pages?

In the 3d act, the commencement of mine is entirely varied from the French copy, by the omission of two pages and a half, and the Coburg copy has followed that omission implicitly. It does not appear in the French melodrama that Thérèse ever knows that she has been suspected of murder; she is sent from the stage only charged with being the Thérèse who has escaped from the punishment decreed against her for forgery; and in her absence the Magistrate communicates to her lover and her Protector, the Clergyman, his suspicions of her being the Murderess of the Countess. In the Drury Lane copy she is directly accused of the murder on the stage, and out of that accusation arises one of the most impressive scenes of the drama. This introduced situation is pirated in the Coburg copy, and the very words are adopted, substantially throughout, and in many instances literally: as, also, the scene following, where Thérèse, in my adaptation, replied in broken sentences, as if still partly under the influence of her recent delirium, whereas, in the French, her replies are detailed and declamatory.

The Coburg Gentlemen follow the idea exactly and copy the words substantially even adhering to my alteration of the Countess's title, from *Volmar* to Belmore:

. . . . . .

In act the Second, they have adopted Knights speech:

"Doesn't our pastor preach every Sunday, open to whoever knocks, give to whoever asks—and doesn't *she* ask? Zounds, Bridget, dont hold the latch in your hand, when you should throw the door wide open!"

The latter part of which is not in the French copy, but was introduced by Knight himself, during the rehearsals.

. . . . . .

I started off the moment the curtain fell, and to very loud applause (by the bye, the Hon. G. Lamb asked me why I didn't get up and bow to it) and they were all anxiety at Drury Lane to hear the re-

sult, and every one flocked about in the Green Room, some, as my mind pictured, not at all unhappy that something had occurred to lessen the importance of what I had done. Carr arrived almost immediately after me in Elliston's room; but Carr either from stupidity or a spirit of detraction, said, though 'twas evi-

Miss Wilson.
Engraved by Cooper, from a drawing by Birch.

Mrs. Becher (late Miss O'Neill).
Engraved by H. v. Meyer.

dently a piracy, yet my translation was *so literal* (literal!) that it would be impossible to bring it home. Tighe, the Irish Retainer of Elliston, did not arrive, and there was great consternation and not having any copy whatever to prompt from. After a short delay, however, the curtain was drawn up, and Carr, not avowing the fact to any one but me, held a blank book in his hand all the evening, and every thing went off smoothly. Had he told that there was no book, the actors would have bungled presently and then the piece could not have been got on with.

Friday, February 9.—Busy today arranging to assist Elliston's intended movements in Chancery, though I advised him against it. I told him he should well consider whether even the advantage of a triumph were to be compared with the effect of reviving the clamour against the supposed disposition to persecute Minor Theatres. But he persisted.

There was a great difficulty today arising from the necessity of changing the play first, and then the melodrama, in consequence of Miss Kelly's illness. Miss Smithson,[49] who is the destined *double* was obliged to study a part at short notice in the play and she could not do both. Mrs. W. West,[50] indignant at Miss Kelly's being preferred to her in the first instance, spurned the idea of becoming a *substitute and would not* do it. Elliston said, in a sort of smiling Richard the 3d sneer, that Mrs. W. gave a great deal of trouble and he feared this would be her last season at Drury. This was not said to her, but merely dropt in the room. Then Miss. Cubitt was suggested, but rejected for want of beauty and talent, two unhappy deficiencies: then Madame

Vestris, who was sent for, as well as Mrs. Orger,[51] who had not been out before. Mrs. Orger came, suspecting what it was, but could not undertake so important a task at so short a notice; and then Madame Vestris, was ready enough to try and I was to have been *closetted* with her to give her my instructions (pleasant business!) but the Hon. G. L. who appears to me to have a penchant there, as I think, very quietly dissuaded both her and Elliston. Next I suggested Mrs. Chatterly,[52] who was accordingly sent for post haste, but thinking something was about to be offered which it was not politic to seem too anxious about, or desiring to attire herself too killingly, she delayed to come so long, that it would have been impossible for her to have done any thing, so the piece was given up altogether for the night, and when Mrs. C. arrived, it was only to learn that she need not have troubled herself.

Elliston and I dined together at the Shakespeare, after all this, for the purpose of going to see the pirated Thérèse. At dinner I tried to reconcile him to *Planché* but he was bitter and obstinate. There was a party of young men at the table next to us, and he asked me if I ever amused myself with observing characters. Whether I did not think them either Undertaker's men or Lawyer's clerks. I said Lawyer's Clerks. Just then one of them uttered some technical phrase, and Elliston smiled and said "Oh yes, you're right." I went up to the free admission stand at the Coburg and claimed my right of admission for self and friend, which, being given, Elliston passed in with me. On entering the lobby, the foppish little box opener, Roraueur, smiled significantly on seeing Elliston, and said "So, you have come to see our new piece." "No," answered E. "our new piece you mean." We were shewn into a central private Box, where we were soon recognised and noticed with smiles and whispers. After admiring the beauty of the house awhile, the piece began, and I saw that since the last night, it has been varied a little, particularly in being made to begin with a dance, which is lugged in without rhyme or reason. Elliston was perfectly satisfied as to the piracy and as to the probability that they had not even seen the French piece. We walked together from the Theatre, to Charing Cross, where I dropped him at Jobline's, some lawyer I believe, where he was engaged to meet a party at Dinner, but was now going to apologise and join them at wine.

Saturday, February 10th. Busy all day about the Injunction. After making the affidavit, I was sent to in extreme hurry and alarm, to go back to the Public office in Southampton Buildings and swear over again. This arose from the Master not having put his signature to the interlineations before the first was sworn. We went into the Chancery Court for awhile and a magnificent hall it is: the Court part occupies but a speck at one end. About four, Mr. Fladgate came into Mr. Elliston's room and said the Injunction was granted. A letter was immediately sent off to Glossop, couched in polite terms, stating that an Injunction had been granted, but, to prevent disappointment to the public, the piece might be performed this evening, provided it were the last.

To night the farce was changed from Giovanni to Love Laughs at Locksmiths, in consequence of Madame Vestris's illness.

Mr. Watts, steward of the Steam Boat, told me that a Mr. Cooper, a Bookseller, in the Temple, sat by two persons on the first night of Thérèse, whom he took to be newspaper reporters, from their being so busily occupied in writing down all they saw. He afterwards discovered that it was Glossop and another, one taking the words and the other sketching the scenery.

Sunday, Feb. 11. Wrote the preface of Thérèse to day, revised proofs, and took the preface to the printer's late at night.

Monday, Feb. 12.

. . . . . .

I was told this morning that Glossop had dissolved the Injunction in consequence of the omission of Mr. Fladgate to register the office copy of the affidavit; an informality which will give a good run to their piece, and furnish them with a favorable chance of making a great parade of their boasted triumph.

Saturday February 17.

. . . . . .

Fladgate's Son came to me about the Affidavit. Elliston send *Tighe* alias *Tyson*

to ask whether I could attend a meeting of them with Mr. Hart. Tyson says Miss Smythson, who acted Thérèse last night, got great applause that in one point, "Save me, Save me!" in the 3d act, she had three rounds, where Miss Kelly had none: and it was expected Miss Kelly would play it for the future, not to allow Miss S. to get too popular.

By the bye, this Tyson diverted me greatly when we went up to hear the affidavits read. He was asked how his name was spelt—"*T-i-g-h-e*"—says he: "Why" answered Winston, "I thought your name was Tyson." "So it is," replied the Hibernian, "but on these occasions I always make free with my father's name!"

Friday, February 23.

. . . . . .

Bought a copy of Thérèse, purporting to be "the only acting edition" a poor thing by Kerr, as performed at the West London.

Thérèse is brought out tonight at Covent Garden.

Saturday, February 24. In a flutter all day, expecting every moment to be released. Devey, Parsons's attorney, appointed to meet Harris before the Judge to resist my discharge on the ground of a declaration having been taken out; but as it was only registered and not put in at the Gate, it was of no avail, and the Judge gave the order to supercede. The suspense about this decision was a source of some anxiety and alarm. Then, when the order was obtained, Harris discovered that this, being a close holiday, it would be necessary to pay extra fees amounting to a pound, in order to obtain the supercedeas before Monday. Wrote the following letter to Elliston:

Saturday, Feb. 24, 1821.

My dear Sir,

These law matters always cost more than the first calculation. I have settled everything and only wait now for fifteen pounds more than I have, or expected to require, in order to carry my arrangements into effect. This is the anniversary of my first connection with the Theatre, as it was on this day I first appeared on the stage in America; and I feel a sort of interest in making it the epoch of my emancipation. I trust you will receive the circumstances as an excuse for my so abruptly begging the favour of 15 pounds on %. Believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours very truly

J. H. P.

R. W. E. Esq.

Elliston sent word for answer, that he would call; as he had business in the city. I waited in a fidget two or three hours, fearing he meant to create some difficulty about the payment for Thérèse. He did call, however, and requested I would send after the doors were open! A bad omen! He said their payments had been very heavy this week. He assured me that we beat the Covent Garden Thérèse in every respect: that it was monotonous and heavy and many people went out at the end of the second act: even their scenery, for a wonder, is inferior.

He desired me to write a Life of Bickerstaffe to put at the beginning of the edition of Love in a Village, which they mean to publish and act on Thursday.

The Chancery cause about Thérèse is put off for a peremptory argument next Thursday. At present, it looks promising, so Elliston says.

E. goes to Leamington in the morning, to return on Tuesday. On getting Elliston's answer, I sent down to borrow £10 of Mr. Page, which he lent me instantly. I then sent to Bellchambers, but when his attorney was sent to for the discharge, the office was closed and the attorney gone. So, 'tis no use tonight to attempt anything, as one, without all, would be useless.

Saw the latter part of Thérèse. Pope as Fontaine and Cooper as Carwin worse, much worse, for the change. Took Miss Kelly's hand as she was coming off, and she asked if I had seen the piece tonight, for she had been acting vilely for some nights past, but tonight had acted to please herself. Cooper fell on his face and hurt his nose, a source of some sympathising attentions especially among the demoiselles as he got up. Mrs. Becher[53] (late Miss O'Neill) was in the house and came into the Green Room, previous to my arrival. What a change

in our relative situations in a few years! Time is a great developer of character! It has changed my impressions concerning her, fortunately for myself, though still she has my perfect respect; yet, had I known her before, I would not have committed myself so far as to fall desperately in love with her! I tried to get a look at her, but could not.

Elliston had gone, and left no orders about the £15. Dunn, however, gave me a check for it on his own account, for he said he had no money of Elliston's. I promised Winston that I would come on Monday, and do the Introduction to Love in a Village.

This is the anniversary of my first coming on the stage, twelve years ago: Feb. 24th, 1809. It seems but yesterday; and though it is a good stride from then to the present moment down the hill of life, I certainly at that time thought myself much more of a man and much more clever and important, than I do now. Time is a great humbler. I am weaned very much of my love of public applause and my enthusiasm for Theatrical Amusements and fame as an Actor now appears to me scarcely worth the toiling for. I feel, indeed, as if I were settling down into quiet, inoffensive and unpretending mediocrity, for the rest of my life; or perhaps, poverty.

Thursday, March 8.

. . . . . .

Horn spoke again about my writing an opera, privately, to me. Some one told Braham in the Green Room that his "gun song" "went off very well." "Yes" says he, "'twas a double barrelled one—'twas encored." The audience was in good humour, but, nevertheless, they damned Mr. Tibbs.

During a conversation about the new tragedy of Conscience, a gentleman asked Elliston whether he had any more new tragedies: E. shook his head and said they did not seem the vogue. The gentleman exclaimed "What! Does Conscience make cowards of ye all?"

R. W. Elliston, Esq^r., lessee and manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

Engraved by R. Cooper, from a painting by Harlow.

Elliston was showing a beautiful diamond snuff box which Murat, when King of Naples, had presented to some one, through whom it got into the possession of George Robins, the Auctioneer. He was half tipsey and amused himself with acting a scene between a Pawn Broker and some one who might present it to him. "Pray, Sir, let me have 700 pounds on this?" "Hey? Aye, very beautiful 'tis indeed! Stop a minute—let me look at it—let me examine" taking it and speaking aside to the shop boy—"Call a Constable!—(aloud) Seven Hundred Pounds! a Great deal of Money"—(Constable arrives) "Officer, take that man!—(To the Applicant) Now, Sir, where did you get this Box?"

Old Kelly was behind the scenes, having dined with Elliston and a party, and was whirled in his gouty chair to the side wings, where his Giant Footman stood behind him.

Friday, March 16. At the hour mentioned I went to the Theatre and found E. with a couple of gentlemen, to whom he seemed to be talking about new pieces. He desired me to walk on the

Ludgate Hill from Fleet Street.
Engraved by T. Barber, after a drawing by Tho. H. Shepherd.

stage awhile. I did so. I found Winston there sketching. He told me he had in a book similar to the one I saw all the Haymarket Scenes, and he was now collecting all the Drury Lane ones. The scene drawn was one of the Inside of the King's Bench with a complete view of two sides of the very room I myself once occupied. I told W. he had that already drawn in his published scenes of Giovanni—"By G" says he, "so I have!"—And gathered up his things and went away; leaving me along with the view of the Bench, as a sort of warning monition to take what I could get and beware of the future. After parading the stage for two hours and a half (and excessively cold it was), with the pleasant prospect I mentioned staring me in the face, Elliston came bustling in, and beckoning, exclaimed "You have the patience of an Angel." I went into the room, where Winston was and Dunn, the Treasurer, and Russel and such is the real state of the London feeling with regard to what keeps their literary institutions alive, that I felt all the palpitation that I should have felt in waiting for an eagerly hoped for turn up of a card on which my fortune entirely hung. The others went out and left us alone. "We are very poor" exclaimed Elliston in his bustling hurried way; "but we shall give you a hundred pounds, including what you have had, making £140 with the copyright: but, being short of money, you must take a bill for the balance." I replied "I can do nothing with a bill." "Dont you know some friend who will discount it? The Dibdins are always glad to get my Bills." "I know nobody but Douglas Kinnaird [54] and with him I have had a quarrel—perhaps Mr. Dunn can get it discounted." Dunn was then called and presently Winston glanced in—All joined in the story of being very poor just then, and all seemed leagued and prepared with a common story in case of resistance—but E. did not give me the option of objecting for he said "We *shall* give you" instead of "*Will you take?*" E. said To be sure we have taken a great deal of money late, but we had heavy arrears to make up. I explained distinctly to E. how I was situated with Kinnaird, but he advised me to try him

by all means. I accordingly sent Edward off with the following letter.

(No copy.)

And he returned with this reply.

(No copy.)

Elliston waited for the answer as eagerly and anxiously as I did, and seemed as much relieved by it. The Bill was drawn and sent. I gave E. a letter of acknowledgment of the settlement and went to J's, where Edward soon brought me the money, with the regular deduction of discount.

I felt strangely on settling. I had only half the regular compensation, calculating by the past, for ten times the regular trouble. But any thing, under the circumstances, was a God Send. But here all my immediate hopes and resources terminate, and what have I to look to when this little is gone?

[43] Sir Lumley St. George Skeffington (1771–1859). A fop and playwright.

[44] Lord William Pitt Lennox (1799–1881). A sporting man and miscellaneous writer. He was "Lord Prima Donna" in Disraeli's "Vivian Grey."

[45] Samuel Thomas Russell (1769?–1845). Actor and stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He was a great hoaxer.

[46] George Colman (1762–1836). Called the Younger to distinguish him from his father. He was a dramatist and theatre-manager and examiner of plays from January 19, 1824, until his death.

[47] James Robinson Planché (1796–1880). Somerset Herald and dramatist. He was a descendant of a Huguenot refugee.

[48] Junius Brutus Booth (1796–1852). Actor and the father of Edwin Booth.

[49] Harriet Constance Smithson (1800–1854).

[50] Mrs. William West, née Cooke (1790–1876). A capable actress.

[51] Mrs. Mary Ann Orger (1788–1849).

[52] Mrs. William Simmons Chatterly, née Louisa Simeon (1797–1866).

[53] Mrs. William Wrixon Becher, née Eliza O'Neill (1791–1872). An actress of great beauty and ability. She appeared first in London at Covent Garden Theatre as Juliet, October 6, 1814, and ended her stage career in the part of Mrs. Haller, July 13, 1819, when she retired because of her marriage to an Irish M. P., who afterward became a baronet. She rivalled Mrs. Siddons in beauty and ability and bore an unblemished reputation. Payne had acted Romeo to her Juliet in Ireland with great success before she appeared in London.

[54] Hon. Douglas James William Kinnaird (1788–1830). Chairman of the managing committee of Drury Lane Theatre. He was educated at Eton, Göttingen, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a close friend of Byron.

THE OPTIMIST EXTENUATES

By Gordon Hall Gerould

OPTIMISM is one of the many faults attributed to me by candid friends. Naturally, I do not always submit to the accusation without attempting to defend myself; but I have repelled the charge so often that I have at last grown discouraged. I do not, of course, like to admit that I am an optimist, especially since the term, as used by my candid friends, invariably carries the implication that I am little better than a superior moron. Yet I am afraid they are right. If they were not, they could not very well be so consistent and so unanimous in their criticism. Yes; I can hardly escape the conviction that optimism is one of my major vices.

There is no point in trying to apologize for so serious a blemish in the grain of my personality. If the fault be one of intelligence, I cannot hope in the middle years of life to exchange my mind for something a little more loose-fibred; and if optimism be a moral defect, I despair of completely reshaping my character at so late a day. I could wish myself very different from what I am in all sorts of ways—some of them, possibly, unsuspected by appraising friends—but I cannot now change. The fault is mine, as Byron almost said,

> nor do I seek to screen
> My errors with defensive paradox.

Apology would help me no more than have years of denial. Confession, public or private, can win me no indulgence. Though I wrapped myself in a sheet and did penance before the First National Bank, I should gain nothing thereby.

My friends would shake their heads when next I ventured to trust the assurances of the blue sky and the weather bureau that the day was to be fine. They would say, I feel sure, as they have so often said: "Poor fellow! You'll never learn. You see, you're an incorrigible optimist."

Possibly I am. It is true that during dark hours of the Great War I did not despair of final victory. It did not seem to me inevitable that Verdun must fall or the Channel ports be taken. France and England seemed to me to be fighting very well, even before we made our belated entrance into the conflict, and to have tremendous reserves of power, once America was roused to do her part. But even more than that, my optimism was based on a fundamental distrust of the Teutonic eidolon as constructed by the Germans and more or less accepted by their enemies. The Germans did not seem to me to be supermen, but instead rigorously but ill-disciplined folk who very much needed the restraints of the Ten Commandments they had forsworn. Besides, I was—and am—extremely sceptical of the possibility of turning a race of plodding sentimentalists into supermen by misdirecting their education for a couple of generations. You can make them do shocking things, but you cannot make them over. I reasoned that the Germans were more stupid and therefore much less powerful than they thought themselves; and, further, that they would eventually grovel and whine.

By similar trains of thought, I am not infrequently led into optimistic declarations for which I am seriously dealt with by my friends. I cannot deny it. When I am told that profiteering has been rampant of late on the part of those who produce and sell commodities, and on the part of those who work with their hands as well, I acquiesce in the indictment of our times. No one could do anything else. But when I am asked whether this does not indicate an unexampled lapse into selfishness, I cannot agree. By an unhappy trick of memory, I recall the economic disturbances of fourteenth-century England, when every class took advantage of every other and behaved quite abominably. Other bad periods force themselves irresistibly on my recollection. With such events in mind, I reply to my serious and head-shaking friends that the world seems to me to keep on being astonishingly like itself from century to century. And once again I am written down an optimist.

The fact is, you see, that I regard man as a good deal lower than the angels, whereas my pessimistic companions are perpetually hopeful that he may have been somehow purified and uplifted, and are perpetually disappointed when they find that he is about as bad as ever. They expect much more of him than my modest estimate of human worth permits me to expect. I reckon on the probability that deep-seated instincts will govern his conduct, for good or for evil, very much of the time, and that only occasionally will he be dominated by newer inhibitions and aspirations and intellectual processes. I respect him for his struggles against the world, the flesh, and the devil, but I am not surprised when he wearies of the conflict and goes the way made easy to his feet by the steps of countless generations of his ancestors.

The world is very evil, yes; but as far as I know anything about it, it always has been. I admit the serious menace at the present day of irreligion, of Bolshevism, of economic and political unrest, of modern dances symbolizing modern morals—or, to be less specific, of pride, covetousness, wrath, envy, gluttony, sloth, and lechery: the hundred ills bred of the seven deadly sins. I admit that we have to face these things under conditions more or less different from any previously experienced. Yet the situation seems to me little more than a new arrangement of the same old factors. I am an optimist in that I take for granted the chronic imperfection of humankind and am not greatly startled when I encounter new evidence of it.

If this were the whole story, I might bring forward the defense of misanthropy against the charge of optimism. Many a man has put on the mask of cynicism in order to gain the reputation for wisdom that the wearer of it cheaply earns. Unfortunately, I am kept from this by a sense of fact, and almost by a sense of humor. I am not surprised, as I have just said, by the weakness and bestiality of

mankind, but I am often amazed by the exhibition, in unexpected quarters, of traits to be accounted noble because they contradict normal selfishness. It would be absurd to pull a long face over the frailties of human nature when creatures of common clay are showing all the while qualities that redeem, if they do not excuse, their weaknesses and follies. In justice, one cannot be a misanthrope, and to be wholly cynical is to be quite ridiculous.

My friends would say, however, that I carry optimism much further than is warranted by a view of history according to which little is to be expected of human beings. They would tell you—as they tell me—that I face untoward events with too careless an assurance of a turn for the better. For example, I have been taken to task roundly in my time for being cheerful when seasick—which is a horrid accusation enough. It is a fact that I am seasick whenever I have an opportunity to be, and sometimes when there is no apparent reason why a healthy landlubber should succumb. On such occasions I heartily wish for the comfort of the harbor, but I have learned through experience that the malady is remediable. I may lie in a state of partial coma for a couple of days and be acutely miserable thereafter. The icy grip of seasickness is like nothing else in life. Yet even when prostrated, I know that it will not last. Accordingly, I cannot take my illness very seriously. Real disease, no matter how trivial, always presents the interesting, if unpleasant, possibility that one may go from bad to worse. There is no such chance on the unquiet ocean. One is certain to get better in due time, which robs the patient of all the dignity of invalidism. There is nothing for it but to discount one's bilious thoughts a hundred per cent, and grin feebly at nature's most despicable joke.

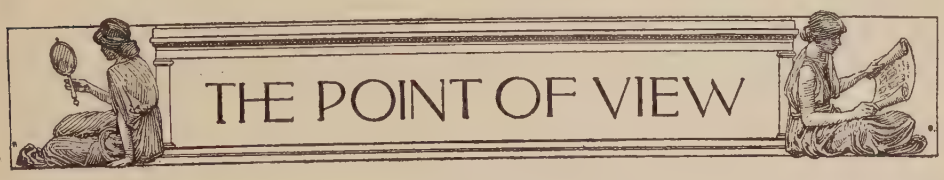
The principle of the turning in the lane is, indeed, a great support in life, and should not be sneered at even by those to whom pessimism is an article of belief. Beyond a certain point, things cannot well continue to grow worse—without complete destruction, that is, which is not to be anticipated, as the world wags. Just when the lane is going to turn must be, to be sure, a matter of judgment, or perhaps of sheer guessing, but turn it must. The guess will depend largely, it is evident, on one's estimate of the situation at any given moment. The worse it seems, the more impossible and intolerable, the more one is likely to foresee a change for the better. Your pessimist is, it would appear, the man who finds the present less obnoxious than it is to me, whom he styles—justly, perhaps—an optimist. Indeed, I protest that I yield to no one in my denunciation of things as they are. I can cry aloud with the best of them that folly fills the streets and injustice flies upon the air, that from the individual's point of view, at least, this earth is a very terrifying and clumsy mechanism. Only, seeing things as they are, I cannot be perpetually anticipating a blacker hue on the face of nature; I can even hope for some brightening toward the dawn.

The centuries show little amelioration, it is true. It is sobering to face the fact, recently pointed out by an eminent biologist, that the human animal has certainly not improved, as far as selected specimens are concerned, since the days of Greece. It is extraordinarily difficult, as any fair-minded person who has tried will tell you, to demonstrate positively that the twentieth century shows any progress beyond the thirteenth. We have improved in this direction and slipped back in that. Nevertheless, every student of history who is not atrabilious comes to the conclusion, I suppose, that in a curious crablike, zigzag way the world gets forward a little. Sometimes the individual makes up what he has lost for a few centuries in knowledge or capacity, sometimes a dominating idea sweeps forward like a wave and improves conditions of life. It is all very shuffling and unsatisfactory, but it gives the optimist some slight excuse for the faith that is in him.

If I were to venture a criticism of the professing pessimist—which is a bold thing to do in this age of his intellectual dominance—I should suggest that he is inclined to romanticize existence unwarrantably. He sees infancy trailing clouds of glory and youth an army with banners, forgetting that babies utter jeremiads with their earliest breaths and that the

young in general suffer acutely from ill-understood desires and aspirations, as well as from manifold difficulties of adjustment. The view of human life as a decline from youth to age is not in accord with observable fact, but merely represents a Byronic revolt against things as they are. That age envies youth is not a tribute to any virtue in youth itself, but rather to the satisfactory nature of life. Looking back and seeing that youth has more of life to live, age is inclined to be jealous of the privilege. This may sound like heterodoxy, but it seems to me better supported by reason than are the platitudes about the joys of youth.

All this is not by way of defending or even of apologizing for my own temperament, which all my friends agree is sanguine—too sanguine for my own good and much too optimistic to make me a fit companion for intellectual beings. What I have written is merely to extenuate a fault that appears to be ingrained in my nature. Anything that can properly be said to turn the sharp edge of the pessimists' criticism ought, it seems to me, to be published for the benefit of troubled spirits who suffer, as I do, from the tone of kindly superiority in which their tendency to optimism is mentioned. Optimists should doubtless be very humble-minded, but they need not remain altogether silent. Too little has been said on their behalf of late. Pessimists ought at least to be told how the other half thinks.



IN the sense of being recent arrivals, all of us are at some time during life débutants. We are, for instance, born. It seems not unreasonable, therefore, that we should admit into the mystic circle so long pre-empted by social beginners some of the other amateurs who are interesting. I am thinking particularly of those newcomers who enter unwillingly the field of composition. I say unwillingly; for all composition is liable to be acute and merciless betrayal. "O, that mine enemy would write a book!" is an exclamation profoundly wise and human. And American students of to-day are conscious that they are constrained to make by composition a confessional to their teachers. Compared to the fate of these helpless innocents, lambs gambolling to the slaughter would afford a happy and joyous sight.

Certain Literary Débutants

Of late, books of a certain type have been enjoying an amazingly wide popularity: these are the Daisy Ashford and Opal Whiteley books—purporting to have been written by children. Undoubtedly they were. But the reading public has supposed them to be unique. In that they are printed, they are. But parents know and teachers know that myriads of little minds are just as original and just as interesting as Daisy's or Opal's; furthermore, that as literary débutants these minds are forever expressing themselves with a quaint and disarming naïveté that is due primarily to their elfin outlook upon life. But this childishness often extends itself much farther into life than most people suppose. Young Americans enter my classes (I confess to being a teacher, but hope some day to reform) who are bronzed and stalwart and upstanding. Exceedingly manly to look upon, are they. But no sooner do they begin to attempt self-expression than they find themselves betrayed beyond hope of rescue; and those who find themselves in the worst plight of all are the self-confident ones who hoped to escape by the specious airplane of flighty rhetoric. Of great books, and therefore of the meaning of life, they are ignorant. Sometimes they lisp in meaningless words; often the words do not come. These literary débutants are the most embarrassed and blushing of débutants, deliciously ingenuous. I read from one of them this singular statement: "Samuel Johnson married a widow who had children as old as her-

self." I think that Mrs. Porter had so many peculiarities that there was no need to make her absolutely unique. In the following fashion another describes the leisurely process of marriage: "As the years passed by, Alfred Tennyson became married." I do not know but that this is a rather clever unconscious thrust at the great laureate's somewhat dilatory love-affair with Emily Sellwood. Another young writer thus painfully unburdens himself of the knowledge of Lord Macaulay that he has accumulated: "Macaulay was a kind-hearted, muscular baron who died in December." This kind of recollection of Macaulay is perhaps what Tennyson had in mind when he lamented "the hollow wraith of dying fame." From his readings of the Old Testament narratives, one student, of a cast of mind that is evidently melancholy, offers this discovery: "When King David gave birth to a child, the Lord in anger took it away." There seems, after all, to be something new under the sun; but it takes a débutant to find it. The following excerpts may be said to represent somewhat more refreshing reactions to the Bible stories: "Joe advised the Egyptians to hooverize." "Potiphar's wife tried to vamp Joseph, but he made a neat getaway." It may be argued that these last two answers are rather mature in thought; however, they illustrate the truth of the fact that there is often a close kinship between the ultra-modern and the amateurish.

Occasionally, less by conscious design than by happy mischance, a statement from a débutant occurs which affords an example of what Milton meant when he expressed a longing for that type of writing:

> Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, while Edmund Burke declares, "It took England five hundred years to subdue Ireland," an ingenuous student has it thus: "After more than five thousand years, it was discovered that England had not conquered Ireland." (London papers please copy.) Macaulay informs us that during the vagrant and miserable period of Samuel Johnson's life, that great man repaired to Birmingham, where he became a hack writer. An American boy thus senses the situation: "Johnson went to a city, where he drove a literary hack." Yet, after all, in point of importance, there is some similitude between the relative positions of hack-writers and hack-drivers. Perhaps the strangest misconception that I ever encountered was this. Being asked to describe the manner in which the angelic bands welcomed the departed Lycidas, of Milton's elegy, this realistic account was rendered: "When Lycidas reached heaven, he was met *by the band*"—brass, of course.

After many years of experience in the teaching of these débutants in expression, during which period I have picked up such interesting bits of information as that Jehovah was the wife of Adam, that Washington Irving wrote the Bible, and that George Eliot was the father of Beowulf—I am beginning to think that the American home is leaving too much responsibility to the American school. Conscience knows that the school-teacher already has a sufficient number of problems with which to wrestle. He feels that he has a right to expect that the young people who come to him have, through reading and intelligent conversation, some literary background, some sense of life's landscape. With it in scholars, the work of teaching is the pleasantest imaginable; without it, teaching is a curious and continuous round of galvanic shocks from the battery of ignorance. As social débutantes never think of coming out unless they have had some lessons in the fine art of bewitching mankind, so the beginners in composition need a start in the home. And it is the home itself which is indicted when a young writer states gravely: "Robin Hood wrote 'The Tail of a Shirt,'" or, "Literature is the stuff out of which movies are made," or "Orpheus and Eurydice are two of Jack London's characters who were divorced at Reno," or "A true poet is one who writes popular jingles and pantomimes."

Dogs and Character

THERE is a certain kind of moral obloquy, under which I have at times lain, that I feel to be somewhat unjust. Whenever I admit that I am not fond of pet animals every animal-lover eyes me askance. At once their faces depict horror. Instantly I am set down in their minds as a reprobate. That I am cold-hearted, selfish, probably dishonest, and certainly inhuman, is the conviction they try to conceal. And

yet—and yet, is the inhumanity not in some degree theirs, in so prejudging me? Is dog-loving, for instance, the test of character that dog-lovers fondly believe? I do not find them always more generous to human rights than those who set less store by canine society. The largest-hearted person of my acquaintance, the most responsive to human calls, dislikes the proximity of animals, yet never neglects those creatures, and they have been many, which have come under her care. The most complete dog-devotee I know is cold and even malicious to her kin. Instances only—whether exceptions that prove the rule or straws showing the set of the wind, I do not know; I only know dog-lovers are not generous in their judgment of me.

"You probably never owned a dog," is their utmost effort to excuse my indifference. I admit I never did, but my mind goes back to my animal-surrounded childhood. Three horses, a cow or two, with attendant calves, a few pigs, more chickens, and a dozen or so of cats and kittens were my daily companions, while under my special care was an elderly relative's overfed, yelping black and tan. How my keen ears and nose, delighting in sweet sounds and fragrances, suffered under it all! I spare the gentle reader the details, only begging him to believe it is not barbaric cruelty of nature that led me to rejoice in the final removal of stables, styes, coops, and kennels from our ménage.

Barbaric cruelty they may suspect me of; barbarian ignorance they make me acknowledge, these experts in doggery. To be sure, they may not share my fondness for old lace, but do I tell them they are Bœotians, or drag them to certain beloved museum cases and force them to join in my gloating under pain of excommunication from my friendship? I endeavor to preserve a calm exterior under the grossest confusion of Malines with Maltese, and yet I read contempt in their faces when I fail to recognize the exact breed of some black or white or yellow quadruped. That he is a dog, and therefore to be shunned, suffices my senses. If he is large enough to growl instead of small enough to yelp I count it a mercy. If he is less offensive to the olfactories than most, I congratulate myself. If he will content himself with wagging his tail instead of pressing moist caresses on me, I give thanks. If he happens to please my eye in line and color, in texture and noble mien, I even admire him. But I can admire a collie as an object in the landscape without having the least desire to have a Mexican hairless or a dachshund or a Boston terrier share my bed and board. I admit, or even insist, that since an all-wise Providence (or the present era of biological evolution, as you will) has not yet relegated these unpleasant zoological specimens to the list of extinct animals, they should have the climate, food, and in general the life they are biologically fitted for, though a bit sceptical as to their getting it in a rose-colored boudoir. To prevent cruelty to them I might, on occasion, endure it. Why, then, must I suffer under this condemnation, this sense of being a disgrace to my kind, because I chance to prefer the society of my kind, good talk to dumb devotion, and witty words to wagging tails?

BOOK ILLUSTRATION IN OLD JAPAN

By Louise Norton Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RARE OLD PRINTS

[SECOND PAPER]

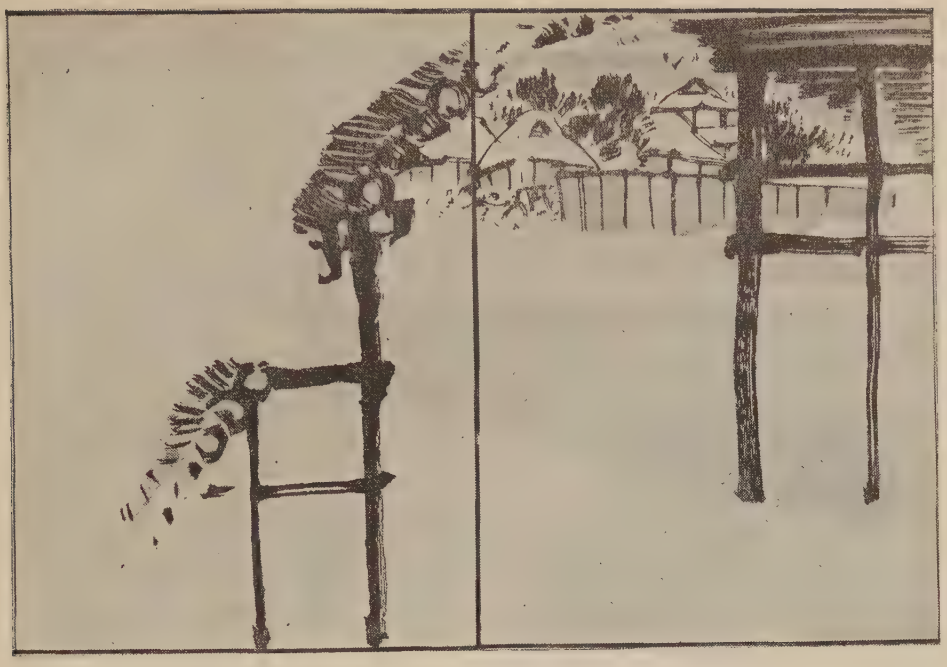
GENERATION after generation, the peculiarities in manner of the old Japanese schools of art can be traced back to the masters who founded them. Buson's teachings are plainly seen in Goshun's work, although the latter's style is no mere imitation of the earlier artist's method. Keibun and Toyohiko, Shibata Gito, Satō Suiseki, and Ueda Kōchō followed, all highly original and yet plainly influenced by the work of the original old poet-painter.

Maruyama Ōkyo (1733–95) became even more influential and popular, and, although his academy in Kyōto was not the first one established there when this new-old art movement commenced to bubble and simmer, it became so much the most famous that in time it rather overshadowed the other studios. A large number of Ōkyo's pupils worked for wood-engraving in addition to their regular work, and Gessen, Nagasawa Rosetsu, Nishimura Nantei, Yamaguchi Soken, and Hachida Koshū all produced charming books.

From Utanosuke Ganku's studio also there emerged many painters who worked for wood-engraving. Ganku himself (1748–1838), although confining his work chiefly to painting and teaching, illustrated one rare set of folios known as the "Ransai Gwafu" or the "Namping Sensei Gwafu," containing drawings in the style of Chin Namping, which was published in eight volumes in 1772. The inimitable Kino Chikudō, Kawamura Bumpō, the latter's adopted son, Kawamura Kihō, Watanabe Nangaku, and Ōnishi Chinnen all produced delightful books, most of which were beautifully printed in colors on rich and heavy paper.

From Volume III of the *Suigata Shū*, by Baikiken Itsujin (Kyūrō Baitei). Published, Bunkwa 10 (1813).

Although Kyōto is regarded as the centre of this impressionistic work, the movement became too popular to remain confined to the Kyōto studios, and many artists in Ōsaka, Nagoya, and even in Yedo became its devotees. Chō



From the *Koshū Gwafu*, by Hachida Koshū. Published, Bunkwa 9 (1812).

Gesshō, of Nagoya, produced some delightful volumes and Ōishi Matora, his pupil, followed with several containing work so strikingly like Gesshō's that if unsigned it might be taken for that of the older master.

Another school which should not be overlooked was that of Katō Iyo-no-Kami Bunrei (1705–82), the Daimyo of Ōzu, who had been an early follower of the Chinese school, and who commenced his work in Yedo at about the same time that Buson established his Bunjingwa academy in the older city. Bunrei was, of course, chiefly famous as a painter, but he also produced a number of books containing very striking work, some of them printed in black and white and gray, and others having a few notes of soft color added. The famous Tani Bunchō, who became painter to the Tokugawa court, was Bunrei's pupil, and in addition to his kakemono and screens left several books, some of which are so rare that many collectors have never even seen the first editions. Chief among these is the superb "Shazanrō Gwahon," printed in colors on the delicate Chinese paper known as *toshi*, which, although not dated, probably appeared about 1810 or 1811. A rather poor reprint is in existence, although this also is not easily found now.

Kameda Bōsai, although chiefly known as a poet and scholar, should be spoken of in connection with these books, because one of the most utterly charming of them all was his work—the rare and little-known "Kyō-chū-zan" (literally "Mountains of the Heart"), printed in soft colors on *toshi*, and published in one slender folio in 1809.

Last of all, because he really stands by himself, should be mentioned Keisai Masayoshi, whose name is probably the most familiar to foreign collectors of any of the artists of the impressionistic schools. This is doubtless because his early work was in the Ukiyo-ye style and his first books show the influence of his teacher, Kitao Shigemasa. Toward the end of the century, however, Keisai's style changed into the delightful impressionism which is so generally associated with his name. How this change came about can only be surmised, for his impressionism is a decorative impressionism which has little resemblance to that in the drawings of the other followers of this movement. That he was an ardent admirer of Kano Tanyū's is known, and also that Kōyetsu and Kōrin had been much studied by him, while here and there in one or two of his rare books there are indications that the Shijō and Maruyama schools of Kyōto were not without their influence upon him. The complete change from the Ukiyo-

From the *Kaidō Sogwa* (also known as the *Kaidō Kyōka Awase*). *Adventures on the High Road*, by Kawamura Bumpō and Watanabe Nangaku. Published, Bunkwa 8 (1811). This plate by Bumpō.

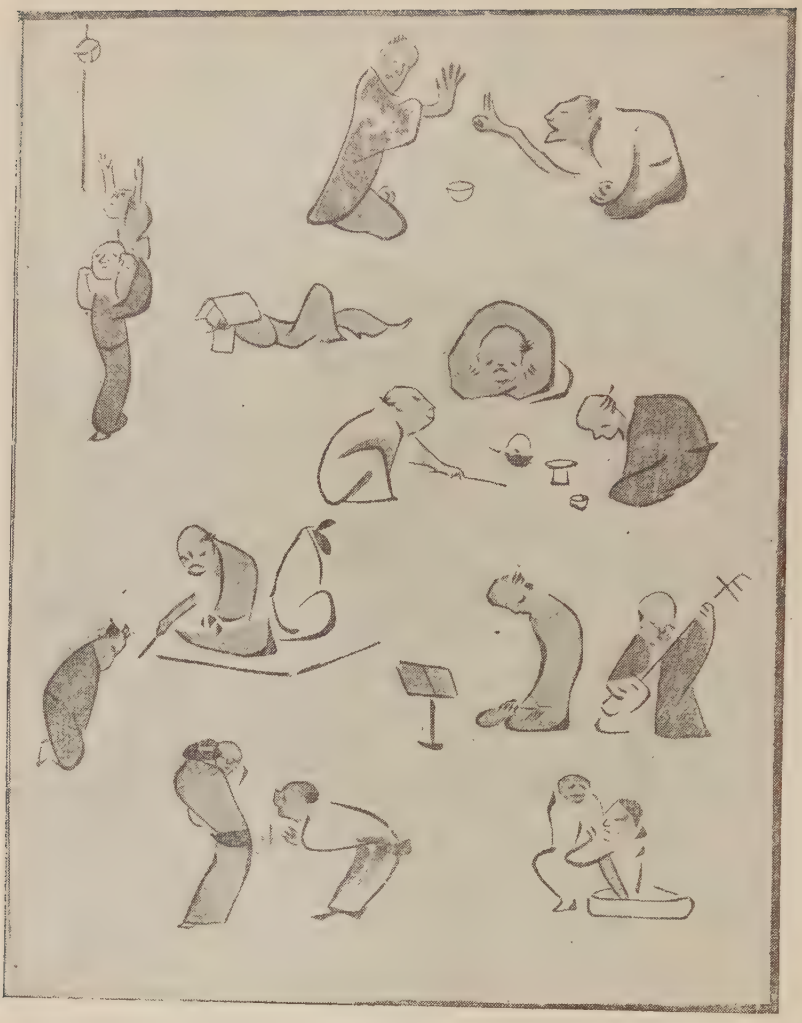
From the *Kaidō Sogwa* (also known as the *Kaidō Kyōka Awase*). *Adventures on the High Road*, by Kawamura Bumpō and Watanabe Nangaku. Published, Bunkwa 8 (1811). This plate by Nangaku.

ye to this impressionistic style should probably be attributed to a visit paid by him to Kyōto about 1786. Here he met all the famous painters of the new movement and their work was bound to have its effect upon him. It was certainly soon after this visit that he turned to their more impulsive technique. The beginnings of this venture

By Chō Gesshō, from the last volume of the *Meika Gwafu* (1815).

may be traced in the "Haikai Kato Manshū," an excessively rare *kubari-hon*, or gift-book, of about 1787 or 1788. This beautiful but little-known folio is a collection of *haikai*, or seventeen-syllable poems on the four seasons. The drawings are four double-page color-plates by Keisai representing Arashiyama in spring, the river-bed in Kyōto with its summer-night picnic parties, the Bon Ōdōri of August, and the preparations for the New Year. The preface was written by Shinratei, who also wrote that in the well-known "Miyako-no-Nishiki." In it this writer says that the poems and drawings in the book were made at the request of Maruyama Mondo (one of Ōkyo's names) "in his old age," who desired to have the book printed as a souvenir to give to his friends. We may suppose it was also a compliment to Keisai and it suggests meetings and talks between him and the Kyōto painters which finally won him over to their looser technique. The drawings of the river and hills at Arashiyama in this book are something in the style of those in the "Miyako-no-Nishiki," but the groups of dancing figures in the Bon fête, and the drawing of the river-bed in Kyōto, except that they have not wholly reached the freedom of his later work, might almost be taken from his famous "Jimbutsu Ryakugwa-shiki." Unfortunately this book bears no date, but the facts that the preface is by the same writer as that in the "Miyako-no-Nishiki" and that the book was printed in Ōkyo's "old age," as well as the increased impressionism of the drawings, all indicate a date slightly later than 1787.

The books by the artists mentioned form a very small part of the delightful folios and albums produced, and in addition to those which were entirely the work of one man, there are innumerable collections of poems, *kubari-hon*, and other compilations made up of work by groups of different artists. The rare and valuable "Shōshun Hōjō," containing drawings in white on a black ground, printed from stone blocks in Temmei 2 (1782), is only one of these unique albums. It contains plates by Itō Jakuchū,



From the *Ryakugwa-shiki* (1795), by Keisai Masayoshi.

Hōitsu, and Ōkyo among others. The famous "Meika Gwafu" (three volumes, 1815) and the "Keijō Gwayen" of 1814 are perhaps the best examples of these compilations. They are beautifully printed in colors, the "Keijō Gwayen" on *tōshi*, and contain plates by most of the well-known painters of the impressionistic schools, and give a fairly comprehensive idea of the styles of these men.

When one considers the delightfully ingenuous drawings in the seventeenth-century books, the noble work done by the early eighteenth-century Ōsaka artists, and the illustrations in the books by these men of the Kyōto schools, the narrow horizon of the print-collectors become incomprehensible. There was such a multitude of books printed in Japan in early days that unless one has a catholic taste one loses a great deal of enjoyment and gains but the most superficial idea of what wood-engraving in Japan included—an art by no means limited to the men whose names have become familiar to Europeans from their prints. Even a few months spent in book-collecting in Japan will dispel forever the belief that the prints and books by the Ukiyo-ye artists, beautiful as many of them are, represent in any adequate way the tremendous thing that Japanese illustration was, or that they form anything but an infinitesimal part of the delightful volumes full of interesting drawings both in colors and black and white.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF OLIVARES, BY VELASQUEZ.

Presented to the Hispanic Museum, New York, in memory of Collis P. Huntington, by Mrs. Huntington.
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—"The Field of Art," page 380.

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SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIES

RHODES—BARNATO—BURNHAM

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. HAMMOND'S PERSONAL COLLECTION

I

IT was my good fortune to enjoy for seven years an intimate association with Cecil John Rhodes, who was not only the most remarkable man I have ever known, but, take him all in all, the most thoroughly to be admired.

I was his friend. I was engaged with him in the active management of great business enterprises. I was his companion in adventurous roamings through trackless wilderness inhabited by ferocious beasts and hostile savages. I have been with him in camp where lions roared close at hand, to be kept off only by a wall of fire and the firing of guns, and not prevented even by such means from snatching our donkeys or occasionally a negro boy.

Thus I may fairly claim to have known Rhodes well. I can testify that he was far from being the selfish and ruthless man his enemies declared. His character was exactly the opposite. Fairness and justice were guiding principles from which he never swerved. More than once I have heard him say: "Always put yourself in the other fellow's place. Any trade that is not satisfactory to the other fellow is not satisfactory to me." And again: "I have never in my life met anybody with whom it wasn't just as easy to deal as to fight."

Ambitious, yes, but on a grand and noble scale. He cared nothing for money except for the power its possession gave. "I do like power," he said to me. He liked to control great affairs and would say that he "loved the game."

This man, who was called the empire-builder, who "thought in continents," had started in life with almost every possible handicap. The son of a poor English clergyman, and one of the youngest of nine children, he was moneyless and sickly. In the hope that his health might be benefited, he was shipped off at seventeen years of age to an elder brother's farm in Natal. A year after his arrival in South Africa there arose a great excitement over the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley. There was a rush of wealth-seekers to the scene, and the boy, eager for a chance to gain sudden fortune, hastened thither, making the journey of several hundred miles in an ox-cart, and carrying with him no other equipment than a spade, a bucket, and a few well-thumbed volumes of Latin and Greek classics.

Kimberley in those early days—the year was 1871—was a place neither inviting nor healthful. It lacked sanitation and was beset by fevers. Young Rhodes found it hard to get wholesome food, and it would not seem that his diamond-digging yielded him immediate riches. By desperate frugality he managed to save enough to make a trip each winter to England, where, at Oxford, he studied diligently. There was one year when he was too poor to go. His health was still

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wretched, and there came a time when he was told by his physician that he had only six months to live. But this was a man who defied adverse conditions and overrode obstacles. He obstinately refused to die; and only a few years later he personally controlled the diamond business of the world, having formed the greatest business combination ever established up to that time, which produced nearly all of the diamonds, regulated the supply, and fixed the prices.

It was necessary to fix the market price for diamonds to avoid the cutthroat competition which had obtained prior to the consolidation of the properties. So severe was this competition that the market price of the stones was actually below cost of production, and the industry was on the verge of financial collapse. At that time Cape Colony was dependent for a considerable part of its revenue, and almost entirely for its maintenance, upon the diamond industry at Kimberley.

This diamond trust has since grown to enormous proportions, and in effect has a monopoly of the world's diamond business, a very large percentage of the sparkling stones from Kimberley being sold in America. The output could be much increased were it not for the danger of congesting the market.

My first meeting with Cecil Rhodes was in 1893. I had gone to South Africa as an expert in gold-mining, to act as consulting engineer for B. I. Barnato. Barney Barnato, as everybody called him, was one of the most extraordinary characters in that land of extraordinary men. His life was one of romance. He was a Whitechapel Jew, who had gone to South Africa penniless, but who at the time of which I speak had become a diamond magnate. He had also important gold-mining interests at Johannesburg.

It was my job to manage and develop Barnato's gold-mining properties, and I had brought with me from America several first-class mine-managers. Barnato desired to employ me under contract for a term of years, but I refused to engage myself to him for more than six months, saying that if at the end of that time he did not consider it worth while to pay me a larger salary and give me a share in his profits I would prefer to look elsewhere. For the time being, however, I had no reason to be dissatisfied with the salary Barney gave me. He paid me handsomely; and certain engineers of other nationalities, jealous of the intrusion of American engineers into the field, spoke of me rather unkindly as "Barnato's white elephant." Under those circumstances it was natural that I should be particularly eager to make good.

In the course of the six months I perceived two great opportunities for Barnato, and placed them at his disposal. One was the acquisition of a large mining area, as yet unworked, on the eastern end of the Rand. It offered a prospect of millions; and I may add that, as a result of subsequent development, this area became most profitable. I had secured a short option on the property and urged Barnato to purchase it, but he was so occupied with other mining propositions far less important that he failed to avail himself of the big chance.

The other opportunity was much more speculative, but promised fabulous profits in case of success. It was a scheme for deep-level mining. Up to that time the companies had been content to confine their activities to comparatively shallow workings below the outcropping reefs or veins. My proposition was to dig down into the depths. Since then many hundreds of millions of dollars have been taken from the deep levels, whence, indeed, most of the present-day output of gold from the Rand is coming.

But it was Cecil Rhodes who grasped this great opportunity when I presented it to him, and who carried the scheme into effect.

At the termination of my six months' contract with Barnato I resigned my position, and almost immediately thereafter I received a telegram from Rhodes, who was at that time Prime Minister of Cape Colony, asking me to come and see him at Cape Town. I lost no time in responding to the summons, and, when I saw him, the upshot of our talk was a proposition by him that I should take charge of all his gold-mining properties. He offered me a most liberal salary, and readily assented to my stipulation that I should be responsible to him alone, and subject to interference by nobody else.

B. I. Barnato.

From the autographed photograph in the possession of Mr. John Hays Hammond.

Barnato was much surprised and taken aback by my departure from his employment, though I had given him timely notice, telling him that, inasmuch as he was disinclined to follow my advice and pursue a more energetic policy, I felt compelled to resign in preservation of my self-respect, and lest I be deprived of opportunities to become identified with the great engineering problems on the Rand.

Barney chose to consider that Rhodes had played him a mean trick. He went to see Rhodes and, thumping the table angrily, he said: "Suppose you had a chef whose culinary skill you highly valued, and that I were to hire him away from

you. You wouldn't think that a decent performance on my part, would you? Of course not; and yet, in getting Hammond away from me, you have done exactly that kind of thing." That this was wholly unjust the explanation I have made will show.

Notwithstanding our business rupture, Barney and I always remained good friends. After the Jameson Raid, when I was in jail at Pretoria charged with complicity in that enterprise, he remained six months in the town on my account, doing everything in his power to help me. Later on he was present at a dinner given in honor of other men and myself on our release from prison, and in the course of a speech was kind enough to say that he regarded me as his best investment, and that he was sorry he had not followed the advice I gave him.

Barney was a financial genius. If he were alive to-day and without a cent, I would grubstake him with a few thousand dollars, and, launched with that small capital in Wall Street, he would soon have all the money there was in that speculative centre. He had the reputation of being shrewd, perhaps excessively so, and by some was regarded as not over-scrupulous, but he possessed many virtues.

His end was tragic and lamentable. A few months before his death he had formed a corporation to take over all of his mining interests. On his advice many of his friends in England had purchased shares in this new company. There was every reason to suppose that Barney's representations as to the value of the shares would be realized; but unfortunately a financial depression arrived in London, and the Barnato, in common with all other South African shares listed on that market, declined greatly.

Barnato, who was in Johannesburg at the time, became much depressed. Being compelled to return to London to meet his disappointed shareholders, this prospect weighed so heavily on his mind that he threatened to commit suicide. His nephew, "Solly" Joel, and other friends made it their business to keep watch over him on the voyage to England, and so carefully did they guard him that he did not succeed in carrying out his threat until the day before the steamer touched at Madeira, about ten days' sail from Cape Town.

While pacing the deck arm-in-arm with Joel, Barney said: "Solly, what time of day is it?" "Solly" released his arm for a moment and Barney seized the chance to jump overboard. His body was recovered.

That was before the days of wireless. Had Barney lived to reach Madeira he would have learned that the market had taken a turn upward, that the shares he had sold to friends were actually standing at a premium, and that he would not have to suffer the humiliation of facing a disappointed crowd of shareholders.

To-day, under the able management of "Solly" Joel—who, by the way, was a prison-mate of mine at Pretoria in connection with the Jameson Raid—the Barnato group is the greatest group of financiers in England, surpassing even the Rothschilds in money power. It controls the diamond industry and also many of the most important gold-mines of the Rand.

In the early days of diamond-mining at Kimberley, there was a law forbidding anybody to own more than one claim. This was repealed, and immediately thereupon Cecil Rhodes, who at the time was only twenty-seven years old, undertook to consolidate the properties, organizing the De Beers Mining Company (named after a Dutchman who had a share in the enterprise), and acquiring nearly half of the diamond-producing area.

The concern known as the De Beers Diamond Mines was the first great industrial trust (as we call such combinations nowadays) ever organized. At that period we had not yet begun in the United States to develop "big business" on any such scale of magnitude. It is easy to imagine the power which control of such sources of inexhaustible wealth eventually placed in the hands of Rhodes.

Rhodes was an adventurer on a colossal scale. He planned mighty things and never hesitated at a great risk if a proportionate end was to be gained. His vision, courage, and resolution are well illustrated in connection with the story of the deep levels.

As we sat about our camp-fire one

evening—Rhodes, Jameson, and I, on a trip through Mashonaland—a discussion arose between Rhodes and myself about the future of the Rand. He wanted to know how long the life of the Rand mines would be. I told him that geologically there was no reason why it should not last many more years; that from an engineering point of view there was no limit to the depth to which mining might be carried. Then I went on to explain that, whereas outcrop claims were selling anywhere from $10,000 to $100,000 per acre, we could pick up all the other land for deep-level mining at $50 to $100 per acre, providing no one discovered what we were trying to do. I figured that, allowing for the cost of sinking shafts to a depth of 3,000 feet, his profits would be twenty or thirty times as great as those yielded by the enormously costly outcrop lands.

"Why would it not be good business," Rhodes asked, "to sell the outcrop-company holdings quietly, buy all the ground along the deep levels for ten or twelve miles, and start mining at 2,000 to 5,000 feet?"

"I recommended that to Barnato," I said, "but he was too busy with other things to bother about it."

"Let's send a cablegram to London at once!" Rhodes exclaimed.

About two o'clock in the morning my secretary—now Lord Saye and Sele, a fearless adventurer, a D. S. O. man, and a crack-shot—started with only a couple of natives, on a 500-mile ride across dangerous country to the nearest railroad station at Mafeking, with a cable to the London directors of the Consolidated Gold Fields. The cable, signed by Rhodes, was briefly this:

"Have decided best policy for company would be sell out our entire holdings in outcropping companies. Do this at once. Hammond approves. Cable reply."

It took over a month for our representative to cover the land journey, receive the reply, and rejoin us near the Zambesi, a total ride of over 1,000 miles. And this was the wording of the directors' reply:

"We don't understand your cablegram. Do you wish us to liquidate company? This cannot be done without full explanation to directors."

Rhodes was furious. He was not in the habit of having his explicit instructions disobeyed. He sent back this cablegram:

"Do exactly what I instructed you to do at once without asking questions. I take full responsibility."

This time the London agents obeyed. When we got back to Johannesburg several million dollars' worth of shares had been turned into cash at very high prices, the market being then at the height of a boom. We immediately set machinery in motion to acquire all the land we wanted, and, though there was no end of haggling by some of the parties in interest, we finally got nearly all we were after, and the whole deep-level plan of mining was mapped out and started. We had to spend millions before we reached a trace of gold, and more millions before we won a single ounce of metal. But within two years we made $10,000,000 profit on the transaction. Had it not been for deep-level mining, the Rand would have been nearly exhausted by now.

There is one bit of unpublished history that may as well see light now. It will show how near Rhodes came to controlling the copper output of the world.

The near coup was scheduled for 1895. By this time the new gold-mines were pouring out millions and millions of dollars' worth of their precious product, and we could have raised $200,000,000 or $300,000,000 of capital without trouble. The memorable Secrétan Copper Syndicate, which aimed at buying up the bulk of the world's stock of copper and boosting the price, had collapsed ignominiously some time before this. The brilliant but erratic Frenchman had gone about things the wrong way.

Rhodes, having managed to establish control of the international diamond business, was interested in the idea of acquiring control, not of finished copper but of all the principal copper-mines of the world, so as to be able to regulate output and price. He succeeded in interesting the Rothschilds, who controlled the great Rio Tinto mine as well as another large mine in Mexico. Alfred Beit was also behind us, as were all the resources of the De Beers and the Consolidated Gold

Fields—the whole representing hundreds of millions of dollars.

I laid out plans at Mr. Rhodes's request for control of Anaconda and other American properties, and the scheme was so far advanced that I was to leave for the United States early in 1895 to complete the American end of the deal.

Unfortunately the Jameson Raid came on. I was in prison for six months, and then Rhodes went to Matabeleland to quell a serious uprising of natives in that territory. So the whole gigantic plan fell through.

When twenty-three years old, Rhodes, with four other young men, addressed a long letter to the Prime Minister of England, Lord Beaconsfield, telling him how the empire ought to be run. Not very long before his death he said to me: "I have never deviated from the policy laid down in that letter."

He liked to get out a big atlas and talk about the future of China, of Mexico, and of other countries, trying to look ahead fifty or a hundred years, and speculating as to what the relations of the various nations of the world would be, what conditions might mutually attract some or repel others, and so forth. Always he was a great admirer of America and the Americans.

On one occasion, studying the map of Africa, he swept his hand from the Mediterranean to the Cape, and said, "I want to see that all red!"—meaning, of course, all British. Of such an exalted character were his real ambitions, not for himself personally but for the welfare of mankind, and most particularly for the expansion and aggrandizement of the British Empire.

In the last-named direction how marvellous were his achievements! Entering the Cape Parliament, he brought about soon afterward the acquisition of the whole of Bechuanaland, more than twice the size of the British Isles, and became its virtual ruler. At thirty-seven years of age he was Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and before reaching forty he had taken the first steps toward annexation of the vast domain known to-day as Rhodesia, which has an area greater than that of France, Prussia, and Austria combined.

Every tourist "doing the proper thing" in South Africa brought, if possible, some kind of written introduction to Rhodes. He had for a long time in his employ a colonial of gigantic stature, who, dressed in the ordinary clothes of a Boer farmer, acted as his secretary. The arriving visitor from afar would be met by the secretary, who would take his or her hand in his huge paw, shake it gravely, and offer a hospitable chair. Then he would bellow out of the window: "Boy, bring coffee!" And presently would enter a half-naked savage who poured out a cupful of the steaming beverage from a black iron kettle, just that moment removed from the fire. By this time any glimmering of the polite and judicious phrases which the tourist meant to inflict upon Rhodes had probably vanished from his mind.

Such a man as Rhodes could not fail to create in the hearts of many men a devotion so utter that they would gladly have died for him. But, as was inevitable, he had plenty of enemies, and not a few of the bitterest. Some of these were women, one of whom, a noted South African writer, inspired by jealous rage, published a most scurrilous and venomous attack on him. It greatly angered thousands of his friends, but did not seem to annoy him in the least, and not one answering word did he condescend to utter.

There was one man of whom we jokingly said that Rhodes had picked him up out of the Milky Way and elevated him to the status of a fixed star of magnitude. Again and again Rhodes had to refix him, financially and politically. Nevertheless, he became obsessed with the idea that Rhodes owed everything to him, that he was the original maker of Rhodes, and that the empire-builder was jealous of him. Finally he assailed Rhodes in the most vicious way in a political campaign, which resulted in his own inglorious defeat.

A few months later, sitting around a table in a hotel at Bulawayo, several of his friends were joking Rhodes about this man's attacks, and one of them said: "Now, Mr. Rhodes, I suppose it is time for you once again to set his star in the heavens." With a whimsical smile, he replied: "I suppose so. You know the

poor devil is stony broke again." And yet this ungrateful individual, who owed so much to Rhodes, had accused him of every sort of despicable action, personal and political.

In 1896, while in Matabeleland, whither he had gone to quell an uprising of the natives, he received a cablegram from the House of Commons ordering him to come to England at once and be tried at Westminster for complicity in the Jameson Raid. His cabled reply read: "Investigation can wait. I am busy fighting Matabele."

When he was good and ready he went to London to be tried. The proceedings were impressive enough to frighten any ordinary man; but not so Rhodes. Lords and commons were just "plain folks" to him. At the trial he, the accused, dominated the scene. The Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) dropped in, and they shook hands, with a pleasant word or two. While the examination was in progress Rhodes called for beer and a sandwich, and answered between mouthfuls the questions addressed to him.

The morning after the first day of the trial I was travelling by an early train from my home at Chiselhurst to London, where I was to have breakfast with Rhodes at the Burlington Hotel. In the compartment with me were two Englishmen, who were discussing the testimony Rhodes had given the day before. From their conversation I soon perceived that they were friendly to Rhodes; but they regretted that many of his answers to questions had seemed evasive, and feared lest an unfortunate impression might have been thereby conveyed.

At breakfast I reported the incident to Rhodes, who, after a moment's reflection, replied: "Perhaps that is true. My trouble was that I could not recall many of the facts about which I was questioned." After a lapse of several months, during which time he had other momentous problems to solve, he had forgotten many important details.

I said to him that, as he had nothing to conceal, I thought he would be wise to make some sort of statement to that effect. This led him to discuss the matter with other friends and myself, among whom were Beit and George Wyndham, and as a result, at the next day's session of the trial, when questioned about his knowledge of the sending of certain telegrams (one of which, I believe, I had myself sent to Jameson), he admitted that he was not certain of the facts, but declared that he would assume entire responsibility for any telegrams or letters sent in his name by Jameson, myself, and others who figured prominently in the raid. Taking the bit in his teeth, he expressed his willingness to assume the entire responsibility for the raid—a frank and courageous avowal which elicited unbounded admiration for Rhodes throughout all England, even on the part of his political enemies. *Punch* printed a cartoon representing Rhodes as a giant being tied down to the ground by his Lilliputian investigators.

One of the investigators (on a parliamentary committee) was Labouchere, the publisher of *Truth*, a bitter and unscrupulous enemy of Rhodes, who had charged the latter with having benefited on the stock market by the Jameson raid. Rhodes offered vigorous objection to him, unless he should apologize for the slander, and the upshot of the matter was that "Labby" was forced to withdraw his injurious allegations, acknowledging that they were based entirely upon vague and unfounded rumors.

Some days after Rhodes had given his testimony I was with him at a meeting of the shareholders of the British South African Chartered Company, which controlled the political and financial affairs of Rhodesia. A most cordial greeting was accorded him by his shareholders, and afterward he was the recipient of an enthusiastic ovation by a large crowd which had gathered in front of the building to get a glimpse of the famous Englishman.

Rhodes never sought for the lime-light. When in London he was hard to find and still harder to interview. At social gatherings he was rarely seen, though it is easy to imagine the eagerness with which he was sought by the rich and great. Trappings and conventions made little impression on him. Indeed, there is no doubt that he rather enjoyed shocking ultra-conventional people.

He hated a poser. Any man who for advancement relied on his clothes, his so-

cial position, or the deeds of his ancestors was due for some severe bumps if fate threw him into the path of the Colossus. His indifference to personal danger was often a cause of much anxiety to the men who fought by his side. They were young men, and reckless enough, but he went beyond even their limit, and by all laws of chance should have been killed many times.

In March, 1899, Rhodes visited Berlin, where he had an interesting interview with the Kaiser. The monarch asked him what he thought of his famous "Kruger telegram," sent at the time of the Jameson Raid, and Rhodes replied: "I will tell you, your Majesty, in a very few words. It was the greatest mistake you ever made in your life, but you did me the best turn one man ever did another. You see, I was a naughty boy, and you undertook to whip me. Now, my people were quite ready to whip me for being a naughty boy, but directly *you* did it, they said: 'No, if this is anybody's business, it is ours.' The result was that your Majesty got yourself very much disliked by the English people, and I never got whipped at all."

I have heard it said that Rhodes was a cold-blooded man who would not hesitate to sacrifice his best friend; and, after the arrest and imprisonment of myself and "fellow plotters" at the time of the Jameson Raid, I was told that our misfortune "was not worrying Rhodes much." This is refuted by information I afterward received from persons who were with him when he heard of our death sentence. He was almost frantic with anxiety about us.

A few months after our release I met him in London at his hotel, where many important persons were waiting to see him. Ignoring everybody else, he grabbed me by the hand, saying: "Hammond, I want to see you, old fellow!" He took me to his bedroom, and was greatly affected when he told me how anxious and distressed he had been about the four leaders, and especially about me, as my wife was in delicate health at the time.

Some time later, in 1897, my wife and I were invited to a dinner and reception given in honor of Mr. Rhodes by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, one of the most famous women of the Victorian age, at her house in London. After we had been greeted by the baroness, Mr. Rhodes, who was receiving with her, stepped forward to speak to my wife, whom he had not seen since 1895, when, just before the Jameson Raid, we visited him at Cape Town.

Warmly grasping my wife's hand, he said: "Many things have happened since you and I last met. I remember that you asked me then if I ever spent a sleepless night, and I said no. But since that time I have spent many sleepless nights. Often in my adversity I have recalled the pleasant visit you paid me, and have wondered if you did not look upon me as a man with the big head. I must have seemed to you so cocksure and self-satisfied. Is that not true?"

My wife replied in a tactful way, but did not deny that Mr. Rhodes's conjecture was not wholly unfounded.

To which he replied: "Mrs. Hammond, I have had a terrible setback; but I am confident that it will be a good thing for me, and that in the future I will be a much better and more useful man, because my perceptions are now awakened to many things which formerly I did not recognize or realize."

Rhodes had the reputation of being a woman-hater, but he was by no means a misogynist, though he might have been regarded a misogamist. He was wedded, it was said by his friends, to Africa. But his life would have been more complete and no less full of achievement if he had been married to the right woman—at least so says my wife and other women who knew him. While I have said Rhodes was not a woman-hater, he was averse to wasting his time on women of mediocre intellect. He formed a great admiration for my wife's intellectual ability through a coincidence. One evening at his home, Groote Schuur, Cape Town, we were engaged in a discussion, when my wife sustained her argument by quoting from Marcus Aurelius. Rhodes seemed surprised that she had read Marcus Aurelius. He interrupted the discussion by asking my wife and me to accompany him to his bedroom, and there, lying on the night-table at the head of his bed, were two well-thumbed books—the Bible and

Marcus Aurelius. He said he never went to sleep without reading something from both books.

II

To imaginative youth Africa stands for mystery, endless deserts, jungles and dark forests, towering snow-clad peaks, the lost Mountains of the Moon, cataracts beside which Niagara is a small affair, multitudes of black slaves, elephants, lions, camels, and other strange denizens of the zoo. It means ruins of ancient cities, great gold camps, diamond-mines, strange tribes and stranger customs, cannibals and pyramids. It is the land of adventure.

To the student Africa means destroyed nations, vast tombs, and the thoughts of men long dead, given to us to read on miles of stone carvings. It is still the land of adventure.

To the hard-headed, unromantic business man, who cares nothing for the past and little for the future, it is the land of greatest risks and quickest returns. It means miles of mills grinding out gold day and night, without ceasing, grinding it out literally by the ton—the greatest gold camp on earth, a vast black army of Kaffirs digging forever in endless underground galleries. It means diamond-fields, supplying the whole world with those sparkling stones; copper too, and zinc, lead, tin, iron, coal, rubber, ivory, palm-oil, and spices. It is still the land of adventure.

"To the statesman and philosopher Africa beckons with a seductive finger. During thousands and thousands of years every great race of mankind has marched into that mysterious continent. They have built cities and founded countless colonies, but a fatal blight has ended all. It is truly the dark continent; the very blackness of her people is but a symbol of the death that lurks within her. The tracks of a hundred nations all point inland, but none return."

Thick walls were built by Vasco da Gama along Africa's shores, and the continent was laid at the feet of his sovereign—in vain. Napoleon touched it for a moment, fought a romantic battle, and wisely withdrew. The fierce Turk held a corner for a time, and his power has crumbled to dust. Latest to appear on the scene are the nations of modern Europe, whose struggles for possession of its vast areas and incalculable wealth have been like those of a pack of wolves. It is still the land of adventure.

But to-day a nation has been newly founded in Africa—the only one, properly to be so called, since Egypt, the land of the dead, perished as a power. Its boundaries reach from the Congo to the Cape. In itself it constitutes a mighty empire, and it owes its creation mainly to the genius of Cecil John Rhodes.

This is the story of the winning of Rhodesia, a vast territory in South Africa, which was added to the British Empire by the almost unaided efforts of that amazing man, Cecil John Rhodes.

Rhodesia embraces an area of 440,000 square miles; exceeding the combined area of our New England, Middle Atlantic, and East North Central States. It includes all of the region extending from the Transvaal north to the borders of the Congo State and German East Africa. On the east it is bounded by Portuguese East Africa, Nyasaland, and German East Africa, and on the west by the Congo State, Portuguese West Africa, and Bechuanaland. In acquiring this territory the British came into collision politically not only with the Boers but also with King Lo Bengula, paramount chief of the Matabele, the most warlike and powerful of South African native tribes.

About two hundred years ago two of the strongest colonizing powers in Europe established themselves at the Cape of Good Hope. Here they fought and bickered while wars raged between their respective mother-lands. England, gaining control of the sea (a factor always decisive), was able to give her colonists in South Africa substantial aid, while Holland was finally compelled to leave hers to their fate. But the Dutch colonists were a hardy lot, and, turning inland, they gradually forced their way northward, fighting innumerable hordes of savages and losing great numbers of their people. Every spruit was a battle-ground, and every kopje an outpost costing blood. Their struggle with the war-

like and ferocious Matabele is one of the most heroic episodes in the history of South Africa.

The Matabele are the Zulus of Rider Haggard's stories, touched up with romance. In their country, Rhodesia, are located King Solomon's mines—the veritable diggings from which that many-wived monarch got his great stores of gold. That the novelist should have located them just about where they actually were was purely a literary accident, inasmuch as their discovery postdated the publication of his book. Haggard himself told me that he put the mines where he did for no other reason than that the region was unexplored and therefore inviting to his imagination.

The abandoned workings for gold are scattered over a wide extent of territory. There are, perhaps, a thousand miles of them, a mile or two here and a few miles there, in southern Rhodesia—the Land of Ophir of the Bible. The black slaves who got the gold for Solomon extracted it from quartz-rock, their method being to build a fire against the face of the vein and when it was well heated to throw cold water upon it. By this means the rock was cracked and disintegrated, the fragments were ground to powder between rocks, as the Mexicans grind their corn, and the powder was washed, the gold thus obtained being converted into ingots by melting and pouring it into soapstone moulds.

To get back, however, to the Matabele —those formidable savages are, as Rider Haggard describes them, remarkably intelligent, of superb physique, and tremendous fighters. Their nation, when the white men first encountered them, was organized on a plan wholly military, and its chief business was war.

The Matabele are only an offshoot, so to speak, of the Zulu people, and it is desirable here to explain how they came to be in Rhodesia as the result of a migration northward. In the first half of the nineteenth century the Zulus had a great king named Chaka. There never was a ruler more absolute; and, when he intrusted a military undertaking to one of his generals, he demanded that it be successfully accomplished. If failure resulted, the unfortunate commander and all his men were ignominiously beheaded on their return.

On one occasion a general called Umzilikaze was sent with 10,000 warriors to attack some powerful neighboring tribes. He fought hard and desperately, but could not conquer them. Knowing that to return to Chaka with a report of failure meant certain and disgraceful death, he said to his men: "Why not conquer a kingdom for ourselves?" The idea proving acceptable to them, he turned into the northern part of what is now the Transvaal, subdued the natives there, and established himself as an independent monarch.

Later on, he came into collision with the Boers, and a long and terrible war ensued. One incident of the conflict was the massacre of 2,000 Boer women, children, and old men in a laager of ox-wagons which the fighting Dutchmen had been induced by clever savage strategy to leave temporarily unguarded. To this day the valley that was the scene of this direful tragedy is called the Valley of Weeping.

The Boers, after two years' fighting, wore out Umzilikaze, who was compelled again to march into a new country and start his kingdom afresh. This he did in Matabeleland (now part of Rhodesia), where he quickly brought under subjugation a population of 300,000 Mashonas, so that his power and influence covered a territory several hundred miles square. Joined by numerous warriors who deserted Chaka, he became the first king of the Matabele nation, which, modelled on Chaka's military plan, was forever at war with the surrounding tribes.

When Umzilikaze died his son, Lo Bengula, took the throne. He was a huge man, in later life so enormously fat and unwieldy that he had to be carried about in a cart. It was a custom of his to exact from visitors propitiatory gifts of champagne, of which he was extremely fond, and it was required that the wine should be of superior and expensive vintage.

Every year a great feast and dance was held at his capital, Bulawayo, and at the conclusion of the festivities the King stepped into the middle of the kraal and hurled a spear. The way the spear

pointed when it struck the ground indicated the direction in which the regiments during the following twelve months were to wage relentless war. By always keeping their spears wet with blood the impis maintained the power of the Matabele kingdom. The name Bulawayo means the place of slaughter.

About twenty years after the cessation of hostilities with the Boers, Lo Bengula found himself confronted by white adversaries of a new and different type, led by a beardless man of commanding stature. This man, unlike the Boers, was gentle of speech, disposed to be fair and just in his dealings with the natives, and willing to buy and pay for what he wanted instead of resorting to ruthless seizure and violence. More remarkable yet, he always kept his given word. In his tongue there was no fork, in his heart no hatred, in his hand no sword.

The new white man was Cecil John Rhodes. A born master of men, he was at the same time practical, imaginative, and even romantic. He was a model of simplicity, yet there was about him an element of the inscrutable. In some men he inspired a violent hatred, and in others a sentiment of worship that made them feel it would be an honor and privilege to die in behalf of any cause he might espouse.

Rhodes had the directness of William Penn, and his courage was of a type that I have never seen in another man. Looking back nearly thirty years, one is struck by his far-seeing wisdom, made manifest by subsequent events, and cannot but admire his fine strategy in acquiring a foothold in Mashonaland ahead of the Boers.

It was his controlling mind that directed a great "trek" of the English to the north—a movement undertaken with a view to heading off the Transvaal Dutch and preventing them from gaining the plateau of what afterward came to be known as Rhodesia.

Before this could be accomplished, however, it was necessary to come to an understanding and make a bargain with Lo Bengula, who claimed sovereignty over all that territory. Rhodes dealt with him with characteristic frankness. He told him about the great empire of which England was the centre and her African possessions only a fringe. He bade him lay aside his spear and come under the rule of a power far mightier than that of the Boer.

As a result a bargain was struck, and Lo Bengula sold to Rhodes the least valuable part of his kingdom, then called Mashonaland, receiving in payment thousands of modern rifles, great quantities of ammunition, and a large sum in gold. Thus did this new country come into the possession of the white man. To establish occupancy there Rhodes gathered together a remarkable band of frontiersmen, whose task it was to push into the wilds 500 miles beyond the end of the most northern railroad. They were an advance-guard of civilization; the real conquest of Africa had begun.

The men who composed this advance-guard were as fine a type of the Anglo-Saxon race as could be found anywhere in the world. Burnham, Selous, Gifford, Collenbrander are names that will rank in the history of South Africa as do those of Frémont, Houston, Crockett and Hays in the story of the winning of our own West. They were young men, full of hope, enthusiasm, and red blood. No rivers were too wide, no deserts too hot, no forests too dense for them to cross and penetrate. Amid the grassy hills of Mashonaland they established farms and villages, started mining operations, built roads, and in short began to develop all the activities of civilization.

This was the state of affairs in Mashonaland when, in 1893, came the outbreak of the first Matabele war. It arrived like a bolt from the blue, unexpected and entirely unprovoked. Later it was ascertained that the cause of it was the emancipation by Rhodes of 200,000 Mashonas whom, in Mashonaland, the Matabele had previously held as slaves.

An impi (regiment) of 2,000 Matabele warriors was sent into the new-built town of Victoria to seize the freed Mashonas, many of whom they slaughtered before the eyes of the white people. Then Inyao, the general commanding the raiders, told the whites that the next time he had occasion to visit Victoria he would do to them what he had just done to the Mashonas.

So gross an outrage and so impudent a defiance were, of course, not to be tolerated. Within a few hours mounted messengers and runners were sent out from Victoria to all parts of the district, and every white man hurried to the town. A meeting was called, a force of volunteers was quickly organized, and every firearm and cartridge was requisitioned. It was decided to punish the Matabele and without delay to attack Inyao, whose camp lay only two miles distant.

Forty men were all that could be mustered and provided with horses for an attack upon 2,000 well-armed savages. As this little force advanced toward the Matabele camp, many of the warriors picked up their weapons and stood in line, wondering what in the world so small a body of white men meant by approaching them in fighting formation.

The forty men dismounted and fired a volley into the blacks, killing a number of them. Inyao himself fell with several bullets through him. This sudden attack astounded the whole impi, and they retreated in the direction of Bulawayo. It afterward appeared that they had positive orders from the cautious Lo Bengula not to kill any white men—else, doubtless, they would have promptly enveloped and wiped out the little command.

Lo Bengula was gifted with an intelligence far beyond that of the ordinary African king. He realized that a struggle with the whites might in the end be disastrous for him. But his counsels were overborne by the younger warriors, who believed that they were invincible, that they could establish a kingdom reaching from ocean to ocean across Africa, and that they could drive the last white man into the sea.

Thus it was that the Matabele nation, the greatest black power in Africa, came to deadly grips with Cecil Rhodes.

It was obvious that after such an outbreak of hostilities Lo Bengula would not be able to hold his fighting men in check. Rhodes was in much the same position, because the war spirit among the settlers had risen so high that they were determined to assume the offensive and invade Matabeleland, rather than retreat through 500 miles of wilderness, abandoning their towns, their farms, and their stock, and even then to run the risk of being slaughtered on the road by the swift-moving impis of Lo Bengula.

The grim determination of the white man, when stripped of the veneer of civilization, is more relentless, more persistent, and more terrible than the ferocity of the most formidable black warrior that ever trod the African continent.

The very boldness and swiftness of the contemplated invasion offered the only chance in its favor. Apart from this consideration, it seemed from a military point of view a hopeless adventure, with no prospect save that the handful of settlers marching into Matabeleland must perish to the last man in conflict with the regiments of well-armed savages.

Doctor Jameson, then administrator for Mashonaland, got permission from Rhodes, who was at that time Prime Minister of Cape Colony, to purchase horses in the Transvaal and further south, and rushed them northward to Victoria. That town was quickly fortified, and as fast as the horses arrived men were mounted and drilled. Arms and ammunition were hurried north. Luckily the settlers had a few small pieces of artillery, captured in a previous scrap with the Portuguese, including a Hotchkiss 1½-pounder. A local tinsmith converted his modest plant into a shell-factory.

Rhodes, while directing operations as well as he could from Cape Town, was obliged to assume the all-important task of keeping the imperial government from upsetting the apple-cart by ill-judged interference, which might cost the lives of all the settlers.

Victoria furnished about 500 men; Salisbury, a town further north, about 400. The total effective force, which included 50 Americans, was 888 rifles. It advanced into Matabeleland in two columns, which united at Iron Mine Hill —so called because prehistoric workers in Rhodesia had dug there for iron ore. The enemy was near at hand, on the edge of the Samabula forest.

The little army's method of defense was adapted from old-time Boer tactics. Twenty-two commissary wagons, each drawn by sixteen oxen, were marched in double column, protected on all sides by mounted men and artillery. Three min-

Cecil John Rhodes and Doctor Jameson.
From the autographed photograph presented to Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

utes from the time an alarm was sounded it was possible to form the wagons into a square and place a piece of artillery at each angle. It was decided that the horsemen, if defeated, should retreat within the square, and that the final stand to oppose the onrush of the Matabele should be made with the wagons as a barricade.

One thing that helped to save the settlers was that Lo Bengula's warriors had got the idea into their heads that their newly acquired rifles must be more effective than their native spears; and most of them persisted in using their guns in the fighting that followed, firing wildly instead of driving their charges home with

the stabbing weapons they could handle so dexterously. Also, they imagined that by raising the sights of the rifle to the highest elevation they could make it shoot straighter and surer. Had they thrown away their rifles and rushed the white men while on the march, or caught them at night, when the skill of the white marksmen would have availed them little, they could have annihilated the column.

But the settlers had little time for thought about what the Matabele were doing. They were devoting all their energy to doing a few things themselves. They knew that their wives, children, and sweethearts were very poorly defended in the fortified towns of Victoria and Salisbury, and that their own defeat would mean the massacre of every white man, woman, and child north of the Limpopo or Crocodile River.

No imperial force, nor even the help of Rhodes, could have reached or aided the settlers in time, if Lo Bengula's impis had overwhelmed the column. The only chance lay in speed and continuous advancing, even though surrounded on all sides by the enemy.

In the end the tactics adopted were entirely successful. Within thirty days the little army of white men had defeated in detail regiment after regiment of the King, whose capital was a blazing mass of ruins and who himself was a fugitive, seeking safety in the jungles of the north.

An incident at the close of this war well illustrates the character of the South African fighting at that time. It is referred to in history as Wilson's "Last Stand." To capture Lo Bengula, Colonel Forbes, in command of the white settlers, called for volunteers, and thirty-eight of the many men who responded to the call were sent, under Major Wilson, to cross the Shongani River to capture the King from the midst of his regiments, which later on, it was ascertained, numbered 7,000 men.

Of these volunteers only three returned alive. The Wilson patrol was entirely surrounded by these hordes of Matabele. Finding themselves in this predicament, they ringed their horses together and shot them to form a barricade. But just before doing this Major Wilson asked Burnham if he thought it possible to ride through the natives and to bring a message to Forbes to come to the relief of the patrol. Forbes at that time was on the opposite side of the Shongani River, about four miles distant, with the main column and the Maxim guns. Burnham, though admitting that he thought it impossible to reach Forbes, nevertheless said he would undertake it.

He selected Ingram, an American, and Gooding, an Australian, to accompany him. By very skilful woodcraft, much fighting, and good luck they succeeded in cutting their way through the surrounding hordes of impis and reached the Shongani River, which was at that time in flood. They succeeded in swimming the river, only to find that Forbes himself was engaged in a very desperate fight with thousands of other Matabele and that it was then too late for Forbes to render the desired assistance.

Lo Bengula died two months later. When I visited this part of the country with Rhodes the following year, we learned from natives who were engaged in the Wilson massacre that it cost Lo Bengula 80 men of the royal blood and 500 warriors to kill Wilson and his 34 men. It was said that Wilson was among the last of the men to fall, and that the wounded men loaded their rifles and passed them to him in the last stages of the defense. But finally, when both his arms were broken and he could no longer shoot, he stepped from behind the barricade of their horses and walked toward the Matabele, who were firing.

Then it was that a young warrior advanced toward him and stabbed him with a spear, and as he withdrew the spear Wilson still continued to approach him. In fear the young warrior shouted, "This man is bewitched; he cannot be killed!" and threw away his spear as Wilson fell forward on his face dead.

We were also told by the natives that in a lull of the firing the heroic Englishmen sang a song that the natives often heard them sing in the church at Victoria. It was the national anthem.

Later the bones of the Wilson patrol were gathered, and they now rest beside the grave of their great chief, Rhodes, in the Matoppo Mountains.

Wilson's "Last Stand" was reproduced on the stage in London as a patriotic play, and ran for two years before crowded houses.

On Christmas Day, 1893, peace was made with the Matabele, and the whole of Rhodesia was thrown open to settlement.

At the same time one of the conditions of the treaty of peace was the freedom of the Mashonas, numbering 300,000. The Mashonas were a special tribe which had been held in slavery by King Lo Bengula since the conquest of his country.

III

TOWARD the end of the year 1895 the trouble between the Boers and the Uitlanders (foreign residents) reached an acute stage, and war clouds began to loom threateningly on the horizon of South Africa. The mischief had been brewing for a long time, and two great men faced each other as protagonists of diametrically opposite ideals and ambitions—Cecil John Rhodes and Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger—Oom Paul, as he was known to the world.

Kruger stood for the nomad, for the ox-cart, and for dominion by the Boers from the Zambesi to the Cape. If the elders of his church could read the Bible, that was, in his view, all the education his people needed. He wanted no population in the country too numerous to allow a farm of 6,000 acres (about nine square miles) for each family.

He was confronted by a man who carried in his blood as great a love of freedom, as strong a tenacity of purpose, as indomitable and unyielding a courage, as the fiercest and mightiest Boer—a man who in his mind's eye saw conquest of the huge continent of Africa. He saw it as a future home for millions of civilized people of his own race. The Boer was content with a semi-barbarism; Rhodes deemed civilization much better worth while. He thought in continents, while Kruger thought only in a succession of Dutch farms.

The question at the time of which I speak seemed to be whether or not South Africa was to be a Boer republic, controlled by a nomadic people of Dutch descent, speaking a mixed language of Kaffir and Dutch, who would drive everybody else out of the country they had helped to build.

Had it not been for numberless stupid blunders by the British Government in its administration of South African affairs, Cecil Rhodes, with his consummate tact and power to influence the minds of men, might have been able slowly and quietly to amalgamate the Dutch and English settlers, and there would have been no Jameson Raid and no Boer War.

As it was, toward the close of the year 1895 the situation became so alarming that Doctor Jameson, who at the time was government administrator for the whole of Rhodesia, expecting an outbreak of hostilities, withdrew from Rhodesia every available soldier and policeman and established headquarters on the borders of the Transvaal. Rhodesia was stripped even of arms and ammunition, and when, soon afterward, the Matabele rose in rebellion, Bulawayo, the capital town, could muster only 380 rifles.

I will not here recite the story of the Jameson Raid, in December, 1895, the precipitancy of which caused the miscarriage of the plans of the Johannesburg Reform Committee and the failure of the reform movement. Suffice it to say, the failure of the raid brought disastrous consequences in Rhodesia. For, when the Matabele learned that their dreaded enemy Jameson was a prisoner in the hands of the Dutch, that "his medicine had gone weak," and that his troops were all captured, they rose in arms against the whites.

Under the terms of peace made with the Matabele at the close of the first war, certain lands were set aside for them; also certain numbers of cattle, supplies of seed for planting, etc. In addition, regular employment was given to all who were willing to work on the farms, in the mines, or for the government. The native people enjoyed more liberty than they had ever before known; slavery was abolished and all were free; labor was paid for in coin, and taxes were lighter than those assessed against any white folks in South Africa. It was taken for granted that they must be contented and happy.

But the powerful native priesthood proceeded to stir up mischief. During Lo Bengula's lifetime there had been among the Matabele a great struggle of the sort most nations have—a struggle between church and state. He was a strong man and he triumphed. But after his death the priests preached to the natives that his defeat was due to the fact that he had forsaken their counsels, and had failed to "make medicine" as did his father Umzilikaze.

The second war, soon thereafter started by the Matabele, owed its inspiration chiefly to their head high priest, who was called the M'Limo, and claimed to be the "mouthpiece of God." He declared that he would make the native warriors invulnerable to the white men's bullets, and gave orders that on a certain night they should attack simultaneously over the whole of Rhodesia. Part of the plan was that on the designated night, when the moon would be full, every native servant should kill his master, and that no woman or child should be spared in the general massacre to follow.

A native woman entering the town of Bulawayo with what purported to be a load of fagots, was halted by the guard because her burden seemed unreasonably heavy. On examination it was found to contain a quantity of assegais, with which every servant in the town was to have been armed.

No white community can be safely trusted with a military secret, but untutored black savages will keep one in a silence as of the grave. It is likely that the M'Limo's programme, involving the murder of every white person in Rhodesia, would have been fully carried out but for the zeal of a few enthusiastic young warriors on the Insesi River, forty-five miles from Bulawayo, who, instead of waiting for the full of the moon as ordered, began killing settlers three days in advance.

Thereupon, suddenly awakened to the peril, the whites at Bulawayo formed themselves into strong patrols, and brought in the people from outlying settlements. Nevertheless, hundreds were massacred, and the situation for a while was desperate. Bulawayo was so closely besieged that its defenders had actually planned the killing of their own women and children when the first relief column arrived.

At this juncture there arrived in Bulawayo a young man named Armstrong, commissioner for a neighboring district, who had an important communication to make. It related to a Matabele youth, who had suggested to him a means whereby the M'Limo, who directed all the operations of the foe, might be killed. All of his own family had been killed by the M'Limo, and he thirsted for revenge. Furthermore, he had a shrewd notion that the whites would win the war in the end, their "medicine" being probably more powerful. The Matabele youth explained that the M'Limo dwelt in a cave in a certain place in the Matoppo Mountains, where it might be possible to take him by surprise and slay him.

Now, of course, the story might be a trap; there was no telling. But desperate emergencies demand the taking of desperate risks, and the upshot of the matter was that the duty of stalking the M'Limo and catching him in his mountain lair was assigned to Frederick Russell Burnham* and young Armstrong. The latter, though a mere boy, was keen-witted and fearless. Burnham, an American, was a veteran Indian-fighter, versed in all the lore of the wilds, and had served as a scout in South Africa.

The two men started for the mountains and found their way at length to the near neighborhood of the cave, which, it appears, was not the M'Limo's habitation, but, so to speak, his church. It was a sacred place, which none but himself dared to enter. When he spoke in a loud voice at the cave's mouth, an echo came back, which was supposed to be the utterance of the Great Spirit. He translated that utterance as he chose, and the true believers bowed down in recognition of supernatural power.

Not far outside the cave was a village of about a hundred straw-thatched native huts. And at the time when Burnham and Armstrong arrived on the scene there was a whole impi, or regiment, of warriors assembled out in front. They were there

* For many of the facts regarding the wars with the Matabele I am indebted to my friend Major Burnham, the celebrated American scout, mining prospector, and explorer, who played an important part in the winning of Rhodesia.

From a photograph copyrighted by Elliot and Fry, London.

Major Frederick Russell Burnham.

to be rendered immune to injury by white men's bullets, a feature of the requisite ceremonial being the skinning of an ox alive and the eating of it raw.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of eluding observation, Burnham and Armstrong succeeded in getting into the cave undetected. For a considerable distance they had crawled on their stomachs, screening their slow and cautious movements with branches of mimosa held in front. Their horses they had tethered in a thicket.

Once inside the cave, they had only to wait until the M'Limo should enter; and after a while he came. He was a man about sixty years of age, very black, sharp-featured, and with a cruel, crafty cast of countenance.

"This is your job," whispered Burnham to his companion.

"No," replied Armstrong, "you do it."

Burnham, who already had the M'Limo covered with his rifle, shot him through the body, just below the heart. The "mouthpiece of God" fell dead.

There was not a moment to be lost. Burnham and Armstrong leaped over the body and down the trail in the direction of their horses. Immediately, of course, there was tremendous excitement; yet the two men paused in their flight to set fire to the village, hoping thereby to distract attention from the pursuit of themselves. Burnham's first match ignited slowly, flickered, and went out. The second gave a quick flame, and the straw thatch began to burn. It was all that was necessary; the fire would quickly spread, and the Matabele stopped to put it out.

Meanwhile the whole Matabele regiment had started in pursuit of the fugitives, who by a miracle got away after a running fight, mounting their horses and soon distancing the savages. When they felt that they were safe, they looked back and saw a great cloud of black smoke rolling over the granite hill above the cave.

The killing of the M'Limo destroyed the myth that centred about him and brought despair to the hearts of the Matabele, most of whom surrendered. The more desperate, however, held out and continued to fight. These irreconcilables, led by a chief named Babyan, felt that the settlers were now in such a temper that they would give no quarter, and so thought that they might just as well sell their lives as dearly as possible. Two thousand or three thousand of them sought refuge in a rocky basin full of caves and thick scrub, a natural stronghold in the heart of the rugged Matoppos, near the place where not long afterward the empire-builder was laid to rest.

It should be realized that this war was being carried on 500 miles beyond the northernmost point reached by the railroad, and at a distance of 1,500 miles from the white men's base of supplies. It was very costly, too, in money. The British Government, anxious to bring it to an end, sent a high commissioner to negotiate with Babyan, but the haughty savage, after keeping him waiting for three days, refused to see him.

The settlers meanwhile had made up their minds to a long and desperate fight, such as they had learned how to carry on with the fierce Matabele, often in labyrinthine caves underground, where they threw down sulphur and kerosene, jumped in, and battled hand to hand. Their blood was up. They wanted to exterminate the savages who, attacking them without provocation or warning, had ruthlessly slaughtered their women and children.

It was at this crisis of affairs that Cecil Rhodes appeared on the scene in the rôle of peacemaker. He endeavored to curb the anger of the settlers, and told them that he himself would go into the Matoppos and try to effect a settlement with the hostiles.

It seemed a mad thing to do, for the blood of Rhodes was more desired by the Matabele than that of any other mortal man. They looked upon him as the king of all the white people. But Babyan would negotiate with nobody else, and, in response to a message from Rhodes demanding an appointment, the chief set a date, selecting a place in a rugged glen, where, surrounded by hundreds of his armed warriors, he sat in state on the only seat provided.

Rhodes, after keeping the chief waiting for three days, appeared at the rendezvous unarmed and carrying only a riding-crop. He was unaccompanied save by two interpreters, Johann Collenbrander and Doctor Hans Sauer.

Looking at Babyan sternly for a moment, Rhodes said: "Get up!" The chief got up and Rhodes took the seat. But a crowd of young warriors, too far distant to have met the compelling eye of the empire-builder, leaped forward, flourishing their weapons and shouting: "Stab him! Stab him! Let us roast him like a pheasant on the fire!"

Rhodes, apparently not in the least disturbed, said to the chief: "Tell your men to sit down." Whereupon Babyan, aided by some of the older and cooler leaders, brought the young warriors to order, telling them to wait until the white king had spoken.

It was a remarkable illustration of the force of a dominating personality. From the instant that Rhodes took the seat from the chief, he put him on the defen-

sive, and Babyan's attitude was that of an accused criminal before a judge.

"What do you mean by killing my white people?" was the first question asked by Rhodes.

The upshot of the affair was that all the fighting chiefs came and broke little sticks, laying them at the feet of Rhodes in token of peace. Thus ended the second Matabele War.

While this event was hanging in the balance anxiety on Rhodes's account was of course intense. A feeling of despair was in the heart of every white man in Rhodesia. No one believed that he would come out of the Matoppos alive; and, when a hard-riding scout brought word to Bulawayo that Rhodes still lived and peace was made, the settlers regarded him as one come back from the dead.

After the surrender Rhodes invited the chiefs to come to a great "indaba," or council, at Bulawayo, and arrange matters that had relation to the future. The preliminary discussion was conducted through Johann Collenbrander, veteran fighter and famous character in that part of the world, who, having been born in the Zulu country, spoke the language perfectly.

After everything was satisfactorily settled, Rhodes, who spoke the language, but not perfectly by any means, made a speech, praising Johann in high terms and giving him much of the credit for the peaceful understanding that had been reached, lacking which the white men and the Matabele, instead of becoming friends, might have gone on killing one another.

Whereupon arose a tall old Matabele chief and replied: "We have known Johann from an infant, and all you say is true. He is a clever and valiant man. But compared with you he is only as a tick-bird that picks the ticks off the great rhinoceros."

That was pretty much the way we all felt about ourselves in relation to the empire-builder. He was the great rhinoceros, and we were only tick-birds.

Rider Haggard, while in this country some years ago, asked me if I knew Major F. R. Burnham, the man who so opportunely slew the "mouthpiece of God," and I replied that, oddly enough, I had never met him, though of course I knew him very well by reputation and, in common with all other Americans in South Africa, admired him greatly.

"You ought to know him," said Haggard. "None of my heroes of book romance is at all comparable to Major Burnham in real life."

Rhodes often spoke to me of Burnham in terms of high appreciation. One day, while riding from his home at Groote Schuur into Cape Town, he handed me a letter, saying, "What do you think of this?" and added: "I wrote to Burnham after the Matabele War, speaking of his services in saving lives, and also in saving Rhodesia for civilization, expressing the desire of the Chartered Company to show him recognition in some substantial way and asking him what he would like the company to do for him."

The letter he handed me was Burnham's reply, in which he thanked Rhodes, but said that what he did in the Matabele War was to help save the lives of the white settlers, and without any idea of making himself useful to the Chartered Company. He wished no reward, but hoped that Mr. Rhodes would in the future have reason always to entertain for him the regard he had expressed.

"That," said Rhodes, "is the first Yankee who has ever refused such an offer from me."

No American has done more to uphold the reputation of his countrymen in South Africa than Major Burnham. In the Boer War he was chief of scouts on the staff of Lord Roberts, who was always enthusiastic in his praise of this remarkable man.

More recently I have become somewhat intimately acquainted with Major Burnham, who was on close terms with Rhodes in connection with his Rhodesian activities.

On one occasion Rhodes, in a reflective mood, remarked: "The English-speaking race, by its virtues of courage and justice, and in spite of much muddling, holds the keys of the world. You Americans and we Britishers both prefer peace to war, and right to wrong. With all our faults, we are the peacemakers." Then, after a long silence, he suddenly turned in his saddle and with great vehemence exclaimed: "Unless we English-speaking

people stand together, all that we hold and all the ideals we represent will be lost."

Another time, after listening attentively to a lengthy description of our American system of government, divided into three parts, executive, legislative, and judicial, he said: "Don't you think your three-ply government, even though well-braided, too rigid for so vast a country as yours, with peoples so diverse in blood and interests? I think you are unconsciously trying to make all the people fit your government. You have got the cart before the horse. The government should fit the people and it should be flexible. What is just for a man in Florida may be rank injustice for a man in Maine. People are not meat, to be ground through a machine and made into political sausages all of equal length and weight. That, it seems to me, is what you Americans are trying to do. You have stubbed your toe on the rock called equality. Democracy is greater than equality; it should mean justice for all."

Then, after a pause, he added: "Lawmakers are useful; we have to have them; but all the legislators in the world cannot build moulds to hold the human spirit or even human actions. The church tried that for centuries, and failed; and now it seems as if we would be inundated by legislation, which may be as galling as any other form of tyranny of the dark ages."

Rhodes excused himself for not marrying by saying that he had not the time to give a wife the attention she was entitled to receive. It is not true, as sometimes alleged, that he was a woman-hater. In his magnificent house at Cape Town there was only one picture. It was a painting of a young woman, beautiful and modest of aspect, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and hung in the dining-room above the fireplace. He loved to look at it, and frequently told how he had gained possession of it. As a boy he took a great fancy to this picture, which belonged to a relative, and his love for it increased as he grew to manhood. Eventually he bought it. He always wound up the story by saying: "Now I have my lady, and I am happy."

When the house at Cape Town was burned his bedroom escaped the flames. An intimate friend went to see him the next morning, and, walking into the bedroom, addressed him by name. But the person in the bed was not Rhodes; it was his secretary, who said weakly: "I am down with the fever, and the chief made me turn in here. You will find him in the corridor in a blanket."

This same friend, Sir Lewis Mitchell, tells of an old Rhodesian pioneer who sought Rhodes for help. Out of work, out at elbows, and reduced to a pitiable state by privation, he was about to state his case when, to his delight, he was hailed by name. The chief had recognized him. Putting his hand on the man's shoulder, Rhodes said: "Not a word; a good square meal first!" He took him to the kitchen for that purpose, and gave him an order on his secretary in town for money to buy what he needed, telling him to come back the next day. When he came back he found Rhodes in a passion. "You took only ten shillings!" The man had been ashamed to ask for more. Rhodes at once took him into town in his own carriage, went with him to the outfitters, completely clothed him, and gave him money and a free pass back to Rhodesia.

Although his income was a good deal more than a million dollars a year, Rhodes spent very little on himself, most of his money being privately given with reckless generosity to people who he thought needed it more than he did. His bank-account was overdrawn most of the time, and often he did not have a penny in his pocket. His securities were commonly tucked away in pockets of disused coats or in obscure pigeonholes. When, for his own sake, his secretary hid his check-book, he issued gift-checks on half-sheets of note-paper, sometimes signing them in pencil.

When he had money he handled it carelessly and irresponsibly, like a child who did not understand the value of it. In London he often applied to his secretary for money to pay cab-fares, and when it was given him he would clumsily close his hand on as much gold and silver as it would hold and, without counting it, would drop it into one of his coat-pockets. When he had to pay for his cab, he would take a coin out of his pocket and hand it to the cabby without looking at it. If it happened to be a gold piece, the cabby

would touch his cap and drive away very pleased.

He paid little attention to dress, and never seemed to know what he was wearing in the way of clothes. Anything that was loose and comfortable was good enough for him. But his love of cleanliness was very remarkable. He would not camp out in the veld if a jam-tin were found in the place selected.

It is related that on one occasion, in Constantinople, he was going to see the Sultan for the purpose of getting permission to send some Angora goats to South Africa, and stopped at the British embassy to pick up the ambassador, who was to escort him to the palace and present him. To the astonishment of that functionary, Rhodes was attired in nothing more formal than a tweed suit. When Rhodes explained that he possessed no frock coat, the ambassador buttoned his own overcoat upon him, and warned him that on no account during the audience must he unbutton it.

Though liable to outbursts of fierce temper, Rhodes always sought afterward to make amends for any offense he had given. Obstinate he never was. Once, when somebody accused him of changing his views rather hurriedly, he replied: "Yes, as hurriedly as I could, for I found I was wrong."

Rhodes used to say that the only worthwhile employee was a contented employee. He built comfortable homes for his workmen, and gave them club-houses, recreation grounds, and churches. No expense was spared in looking after their health, and the model houses provided for their occupancy were rented to them at a low figure.

He was always willing to pay any price for the services of a man whose skill or judgment he could trust; and having bestowed his confidence it was complete and without reservation.

In 1894, accompanied by Rhodes, I made a trip through Matabeleland and Mashonaland (both now included within the territory called Rhodesia), in behalf of the British South African Company, to examine the mining possibilities of the country. For political and financial reasons it was extremely important to Rhodes that my report should be favorable; for upon it would depend the investment or non-investment by British capitalists of large sums for the development of that region. Yet never, during the many days that we rode and drove together and the many nights we camped out, did he ask me a question concerning my impressions.

Our trip covered a thousand miles of wilderness, and for much of the journey Rhodes and I slept on blankets, side by side. He was Prime Minister of Cape Colony, with much business of importance awaiting his return, and was anxious to get back to Cape Town. But he would not hurry me. He waited until I was ready to furnish the information, and when I made my report he declared his absolute confidence in its conscientious correctness and reliability.

Previously Lord Randolph Churchill, with a couple of mining engineers, had gone over the same territory, and had rendered an unfavorable opinion, to the effect that the gold veins were only surface deposits and probably did not run deep. If my report had confirmed this idea Rhodes would have abandoned his project of development, the Boers would have come into possession of the country, and England would have lost 440,000 square miles of valuable land.

The opinion I gave was that, taking them as a whole, the veins would persist in depth, and that there was in the region a favorable prospect for a mining industry. Rhodes carried my report to London, laid it before the shareholders of the British South African Company, and as a result development of the territory was undertaken. At the present time Rhodesia is producing more than $18,000,000 in gold alone annually—more, that is to say, than the State of California.

In 1898, during a period of idleness enforced by ill health (his ailment which caused his death less than four years later being heart-disease), Rhodes spoke frequently in conversation with friends of his desire to be buried in the Matoppos. "Lay me there," he said. "My Rhodesians will like it; *they* have never bitten me.

"The great fault of life is its shortness," he said. "Just as one is beginning to know the game, one has to stop."

The approach of death was familiar to his mind, and, though he was wont to refer regretfully to the brevity of life, and to speak of Methuselah as a man who "must have missed many chances," he indulged in no morbid repinings. He made preparation for his departure from the world in a businesslike way, thoroughly characteristic, even designating the place where he wished to be buried, and giving explicit directions in regard to his tomb and the inscription to be placed thereon.

As time goes by the world will come more and more to appreciate the character and achievements of Cecil Rhodes, who, in my opinion, has been surpassed by no man in any generation in the qualities that inspire admiration and make for greatness in the highest sense of the word.

What man in all history ever accomplished so much of real importance as did Cecil Rhodes? No Roman emperor ever won a greater extent of territory. It was in 1889 that he incorporated the Chartered Company, which added to the British dominions an area equal to that of the British Isles, France, Prussia, Austria, and Spain, combined. The Cape to Cairo Railroad was his idea, and he lived to see that wonderful enterprise half accomplished. Before long it will be completed—for now, with German East Africa transferred to British ownership, the line passes through British territory from one end of the continent to the other—and this dream of the empire-builder will become substantial fact.

Rhodes was born in 1853. He was less than forty-nine years old when he died.

His last words were: "So little done, so much to do!"

He rests beneath a simple rectangular block of stone, surrounded by gigantic boulders, on the summit of a granite dome of the Matoppo mountain range in Rhodesia. Upon the block is carved no laudatory inscription, but simply: "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." It is a wonderful monument, in its character expressive of the man, and the view from it, extending over a vast territory which he gave to the British Empire, suggests the grandeur and spaciousness of his own outlook upon life and the world.

When he was buried the Matabele, whom he had nobly fought and nobly befriended, sang at the graveside a wild ceremonial death chant, addressing him as the Great Spirit of Africa, and, to express their feeling of worship, they performed the strange and solemn dance of royal salute which is the tribal farewell to a departed Zulu king.

DISCOVERY

By Louis Dodge

LAST night I thought that when my soul is sped
I shall not stir nor tremble any more,
But lie and dream among the tranquil dead
Beside life's narrow, strange, tumultuous shore.

—And then you came; and now I know that I
Shall live in every leaf that sings by day,
And every piping wind that roams the sky
At dead of night, forever and a day.

A saloon or "pub" in London's East End as a "neighborhood centre" to which the babe in arms is becoming accustomed early.

"FULL UP!"

THE PRECIOUS JOB, THE PUB, AND THE THREE R'S

By Whiting Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

[SECOND PAPER]

"WORK? Sure, there's work—uf ye've got a good berth!"

As he said it, all his companions there in the public house near one of London's great docks nodded approvingly, and smiled the proud smile of those who have attained unto the dignity of a job during the week, and are, therefore, able, following Saturday noon's pay, to toss the happy shillings of their high estate down upon the counter for the treating of such jobless friends as myself.

"It's mebbe a fortni't awnd nae worrk foor an 'oor—awnd thenn long 'oors awnd extra pay fer a fortni't," was the way a docker in Glasgow later phrased it—with the consciousness that even on such a basis he was luckier than many. Doubtless among his friends who worked outside the docks, there were more than a few who had made to him the same complaint that a fellow boarder made to me, after a tired day of searching for work:

"It's all very well to be told by this bloke and that, 'There's a good berth 'ere and a fine crib there!' but when you get there, it's always just let out, and they're 'Full up!' Always 'Full up!'"

Any one who has felt the heart-sickening loss of standing and the terrifying dread of the future with which the lack of a job grips a man in these industrial days

A first-class shipyard on the Clydebank, near Glasgow. In these such boats as the *Lusitania* are built.

can understand how naturally men come to measure the nations of the earth and the years of the calendar one with another according as they meet the acid test of abundance or scarcity of work—and how the job comes to be to them the most important form of property in all the world. I have in mind my seventy-year-old friend who was watching hungrily for the sight of a bag or a box that might be carried for a stray sixpence or shilling at the railway-station just outside London.

"Durin' the war 'twas fine! A good job then on the docks fer all of us—with men scarce and wiges 'igh! Now they's plenty of work, mebbe, but plenty of men, too. It's five weeks since I been able to pay me union dues of sixpence the week. But they's men on that dock there as 'as 'ad a job—a good job at sixteen bob ivery eight hours!—ivery day fer months! And 'ere's me thot's not 'ad the price of a bed in weeks—and me face still unwashed to-day! I tell ye, thot's not right! They should take their turn—iverybody should divide up and iverybody should 'ave 'is share of work. Look ut this fellow 'ere a-closin' av 'is gates long afoor the trine is near and mikin' iverybody wite. Well, 'e's got *'is* job and 'e's goin' ter do 'is duty an' 'ang on ter it—and iverybody else can look out fer 'isself."

One must see deep into such tears as sprang instantly to his eyes as his "Oh, oh! This'll buy me a bed!" rose to his lips, or feel in the clasp of such a grateful horny hand as gripped instantly my own when, under the guise of a fellow partner in distress, I made excuse for offering him a shilling, if he would know how deep down into men's very souls goes this matter of job or no job.

Such gratitude for help and such questionings of the social or economic arrangements which appear to make it unavoidable are to be found in periods of unemployment at the gates of factories or docks in this country as well as in Britain. Wherever found, they indicate what appears to me the factor of vital and fundamental importance in the shaping of the life of any country, namely, the prevailing abundance or scarcity of jobs. Unluckily no country seems able as yet to boast a plenitude of jobs at all times. Probably none will be thus able until we know more about social forces and economic rules and regulations than we appear to know at present. But it can be

said again that it is easy to judge that in Britain the margin between the number of available jobs and the persons who need them is chronically narrower than here—with a host of differences in the life of the two countries following largely therefrom, as discussed in last month's SCRIBNER'S.

As many employers here at home have had occasion to notice within the past few months, the "tightening up"—or "scarcening up"—of jobs is followed very shortly by increased stability of the force. Everybody sees the danger of the dreaded lay-off or discharge, and begins to play safe and "sit tight." Where this has gone on so long as to claim the approvals of a social virtue, as is the case in Britain, an opening is likely to be made for any one who will introduce some means of getting the maximum of excitement while permitting the minimum of interference with the job. Such seems to me the social biology of the "bookie" who figures so considerably in the life of the British working man as I found him last summer.

The tracing of the drink evil to its source in men's desires is more complicated.

In any British city, for one thing, it is easy to see that the public house has a standing as a community institution quite beyond anything it ever knew in its palmiest days here. In this country I had expected to do much of my questioning of the unskilled workers during the hours of recreation in the saloon. In many places, especially in the busiest steel towns, I found surprisingly slight accommodation for sedentary comfort or conversation—nothing but the counter and the low brass foot-rail. In some places at least the existence of the long shifts was the cause of this: men did not have time to linger long after twelve and more hours of work in the mill. In the British pub, the benches are all about, with little shelves on all the walls for holding the glasses pending the discussion of every conceivable topic. Outside on the sidewalk, the children often watch the "pram" while mother takes her pitcher to the bar-pump. Inside and outside, the tap-room occupies an important as well as a fortified place in British life. Even in Wales, the land of the chapel, religious organizations like the board of deacons

Cottages of workers in one of the newer industrial centres (Coventry).

of the village church often hold their regular weekly meetings in the public house in order to despatch their business with the friendliness and the comfort of a social evening. In the case of a certain board I was told that the question whether or not the church should serve intoxicating wine at the communion-table was for months discussed in such surroundings, the refreshments being furnished by the keeper of the pub, who was a member of the committee!

"Ho, hum! 'Tis little enough doin' to-night!" yawned the policeman in a South Wales steel and coal town, when I remarked that he seemed to be having a busy Saturday night.

Early in the evening I had seen on the main street a tipsy woman browbeating her sober husband for the coins with which she re-entered the pub for growing tipsier while her husband walked on shamefacedly. As the evening advanced, the fights had grown more frequent, and the stretchers mounted on wheels had been rushed up more often for carrying away the workers too drunk to move. After closing-time at ten, most of the young men walking out to the district of the working men's homes were either holding themselves up by locked-arms companionship while they sang "à la barber-shop," or, in more solitary independence, were staggering homeward muttering about "the finest mother in the world—it's 'er Ah'm goin' to."

Scotland's industrial centre, Glasgow, furnishes a Saturday night which any one could wish never to have seen—or heard. With the foul language of its street-car riders after closing hours, the shame of its mothers staggering home with babes at their hands and asleep in their arms, the misery of its men fallen and bleeding in the gutters, and the shoutings and swearings of its husbands and wives just before they fall into the sleep that holds them fast until Sunday afternoon, it paints a dreadful picture of the depths of degradation to which human beings can go.

But at the back of such a picture we will do well to see the strong though intangible lines which lead back to the job—and to that chronically narrow supply of them.

Just as the "bookie" gives to the man who never expects to have a different field of work the chance to get the thrill of achievement when his judgment of horse or dog is proved right, so the fumes of alcohol make it possible for a man even of education and, perhaps, of a patrimony of "old gold" to get as far as possible from the mediocrity of some occupation which may be far from satisfying though it possesses that factor of security and safety so indispensable in a "full-up" land. Such security, indeed, permits and favors the indulgence which its ventureless commonplaceness hankers for. As a result, the better educated British public seems to look upon moderate alcoholic indulgence with considerably more favor than do we who live in a land where "getting on" is made so great a virtue that everything which interferes with it is judged a vice—where that inviting spiral toward success which leads through this job up to that one frowns upon the indulgence which the excitement of the game itself makes comparatively tame.

For the hand-worker the routine of a working week which so greatly resembles all its predecessors through the years finds a fairly good antidote in the flowing cup and the chance to sit at the table and match his off-the-job exploits with those of all the others—with the chance of getting his fair share of the crowd's "Good old Jack!" or "Blime, it's a toff ye are, me lad!"

The very tightness with which the precious job is held by such as these devotees of security means that farther down the scale—much farther—others will find their way up blocked and themselves forced into jobs at the bottom of the economic structure which at one and the same time wound their bodies and hurt their self-respect with the sharpness of their raw edges.

Such jobs we have here in America in abundance. The difference is that the elevator up and out of them into better ones is facilitated by the shifting—the "turnover"—of the holders of them at practically all levels of our American House of Industry.

"Well, if ye're lookin' fer a fine job and can't find none 'ere, ye can always get a

'jump' on a boat—that's a place left vacant, y' understawnd, by them as leaves it. Six months out and then there ye are back with your pocket full o' money!"

That was the advice of a couple of semi-skilled men who appeared to think highly of the life in the stoker's or the deck-hand's quarters, in spite of the difficulties we have here in getting men to fill the rougher berths on the sea. In the absence of jobs elsewhere, I tried hopefully to follow their advice, delighted to learn that on one level at least jobs were plentiful. The subengineer on the big passenger-boat exploded, apparently under a full head of steam:

"No bloomin' chawnce! First, you must have your union card. And even then, if there was a man missing from his place there'd be enough 'ereabouts to carry the blo-ody ship across on their bloomin' shoulders. There's jobs here, yes, *but there's too many people for 'em.*"

Many things can push Jack off the rim of the better jobs and put him, heavy poker or rake in hand, at the roaring mouth of the liner's furnaces—a short experience last summer makes me think it one of the worst jobs. But it is that "too many people for 'em" which holds him there year after year.

And all the heat which burns his arms, parches his throat, or knots his muscles in the horrid grip of the cramps till he writhes amid the hot coals on the steel floor; all the abnormal monastic and near-military discipline of the trip, and all the hurt which honor feels at having to earn a living in a line so far down the ladder of importances and standings, with each year less hope of putting his proud feet upon a higher rung—all this helps make Jack regard rum as a reasonable and righteous rather than a ruinous companion.

"The drunker ye be," explained a hobo from one of the construction camps when I was looking for a job in Minnesota, "the less ye'll be a-mindin' of the flies and the bugs. And when ye sober up, ye're used to 'em. See?"

The orderliness with which the English line up in the queue for getting their places for the trams or buses is magnificent—befitting the most organized and orderly of peoples.

By the same unconscious reasoning, the workers in the long-hour steel towns used to line up at the bar for their whiskey-beers as an accepted means, not to gay and trouble-drowning exhilaration, but to the hoped-for slumber through the noisy hours of daylight before the whistle should blow again for the night shift.

"Ye see, ye gets ter thinkin'," one of the stokers put it, "'ow fine it is ter be 'ome on shore agin, and 'ow yer'd like ter get somethin' gay-like fer the missus—and yer cawn't do as much as yer'd like. And yer tikes a drink ter do yer best—awnd w'en yer wikes up the next mornin' yer money's gone!"

"I just like to drink enough," explained the old worker in one of our steel towns who could forget when no longer sober that his best days were over, "to get the feelin' of my old position back like, you know."

An oil for softening the jagged edges of an unsatisfactory environment—that has been the chief function of alcohol. And nothing is more important for our understanding of the behavior of us human beings in this era of industry than to realize that for us all the most important part of our environment—because the most compelling and the most rewarding—is our job.

What the years of constant alternation from his homeless, womanless, and comfortless "four hours on and four off" to the idleness and freedom of his shore-leave do for the stoker, the years of uncertainty of the job which must be sought afresh each morning, first at this boat, then at that, do for the docker. When you add to such uncertainty—and many jobs besides the docker's possess this—such discomfort as thousands of workers find in the one and two room "flats" which Glasgow built a hundred years and more ago, you have the real sources of that stream of alcohol which flows so depressingly of a Saturday night.

It is hardly necessary to say that the same gripping necessity of the all but unchangeable job which thus pushes men toward the cup that promises to help them have life and have it more abundantly, also tends to push men—and boys and girls—away from the schools and education.

It is a popular error to suppose that education is a matter merely of the provision of educational facilities. Probably more than half of the problem is to make sure that those who have invested time and effort in the use of them shall find jobs appropriate to the new abilities.

"If my lad studies more," explains the miner, "he can only become a teacher or a clerk—and they get less than a good collier! And he'll be no better collier for all his study."

Such testimony gives, of course, the explanation for the crowd of youngsters to be met each morning at the mine's mouth in Wales or Yorkshire testing their safety-lamps like experts before getting into the cage for the day's work below ground.

It is also, doubtless, behind the failure of all but nine or ten boys in a certain mine centre to take advantage of the continuation schools made available by the authorities. Of course, too, it is behind the planning of the father I encountered at the bottom of one of England's blast-furnaces:

"Me boy, 'e's only fourteen but 'e's apprenticed to a joiner. No, 'e cawn't be finished till 'e's twenty-one—thot's seven instead of the five years usual—at a pound a week, risin' a shillin' a week each birthday. But, ye see, I daren't wite till 'e's sixteen, 'cause then there mightn't be a plice and there 'appens to be one now. But—well, 'e's sure of a plice fer life now. And say, ye'd think 'e was a-sivin' the 'ole of us from ruin, thot important 'e is!"

National legislation has recently provided that as rapidly as possible the school shall be compulsory up to the age of seventeen. But it rests for each district to set the "appointed day" when the new law takes local effect. The public opinion required for the early setting of "the day" is pretty sure to be affected by the comparative recentness of the public school in Britain and the consequent early years at which most of the older heads of households began to feel the force of that compelling hand of the job.

"Me brother been carried each day by me father into the mine when 'e been seven," old Thomas told me as we worked

together clearing away the "falls" from the roof that threatened to tie up the traffic, and so to stop the hewers from getting down their coal. "At nine 'twas me. No, never no schoolin' fer the two of us. Ye see we been ever needed there so that oor fawther get the money from 'is drams" (trams or cars).

A similar difficulty in the way of an

"They tells us as 'ow we should sive our money. So 'ere we are!"

Getting bits of coal from the ash heap in an industrial centre. (With the instinct of the eternal feminine, the lady has removed her cap in order to be at her best.)

interested and intelligent public opinion on this matter of public education arises from the fact that those who have been more or less freed from the compulsions of the job by the "old gold," of family inheritance are generally expected to get their education at their own private rather than at the public's expense.

We are apt to think that such a difference of education does more than merely complicate the community's planning of its school programme—that it serves as a prime cause of those lines of "class" which so impress the American visitor. It appears to me truer to see in this difference of education more of an accentuation of class division than of cause. The primary cause is to be found in this same bottom-touching scarceness of the job.

Where the demonstration of ability can be counted on to bring the proportionate recognition with, in time, the chance at the better job, then men will always be finishing their industrial career in a social level above the stage of entrance, for social levels tend always to follow job levels. Such men cannot know much about the restrictions of class because they are quite certain to respond to the possibilities—yes, the compulsions—for growth which go with the job in the form of the responsibilities and also of the contacts and relationships which are permitted or necessitated by it. And at every stage the worker is unconsciously answering the question of method. "Will you play the game of 'getting on' alone, or with your fellow workers? Will you go it alone or with your trade, your union, your class?" If he finds the going is good on an individual basis, he is unlikely to feel the need of identifying himself with his group, because he does not

expect to be long enough with them. It is when jobs become so scarce that it is over-risky to leave one in the hope of a better one—it is then that there begins the hardening of class lines. For then it becomes more or less certain that the only elevator up is the one which the group as a whole is able to organize. Thus the craft or trade-union comes into existence for the realization of that bottommost urge of every human to do his best to count his utmost as a person among other persons—as, for instance, an electrical worker in comparison with his neighbors, the carpenter or the steamfitter. A nation-wide acceptance of the union is, accordingly, certain to be the result of a generally acknowledged lessening of opportunity for the individual. Nor will any form of opposition other than the continued maintenance of effective individual ladders of maximum opportunity avail to dissuade worthy men from utilizing the group stairways. So the great strength of the British union as compared with the American makes a true index of the British and the American worker's appreciation of the possibilities of his progress with and without the team-work of his group. Incidentally, the rapid growth of the union movement in this country should counsel us to do less scolding or preaching, and more studying of how we can make America live up to its reputation as the "land of opportunity."

Once established as a group means to the standings which are felt to be only slightly served by the single passenger-elevator, the union is pretty likely to find a chance for a real service to its members by securing a job elsewhere when this mill or that closes down. By such a service it gives its members an extremely valuable guaranty of steadiness of employment which no single employer seems able or willing to carry. Further service comes when the union sees to it that its members are not dismissed from their jobs without due process—if not of law, then of industrial procedure. Such services are sure to be enormously more important than we have appreciated in this country of ours as long as we have no interstate way of getting jobless men and menless jobs together, and as long as the average foreman has so large a power of dismissal. They are enormously more important in the land of the scarce job.

The grouping of the worker according to his job as thus brought about and then accentuated by difference in education is further strengthened by the adoption of political weapons for the gaining of advantage for the labor class rather than for the general citizenship. The result is certainly calculated to puzzle the visitor. At first the bitterness of the assaults on the government produce astonishment—until it is realized that the government is the name for the ruling party, not the established order as here, and that a certain fairly large percentage of the excitement is definitely for the purpose of embarrassing that party. It is evident that the parliamentary representative of some certain district who is also the paid official of a union can hardly be expected to feel entirely free to express his individual or even his district's opinion in the counsels of his country. It may be urged that such representation is necessary in order to offset the equally biassed representation of the opposing classes. But a wiser and more efficient electorate would seem more helpful to the country as a whole than such an adoption of the class-conflict principle in the handling of the nation's business. On the other hand it must be granted that it may be necessary to fight for the interests of the worker group with not only the strike and similar industrial weapons but also with the vote when class lines have become so hard set, and where the method of the class conflict rather than group co-operation has been so definitely adopted ever since the days of the first steam-engine.

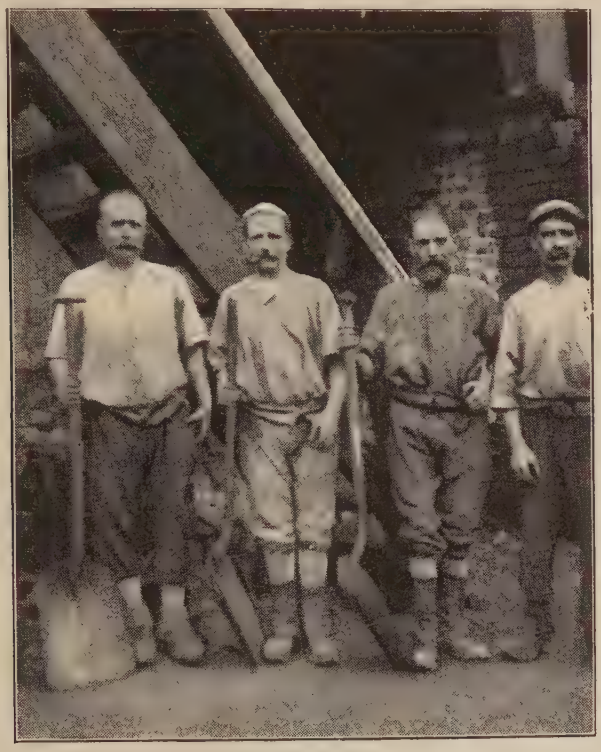
With little doubt the projection of the conflict into the arena of politics serves to open up huge possibilities for the confusion of issues and the corruption of methods.

"I figure that the twenty-four-hour strike and the monster demonstration we are staging here next Monday in opposition to the new rent law should put, at least, three more of us Labor Party Socialists into the city council."

So one Glasgow leader "gave away" the commotion of the anti-rent strike. Another explained how it was impossible to get any real thinking or wise, effec-

tive action out of the thousands of the city's uneducated, drunken, propertyless, "lower working class," except by some such organized exhibition of class enmities!

It would seem altogether safer to try



Some sturdy salt firemen in Yorkshire.

to make such a vote-powerful group intelligent and propertied by steadier jobs and fewer one-room flats.

In any event it is safe to say that the worker in America is better off to-day than his British fellow, even though there has been enormously less enmity and conflict here than there. The reason is surely to be found largely in the lessened gap between the status of employer and employee, following the freedom of that individual elevator of the job up from the one to the other. Whether that is due so much to the genius of America as we are apt to think will be worth discussion later.

At any rate, also, we surely have reason to be grateful that we seldom see here the worker who is willing to explain his shortcomings by means of that alibi so generally encountered on the other side: "Workin' clawss we are, you know"—as when the landlady wanted to apologize for the simplicity of her household arrangements at the plain and simple boarding-house in the coal town when the daily bath had to be engineered in the kitchen with the help of the wash-tub.

Lucky, too, we are that it's at least bad form, if not impossible, for the commercial editor to talk of "a good supply of yarns for working-class use" or "the unavoidable raising of workmen's fares."

It goes without saying that all the foregoing recognition of the power of the class halter contributes another knot for the fettering of the situation: it discourages initiative and so increases still further the tightness of jobs. As rapidly as the scarce job gives to Security a rating higher than Opportunity with its risk of losing all, less and less thought is cer-

tain to be given to obtaining the rewards —the risky rewards—of the inventor and the pioneer. But it is, after all, the prime function of the inventor and the industrial pioneer to create new jobs—whether by creating new products or by cheapening the process and widening the market for old ones. Thus it comes about that millions of American workers are now engaged in making or outfitting the automobiles which were unknown in the early nineties. What is immensely important to notice in passing is this: that the astounding market for them is only partly due to the lessened costs obtained by the inventors, mechanical and administrative; it is also due, to a considerable extent, to the capacity for a constantly increased consumption sure to be possessed by the masses where the abundant job prevents the hardening of class lines and, quite as serious, the accompanying limitation of class purchasing power. Where such limitation comes into operation, accordingly, the vicious circle from scarce jobs to lessened initiative and back to scarcer jobs is given still another twist!

A number of factors have combined to put British industry as well as British life generally much more largely under the supervision and direction of government than here. The influence of the war especially has been immensely to increase the extent to which Parliament is expected to solve a larger variety of problems than our Congress—including, in many fields, the maintenance and regulation of the job. It might accordingly be urged that government is thus stepping in for saving the worker from the stifling which is threatened by that horrid vicious circle by means of the national insurance against unemployment.

Well, every time I went into the local employment offices last summer and joined the crowd of what I supposed were, like myself, searchers for a job, I found myself asking of myself the question: "Does——?"

But that question goes very near to the roots of this whole vital problem of the scarce or the abundant job, and, therefore, close to the heart of the whole matter of both individual and also national self-preservation, so it had better be held for the next article.

Children in a crowded Glasgow district.

The little mother in the centre with the "nursing shawl" and the baby could not keep from being surrounded by her friends. The number of Glasgow's children having the bent or otherwise deformed legs of rickets, the "poverty disease," is enough to make a lonesome father sick at heart.

RECALL

By Thomas Jeffries Betts

Illustrations by Joseph Cummings Chase

"Wait a minute. Weren't you the O'Neill with the 403d Infantry?"—Page 290.

HE came in silently, a short man, with outdoor lines on his face, holding himself very straight. His head was shot with iron-gray hairs, but his eyes were young and cool. Drayton and I appraised him quietly.

"Want a job?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a silence as we looked each other over. He was a strong man, I could see, and proud. And his clothes, a little out of date, were curiously worn, not at the elbow and the knee, as you would expect, but all over, the ribs of serge shining just as much over the indrawn abdomen as over the stocky chest. From out of the past there came instinctively to me the throat-filling air of barrack-rooms and the sight of a few men such as he, old sergeants mostly, that never spared the clothes-brush before they went outside. Apparently Drayton was following the same train of thought, for he asked:

"Army?"

"Yes, sir. Eighteen years, sir." There was a recurring burr on his "sirs."

"You don't look like the kind that gets out very easily."

"It was not easy, sir, to leave. But it was not easy to stay. You see, sir, I was an officer while the war was on, and when I was discharged I felt all loose like. My old outfit's on the border, now, with maybe a boy officer in charge that I taught his facings to. And they're full up on non-coms. And anyway, sir, from a major to a sergeant, even, is a hard step. It's twelve years that I would have to do before retirement, and now, while I'm young, I thought I'd try it on the outside."

"How old are you, Mr. ——?"

"O'Neill, sir. Thirty-five."

"Why did you come here for work?"

"I knew the Helvetia was square, and you always had room for two-fisted men."

"You'll do. Outside work, of course?" O'Neill nodded. "Go in there and tell Mr. Perkins you are to start over the ex-

cavation gang. Forty dollars a week to begin." O'Neill turned sharply when I interrupted:

"Wait a minute. Weren't you the O'Neill with the 403d Infantry?" He paused and started to look ashamed. "I remember seeing you decorated at Le Mans after the armistice. Why this man's Machine-Gun O'Neill of my old division. He called on his outfit to get a machine-gun every fifteen minutes of action all through the Argonne, and gave 'em hell until they came through for him. You're the one, aren't you?"

He nodded sheepishly. "I've been called that, sir."

"Glad to see you again. Let me know if I can help you out getting settled."

"Thank you, sir. I only got in this morning. Perhaps you could tell me of a place to stay."

I thought for a moment. Mrs. Hepwith had a vacant room, I knew, but she was enough of the old type of Philipstonian to object to a man who worked in the open air. But this was Machine-Gun O'Neill, with a D. S. C. and a silver reinforcement to his ulnar bone; and he came from my division, and Mrs. Hepwith's was the best boarding-house in town. I thought I could arrange it, and told him so.

"Good man," said Drayton as O'Neill passed through the doorway, "he's what we've been looking for." He signed the last paper and threw it into the "out" basket. "Your job," said he, "and a better one than mine. You'll have to hire the next comer, Johnson, and I wish you luck. I think you're big enough for the desk; that's why you're there. Go to it." And he walked over, somewhat reluctantly, I thought, to the cubby hole marked "General Manager," eight feet away.

I took over Drayton's chair and spent the rest of the day in regarding the world from the top of my very own high mountain. Philipston was a small town before the Helvetia started its experimental plant there—it is not a large town now—and, like many a little place, it has the custom of exporting its youthful brains. Lots of other fellows, I thought, have come through; but I am the first of my crowd to make good at home. And I knew that that night as I brought Mary Talbot into Spence's drug-store after the movies the sixteen-year-old bucks that frequent the fountain would nudge each other and say: "Look, here comes Harry Johnson. He's Personnel with the company, now." And I knew that I would bulk bigger in their eyes than did Drayton, into whose outgrown shoes I had stepped, just as he stepped into the G. M.'s.

I had reason to be a little flushed, I still think. "Personnel" at Helvetia meant everything from hiring a foreman to installing a bonus system. Why, the Philipston branch of Helvetia had been established more to get laboratory conditions in dealing with labor than for any other reason, and here was I at the forefront of the battle. Life was good and the world serene all through that pleasant afternoon.

I was late for supper, but Mrs. Hepwith neither scolded nor congratulated me; her sense of gossip was too refined for that. Only when I got up from the meal did she look knowing and say: "In a hurry to tell Mary about it, Harry?" Now she was wrong in her premises, because Mary had known for three days that the change was coming at Helvetia. Besides, I had 'phoned her of it at noon. And also, to disseminate a high and proper idea of my dignity, I did not hurry off to the Talbots, but looked in to see how O'Neill was getting on.

I found him installed and stowed away; not a trunk nor a surplus piece of clothing in sight. The chairs stood primly against the walls; the only decorations were three stiff photographs on the mantel, and the place was offensively clean. I suspected the man of just having swept up, with that painstaking, inbred sweeping that puts the old soldier on a plane passing the dreams of woman.

"Howdy, O'Neill! Coming on all right?"

"Yes, sir." Again the burr on the "sir." As he spoke, he put down the book he was reading. It was the only visible book in the room. I glanced at it and saw that it was Guerin's "Psychology of Crowds." O'Neill followed my look.

"That, sir, is a great book. Have you not often wondered, sir—you have been

in the army—why it is that they turn out so many boy officers taught chock-full of everything—everything except to handle men. It is how to shoot and fit shoes and lead armies that they tell them, and never the treatment of the men they put under them. Now, why is that, sir? The book that this Frenchman wrote would have taught not a few officers I have seen when they first came in, and by so much saved the many men they spoilt. Now, why couldn't the government do so much as give this book to the officer lads that try to serve it, and draw its pay?"

"I thought the army was out of your system, O'Neill."

"It is, sir, it is. But can you lock eighteen years in a chest an' throw away the key? Somewhere between Coblenz and Corregidor, right now, the bugles are blowing Recall."

There was a sadness come over the man, and the consciousness of much truth. And Mary Talbot was waiting for me, and I left him to his dreams.

I began to see a lot of O'Neill almost immediately after that. He proved himself in his second day at the Helvetia, and incidentally smashed our cunningly devised experimental section for training new foremen—the excavation gang—by picking out from its ranks a certain swarthy Carlo Brunelli and putting him in charge. "It takes a wop to manage a wop, sir," he reported to me after an irate yard foreman had brought him up; for Brunelli was known as of an evil disposition. The Italian, moreover, ruled his unceremoniously acquired gang with such an intimate knowledge of their shortcomings and to such a good effect, that there could be no question of removing him, and O'Neill, having fired himself from his original job, graduated into a yard foreman. As such he reported directly to me. And then, under Mrs. Hepwith's roof we were more than neighbors. It got to be more and more my habit to spend odd minutes in his bare room, interrupting his interminable tasks and weird reading, but never ruffling his disposition or arousing any impatience on his part. And he would talk interminably and snap open sudden little windows on the vast accumulation of information that cluttered up his mind. In five minutes he would jump from Dostoyeffsky to George Jean Nathan, and from Champ Clark to Disraeli, who, he maintained, was the greatest statesman of all time. He could, and did, speak pungently and dogmatically of life and death and love, by which he meant the slaking of the wandering man's white flaming sex desire. A strong man, O'Neill, more positive and cunning in what he did than in what he thought, or so I believed. It was inevitable that I should name him from day to day to Mary Talbot. It was equally inevitable that she should be intrigued.

"Why don't you bring him around with you?" she asked.

"He's rather a rough diamond," I countered. I had a pungent memory of talk with O'Neill the night before, a talk that flickered around the globe, and had ended bawdily in Tokio behind the Yoshiwara's gilt bars. And then, thought I, it was little enough that I saw of Mary by herself these days, and— But Mary was obdurate, and I promised to lay hands upon O'Neill "to-morrow."

But I didn't. The next morning Drayton paused by my desk, handed me a slip of paper, and asked in his polite, interested way:

"Can you tell me if any of these five men are hired here?"

"Let's see." I checked the names on the employment cards. "All of them here, chief, except Magan. Wait a second." I ran over the employed report for the previous day. "Yes, he's here, too. Hired yesterday. Friends of yours?"

"Not professionally. They're a United Laborers agitating and organizing crew. Been working together ever since nineteen fifteen at least. Probably came in from the Buffalo freight-yards and from West Virginia before that. *I* ran across 'em in the Centerdale strike. Saw Maritski yesterday and guessed the others would be round. Steady, Johnson." I had reached over for a discharge slip. "You can't fire 'em."

"Why not, chief? that's the simplest solution."

"For you and me, but not for the Helvetia." He waved his hand toward the window and the busy yard below; it was half a benediction. "Do you think

we have to dry-nurse that gang?" he asked. "Those are the men that you and I and the company have gambled on. *They* are the Helvetia. They are the best and finest fruit of the plant. All the rest of what we make here is by-product compared with the men we turn out. That's what the Helvetia stands for here: belief in the eternal gumption of the working man. If that belief is wrong, the Helvetia is going to be among the least of the country's institutions that will crack and go to pot." He grinned. "That sounds like a stump speech, but I mean it. We're an experiment—an experiment in enlightened fair dealing. It won't be an experiment if we wrap our men up in cotton wool. If all the teamwork we've built up can't stand before a few Reds, it means that the Helvetia and humanity are a lot frailer than I think. What say, Johnson?"

"I hope you're right, chief."

"I know I'm right. Now, that doesn't mean I want us to hold out our face to be slapped. You'd better get a line right away on the force, and see if we've got any more of these United Laborers that oppose union and won't labor." He grinned again.

And so I spent the most of that day in conference with O'Neill, going over the employment cards, and I was much too busy to tell him of Mary. But she reminded me about him the next day—which was a bad sign in itself—and I dutifully exhibited him to her on the first opportunity.

It was a great night for O'Neill. I towed him up with great reluctance on his part, and mutterings of what the hell I meant by leading him off to see a woman that might be his daughter. And it was with almost equal reluctance that he came away.

"Mary's a fine girl," I ventured to him as we climbed Mrs. Hepwith's steps. And he replied:

"Fine girl, hell. Why she—she's a real lady." Then a little wistfully: "Do you think I might come again?"

"Suit yourself. It seemed to please Mary," I returned, strangely angry with myself for being so short to a friend. But the fact remained that it was quite true about his pleasing Mary. For he had seemed new to her, and clear, and strong. Men that were represented to me by cards in the employment file suddenly became flesh and blood as he sketched them out—for of course we talked shop to Mary Talbot. And when I went farther afield and mentioned the Argonne, and tried to refrain from speaking of the lieutenant of artillery that was my hero in the war, he waived the whole matter, including the D. S. C. he had earned there, and told strange impersonal tales of how the *Varyag* and *Koriet* steamed out to face the whole Japanese fleet (he was serving a hitch in the marines on the *Helena* that time), and of officially non-existent, nameless skirmishes on the border, when the bullets zipped by lonesomely, and splashed up the sand around you. It had been O'Neill's night, I reflected, and I was not so pleased as I had expected to be.

From that night on an adverse tide set in against me. O'Neill satisfactorily settled for himself the question of his welcome at Mary Talbot's. He was there often, sometimes with me, sometimes alone; and I saw that he was displaying strange gods before her, strong, naked gods that she and I and Philipston had never seen before. And the gods and their showman were pleasing to her. There was a strange feel of life connected with the man, of life lived too fast for him to think much about it. And he was so direct and cool. The nights he was not with Mary he would spend as conscientiously as before, usually with his eternal "Psychology of Crowds," or looking over his legion of photographs of soldiers of greater or of less repute, or else in the eternal overhauling and polishing of all the useless military equipment that accompanies every service man. The tacit rivalry between us did not affect our friendship, but that was due chiefly to his refusal to let such a thing occur; and it was well that he did, for I began to need him more and more around the plant.

"Personnel" at the Helvetia was not coming along according to my expectations, and there were more and more bleak days when I would sit still, and in place of thinking about my job, tell myself that I was not getting the results that

Drayton would have obtained. There was a strange inertia come over the Helvetia, days when production fell off, worse days when carelessness was rife and the plant was full of minor accidents, and the inspection department howled over the shoddy output that tried to sneak by. There were times when the whole routing system seemed to go to pieces; and worst of all, the body of employees had somehow lost the snappy reaction that clean-cut, individual thinking gives to a group of men. And there was hardly a day without bad blood and fighting in the yards.

It all culminated with the quarterly report of the wages committee. We were very proud of that committee, were Drayton and I. It consisted of a group of senior employees to whom the company was part of the family, and who met regularly, considered the state of the Helvetia's affairs, the cost of living, and made recommendations as to wages. Their "recommendations" had practically become law, so far as we were concerned; for they were eminently just and jealous both of the Helvetia's interests and their own. Originally reporting every six months, the rapid increase of living costs had caused them to be convened every quarter. It was a good, sound plan, and as the "Philipston Idea" had begun to attract attention outside of the Helvetia's chain of plants.

This quarter the committee's report recommended a wage increase of about ten per cent throughout the plant. Drayton and I O. K.'d it and, according to custom, announced the raise at the monthly "talk it over" mass-meeting of the whole plant. There was a little perfunctory applause at the announcement, then, when Drayton declared the meeting closed and he and I left the auditorium, came a single wavering "boo."

"Chief," said I as we entered the office, "it's been a frost. I guess I'm not the success I thought I was. I want to fire myself before you fire me." I was very close to tears; for the Helvetia meant much to me, and here was I, once great, in my own home town. Drayton looked at me steadily.

"No can do, Jim," he replied. "You can fire anybody here except yourself. What you need is a vacation; but we're going to want you here."

"I don't see how."

"You will, Jim. You've been fighting a harder lot than anybody realized. It's just about due to break."

"Break?"

"I mean the strike. Magan and his crew. It's bound to come soon. You see, Jim, you've been bucking a hard proposition. Your job is to cut down friction; but you can't eliminate friction when somebody's putting filings in the gear-box all the time." He drew from his pocket a vile cigar that looked its cheapness, and bit off the end deliberately. Then he went on:

"This is the layout as I figure it. This United Laborers crowd wants to bust up everything—capital, labor, production in general. Therefore they pick on us. A body blow at the Helvetia, especially at the Helvetia's most advanced plant, the place where the get-together movement between capital and labor has made the most progress, would go a long way toward wrecking the mutual confidence that must be built up inside the country's industries. They want to persuade the nation that honesty in work and deeds is the world's great illusion. Therefore they try to put on a framed-up demonstration of that fact here. This slick gang—and I give it to 'em for slickness—has slid in and organized, and now they're going to try and put something across. They'll strike."

"But, chief, if you knew all this why didn't you say something to me? Why didn't you tell me——"

"Didn't know it. Didn't know it 'til now. Now, of course—" His nostrils dilated and his mouth became a narrow curveless parallelogram. "But I tell you, they won't get away with it. We've put too much of a square deal across here for any bunch of Reds to blow it away with long words and a bad smell. They're disorganizers, not organizers, an' you can't disorganize common sense. Let 'em come, say I."

They came two days later, with a demand for a flat seventy per cent wage increase, and for a man-per-day production limit that an apprentice would have laughed at. Magan and his party stayed

under cover, and the ultimatum was presented by a delegation whose faces were comparatively strange to me. Drayton heard them out courteously. Then he asked them:

"What is the alternative if your demands are refused?"

"We strike," returned the spokesman, and a happy light came into his face.

"Very well, I consider you as having struck." The five o'clock whistle blew, and the hum of the machines died down, to the accompaniment of a clatter of shoes and voices in the yard outside. "Mr. Johnson, will you see that the plant is cleared of all workmen except the regular watchmen and boiler-men. The plant will not open to-morrow. Yes, O'Neill, that means you, too. I don't want to see you or anybody else around until this affair is settled."

"Yes, sir," returned O'Neill, with a sheepish grin.

The next day the *Philipston Era* carried Drayton's defiance in a full page, blank except for this message at its top:

TO THE MEN WHO MADE THE HELVETIA

"Certain persons, not closely connected with our organization, are endeavoring to cause dissension between the management and employees of this plant. It has been represented to me that, in the event of the rejection of certain baseless and illegitimate demands, you desire operations here to cease. These demands have been rejected and the plant is now closed. At the same time it is the confident belief of the management that the demands as presented do not represent the true sentiments of the great body of employees, who heretofore have given as well as received a square deal. In order that no hardships may be worked upon those loyal men and women who still believe in the Helvetia and in themselves, the management makes the following proposition:

"Work in this plant will not be resumed until the strike is satisfactorily settled in accordance with the honest belief of all concerned. All employees who may present themselves at the employment booth, main gates, and who, after proving their previous employment by the company, sign a statement that they are willing to resume work at once, will be regarded as regularly employed and will be paid full schedules as determined by the last quarterly recommendation of the wages committee. The right to publish the names of such employees is reserved.

R. S. Drayton,
Manager."

Underneath followed a list of some twenty names already enrolled.

The strike settled down to a test of endurance. Arrayed against the silence of the Helvetia was the silence, equally grim, of the strikers. No apparent move was made, but the tension grew from day to day. "You see," explained Drayton cheerfully, "they don't dare use violence. The Helvetia's only a pawn in the big game for them. The workability of the whole capitalistic system is what they're trying to discredit. They could blow us up or sab us to hell if they wanted to; but if they do, they lose the country and all their hand-built public opinion that they think they've got. So they don't dare. And every day lets just so many more of our working men start thinking again. You can't think and be a Red."

So we installed no extra guards. Drayton and I met solemnly every day, regularly cast O'Neill out of the plant, checked the list of "employed" that was appended to the *Era* advertisement, and kept quiet, nervous, office hours. Magan and his friends hunted frantically for some obliging capitalist to oppress them and found him not. Then the tide turned. Names began to trickle in through the employment booth, names of solid, substantial workers, who were not driven by any urge of physical want. I used to find a little group of them in line at the gate every morning—man is a nocturnal animal when it comes to making his decisions—and they would nod to me and grin and shuffle their feet as I passed. Magan called these men "belly scabs," and there were rumors afloat that he was having a hard time holding his own men from attacking them; but his front held. "I told you so," observed Drayton. "The break's about due. You can't think an' be a Red. These men have had time off

to think in." Whereat he puffed violently at his stogie, and I felt less shamefaced about going to see Mary.

For of course I had kept on going to see Mary. It was good to go there after a day of tense idleness. I told her so as often as I could, and some two nights after Drayton's return to confidence, repeated the fact with specific emphasis. She did not show as much appreciation as I thought she would.

"I didn't know you were so idle," she replied. "Buck was here for supper and he ran at dusk. He said he just had to be at the plant."

"Nonsense. There's no need for Buck there. He's not even supposed to be on deck. We throw him out every day. I bet he was grandstanding you. He probably has a date with some thick book at home, and didn't want you to be jealous."

Mary looked at me steadily. Then she bit her upper lip. "Do me a favor, Jim. Go down to the Helvetia and see that—that everything's all right."

I must have spoken slowly, for I was angry, and my tongue was thick, and the words came hard. "If I were at the Helvetia and Buck was here, would you send *him* down to wrap me in cotton wool and keep the drafts off?"

"I thought you were always proud of looking after your friends, Jim." Then the reproof in her voice gave way to something more eager. "Please go, Jim. Buck was terribly anxious. I could tell it because he tried to hide it. I'm afraid something terrible is going to happen with Buck down there alone. Please go."

"Poppycock!" I retorted. "Buck O'Neill's Hibernian poppycock. It's all foolishness, I think, and I certainly don't see where you have any right to kid me about strained nerves. If you like, I'll call up Drayton and——"

"Mr. Drayton's already at the plant," she replied steadily.

"Oh," I said blankly.

Mary went on evenly: "Jim, I don't often ask you for favors. But do this for me. Go down to the plant and see that Buck's all right to-night. I wouldn't have anything happen to him—to-night."

My gaze met hers, and her eyes were filled with a black and viscid fire. Something seemed to catch and snap inside me. "Tell me this," I said slowly. "You say you don't want anything to happen to Buck to-night. Do you mean by that, that last night you wouldn't have sent me out like this?"

"No," answered Mary very quietly. "No."

"Then I'm gone!" I cried, and I went.

Almost automatically I turned down the concrete road toward the Helvetia. It was a dark sort of night, and a little light, and as my heels clattered on the cement they made an indecent uproar. I stepped from the concrete to the grass that bordered the road. It was absurd, this meaningless walking through the night, this aimless visit to the lonely plant, alone; all at my chosen woman's instancy for another man.

No, by George, I wasn't alone! Ahead of me some one else was walking silently on the grass, and across the road strode the shape of another man. All going toward the Helvetia. None of us spoke. I had no desire for the company of either of them, nor did they seek to join each other. But the call to go to the Helvetia grew stronger, stronger; and a voice within me whispered to hurry. Suddenly the man ahead of me started to run. His mate took up the pace. I followed, and behind me came the clumsy thud of yet other feet on the turf and the stertorous labored breathing of men who do not run by custom. All the time I do not seem to have thought at all as to what it meant. No more, probably, did the others.

Then we turned the corner of the road by the main gate of the Helvetia, and in the glare of the flood-light we saw that others had preceded us. A sizable knot of them, heavy set, broad-shouldered, and embarrassed, all. I joined them. It seemed the only thing to do. It was suddenly abhorrent to stay in the night alone, when it was so easy to become a welcome member of the crowd. Against my thoughts, I joined them, and rejoiced in the smell of sweat and leather that stood for my fellow man. A man in front—I think it was Louis Martin—said some silly words, and those around him giggled awkwardly in the depths of their throats. Another man, one of the "outsiders," spoke with a snarl, and the snarl went echoing out from all around him. And

then, in the shadow, facing us, I saw yet another man. He was O'Neill, very straight and remarkably tall. I met his eyes, and the hold of the crowd fell from me like the slipping of a wet cloak. For I knew that the break had come; that it had broken the wrong way for both Drayton and Magan, and that only O'Neill stood between these men and the sacking of the Helvetia.

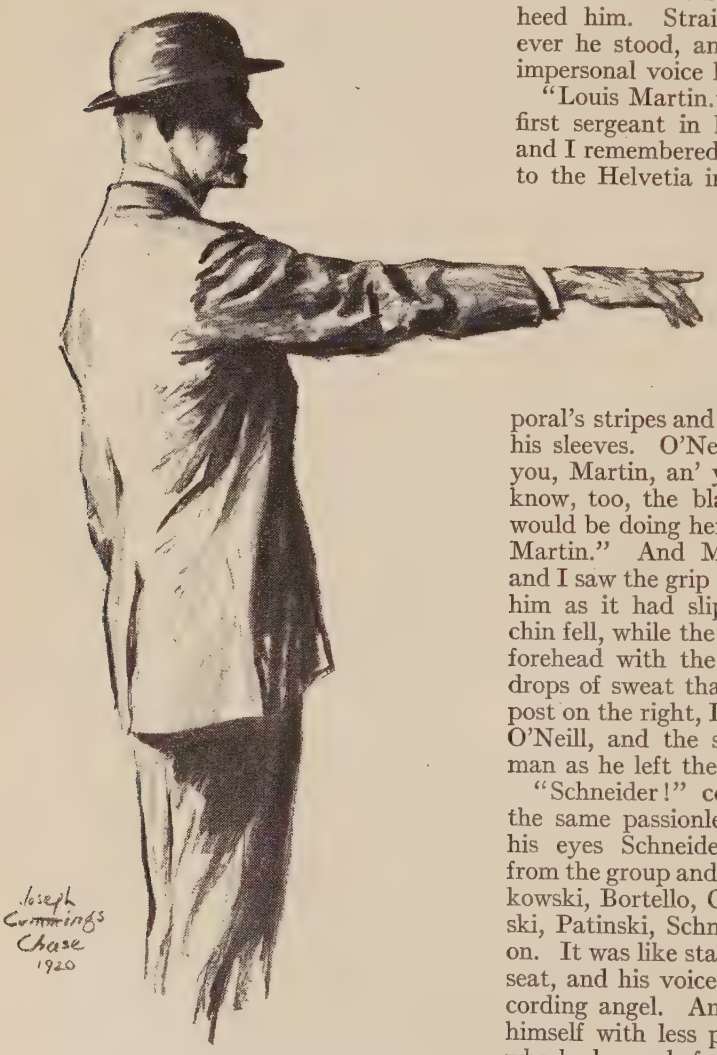
I started forward to join him. Six, eight, ten men, their minds merged in the crowd calling for a leader, huddled in my wake. "Stand fast!" ordered O'Neill, nodding to me. Then he turned to the crowd.

"What is it that ye men are wanting here to-night?" he asked.

"You ought to be glad to see us back any time," spoke up Martin from beside me. Again the men laughed with their nervous chuckle.

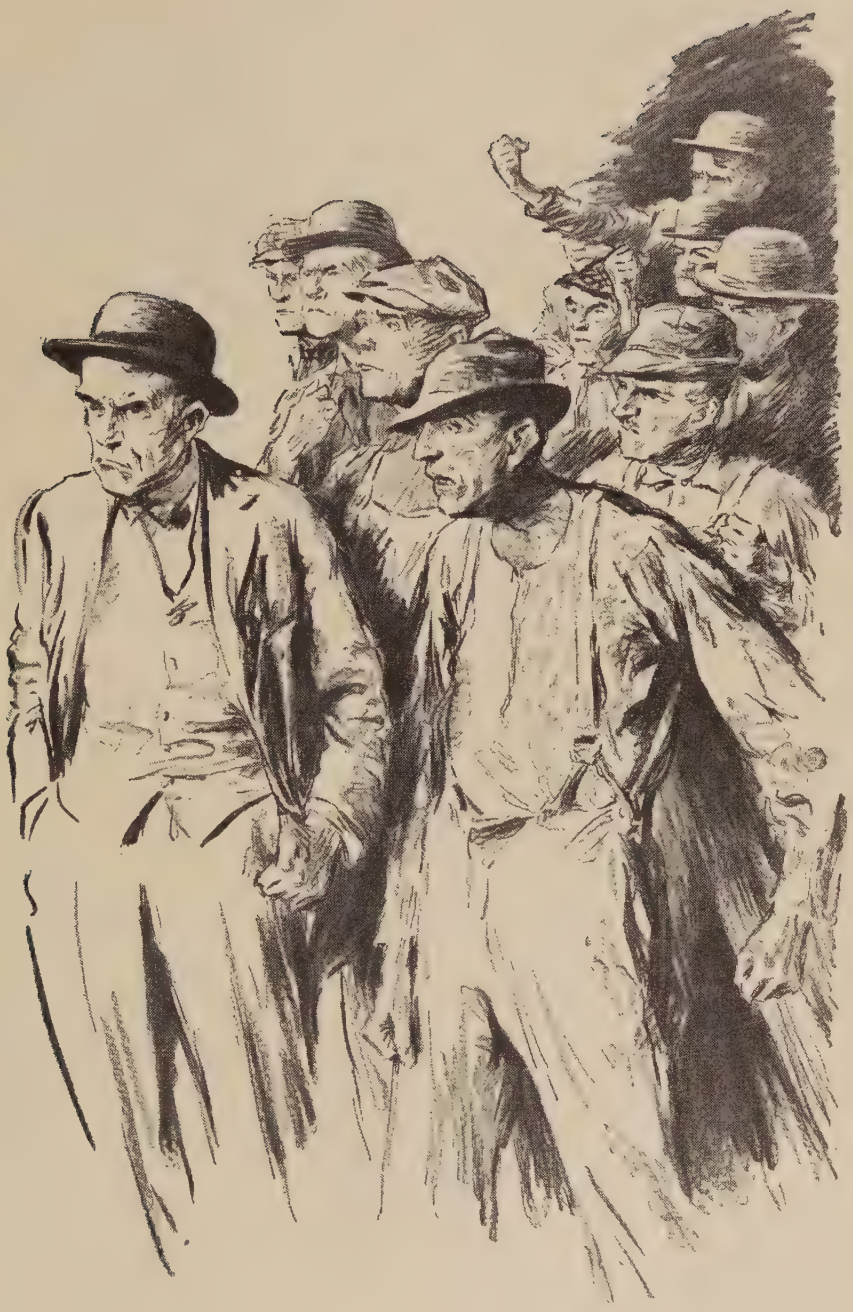
"Don't listen to him!" cried the man from "outside." "He's one of these bourjoys lap-dogs. Show him a bourjoys and he licks his boots." O'Neill did not heed him. Straighter and taller than ever he stood, and suddenly in a level, impersonal voice he called aloud.

"Louis Martin." It was the tone of a first sergeant in his own orderly room, and I remembered that Martin had come to the Helvetia in uniform, with a corporal's stripes and three gold chevrons on his sleeves. O'Neill went on: "I know you, Martin, an' you know me, an' you know, too, the black wrong of what ye would be doing here. Look at me, Louis Martin." And Martin looked at him, and I saw the grip of the crowd drop from him as it had slipped off me; and his chin fell, while the flood-light mottled his forehead with the shadows of the little drops of sweat that stood on it. "Take post on the right, Louis Martin," ordered O'Neill, and the shadow swallowed the man as he left the crowd.



"Take post on the right, Louis Martin," ordered O'Neill.

"Schneider!" commanded O'Neill in the same passionless voice. And under his eyes Schneider shook himself free from the group and joined Martin. "Laskowski, Bortello, Cook, Goullet, Jablowski, Patinski, Schmidt, Reilly," he went on. It was like standing at the judgment seat, and his voice had the note of a recording angel. And every man released himself with less pain than did the one who had gone before, and took more willingly the four steps that turned him from a proletarian to his own man. All at



once they began to go over in twos and threes, without waiting for their names—although O'Neill knew them all.

"Hell!" grunted the "outside" man, and he and two or three others went off to the left at a trot.

"Come over, the rest of ye!" cried O'Neill, and those remaining surged over

to his flock with a laugh. Then the laugh died down, for he faced them grimly, still the first sergeant before his troop.

"It is black sin ye would have done," he announced to them. "An' it is black sin that I have saved ye from. An' when I look at you an' see the likes of you, it is ashamed I am to have kept ye from the consequence of it. Weak-minded ye are, an' foolish; an' it is red flags you would be wavin' an' telephone poles you would be hangin' on—an' small glory to the telephone poles—was it not for me, an' the likes o' me. Now get you into the toolhouse, an' to every man a pick-handle, for I will not be wastin' words on the next set of scuts that may come along."

They filed obediently into the toolhouse. I went over and shook him by the hand.

"It was fine, O'Neill, fine. The company——"

"We held them, sir, I think. But the question is, will they be back to work like they should in the morning? Now——"

"Stand back! Stand back, you fools!" The cry came from the north gate, and it was Drayton's voice.

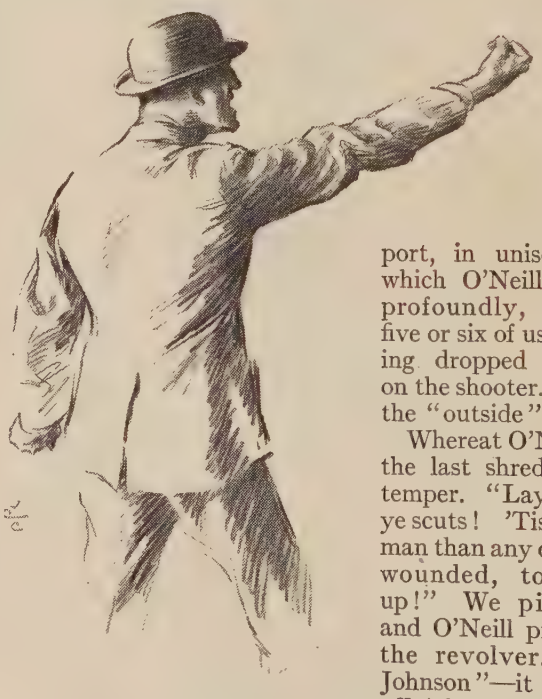
"Fall in!" thundered O'Neill. "Begod, there's more of 'em. Line up, ye sons of dogs. Down that street, double time. Go wan! Go wan there on the flank! Go get 'em, men!"

In a ragged line we thundered down the road. It is perhaps two hundred yards to the north gate, and all I remember for three-quarters of the way is the sparks from the men's boots as hobnails grated on the stone. Then came the flash of a pistol into the shadows beyond the gate light, and a cry, Drayton's cry. O'Neill's voice boomed again.

"Charge! men, charge! Hit 'em! Hit 'em! Give 'em hell!"

There was the thud like the shock of a likely football scrimmage. The air was full of the grunts of men giving and taking short-arm blows. A brickbat or two soared down into the flood-light. Then they gave, and the whole fight swept down the street at a run. On the ground lay five or six of the combatants. As many, more or less, of our men stood around, breathing hard and rubbing themselves tenderly. I started to look for Drayton; while O'Neill, his feet wide apart, shook his fists at his vanishing legion, and cursed them for not forming on the ground they had won.

"Damn your sinful souls! How many times have I told you to reform when you've reached your objective!" He was linking up this brawl with all his other battles. There was a movement in one of the prone bodies, a gleam of nickel as an arm stretched out, a flash and a report, in unison with which O'Neill ducked profoundly, and the five or six of us remaining dropped together on the shooter. It was the "outside" man.



"How many times have I told you to reform when you've reached your objective!"

Whereat O'Neill lost the last shreds of his temper. "Lay off him, ye scuts! 'Tis a better man than any of ye, an' wounded, too. Get up!" We piled off, and O'Neill picked up the revolver. "Mr. Johnson"—it was the official army "Mister," that means lieutenant— "Mr. Johnson, you will take this man

an' escort him to a jail, or anywhere you damn please that's safe. Then come back here to organize a guard. You are responsible for the prisoner."

A faint chuckle came from the ground behind us. "Good work, O'Neill." It was Drayton's voice. "I think this will clear the air. Plant opens to-morrow, and I expect all you men back to work."

"You're right," replied Louis Martin.

It must have been less than an hour later that I got home. There was a light still burning in O'Neill's room, and I went in—the place seemed curiously crowded—to tell him what a great man he was. I began, too; but he interrupted.

"'Tis nothing. Nothing. It was a mob they were, with no brains, an' when ye call a man by name out of a crowd, you give him back his brains again, an' no more does he belong to the mob."

"But they followed you and fought——"

"Sure. I formed them in line, and then they were a mob again—*my* mob. It's all in the book yonder——"

He pointed down, and I saw what had filled the room so. It was his little locker trunk, perhaps a foot by a foot and a half by three; but being naked in the bare room, it loomed up like an elephant. On the top tray, surrounded by his neatly rolled socks, was the book on crowd psychology. I looked at the book, looked at the trunk, looked at O'Neill.

"Lad," he said, and I think it was the first time he had failed to call me "sir," "I'm going away. I'm going back to the army." My heart jumped, and I think the word "Mary" must have leaped at him from my eyes. And then I fought it all down, as I thought of him an hour before, when only his will upheld the walls of the Helvetia, and earnest, anxious words rushed to my lips. But he waved them aside, gently.

"No, lad. I thought it out to-night as we run down the lane. A week it is since I got a letter from the old man. They've busted him from his colonelcy, an' he has G Troop again, an' he says there's a strange bunch of rookies down there callin' themselves the new army, an' he wants to be protected again' 'em. An' to-night, as we came down the lane, I felt the call of it all, of the trim barracks, an' the lean, straight-backed ignoramuses in O. D. that know little, but have no working hours, an' do not strike; all this I felt, an' I knew there was where I should be. I got the crowd to-night, you see, but the crowd, the old crowd, has got me. An' there was nothing about *that* in the book. Ah! lad, ah! lad, it's almost to settle down you got me. It was, you *know*. But it could not have been, lad. He stopped, and for an instant his eyelids dropped; but his mouth was like a chunky, curveless bar of iron. "You will tell Miss Mary to think well of me, lad. It is nice to me that she has been, and she will understand."

I tried to look at him, but failed. Then I blurted out what I knew I must:

"She—she sent me down to you, Buck, to-night."

"I know, lad. That was our Mary all over. Do you think she would send down help to the man she loves, or love the man she needed to send help to? No, lad; it was this very night that she told me there was no chance for me."

"That's why she wanted no harm to come to you to-night," I stammered.

"It was, you know," he said, and tried to smile. "An', lad, she loves no one to-night; but to-morrow—be strong with her, as I was strong, and gentle an' unscarred, as I could not be, an' joy go with you, with ye both."

We looked at each other steadily, and I tried to seek some chink in the armor of his expression where I could touch him. But there was none. I knew there would be none. Somehow our hands met and clasped.

"There, lad. I'll be seeing of you in the morning before you go to work. An' you'll tell Mr. Drayton, will you not, for I'm leaving by the nine-seventeen——"

And I went out; because I saw that somewhere between Coblenz and Corregidor the bugles of the army were blowing Recall.

MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

GREEN FIELDS AND FOREIGN FARING

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

Author of "Service and Sacrifice," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FAMILY PORTRAITS

[SECOND PAPER]

FROM the nursery in 20th Street my early memories turn with even greater happiness to the country place which my parents rented at Madison, New Jersey, called Loantaka, where we spent several summers. There the joy of a sorrel Shetland pony became ours (Pony Grant was his name)—a patriotic effort to commemorate the name of the great general, still on the lips of every one, whose indomitable will and military acumen had at that very moment been the chief factor in bringing the Civil War to a close. I, however, labored under the delusion that he, the general, was named after the pony, which seemed to me at the time much the most important of the two personalities. The four-legged Grant was quite as determined and aggressive as his two-legged namesake, and he never allowed any of us to be his master. When my father first had him brought to the front door of the country home at Madison, I shall never forget the thrill of excitement in the breasts of the three little children of the nursery. "Who will jump on his back?" called out my father gayly.

It has always been the pride of my life that, although I was only about four years old, I begged for the privilege before the "boys" were quite ready to decide whether to dare the ferocious glance in his dark eyes. Owing to my temerity he was presented to me, and from that time on was only a loan to my brothers. Each in turn, however, we would climb on his back, and each in turn would be repeatedly thrown over his head, but having shown his ability to eject, he would then, satisfied by thus proving his superiority, become gentle as a really gentle lamb. I qualify my reference to lambs, remembering well the singularly *ungentle* lamb which later became a pet also in the family.

In those country days before the advent of the motor, the woods and lanes of Madison, New Jersey, were safe haunts for happy childhood, and we were given much liberty, and, accompanied by our two little cousins from Savannah, John and Maud Elliott, who spent those two summers with us, having suffered greatly from the devastating war, we roamed at will, leading or riding our pony, playing endless games, or making believe we were Indians—always responsive to some story of Theodore's which seemed to cast a glamour around our environment.

I can still feel the somewhat uncanny thrill with which I received the suggestion that a large reddish stain on a rock in the woods near by was the blood of a white girl, lately killed by the chief of the Indian tribe, to which through many mysterious rites we were supposed to belong. I remember enticing there, in the twilight, our very Hibernian kitchen-maid, and taking delight in her shrieks of terror at the sight of the so-called blood.

My brother always felt in later years, and carried the feeling into practice with his own children, that liberty in the summer-time, for a certain period at least, stimulated greatly the imagination of a child. To rove unhampered, to people the surroundings with one's own creations, to watch the habits of the feathered or furry creatures, and insensibly to react to the beauty of wood and

wind and water—all this leaves an indelible impression on the malleable nature of a young child, and we five happy cousins, in spite of Theodore's constant delicacy, were allowed this wonderful freedom to assimilate what nature had to give.

I never once remember that we came to the "grown people" with that often-heard question: "What shall we do next?" The days never seemed long enough, the hours flew on golden wings. Often there would be days of suffering for my brother, even in the soft summer weather, but not as acute as in the winter-time, and though my father or my aunt frequently had to take Theodore for change of air to one place or another, and rarely, even at his best, could he sleep without being propped up in bed or in a big chair, still his spirit was so strong and so recuperative that when I think of my earliest country memories, he seems always there, leading, suggesting, explaining, as all through my life, when the nursery was a thing of the past and the New Jersey woodlands a faint though fair green memory, he was always beside me, leading, suggesting, explaining still.

Theodore Roosevelt at ten years old.

It was in those very woodlands that his more accurate interest in natural history began. We others—normal and not particularly intelligent little children—joyed in the delights of the country, in our games and our liberty, but he was not only a leader for us in everything, but he also led a life apart from us, seriously studying the birds, their habits and their notes, so that years afterward the result of those long hours of childish concentration took form in his expert knowledge of bird life and lore—so expert a knowledge that even Mr. John Burroughs, the great nature specialist, conceded him equality of information with himself along those lines.

It was at Loantaka, at the breakfast-table one day, after my father had taken the train to New York—this was the second year of our domicile there, and the sad war was over—that my mother received a peculiar-looking letter. I remember her face of puzzled interest as she opened it and the flush that came to her cheek as she turned to my aunt and said, "Oh, Anna, this must be from Irvine!" and read aloud what would now seem like a "Personal" on a page of the New York *Herald*. It was as follows:

"If Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Anna Bulloch will walk in Central Park up the Mall, at 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon of this week [it was then Tuesday] and notice a young man standing under the third tree on the left with a red handkerchief tied around his throat, it will be of interest to them."

As my mother finished reading the letter she burst into tears, for it was long since the younger brother had been heard from, as the amnesty granted to all those who had taken part in the Rebellion had not been extended to those who had gone to England, as had my two uncles, to assist in the building and the sailing of the *Alabama*, and letters from them were considered too dangerous to be received.

This "Irvine" had been saved when the *Alabama* sank, after her brief career, and the two brothers had settled in Liverpool, and my mother knowing the great sorrow that his mother's death

had meant to this younger brother, had always longed during the intervening months to see him and tell him of his mother's undying devotion, though she herself had passed away the year before.

It seemed now to the active imaginations of the Southern sisters that somehow or other Irvine had braved the authorities and would be able to see them and hear from their lips the story of the past five years.

One can well imagine the excitement of the children around the breakfast-table at the romantic meeting suggested by the anonymous letter. And so, on the following Thursday, the two sisters went in to New York and walked up the Mall in Central Park, and there, standing under the third tree to the left, was the young man—a thin, haggard-looking young man compared to the round-faced boy with whom they had parted so long ago, but eagerly waiting to get from them the last news of the mother who had hoped she would die before any harm could befall him. He had worked his way over in the steerage of a sailing vessel under an assumed name, for he was afraid of bringing some trouble on my father, and had taken the method of the anonymous letter to bring to him the sisters he had loved and missed so sorely.

What a meeting it must have been under that "third tree to the left" of the old Mall of Central Park, and what reminiscences of happier childhood days those three must have indulged in in the brief hour which the brother could give his sisters before sailing back across the broad ocean, for he did not dare meet them again for fear of some unpleasant results for the Northern brother-in-law, for whom he had great admiration.

Later, of course, my uncles were given the right to return to their own country, but although they often visited us, they never settled in America again, having rooted their business interests on English soil, though their hearts always turned loyally to the country of their birth.

In taking into consideration the immediate forebears of my brother, Theodore Roosevelt, I would once more repeat that to arrive at a true comprehension of his many-sided character, one must realize the combination of personalities and the different strains of blood in those personalities, from whom he was descended, in summing up the man he was.

The stability and wisdom of the old Dutch blood, the gayety and abandon of the Irish strain that came through the female side of his father's people, and on his mother's side the great loyalty of the Scotch and the fiery self-devotion of the French Huguenot martyrs, mixed as it was with the light touch which shows in French blood of whatever strain—all this combined to make of the boy born of so varied an ancestry one who was akin to all human nature.

In April, 1868, the little boy of nine and a half shows himself, indeed, as father to the man in several extraordinarily characteristic letters which I insert here. They were written to his mother and father and the little sister Conie when the above members of the family were paying a visit to Savannah, and are as follows:

"New York April 28th, 1868.

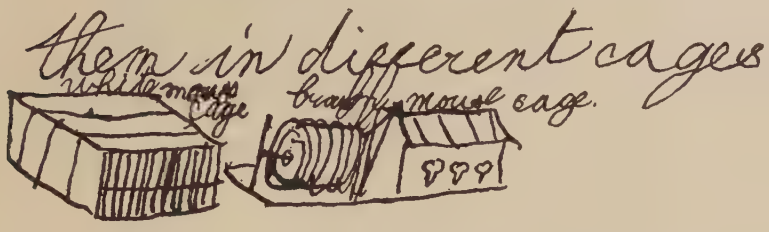
"My Dear Mamma

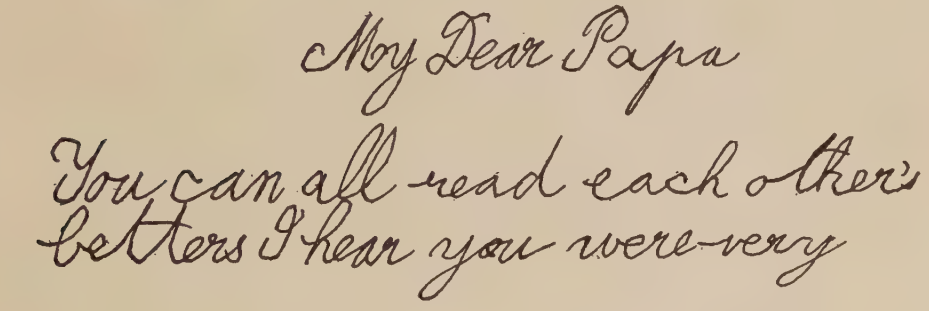
"I have just received your letter! What an excitement! How nice to read it. What long letters you do write. I don't see how you can write them. My mouth opened wide with astonishment when I heard how many flowers were sent in to you. I could revel in the buggie ones. I jumped with delight when I found you had heard the mocking-bird. Get some of its feathers if you can. Thank Johnny for the feathers of the soldier's cap. give him my love also. We cried when you wrote about Grand-Mamma. Give My love to the good natured (to use your own expresion) handsome lion, Maud, Johnny, Conie, and Aunt Lucy. I am sorry the trees have been cut down. Aunt Annie, Edith and Ellie send their love to you and all, I send mine to. I send this picture to Conie. In the letters you write to me tell me how many curiosities and living things you have got for me. I miss Conie very much. I wish I were with you and Johnny for I could hunt for myself. There is Conie's letter."

"My Dear Conie:

"As I wrote so much in Mamma's letter I cannot write so much in yours.

I have got four mice, two white skined, red eyed velvety creatures, very tame for I let them run all over me, they trie to get down the back of my neck and under my vest, and two brown skined, black eyed, soft as the others but wilder. Lordy and Rosa are the names of the white mice, which are male and female. I keep them in different cages





you, will you do it? I hope you will, if you will it will figure greatly in my museum. You know what supple jacks are, do you not? Please get one for Ellie and two for me. Ask your friend to let you cut off the tiger-cat's tail, and get some long moos and have it mated together. One of the supple jacks (I am talking of mine now) must be about as thick as your thumb and finger. The other must be as thick as your thumb. The one which is as thick as your finger and thumb must be four feet long and the other must be three feet long. One of my mice got crushed. It was the mouse I liked best though it was a common mouse. Its name was Brownie. Nothing particular has happened since you went away for I cannot go out in the country like you can. The trees and the vine on our piazza are buding and the grass is green as can be, and no one would dream that it was winter so short a time ago. All send love to all of you.

Yours lovingly,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

"MY DEAR PAPA

"You can all read each other's letters. I hear you were very seasick on your voyage and that Dora and Conie were seasick before you passed Sandy-hook. Give my greatest love to Johnny. You must write too. Wont you drive Mamma to some battle field for she is going to get me some trophies? I would like to have them so very much. I will have to stop now because Aunty wants me to learn my lessons.

"The chaffinch is for you. The wren for Mamma. The cat for Conie.

Yours lovingly,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

"P. S. I liked your peas so much that I ate half of them."

"New York, April 30th, 1868.

"MY DEAR FATHER

"I received your letter yesterday. Your letter was more exciting than Mother's. I have a request to ask of

The "excitement" referred to in the first letter was the wonderful reception accorded to my mother on her return to the city of her girlhood days. Her rooms in the hotel in Savannah were filled by

her friends with flowers—and how she loved flowers—but not the "buggie ones," in which her young naturalist son says he would "revel"!

One can see the ardent little bird-lover as he wrote, "I jumped with delight when I found you had heard the mocking-bird," and again when he says, "Tell me how many curiosities and living things you have got for me." Insatiable lover of knowledge as he was, it was difficult indeed for his parents to keep pace with his thirst for "outward and visible signs of the things that be."

More than fifty years have passed since the painstaking penning of the childish letters, but the heart of his sister in reading them thrills hotly at the thought that the little "Conie" of those days was "very much" missed by her idolized brother, and how she treasured the letter written all for her, with the pictures of the cages in which he kept his beloved mice! It was sad that the pictures of the chaffinch, wren, and cat, evidently enclosed for each of the travellers, should have been lost. In the two letters to his father he enlists that comrade-father's services for his adored "museum," by the plea for "trophies from some battle field," and the urgent request for the "supple jack," the nature of which exciting article I confess I do not understand. I do understand, however, his characteristic distress that "one of my mice got crushed. It was the mouse I liked best though it was a common mouse."

That last sentence brought the tears to my eyes. How true to type it was! The "common mouse" was the one he liked best of all—never the rare, exotic thing, but the every-day, the plain, the simple, and he probably liked it so much just because that little "common mouse" had shown courage and vitality and affection! All through Theodore Roosevelt's life it was to the plain, simple things and to the plain, simple people that he gave his most loyal devotion.

In May, 1869, because of a great desire on the part of my mother to visit her brothers in England, as well as to see the Old World of which she had read and studied so much, she persuaded my father to take the whole family abroad.

After those early summers at Madison, which still stand out so clearly in my memory, there comes a less vivid recollection of months passed at the beautiful old place at Barrytown on the Hudson River, which my parents rented from Mr. John Aspinwall, and where a wonderful rushing brook played a big part in the joys of our holiday months.

We "younger ones" longed for another summer at this charming spot, and regretted, with a certain amount of suspicion, the decision of the "Olympians" to drag us from our leafy haunts to improve our rebellious young minds, but my parents were firm in their decision, and we started on the old paddle-wheel steamship *Scotia*, as I have said, in May, 1869.

In a letter from my mother to my aunt, who had married Mr. James King Gracie, and was therefore regretfully left behind, she described with an easy pen some incidents of the voyage across the ocean, as follows:

"Elliott is the leader of children's sports and plays with the little Winthrop children all day. A short while ago Thee made up his mind suddenly that Teedie must play too, so hunted up the little fellow who was deeply enjoying a conversation with the only acquaintance he has made, a little man, whom we call the 'one too many man,' for he seems to go about with no acquaintances. His name is Mr. St. John and he is a quaint little well of knowledge,—very fond of natural history and fills Teedie's heart with delight. Teedie brought him up and introduced him to me, his eyes dancing with delight and he constantly asks me, 'Mamma, have you really conversed with Mr. St. John?' I feel so tenderly to Teedie, that I actually stopped reading the 'Heir of Redcliffe' and talked to the poor little man who has heart complaint so badly that his voice even is affected by it.

"The two little boys were pretty seasick on Sunday and I do not know what I should have done without Robert, the bedroom steward, and an amiable deck steward, who waits on those who remain on Deck at meals. He seems a wonderfully constructed creature, having amia-

ble knobs all over his body, upon which he supports more bowls of soup and plates of eatables than you can imagine, all of which he serves out, panting over you while you take your plate, with such wide extended nostrils that they take in the Irish coast, and the draught from them cools the soup!

"Anna,—the carpet in my stateroom is filled with organic matter which, if distilled, would make a kind of anchovy paste, only fit to be the appetizer before the famous 'witches' broth,' the receipt for which Shakespeare gives in Macbeth —but on the whole the *Scotia* is well ordered and cleaner than I had expected.

"On Sunday morning Thee was sick and while in bed, little Conie came into the room. He looked down from his upper berth, looking like a straw-colored Cockatoo, but Conie stopped in the middle of what she was saying and said, 'Oh Papa! you have such a lovely little curl on your forehead' with a note of great admiration in her voice and meaning it all, *really*, but her position looking up, and his looking down reminded me forcibly of the picture of the flattered crow who dropped his cheese when the fox complimented him!"

This letter, perhaps, more than almost any other, gives the quaint humor, and also the tenderness of my mother's attitude toward her children and husband.

On our arrival in Liverpool, we were greeted by the Bulloch uncles, and from that time on the whole European trip was one of interest and delight to the "grown people." My older sister, though not quite fifteen, was so unusually mature and intelligent that she shared their enjoyment, but the journey was of rather mitigated pleasure to the three "little ones," who much preferred the nursery at 28 East 20th Street, or their free summer activities in wood and field, to the picture-galleries and museums, or even to the wonderful Swiss mountains, where they had to be so carefully guarded.

In the letters written faithfully to our beloved aunt, the note of homesickness is always apparent.

Our principal delight was in what we used to call "exploring" when we first arrived at a hotel, and in the occasional intercourse with children of our own age, or, as in "Teedie's" case, with some expert along the line of his own interests, but the writing and receiving of home letters stand out more strongly than almost any other memory of this time, and amongst those most treasured by Teedie and myself were the little missives written by our most intimate friend, Edith Kermit Carow, a little girl who was to have, in later days, the most potent influence of all over the life of Theodore Roosevelt. How little she thought when she wrote to her friend "Conie" from Redbank, November 19, 1869, "I was much pleased at receiving your kind letter telling me all about Teedie's birthday," that one day that very Teedie would be President Theodore Roosevelt, and Edith Kermit Carow the mistress of the White House.

The old friendship of our parents for Mr. and Mrs. Carow, who lived with Mr. Carow's older sister, Mrs. Robert Kermit, in a large house backing up against the 14th Street mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt, was the natural factor in the relationship of the younger generation, and little Edith Carow and little Corinne Roosevelt were pledged friends from the time of their birth.

The "Teedie" of those days expressed always a homesick feeling when "Edie's" letters came. They seemed to fill him with a strong longing for his native land!

In the little note written on yellow, very minute writing-paper headed by a satisfied-looking cat, "Edie" expresses the wish that "Teedie" could have been with her on a late picnic, and "Teedie," I am equally sure, wished for her presence at his eleventh-birthday festivities, which were described by my sister Anna in a letter to our aunt, Mrs. Gracie. I quote a few lines from that letter, for again its contents show the beautiful devotion of my father and mother and sister to the delicate little boy—the devotion which always put their own wishes or arrangements aside when the terrible attacks of asthma came, for those attacks seemed to make them feel that no plan was too definite or important to change at once should "Teedie's" health require it. My sister writes, the letter being dated from Brussels, October 30, 1869:

"Last Thursday was dear little Tee-

die's birthday; he was eleven years old. We all determined to lay ourselves out on that occasion, for we all feared that he would be homesick,—for he is a great little home-boy. It passed off very nicely indeed. We had to leave Berlin suddenly the night before, for Teedie was not very well; so we left Berlin on Wednesday night at eight o'clock and arrived at Cologne on Thursday morning about nine. You can imagine it was a very long trip for the three little children, although they really bore it better than we three older ones. [She one of the older ones at fourteen and a half!] It was a bitterly cold night and snowed almost all the time. Think of a snow storm on the night of the 27th of October! Teedie was delighted at having had a snow storm on his birthday morning, for he had never had *that* before. When we reached Cologne we went to the same hotel, and had the same nice rooms which we had had on our former stay there, and that of course made us feel very much more at home. Teedie ordered the breakfast, and they all had 'real tea' as a very great treat, and then Teedie ordered the dinner, at which we were all requested to appear in full dress; so Mamma came in her beautiful white silk dinner dress, and Papa in dress coat and light kid gloves. I was very cold, so only wore silk. After Teedie's dinner Papa brought in all his presents. They, Mamma and Papa, gave each of the three, writing desks marked with their names and filled with all the conveniences. Then Teedie received a number of smaller presents as well."

Anna Roosevelt at the age of fifteen when she spoke of herself as one of the "three older ones."

What parents, indeed, so fully to understand the romantic feeling of the little boy about his birthday dinner, that they were more than willing to don their most beautiful habiliments, and appear as they had so lately appeared when received at the Vienna court! Such yielding to what by many people might have been considered as too childish a whim to be countenanced shows with special clearness the quality in my father and mother which inspired in us all such undying adoration. Another letter—not written by my older sister, but in the painstaking handwriting of a little girl of seven—describes my own party the month before. We were evidently staying in Vienna at the time, for I say: "We went to Schönbrunn, a shatto." The "shatto" is more frequently known as a château, but quite as thrilling to my childish mind spelled in my own unique manner! And there in the lovely grounds my mother had arranged a charming *al fresco* supper for the little homesick American girl, and just as the "grown people" were in "full dress" for "Teedie's" birthday, so they gave themselves up in the grounds of the great "shatto" to making merry for the little seven-year-old girl.

After the great excitements of the birthdays came our interesting sojourn in Rome. In spite of my mother's efforts to arouse a somewhat abortive interest in art in the hearts of the three little children, my principal recollections of the Rome of 1869 are from the standpoint of the splendid romps on the Pincian

Hill. In those contests of running and racing and leaping, my brother Elliott was always the leader, although "Teedie" did his part whenever his health permitted. One scene stands out clearly in my mind. It was a beautiful day, one of those sunny Italian days when ilex and olive shone with a special glistening quality, and when the "Eternal City," as viewed from the high hill, awoke even in the hearts of the little Philistine foreigners a subconscious thrill which they themselves did not quite understand. We were playing with the Lawrence children, playing leap-frog (how inappropriate to the Pincian Hill!) over the many posts, when suddenly there came a stir—an unexpected excitement seemed everywhere. Word was passed that the Pope was coming. "Teedie" whispered to the little group of American children that he didn't believe in popes—that no real American would; and we all felt it was due to the Stars and Stripes that we should share his attitude of distant disapproval. But then, as is often the case, the miracle happened, for the crowd parted, and to our excited, childish eyes something very much like a story-book incident took place. The Pope, who was in his sedan-chair carried by bearers in beautiful costumes, his benign face framed in white hair and by the close cap which he wore, caught sight of the group of eager little children craning their necks to see him pass; and he smiled and put out one fragile, delicate hand toward us, and, lo! the late scoffer who, in spite of the ardent Americanism that burned in his eleven-year-old soul, had quite as much reverence as militant patriotism in his nature, fell upon his knees and kissed the delicate hand, which for a brief moment was laid upon his fair, curling hair. Whenever I think of Rome this memory comes back to me; and in a way it was strangely true to the character of my brother. The Pope to him had always meant what later he would have called "unwarranted superstition," but *that* Pope, Pio Nono, the kindly, benign old man, the moment he appeared in the flesh brought about in my brother's heart the reaction which always came when the pure, the good, or the true crossed his path.

Christmas in Rome was made for us as much like our wonderful Christmases at home as was possible in a foreign hotel. It had always been our custom to go to our parents' room at the pleasant hour of 6 A. M., and generally my mother had induced my long-suffering father to be dressed in some special and marvellous manner at that early hour when we "undid" the bulging, mysterious-looking stockings, and none of these exciting rites were omitted because of our distance from our native land. I think for that reason at the end of the beautiful Christmas day, 1869, the special joy in the hearts of the three little American children was that they had actually forgotten that they were in Rome at all! On January 2 "Teedie" himself writes to his beloved Aunt Annie (Mrs. Gracie) on a piece of note-paper which characteristically has at the top a bird on a bough, that paper being his choice for the writing-desks which had been given to the three children on his birthday: "Will you send the enclosed to Edith Carow. In it I described our ascent of Vesuvius, and so I will describe Pompeii to you." In a rather cramped hand he enters then into an accurate description of everything connected with Pompeii, gloating with scientific delight over the seventeen skeletons found in the Street of the Tombs, but falling for one moment into a lighter vein, he tells of two little Italian boys whom my father had engaged to come and sing for us the same evening at Sorrento, and whose faces were so dirty that my father and his friend Mr. Stevens washed them with "Kissengin Water." That extravagance seems to have been specially entertaining to the mind of the young letter-writer.

During the year abroad there were lovely times when we were not obliged to think of sculpture or painting—weeks in the great Swiss mountains when, in spite of frequent attacks of his old enemy, my father writes that "Teedie" walked many miles and showed the pluck and perseverance which were so strikingly part of his character. In another letter he is described while suffering from a peculiarly severe attack of asthma, as being propped up all night in a big chair in the sitting-room, while his devoted mother told him stories of "when she was a little girl" at

the old plantation at Roswell; and yet within two days of that very time he is following my father and brother on one of the longest walks they took in the mountains. All through the letters of that period one realizes the developing character of the suffering little boy. My mother writes in a letter to her sister: "Teedie and Ellie have walked to-day thirteen miles, and are very proud of their performance. Indeed Teedie has been further several times."

And so the year of exile had its joyous memories, but in spite of them never were there happier children than those who arrived home in America in the spring of 1870.

Earlier in our lives my father, always thinking of the problem of the fragile health of his two older children, conceived the idea of turning the third room of the second story at 28 East 20th Street into an out-of-doors piazza, a kind of open-air gymnasium, with every imaginable swing and bar and seesaw, and my mother has often told me how he called the boy to him one day—Theodore was now about eleven years of age—and said: "Theodore, you have the mind but you have not the body, and without the help of the body the mind cannot go as far as it should. You must *make* your body. It is hard drudgery to make one's body, but I know you will do it." The little boy looked up, and threw back his head in a characteristic fashion. Then, with a flash of those white teeth which later in life became so well known that when he was police commissioner the story ran that any recreant policeman would faint if he suddenly came face to face with a set of *false* teeth in a shop-window, he said: "*I'll make my body.*"

That was his first important promise to himself, and the delicate little boy began his work, and for many years one of my most vivid recollections is seeing him between horizontal bars widening his chest by regular, monotonous motion—drudgery, indeed, but a drudgery which eventuated in his being not only the apostle but the exponent of the strenuous life.

What fun we had on that piazza! The first Theodore Roosevelt, like his son, was far ahead of his times, and fresh air was his hobby, and he knew that the children who will cry if they are made to take dull walks on dreary city streets, will romp with dangerous delight ungovernessed and unmaided in an outdoor gymnasium. I use the word "dangerous" advisedly, for one day my lovely and delicate mother had an unforgetable shock on that same piazza. She happened to look out of the window opening on to the piazza, and saw two boys, one of whom, needless to say, was Theodore, carefully balancing the seesaw from the high rail which protected the children from the possibility of falling into the back yard, two stories below. Having wearied of the usual play, the aforesaid two boys thought they would add a tinge of excitement to the merriment by balancing the seesaw in such a manner as to have one boy always in the thrilling position of hanging on the farther side of the top rail, with the possibility (unless the equilibrium were kept to perfection) of seesaw, boys, and all descending unexpectedly into the back yard.

One may well imagine the horror of the mother as she saw her adventurous offspring crawling out beyond the projection of the railing. Only great self-control allowed her to reach the wooden board held lightly by the fingers of an equally criminal cousin, and by an agonized clutch make it impossible for the seesaw to slide down with its two foolhardy riders.

Needless to say, no such feat was ever performed again, but the piazza became the happy meeting-ground of all the boys and girls of the neighborhood, and there not only Theodore Roosevelt but many of his friends and family put in a stock of sturdy health which was to do them good service in later years. At the same time the children of that house were leading the normal lives of other little children, except for the individual industry of the more delicate one, who put his hours of necessary quiet into voracious reading of history and study of natural history.

Again the summers were the special delight of our lives, and the following several summers we spent on the Hudson River, at or near Riverdale, where warm friendships were formed with the children

of our parents' friends, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Percy R. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, and Mr. Robert Colgate.

Groups of joyous children invented and carried into effect every imaginable game, and as ever our father was the delightful collaborator in every scheme of pleasure. There began Theodore's more active collection of birds and animals. There he advertised for families of field-mice, and the influx of the all-too-prolific little animals was terrifying to the heart of so perfect a housekeeper as my mother. The horror produced by the discovery of several of the above-named families in the refrigerator was more than trying to the nerves of one less devoted to science. My sister Anna, the most unselfish of older sisters, was the chief sufferer always, as in spite of her extreme youth —for she was only four years older than my brother— her unusual ability and maturity made her seem more like a second mother than a sister. On one special occasion Theodore, having advertised and offered the large sum of ten cents for every field-mouse and thirty-five cents for a family, left for a trip to the Berkshire hills, and my poor sister was inundated by hundreds of active and unattractive families of field-mice, while clamoring country people demanded their ten-cent pieces or the larger sum irrelevantly offered by the absentee young naturalist. In the same unselfish manner my sister was the unwilling recipient of families of young squirrels, guinea-pigs, etc., and I can see her still bringing up one especially delicate family of squirrels on the bottle, and also begging a laundress not to forsake the household because turtles were tied to her tubs.

Corinne Roosevelt, 1869, at seven and a half years.

Those summers on the Hudson River stand out as specially happy days. As I have said before, we were allowed great freedom, although never license, in the summer-time, and situated as we then were with a group of little friends about us, the long sweet days passed like a joyous dream.

Doctor Hilborne West, the husband of my mother's half-sister, stands prominently out as a loved figure in those childhood hours. My mother writes of him as follows: "Dr. West has made himself greatly beloved by each child. He has made boats and sailed them with Ellie; has read poetry and acted plays with Conie; and has talked science, medicine, and natural history with Teedie, who always craves knowledge."

In spite of his craving for knowledge, the boy now nearly fourteen years old had evidently, however, the normal love of noise and racket, as evinced by the following "spread-eagle" letter to his aunt, who, in her turn, had gone abroad:

"Dob's Ferry, July 9th, 72.

"Dear Auntie

"We had the most splendid fun on the fourth of July. At eight o'clock we commenced with a discharge of three packs of firecrackers, which awoke most of the people. But we had only begun now, and during the remainder of the day six boxes of torpedoes and thirty-six packs of firecrackers kept the house in an exceedingly lively condition. That evening it rained

which made us postpone the fireworks untill next evening, when they were had with great success, excepting the balloons, which were an awful swindle. We boys assisted by firing roman candles, flowerpots and bengolas. We each got his fair share of burns."

Ever your little
T. D."

It was during that summer that "Uncle Hill" would read Shakespeare to us under the trees, and then suggest that we "dress up" and act the parts. What joy it was to have "Uncle Hill" teach us portions of the famous plays of all the ages, and equally famous poems; it was a delight rather than a task; and he interspersed his Shakespeare with the most remarkable and, to our childish minds, brilliant doggerel, sometimes of his own making, that could possibly be imagined—so that Hamlet's soliloquy one day seemed quite as palatable as "Villikins and His Dinah," or "Horum, Chorum, Sumpti Vorum," the next. To show the relationship between the charming physician of Philadelphia (the home of my uncle and aunt, Doctor and Mrs. West, was in that city) and the young philosopher of New York, I am tempted to insert a letter from the latter to the former, written in 1873 from Paris, on our second trip abroad.

"From Theodore the Philosopher to Hilborne, Elder of the Church of Philadelphia. Dated from Paris, a city of Gaul, in the 16th day of the 11th month of the 4th year of the reign of Ulysses. [I imagine that General Grant was then President!] Truly, O Hilborne! this is the first time in many weeks that I have been able to write you concerning our affairs. I have just come from the city of Bonn in the land of the Teuton, where I have been communing with our fellow labourer James of Roosevelt, surnamed The Doctor, [our first cousin, young James West Roosevelt] whom I left in good health. In crossing the Sea of Atlantis I suffered much of a malady called sickness of the sea, but am now in good health, as are also all our family. I would that you should speak to the sage Leidy concerning the price of his great manuscript, which I am desirous of getting. Give my regards to Susan of West, whom I hope this letter will find in health. I have procured many birds, of kinds new to me, here, and have preserved them. This is all I have to say for the time being, so will close this short epistle."

This in a boyish hand which is beginning to show the character of the young author.

That summer of 1872 was very enchanting, although overshadowed by the thought of another "terrible trip to Europe," for after much thought my father and mother had decided that the benefits of a winter on the Nile and a summer studying German in Dresden would outweigh the possible disadvantage of breaking into the regular school studies of the three children of the 20th Street nursery. Therefore, the whole family set sail again in the autumn of 1872.

After a delightful time with the uncles and aunts who had settled in England, and many gay excursions to Hampton Court and Bushey Park, and other places of interest, we went by way of Paris and Brindisi to Alexandria, and after some weeks in Cairo set sail on a dahabeah for three months on the Nile. In a letter from my brother Elliott to my aunt he speaks of my father's purchase of a small boat. With characteristic disregard of the historic interest of the Nile, he says: "Teedie and I won't mind the Nile very much now that we have a boat to row in, and perhaps it won't be so bad after all what with rowing, boxing, and Christmas and playing, in between lessons and the ruins." Reaching Egypt, the same young lover of boxing and boats writes of meeting much beloved cousins, and again the characters of Ellie and Teedie are markedly brought out in the childish letter, for he says: "We had such a cosey tea. Frank and I poured tea and cut up chicken, while Teedie and Jimmie [the young cousin referred to in Teedie's letter to Doctor West] talked about natural history."

The experience of a winter on the Nile was a very wonderful one for the little American children, and "Ellie's" anticipations were more than carried out. Before we actually set sail, I write in my journal of our wonderful trip to the Pyramids and our impressions, childish ones, of course, of the marvellous bazaars;

and then we finally leave Cairo and start on the journey up the ancient river. I have always been so glad that our trip was before the days of the railway to Karnak, for nothing could have been more Oriental and unlike modern life than the slow progress of our dahabeah, the *Aboo Erdan.* When there was wind we tacked and slowly sailed, for the boat was old and bulky, but when there was no wind the long line of sailors would get out on the bank of the river, and, tying themselves to the rope attached to the bow, would track slowly along, bending their bronzed backs with the effort and singing curious crooning songs.

In a letter dated December 27, I write to my aunt: "I will tell you about my presents. Amongst others I got a pair of pretty vases, and Teedie says the little birds they have on them are an entirely new species. Teedie and Father go out shooting every day, and so far have been very lucky. Teedie is always talking about it whenever he comes in the room,—in fact when he does come in the room you always hear the words 'bird' and 'skin.' *It certainly is great fun for him.*"

In connection with these same shooting trips, my father writes: "Teedie took his gun and shot an ibis and one or two other specimens this morning while the crew were taking breakfast. Imagine seeing not only flocks of these birds, regarded as so rare by us in days gone by as to be selected as a subject for our game of 'twenty questions,' but also of storks, hawks, owls, pelicans, and, above all, doves innumerable. I presented Teedie with a breech-loader at Christmas, and he was perfectly delighted. It was entirely unexpected to him, although he had been shooting with it as mine. He is a most enthusiastic sportsman and has infused some of his spirit into me. Yesterday I walked through the bogs with him at the risk of sinking hopelessly and helplessly, for hours, and carried the dragoman's gun, which is a muzzle-loader, with which I only shot several birds quietly resting upon distant limbs and fallen trees; *but I felt I must keep up with Teedie.*"

The boy of fourteen with his indomitable energy was already leading his equally indomitable father into new fields of action. He never rested from his studies in natural history. When not walking through quivering bogs or actually shooting bird and beast, he, surrounded by the brown-faced and curious sailors, would seat himself on the deck of the dahabeah, and skin and stuff the products of his sport. I well remember the excitement and, be it confessed, anxiety and fear inspired in the hearts of the four young college men who, on another dahabeah, accompanied us on the Nile, when the ardent young sportsman, mounted on an uncontrollable donkey, would ride unexpectedly into their midst, his gun slung across his shoulders in such a way as to render its proximity distinctly dangerous as he bumped absent-mindedly against them. When not actually hunting, he was willing to take part in exploration of the marvellous old ruins.

In a letter to "Edie," I say: "The other day we arrived at Edfoo, and we all went to see the temple together. While we were there Teedie, Ellie, Iesi (one of our sailors) and I started to explore. We went into a little dark room and climbed in a hole which was in the middle of the wall. The boys had candles. It was dark crawling along the passage doubled up. At last we came to a deep hole, into which Teedie dropped, and we found out it was a mummy pit. It didn't go very far in, but it all seemed very exciting to us to be exploring mummy pits. Sometimes we sail head foremost and sometimes the current turns us all the way around,—and I wish you could hear the cries of the sailors when anything happens."

They were busy days, for our wise parents insisted upon regularity of a certain kind, and my older sister, only just eighteen, gave us lessons in both French and English in the early morning before we went on the wonderful excursions to the great temples, or before "Teedie" was allowed to escape for his shooting expeditions. I do not think the three months' absence from school was any detriment, and I am very grateful for the stimulating interest which that wonderful trip on the Nile gave to my brothers and me. I can still see, in retrospect, as if it were yesterday, the great temple of Karnak as we visited it by moonlight; the

majestic colossi at Medinet Haboo, and the more beautiful and delicate ruins of Philæ. Often my father would read Egyptian history to us, or explain the kind of architecture which we were seeing, but, always, interspersed with more serious instruction, there were merry walks and games and wonderful picnic excursions, so that the winter on the Nile comes back to me as one of romantic interest mixed with the usual fun and cheerful intercourse of our ordinary family life. The four young men who had chartered the dahabeah *Rachel* were Nathaniel Thayer and Frank Merriam of Boston, Augustus Jay of New York, and Harry Godey of Philadelphia, and these four friends, with the addition of other acquaintances whom we frequently met, made for my sister and my parents a delightful circle, into which we little ones were welcomed in a most gracious way.

In spite of the fact of the charms of the Nile and the fun we frequently had, I write on February 1 from Thebes to my little playmate "Edie," with rather melancholy reminiscence of a more congenial past. "My own darling Edie," I say, "Don't you remember what fun we *used* to have out in the country, and don't you remember the day we got Pony Grant up in the Chauncey's summer house and couldn't get him down again, and how we always were losing Teedie's india rubber shoes? I remember it so perfectly, and what fun it was!" I evidently feel that such adventures were preferable to those in which we were indulging in faraway Egypt, although I conscientiously describe the ear on one of the colossi at Medinet Haboo as being four feet high, and the temple, I state, with great accuracy, has twelve columns at the north and ten on either side! I seem, however, to be glad to come back from that expedition to Medinet Haboo, for I state that I wish she could see our dahabeah, which is a regular little home. I don't approve—in this same letter—of the dancing-girls, which my parents allowed me to see one evening. With early Victorian criticism, I state that "there is not a particle of grace in their motions, for they only wriggle their bodies like a snake," and that I really feel they were very unattractive—thus proving that the little girl of eleven in 1873 was more or less prim in her tastes. I delight, however, in a poem which I copy for "Edie," the first lines of which have rung in my ears for many a long day:

"Alas! must I say it, fare—farewell to thee,
Mysterious Egypt, great land of the flea,
And thy Thebaic temples, Luxor and Karnac,
Where the natives change slowly from yellow
to black.
Shall I ne'er see thy plain, so fraught with
renown,
Where the shadoof go up and the shadoof go
down,
Which two natives bend over and sing,
While their loins are concealed by a simple
shoe string."

This verse, in spite of the reference to the lack of clothes of the stalwart natives, evidently did not shock my sensibilities as much as the motions of the dancing-girls. Farther on in the letter I describe the New Year's eve party, and how Mr. Merriam sang a song which I (Conie) liked very much, and which was called "She's Naughty But So Nice." "Teedie," however, did not care for that song, but preferred one called "Aunt Dinah," because one verse ran: "My love she am a giraffe, a two-humped camamile." [Music had apparently only charms to soothe him when suggestive of his beloved animal studies.] From Thebes also my brother writes to his aunt one of the most characteristic letters of his boyhood:

"Near Kom Obos, Jan. 26th, 1873.

"Dear Aunt Annie:

"My right hand having recovered from the imaginary attack from which it did *not* suffer, I proceed to thank you for your kind present, which very much delighted me. We are now on the Nile and have been on that great and mysterious river for over a month. I think I have never enjoyed myself so much as in this month. There has always been something to do, for we could always fall back upon shooting when everything else failed us. And then we had those splendid and grand old ruins to see, and one of them will stock you with thoughts for a month. The temple that I enjoyed most was Karnak. We saw it by moonlight. I never was impressed by anything so much. To wander among those great

columns under the same moon that had looked down on them for thousands of years was awe-inspiring; it gave rise to thoughts of the ineffable, the unutterable; thoughts which you cannot express, which cannot be uttered, which cannot be answered until after The Great Sleep."

Here the little philosopher breaks off, and continues in less serious mood on February 9.

"I have had great enjoyment from the shooting here, as I have procured between one and two hundred skins. I expect to procure some more in Syria. Inform Emlen of this. As you are probably aware, Father presented me on Christmas with a double-barrelled breech loading shot gun, which I never move on shore without, excepting on Sundays. The largest bird I have yet killed is a Crane which I shot as it rose from a lagoon near Thebes.

"The sporting is injurious to my trousers.

"Now that I am on the subject of dress I may as well mention that the dress of the inhabitants up to ten years of age is nothing. After that they put on a shirt descended from some remote ancestor, and never take it off till the day of their death.

"Mother is recovering from an attack of indigestion, but the rest are all well and send love to you and our friends, in which I join sincerely, and remain,

Your Most Affectionate Nephew,
T. Roosevelt, Jr."

The adoration of his little sister for the erudite "Teedie" is shown in every letter, especially in the letters to their mutual little friend "Edie." On January 25 this admiration is summed up in a postscript which says: "Teedie is out shooting now. He is quite professionist [No higher praise could apparently be given than this remarkable word.] in shooting, skinning and stuffing, and he is so satisfied." This expression seems to sum up the absolute sense of well-being during that wonderful winter of the delicate boy, who, in spite of his delicacy, always achieved his heart's desire.

In the efforts of his little sister to be a worthy companion, I find in my diary written that same winter of the Nile, one abortive struggle on my own part to become a naturalist. On the page at the end of my journal I write in large letters:

NATURAL HISTORY

"QUAIL"

"Ad. near Alexandria, Egypt, November 27th, 1872. Length 5— Expanse 13.0 Wings 5 Tail 1.3—Bill 5. Tarsus 1.2 Middle Toe 1.1 Hind Toe .3"

Under these mystic signs is a more elaborate and painstaking description of the above bird. I can see my brother now giving me a serious lecture on the subject, and trying to inspire a mind at that time securely closed to all such interests to open at least a crack of its reluctant door—for "Teedie" felt that to walk with blind eyes in a world of such fluttering excitement as was made for him by the birds of the air, showed an innate depravity which he wished with all his soul to cure in his beloved little sister. At the end of my description of the quail I fall by the wayside, and only once again make an excursion into the natural history of the great land of Egypt, only once more do I ever struggle with the description of a bird called this time by the curious name of "Ziczac." (Could this be "Zigzag," or was it simply my childish mind that zigzagged in its painful efforts to follow the impossible trail of my elder brother?) In my account of this, to say the least, unusual bird I remark: "Tarsus not finished." Whether *I* have not finished the tarsus, or whether the bird itself had an arrested development of some kind, I do not explain; and on the blank page opposite this final effort in scientific adventure I finish as I began, by the words "Natural History," and underneath them to explain my own unsuccessful efforts, I write: "My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt, Esq." Whether I had decided that all natural history was summed up in that magic name, or whether from that time on I was determined to leave all natural history to my brother, Theodore Roosevelt, Esq., I do not know; but the fact remains that, from that day to this far distant one, I

have never again dipped into the mystery of mandibles and tarsi.

And now the Nile days were over and we were back again in Cairo and planning for the further interest of a trip through the Holy Land. Mr. Thayer and Mr. Jay, two of the young friends who had accompanied us on the Nile, decided to join our party, and after a short stay in Cairo we again left for Alexandria, and thence sailed for Jaffa. In my diary I write at the Convent of Ramleh, between Jaffa and Jerusalem, where we spent our first night: "In Jaffa we chose our horses, which was very exciting, and started on our long ride. After three hours of delightful riding through a great many green fields, we reached this convent and found they had no room for ladies, because they were not allowed to go into one part of the building as it was against the rules, but at last Father got the old monks to allow us to come into another part of the convent for just one night."

"Father," like his namesake, almost always got what he wanted.

From that time on one adventure after another followed. I write of many nice gallops, and of my horse lying down in the middle of streams; and, incidentally, with less interest, of the Mount of Olives and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre! Antonio Sapienza proved to be an admirable dragoman, and always the practical part of the tenting cavalcade started early in the morning, and therefore as the rest of us rode over the hills in the later afternoon we would see arranged cosily in some beautiful valley the white tents, with the curling smoke from the kitchen-tent already rising with the promise of a delightful dinner.

Over Jordan we went, and what a very great disappointment Jordan was to our childish minds, which had always pictured dashing waves as the Israelitish chariots sank in the river. This Jordan was a little stream hardly more impressive than the brook at our old home at Madison, and we could not quite accustom ourselves to the disappointment. But Jerusalem, with its narrow streets and gates, its old churches, the high Mount of Olives, the little town of Bethlehem not far away, and even more interesting from the standpoint of beauty, the vision of the Convent of Mar Saba on the high hill not far from Hebron, and beyond all else the blue sparkling waters of the Dead Sea—all remain in my memory as a wonderful panorama of romance and delight.

Arab sheiks visited us frequently in the evening and brought their followers to dance for us, and wherever my father went he accumulated friends of all kinds and colors, and we, his children, shared in the marvellous atmosphere he created. I remember, in connection with the Dead Sea, that "Teedie" and Mr. Jay decided that they could sink in it, although the guides had warned them that the salt was so buoyant that it was impossible for any living thing to sink in the waters (the Dead Sea was about the most alive sea that I personally have ever seen), and so the two adventurous ones undertook to dive, and tried to remain under water. "Teedie" fortunately relinquished the effort almost immediately, but Mr. Jay, who in a spirit of bravado struggled to remain at the bottom, suffered the ill effects from crusted salt in eyes and ears for many hours after leaving the water.

For about three weeks we rode through the Holy Land, and my memory of many flowers remains as one of the charms of that trip. Later, led in the paths of botany by a beloved friend, I often longed to go back to that land of flowers; but then to my childish eyes they meant nothing but beauty and delight.

After returning to Jerusalem and Jaffa we took ship again and landed this time at Beyrout, and started on another camping trip to Damascus, through perhaps the most beautiful scenery which we had yet enjoyed. During that trip also we had various adventures. I describe in my diary how my father at one of our stopping-places brought to our tents some beautiful young Arab girls, how they gave us oranges and nuts, and how cordially they begged us, when a great storm came up and our tents were blown away, to come for shelter to their quaint little houses.

Even to the minds of the children of eleven and fourteen years of age the great temple of Baalbek proved a lure of beauty, and the diary sagely remarks that "It is quite as beautiful as Karnak,

although in an entirely different way, as Baalbek has delicate columns, and Karnak great, massive columns." The beauty, however, is not a matter of such interest as the mysterious little subterranean passages, and I tell how "Teedie" helped me to climb the walls and little tower, and to crawl through these same unexplored dark places.

The ride into Damascus itself remains in my mind still as an expedition of glamour, for we reached the vicinity of the city by a high cliff, and the city burst upon us with great suddenness, its minarets stretching their delicate, arrow-like spires to the sky in so Oriental a fashion that even the practical hearts of the little American children responded with a thrill of excitement. Again, after an interesting stay in Damascus, we made our way back to Beyrout.

We started on another steamer, and my father writes on March 28, 1873:

"Steamer off Rhodes.

"Teedie is in great spirits, as the sailors have caught for him numerous specimens, which he stuffs on deck, to the edification of a large audience."

I write during the same transit, after stopping at Athens, that "It is a very lovely town, and that I should have liked to stay there longer, but that was not to be."

"Ellie" describes also the wonderful rides in Constantinople, and many other joys planned by our indulgent and yet wise parents. From that same city, called because of its many steeples The City of Minarets, "Teedie" writes to his little friend Edith:

"I think I have enjoyed myself more this winter than I ever did before. Much to add to my enjoyment Father gave me a gun at Christmas, which rendered me happy and the rest of the family miserable.

"I killed several hundred birds with it, and then went and lost it! I think I enjoyed the time in Egypt most, and after that I had the most fun while camping out in Syria.

"While camping out we were on horseback for several hours of each day, and as I like riding ever so much, and as the Syrian horses are very good, we had a splendid time. While riding I bothered the family somewhat by carrying the gun over my shoulder, and on the journey to the Jordan, when I was on the most spirited horse I ever rode, I bothered the horse too, as was evidenced by his running away several times when the gun struck him too hard. Our tent life had a good many adventures in it. Once it rained very hard and the rain went into our open trunks. Another time our tents were almost blown away in a rough wind, and once I hunted a couple of jackals for two or three miles as fast as the horse could go.

Yours truly,

T. Roosevelt, Jr."

This little missive sums up the joy of "Teedie's" winter in Egypt and Syria, and so it seems a fitting moment to turn to other interests and occupations, leaving the wonderful land of the Pyramids and that sacred land of mountains and flowers behind us in a glow of child memories, which as year followed year became brighter rather than dimmer.

(To be continued.)

POEMS

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

VOCATION

This be my pilgrimage and goal,
  Daily to march and find
The secret phrases of the soul,
  The evangels of the mind.

While easy tongues are lightly heard,
  Let me with them be great
Who still upon the perfect word
  As heavenly fowlers wait.

In taverns none will I be seen
  But can my dæmon teach
My cloudy thought to wash all clean
  In the bright sun of speech.

FAIRFORD NIGHTINGALES

The nightingales at Fairford sing
As though it were a common thing
To make the day melodious
With tones that use to visit us
Only when thrush and blackbird take
Their sleep nor know the moon's awake.

These nightingales they sing at noon,
Not lyric lone, but threading June
With songs of many nightingales,
Till the meridian summer pales,
And here by day that spectral will
Is spending its enchantment still.

Nor shyly in far woodland bowers,
But walled among the garden flowers,
The Fairford nightingales are free,
That so the fabled melody
Is from the haunted groves of Thrace
Falling on Fairford market-place.

O nightingales that leave the night
To join the melodists of light,
And leave your coppiced gloom to dare
The fellowship forsaken there,
Fresh hours, fresh leaves can dispossess
Nor spell your music's loneliness.

TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART I—*Continued*

IX

GOYA

LUNCH was over and Soames mounted to the picture-gallery in his house near Mapledurham. He had what Annette called "a grief." Fleur was not yet home. She had been expected on Wednesday; had wired that it would be Friday; and again on Friday that it would be Sunday afternoon; and here were her aunt, and her cousins the Cardigans, and this fellow Profond, and everything flat as a pancake for the want of her. He stood before his Gauguin—sorest point of his collection. He had bought the ugly great thing with two early Matisses before the war, because there was such a fuss about those Post-Impressionist chaps. And now they were old-fashioned already without ever having had a chance to go up in price, and he had always thought them hideous into the bargain. He was wondering whether Profond would take them off his hands—the fellow seemed not to know what to do with his money—when he heard his sister's voice say: "I think that's a horrid thing, Soames," and saw that Winifred had followed him up.

"Oh! you *do?*" he said dryly; "I gave five hundred for it."

"Fancy! Women aren't made like that even if they are black."

Soames uttered a glum laugh. "You didn't come up to tell me that."

"No. Do you know that Jolyon's boy is staying with Val and his wife?"

Soames spun round.

"What?"

"Yes," drawled Winifred; "he's gone to live with them there while he learns farming."

Soames had turned away, but her voice pursued him as he walked up and down. "I warned Val that neither of them was to be spoken to about old matters."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

Winifred shrugged her substantial shoulders.

"Fleur does what she likes. You've always spoiled her. Besides, my dear boy, what's the harm?"

"The harm!" muttered Soames. "Why, she—" he checked himself. The Juno, the handkerchief, Fleur's eyes, her questions, and now this delay in her return—the symptoms seemed to him so sinister that, faithful to his nature, he could not part with them.

"I think you take too much care," said Winifred; "if I were you, I should tell her of that old matter. It's no good thinking that girls in these days are as they used to be. Where they pick up their knowledge I can't tell, but they seem to know everything."

Over Soames' face, closely composed, passed a sort of spasm, and Winifred added hastily:

"If you don't like to speak of it, I could for you."

Soames shook his head. Unless there was absolute necessity the thought that his adored daughter should learn of that old scandal hurt his pride too much.

"No," he said, "not yet. Never if I can help it."

"Nonsense, my dear. Think what people are!"

"Twenty years is a long time," muttered Soames, "outside our family, who's likely to remember?"

Winifred was silenced. She inclined more and more to that peace and quietness of which Montague Dartie had deprived her in her youth. And, since pictures always depressed her, she soon went down again.

Soames passed into the corner where, side by side, hung his real Goya, and the copy of the fresco "La Vendimia." His acquisition of the real Goya rather beautifully illustrated the cobweb of vested interests and passions, which mesh the bright-winged fly of human life. The real Goya's noble owner's ancestor had come into possession of it during some Spanish war—it was in a word loot. The noble owner had remained in ignorance of its value until in the nineties an enterprising critic discovered that a Spanish painter named Goya was a genius. It was only a fair Goya, but almost unique in England, and the noble owner became a marked man. Having many possessions and that aristocratic culture which, independent of mere sensuous enjoyment, is founded on the sounder principle that one must know everything and be fearfully interested in life, he had fully intended to keep an article which contributed to his reputation while he was alive, and to leave it to the nation after he was dead. Fortunately for Soames, the House of Lords was violently attacked in 1909, and the noble owner became alarmed and angry. "If," he said to himself, "they think they can have it both ways they are very much mistaken. So long as they leave me in quiet enjoyment the nation can have some of my pictures at my death. But if the nation is going to bait me, and rob me like this, I'm damned if I won't sell the —— lot. They can't have my private property and my public spirit—both." He brooded in this fashion for several months till one morning, after reading the speech of a certain statesman, he telegraphed to his agent to come down and bring Bodkin. On going over the collection Bodkin, than whose opinion on market values none was more sought, pronounced that with a free hand to sell to America, Germany, and other places where there was an interest in art, a lot more money could be made than by selling in England. The noble owner's public spirit—he said—was well known but the pictures were unique. The noble owner put this opinion in his pipe and smoked it for a year. At the end of that time he read another speech by the same statesman, and telegraphed to his agents: "Give Bodkin a free hand." It was at this juncture that Bodkin conceived the idea which salved the Goya and two other unique pictures for the native country of the noble owner. With one hand Bodkin proffered the pictures to the foreign market, with the other he formed a list of private British collectors. Having obtained what he considered the highest possible bids from across the seas, he submitted pictures and bids to the private British collectors, and invited them, of their public spirit, to outbid. In three instances (including the Goya) out of twenty-one he was successful. And why? One of the private collectors made buttons—he had made so many that he desired that his wife should be called Lady "Buttons." He therefore bought an unique picture at great cost, and gave it to the nation. It was "part," his friends said, "of his general game." The second of the private collectors was an Americophobe, and bought an unique picture to "spite the damned Yanks." The third of the private collectors was Soames, who—more sober than either of the others—bought after a visit to Madrid, because he was certain that Goya was still on the up grade. Goya was not booming at the moment, but he would come again; and, looking at that portrait, Hogarthian, Manetesque in its directness, but with its own queer sharp beauty of paint, he was perfectly satisfied still that he had made no error, heavy though the price had been —heaviest he had ever paid. And next to it was hanging the copy of "La Vendimia." There she was—the little wretch—looking back at him in her dreamy mood, the mood he loved best because he felt so much safer when she looked like that.

He was still gazing when the scent of a cigar impinged on his nostrils, and a voice said:

"Well, Mr. Forsyde, whad you goin' to do with this small lot?"

That Belgian chap, whose mother—as if Flemish blood were not enough—had been Armenian! Subduing a natural irritation, he said:

"Are you a judge of pictures?"

"Well, I've god a small lot myself."

"Any Post-Impressionists?"

"Ye-es, I rather like them."

"What do you think of this?" said Soames, pointing to the Gauguin.

La Vendimia. By Goya.
In the Museum del Prado.

Monsieur Profond protruded his lower lip and short pointed beard.

"Rather fine, I think," he said; "do you wand to sell it?"

Soames checked his instinctive "Not particularly"—he would not chaffer with this alien.

"Yes," he said.

"Whad do you wand for it?"

"What I gave."

"All righd," said Monsieur Profond. "I'll be glad to take that small picture. Post-Impressionists—they're awful dead, but they're amusin'. I don' care for pictures much, but I've got some, just a small lot."

"What *do* you care for?"

Monsieur Profond shrugged his shoulders.

"Life's awful like a lot of monkeys scramblin' for empdy nuts."

"You're young," said Soames. If the fellow must make a generalization, he needn't suggest that the forms of property lacked solidity!

"I don' worry," replied Monsieur Profond smiling; "we're born, and we die. Half the world's starvin'. I feed a small

lot of babies out in my mother's country; but whad's the use? Mighd as well throw my money in the river."

Soames looked at him, and turned back toward his Goya. He didn't know what the fellow wanted.

"Whad shall I make my check for?" pursued Monsieur Profond.

"Five hundred," said Soames shortly; "but I don't want you to take it if you don't care for it more than that."

"Thad's all righd," said Monsieur Profond; "I'll be 'appy to 'ave that picture."

He wrote a check with a fountain-pen heavily chased with gold. Soames watched the process uneasily. How on earth had the fellow known that he wanted to sell that picture? Monsieur Profond held out the check.

"The English are awful funny about pictures," he said. "So are the French, so are my people. They're all awful funny."

"I don't understand you," said Soames stiffly.

"It's like hats," said Monsieur Profond enigmatically, "small or large, turnin' up or down—just the fashion. Awful funny." And, smiling, he drifted out of the gallery again, blue and solid like the smoke of his excellent cigar.

Soames had taken the check, feeling as if the intrinsic value of ownership had been called in question. "He's a cosmopolitan," he thought, watching Profond emerge from under the veranda with Annette, and saunter down the lawn toward the river. What his wife saw in the fellow he didn't know, unless it was that he could speak her language; and there passed in Soames what Monsieur Profond would have called a "small doubt" whether Annette was not too handsome to be walking with any one so "cosmopolitan." Even at that distance he could see the blue fumes from Profond's cigar wreath out in the quiet sunlight; and his gray buckskin shoes, and his gray hat—the fellow was a dandy! And he could see that quick turn of his wife's head, so very straight on her desirable neck and shoulders. That turn of her neck always seemed to him a little too showy, and in the "Queen of all I survey" manner—not quite distinguished. He watched them walk along the path at the bottom of the garden. A young man in flannels joined them down there—a Sunday caller no doubt, from up the river. He went back to his Goya. He was still staring at that replica of Fleur, and worrying over Winifred's news, when his wife's voice said:

"Mr. Michael Mont, Soames. You invited him to see your pictures."

There was the cheerful young man of the Gallery off Cork Street!

"Turned up, you see, sir; I live only four miles from Pangbourne. Jolly day, isn't it?"

Confronted with the results of his expansiveness, Soames scrutinized his visitor. The young man's mouth was excessively large and curly—he seemed always grinning. Why didn't he grow the rest of those idiotic little moustaches, which made him look like a music-hall buffoon? What on earth were young men about, deliberately lowering their class with these tooth-brushes, or little slug whiskers? Ugh! Affected young idiots! In other respects he was presentable, and his flannels very clean.

"Happy to see you!" he said.

The young man, who had been turning his head from side to side, became transfixed. "I say!" he said, "'some' picture!"

Soames saw, with mixed sensations, that he had addressed the remark to the Goya copy.

"Yes," he said dryly, "that's not a Goya. It's a copy. I had it painted because it reminded me of my daughter."

"By Jove! I thought I knew the face, sir. Is she here?"

The frankness of his interest almost disarmed Soames.

"She'll be in after tea," he said. "Shall we go round the pictures?"

And Soames began that round which never tired him. He had not anticipated much intelligence from one who had mistaken a copy for an original, but as they passed from section to section, period to period, he was startled by the young man's frank and relevant remarks. Naturally shrewd himself, and even sensuous beneath his mask, Soames had not spent thirty-eight years over his one hobby without knowing something more about

pictures than their market values. He was, as it were, the missing link between the artist and the commercial public. Art for art's sake and all that, of course, was cant. But æsthetics and good taste were necessary. The appreciation of enough persons of good taste was what gave a work of art its permanent market value, or in other words made it "a work of art." There was no real cleavage. And he was sufficiently accustomed to sheep-like and unseeing visitors, to be intrigued by one who did not hesitate to say of Mauve: "Good old haystacks!" or of James Maris: "Didn't he just paint and paper 'em! Mathew was the real swell, sir; you could dig into his surfaces!" It was after the young man had whistled before a Whistler, with the words: "D'you think he ever really saw a naked woman, sir?" that Soames remarked:

"What *are* you, Mr. Mont, if I may ask?"

"I, sir? I *was* going to be a painter, but the War knocked that. Then in the trenches, you know, I used to dream of the Stock Exchange, snug and warm and just noisy enough. But the Peace knocked that; shares seem off, don't they? I've only been demobbed about a year. 'What do you recommend, sir?"

"Have you got money?"

"Well," answered the young man; "I've got a father, I kept him alive during the War, so he's bound to keep me alive now. Though, of course, there's the question whether he ought to be allowed to hang on to his property. What do you think about that, sir?"

Soames, pale and defensive, smiled.

"The old man has fits when I tell him he may have to work yet. He's got land, you know; it's a fatal disease."

"This is my real Goya," said Soames dryly.

"By George! He *was* a swell. I saw a Goya in Munich once that bowled me middle stump. A most evil-looking old woman in the most gorgeous lace. *He* made no compromise with the public taste. That old boy was 'some' explosive; he must have smashed up a lot of convention in his day. Couldn't he just paint! He makes Velasquez stiff, don't you think?"

"I have no Velasquez," said Soames.

The young man stared. "No," he said; "only nations or profiteers can afford him, I suppose. I say, why shouldn't all the bankrupt nations sell their Velasquez and Titians and other swells to the profiteers by force, and then pass a law that any one who holds a picture by an Old Master—see schedule—must hang it in a public gallery? There seems something in that."

"Shall we go down to tea?" said Soames.

The young man's ears seemed to droop on his skull. "He's not dense," thought Soames, following him off the premises.

Goya, with his satiric and surpassing precision, his original "line," and the daring of his light and shade, could have reproduced to admiration the group assembled round Annette's tea-tray in the ingle-nook below. He alone, perhaps, of painters would have done justice to the sunlight filtering through a screen of creeper, to the lovely pallor of brass, the old cut glasses, the thin slices of lemon in pale amber tea; justice to Annette in her black lacey dress; there was something of the fair Spaniard in her beauty, though it lacked the spirituality of that rare type; to Winifred's gray-haired, corseted solidity; to Soames, of a certain gray and flat-cheeked distinction; to the vivacious Michael Mont, pointed in ear and eye; to Imogen, dark, luscious of glance, growing a little stout; to Prosper Profond, with his expression as who should say: "Well, Mr. Goya, whad's the use of paintin' this small party?" finally, to Jack Cardigan, with his shining stare and tanned sanguinity betraying the moving principle: "I'm English, and I live to be fit."

Curious, by the way, that Imogen, who as a girl had declared solemnly one day at Timothy's that she would never marry a good man—they were so dull—should have married Jack Cardigan, in whom health had so destroyed all traces of original sin, that she might have retired to rest with ten thousand other Englishmen without knowing the difference from the one she had chosen to repose beside. "Oh!" she would say of him, in her "amusing" way; "Jack keeps himself so fearfully fit; he's never had a day's ill-

ness in his life. He went right through the war without a finger-ache. You really can't imagine how fit he is!" Indeed, he was so "fit" that he couldn't see when she was flirting, which was such a comfort in a way. All the same she was quite fond of him, so far as one could be of a sports-machine, and of the two little Cardigans made after his pattern. Her eyes just then were comparing him maliciously with Prosper Profond. There was no "small" sport or game which Monsieur Profond had not played at too, it seemed, from skittles to tarpon-fishing, and worn out every one. Imogen would sometimes wish that they had worn out Jack, who continued to play at them and talk of them with the simple zeal of a school-girl learning hockey; at the age of Great-uncle Timothy she well knew that Jack would be playing carpet golf in her bedroom, and "wiping somebody's eye."

He was telling them now how he had "pipped the pro—a charmin' fellow, playin' a very good game," at the last hole this morning; and how he had pulled down to Caversham since lunch, and trying to incite Prosper Profond to play him a set of tennis after tea—do him good—"keep him fit."

"But whad's the use of keepin' fit?" said Monsieur Profond.

"Yes, sir," murmured Michael Mont, "what do you keep fit for?"

"Jack," cried Imogen, enchanted, "what *do* you keep fit for?"

Jack Cardigan stared with all his health. The questions were like the buzz of a mosquito, and he put up his hand to wipe them away. During the War, of course, he had kept fit to kill Germans; now that it was over he either did not know, or shrank in delicacy from explanation of his moving principle.

"But he's righd," said Monsieur Profond unexpectedly, "there's nothin' left but keepin' fit."

The saying, too deep for Sunday afternoon, would have passed unanswered, but for the mercurial nature of young Mont.

"Good!" he cried. "That's the great discovery of the war. We all thought we were progressing—now we know we're only changing."

"For the worse," said Monsieur Profond genially.

"How you are cheerful, Prosper!" murmured Annette.

"You come and play tennis!" said Jack Cardigan; "you've got the hump. We'll soon take that down. D'you play, Mr. Mont?"

"I hit the ball about, sir."

At this juncture Soames rose, ruffled in that deep instinct of preparation for the future which guided his existence.

"When Fleur comes—" he heard Jack Cardigan say.

Ah! and why didn't she come? He passed through drawing-room, hall, and porch out on to the drive, and stood there listening for the car. All was still and Sunday-fied; the lilacs in full flower scented the air. There were white clouds like the feathers of ducks gilded by the sunlight. Memory of the day when Fleur was born, and he had waited in such agony with her life and her mother's balanced in his hands, came to him sharply. He had saved her then, to be the flower of his life. And now! Was she going to give him trouble—pain—give him trouble? He did not like the look of things! A blackbird broke in on his reverie with an evening song—a great big fellow up in that acacia-tree. Soames had taken quite an interest in his birds of late years; he and Fleur would walk round and watch them; her eyes were sharp as needles, and she knew every nest. He saw her dog, a retriever, lying on the drive in a patch of sunlight, and called to him. "Hallo, old fellow—waiting for her too!" The dog came slowly with a grudging tail, and Soames mechanically laid a pat on his head. The dog, the bird, the lilac all were part of Fleur for him; no more, no less. "Too fond of her!" he thought, "too fond!" He was like a man uninsured, with his ships at sea. Uninsured again—as in that other time, so long ago, when he would wander dumb and jealous in the wilderness of London, longing for that woman—his first wife—the mother of this infernal boy. Ah! There was the car at last! It drew up, it had luggage, but no Fleur.

"Miss Fleur is walking up, sir, by the towing-path."

Walking all those miles? Soames stared. The man's face had the beginning of a smile on it. What was he grinning

at? And very quickly he turned, saying: "All right, Sims!" and went into the house. He mounted to the picture-gallery once more. He had from there a view of the river bank, and stood with his eyes fixed on it, oblivious of the fact that it would be an hour at least before her figure showed there. Walking up! And that fellow's grin! The boy—! He turned abruptly from the window. He couldn't spy on her. If she wanted to keep things from him—she must; he could not spy on her. His heart felt empty; and bitterness mounted from it into his very mouth. The staccato shouts of Jack Cardigan pursuing the ball, the laugh of young Mont rose in the stillness and came in. He hoped they were making that chap Profond run. And the girl in "La Vendimia" stood with her arm akimbo and her dreamy eyes looking past him. "I've done all I could for you," he thought, "since you were no higher than my knee. You aren't going to—to—hurt me, are you?"

But the Goya copy answered not, brilliant in color just beginning to tone down. "There's no real life in it," thought Soames. "Why doesn't she come?"

X

TRIO

Among those four Forsytes of the third, and, as one might say, fourth generation, at Wansdon under the Downs, a week-end prolonged unto the ninth day had stretched the crossing threads of tenacity almost to snapping-point. Never had Fleur been so "*fine*," Holly so watchful, Val so stable-secretive, Jon so silent and disturbed. What he learned of farming in that week might have been balanced on the point of a pen-knife and puffed off. He, whose nature was essentially averse from intrigue, and whose adoration of Fleur disposed him to think that any need for concealing it was "skittles," chafed and fretted, yet obeyed, taking what relief he could in the few moments when they were alone. On Thursday, while they were standing in the bay window of the drawing-room, dressed for dinner, she said to him:

"Jon, I'm going home on Sunday by the 3.40 from Paddington; if you were to go home on *Saturday* you could come up on Sunday and take me down, and just get back here by the last train, after. You *were* going home anyway, weren't you?"

Jon nodded.

"Anything to be with you," he said; "only why need I pretend——"

Fleur slipped her little finger into his palm:

"You have no instinct, Jon; you *must* leave things to me. It's serious about our people. We've simply got to be secret at present, if we want to be together." The door was opened, and she added clearly: "You *are* a duffer, Jon."

Something turned over within Jon; he could not bear this subterfuge about a feeling so natural, so overwhelming, and so sweet.

On Friday night about eleven he had packed his bag, and was leaning out at his window, half miserable and half lost in a dream of Paddington station, when he heard a tiny sound, as of a finger-nail tapping on his door. He rushed to it and listened. Again the sound. It *was* a nail. He opened. Oh! What a lovely thing came in!

"I wanted to show you my fancy dress," it said, and struck an attitude at the foot of his bed.

Jon drew a long breath and leaned against the door. The apparition wore white muslin on its head, a fichu round its bare neck over a wine-colored dress, fulled out below its slender waist. It held one arm akimbo, and the other raised right-angled holding a fan which touched its head.

"This ought to be a basket of grapes," it whispered, "but I haven't got it here. It's my Goya dress. And this is the attitude in the picture. Do you like it?"

"It's a dream."

The apparition pirouetted. "Touch it, and see."

Jon knelt down and took the skirt reverently.

"Grape color," came the whisper, "all grapes—La Vendimia—the vintage."

Jon's fingers scarcely touched each side of the waist; he looked up, with adoring eyes.

"Oh! Jon," it whispered; bent, kissed his forehead, pirouetted again, and, gliding out, was gone.

Jon stayed on his knees, and his head fell forward against the bed. How long he stayed like that he did not know. The little noises of the tapping nail, the feet, the skirts rustling—as in a dream—went on about him; and before his closed eyes the figure stood and smiled and whispered, a faint perfume of narcissus lingering in the air. And his forehead where it had been kissed had a little cool place between the brows, like the imprint of a flower. Love filled his soul, that love of boy for girl which knows so little, hopes so much, would not brush the down off for the world, and must become in time a fragrant memory—a searing passion—a humdrum mateship—or, once in many times, vintage full and sweet with sunset color on the grapes.

Enough has been said about Jon Forsyte here and in another place to show what long marches lay between him and his great-great-grandfather, the first Jolyon, in Dorset down by the sea. Jon was sensitive as a girl, more sensitive than nine out of ten girls of the day; imaginative as one of his half-sister June's "lame duck" painters; affectionate as a son of his father and his mother naturally would be. And yet, in his inner tissue, there was something of the old founder of his family, a secret tenacity of soul, a dread of showing his feelings, a determination not to know when he was beaten. Sensitive, imaginative, affectionate boys get a bad time at school, but Jon had instinctively kept his nature dark, and been but normally unhappy there. Only with his mother had he, up till then, been absolutely frank and natural; and when he went home to Robin Hill that Saturday his heart was heavy because Fleur had said that he must not be frank and natural with her from whom he had never yet kept anything, must not even tell her that they had met again, unless he found that she knew already. So intolerable did this seem to him that he was very near to telegraphing an excuse and staying up in London. And the first thing his mother said to him was:

"So you've had our little friend of the confectioner's there, Jon. What is she like on second thoughts?"

With relief, and a high color, Jon answered:

"Oh! awfully jolly, Mum."

Her arm pressed his.

Jon had never loved her so much as in that minute which seemed to falsify Fleur's fears and to release his soul. He turned to look at her, but something in her smiling face—something which only he perhaps would have caught—stopped the words bubbling up in him. Could fear go with a smile? If so, there was fear in her face. And out of Jon tumbled quite other words, about farming, Holly, and the Downs. Talking fast, he waited for her to come back to Fleur. But she did not. Nor did his father mention her, though of course he, too, must know. What deprivation, and killing of reality was in this silence about Fleur—when he was so full of her; when his mother was so full of Jon, and his father so full of his mother! And so the trio spent the evening of that Saturday.

After dinner his mother played; she seemed to play all the things he liked best, and he sat with one knee clasped, and his hair standing up where his fingers had run through it. He gazed at his mother while she played, but he saw Fleur—Fleur in the moonlit orchard, Fleur in the sunlit gravel-pit, Fleur in that fancy dress, swaying, whispering, stooping, kissing his forehead. Once, while he listened, he forgot himself and glanced at his father in that other easy chair. What was Dad looking like that for? The expression on his face was so sad and puzzling. It filled him with a sort of remorse, so that he got up and went and sat on the arm of his father's chair. From there he could not see his face; and again he saw Fleur—in his mother's hands, slim and white on the keys, in the profile of her face and her powdery hair; and down the long room in the open window where the May night walked outside.

When he went up to bed his mother came into his room. She stood at the window, and said:

"Those cypresses your grandfather planted down there have done wonderfully. I always think they look beautiful under a dropping moon. I wish you had known your grandfather, Jon."

"Were you married to father, when he was alive?" asked Jon suddenly.

"No, dear; he died in '92—very old—eighty-four, I think."

Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"This ought to be a basket of grapes," it whispered, "but I haven't got it here. It's my Goya dress. . . . Do you like it?"—Page 323.

"Is father like him?"

"A little, but more subtle, and not quite so solid."

"I know, from grandfather's portrait; who painted that?"

"One of June's 'lame ducks.' But it's quite good."

Jon slipped his hand through his mother's arm. "Tell me about the family quarrel, Mum."

He felt her arm quivering. "No, dear; that's for your father some day, if he thinks fit."

"Then it *was* serious," said Jon, with a catch in his breath.

"Yes." And there was a silence, during which neither knew whether the arm or the hand within it were quivering most.

"Some people," said Irene softly, "think the moon on her back is evil; to me she's always lovely. Look at those cypress shadows! Jon, father says we may go to Italy, you and I, for two months. Would you like?"

Jon took his hand from under her arm; his sensation was so sharp and so confused. Italy with his mother! A fortnight ago it would have been perfection; now it filled him with dismay, feeling this sudden suggestion had to do with Fleur. He stammered out:

"Oh! yes; only—I don't know. Ought I—now I've just begun? I'd like to think it over."

Her voice answered, cool and gentle:

"Yes, dear; think it over. But better now than when you've begun farming seriously. Italy with you—! It would be nice!"

Jon put his arm round her waist, still slim and firm as a girl's.

"Do you think you ought to leave father?" he said feebly, feeling very mean.

"Father suggested it; he thinks you ought to see Italy at least before you settle down to anything."

The sense of meanness died in Jon; he knew, yes—he knew—that his father and his mother were not speaking frankly, no more than he himself. They wanted to keep him from Fleur! His heart hardened. And, as if she felt that process going on, his mother said:

"Good-night, darling. Have a good sleep and think it over. But it would be lovely!"

She pressed him to her so quickly that he did not see her face. Jon stood feeling exactly as he used to when he was a naughty little boy; sore because he was not loving, and because he was justified in his own eyes.

But Irene, after she had stood a moment in her own room, passed through the dressing-room between it and her husband's.

"Well?"

"He will think it over, Jolyon."

Watching her lips that wore a little drawn smile, Jolyon said quietly:

"You had better let me tell him, and have done with it. After all, Jon has the instincts of a gentleman. He has only to understand——"

"Only! He can't understand; that's impossible."

"I believe I could have at his age."

Irene caught his hand. "You were always more of a realist than Jon; and never so innocent."

"That's true," said Jolyon. "It's queer, isn't it? You and I would tell our stories to the world without a particle of shame; but our own boy stumps us."

"We've never cared whether the world approves or not."

"Jon would not disapprove of *us!*"

"Oh! Jolyon, yes. He's in love, I feel he's in love. And he'd say: 'My mother once married *without love!* How could she have!' It'll seem to him a crime! And so it was!"

Jolyon took her hand, and said with a wry smile:

"Ah! why on earth are we born young? Now, if only we were born old and grew younger year by year we should understand how things happen, and drop all our cursed intolerance. But you know if the boy is really in love, he won't forget, even if he goes to Italy. We're a tenacious breed; and he'll know by instinct why he's being sent. Nothing will really cure him but the shock of being told."

"Let me try, anyway."

Jolyon stood a moment without speaking. Between this devil and this deep sea—the pain of a dreaded disclosure and the grief of losing his wife for two months—he secretly hoped for the devil; yet if she wished for the deep sea he must put up with it. After all, it would be training

for that departure from which there would be no return. And, taking her in his arms, he kissed her eyes, and said:

"As you will, my love."

XI

DUET

THAT "small" emotion, love, grows amazingly when threatened with extinction. Jon reached Paddington station half an hour before his time and a full week after, as it seemed to him. He stood at the appointed book-stall amid a crowd of Sunday travellers, in a Harris tweed suit exhaling, as it were, the emotion of his thumping heart. He read the names of the novels on the book-stall, and bought one at last, to avoid being regarded with suspicion by the book-stall clerk. It was called "The Heart of the Trail!" which must mean something, though it did not seem to. He also bought "The Lady's Mirror" and "The Landsman." Every minute was an hour long, and full of horrid imaginings. After nineteen had passed, he saw her with a bag and a porter wheeling her luggage. She came swiftly; she came cool. She greeted him as if he were a brother.

"First class," she said to the porter, "corner seats; opposite."

Jon admired her frightful self-possession.

"Can't we get a carriage to ourselves?" he whispered.

"No good; it's a stopping train. After Maidenhead perhaps. Look natural, Jon."

Jon screwed his features into a scowl. They got in—with two other beasts!—oh! heaven! He tipped the porter unnaturally, in his confusion. The brute deserved nothing for putting them in there, and looking as if he knew all about it into the bargain.

Fleur hid herself behind "The Lady's Mirror." Jon imitated her behind "The Landsman." The train started. Fleur let "The Lady's Mirror" fall and leaned forward.

"Well?" she said.

"It's seemed about fifteen days."

She nodded, and Jon's face lighted up at once.

"Look natural," murmured Fleur, and went off into a bubble of laughter. It hurt him. How could he look natural with Italy hanging over him? He had meant to break it to her gently, but now he blurted it out.

"They want me to go to Italy with mother for two months."

Fleur drooped her eyelids; turned a little pale, and bit her lips.

"Oh!" she said. It was all, but it was much.

That "Oh!" was like the quick drawback of the wrist in fencing ready for parry and riposte. The parry came.

"You must go!"

"Go?" said Jon in a strangled voice.

"Of course."

"But—two months—it's ghastly."

"No," said Fleur, "six weeks. You'll have forgotten me by then. We'll meet in the National Gallery the day after you get back."

Jon laughed.

"But suppose you've forgotten *me*," he muttered into the noise of the train.

Fleur shook her head.

"Some other beast—" murmured Jon.

Her foot touched his.

"No other beast," she said, lifting the "Lady's Mirror."

The train stopped; two passengers got out, and one got in.

"I shall die," thought Jon, "if we're not alone at all."

The train went on; and again Fleur leaned forward.

"I never let go," she said; "do you?"

Jon shook his head vehemently.

"Never!" he said. "Will you write to me?"

"No; but *you* can—to my Club."

She had a Club; she was wonderful!

"Did you pump Holly?" he muttered.

"Yes, but I got nothing. I didn't dare pump hard."

"What can it be?" cried Jon.

"I shall find out all right."

A long silence followed till Fleur said: "This is Maidenhead, stand by, Jon!"

The train stopped. The remaining passenger got out. Fleur drew down her blind.

"Quick!" she cried. "Hang out! Look as much of a beast as you can."

Jon blew his nose, and scowled furiously; never in all his life had he scowled

like that! An old lady recoiled, a young one tried the handle. It turned, but the door would not open. The train moved, the young lady darted to another carriage.

"What luck!" cried Jon. "It jammed."

"Yes," said Fleur; "I was holding it."

The train moved out, and Jon fell on his knees.

"Look out for the corridor," she whispered; "and—quick!"

Her lips met his. And though their kiss only lasted perhaps ten seconds Jon's soul left his body and went so far beyond that, when he was again sitting opposite that demure figure, he was pale as death. He heard her sigh, and the sound seemed to him the most precious he had ever heard—an exquisite declaration that he meant something to her.

"Six weeks isn't really long," she said; "and you can easily make it six if you keep your head out there, and never seem to think of me."

Jon gasped.

"This is just what's really wanted, Jon, to convince them, don't you see? If we're just as bad when you come back they'll stop being ridiculous about it. Only, I'm sorry it's not Spain; there's a girl in a Goya picture at Madrid who's like me, father says. Only she isn't—we've got a copy of her."

It was to Jon like a ray of sunshine piercing through a fog. "I'll make it Spain," he said, "mother won't mind; she's never been there. And my father thinks a lot of Goya."

"Oh! yes, he's a painter—isn't he?"

"Only water-color," said Jon, with honesty.

"When we come to Reading, Jon, get out first and go down to Caversham lock and wait for me. I'll send the car home and we'll walk by the towing-path."

Jon seized her hand in gratitude, and they sat silent, with the world well lost, and one eye on the corridor. But the train seemed to run twice as fast now, and its sound was almost lost in that of Jon's sighing.

"We're getting near," said Fleur; "the towing-path's awfully exposed. One more! Oh! Jon, don't forget me."

Jon answered with his kiss. And very soon, a flushed, distracted-looking youth could have been seen—as they say—leaping from the train and hurrying along the platform, searching his pockets for his ticket.

When at last she rejoined him on the towing-path a little beyond Caversham lock he had made an effort, and regained some measure of equanimity. If they had to part, he would not make a scene! A breeze by the bright river threw the white side of the willow leaves up into the sunlight, and followed those two with its faint rustle.

"I told our chauffeur that I was train-giddy," said Fleur. "Did you look pretty natural as you went out?"

"I don't know. What is natural?"

"It's natural to you to look seriously happy. When I first saw you I thought you weren't a bit like other people."

"Exactly what I thought when I saw you. I knew at once I should never love anybody else."

Fleur laughed.

"We're absurdly young. And love's young dream is out of date, Jon. Besides, it's awfully expensive. Think of all the fun you might have. You haven't begun, even; it's a shame, really. And there's me. I wonder!"

Confusion came on Jon's spirit. How could she say such things just as they were going to part?

"If you feel like that," he said, "I can't go. I shall tell mother that I ought to try and work. There's always the condition of the world!"

"The condition of the world!"

Jon thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"But there is," he said; "think of the people starving!"

Fleur shook her head. "No, no, I never, never will make myself miserable for nothing."

"Nothing! But there's an awful state of things, and of course one ought to help."

"Oh! yes, I know all that. But you can't help people, Jon; they're hopeless. When you pull them out they only get into another hole. Look at them, still fighting and plotting and struggling, though they're dying in heaps all the time. Idiots!"

"Aren't you sorry for them?"

"Oh! sorry—yes, but I'm not going to make myself unhappy about it; that's no good."

And they were silent, disturbed by this first glimpse of each other's natures.

"I think people are brutes and idiots," said Fleur stubbornly.

"I think they're poor wretches," said Jon. It was as if they had quarrelled—and at this supreme and awful moment, with parting visible out there in that last gap of the willows!

"Well, go and help your poor wretches, and don't think of me."

Jon stood still. Sweat broke out on his forehead, and his limbs trembled. Fleur too had stopped, and was frowning at the river.

"I *must* believe in things," said Jon with a sort of agony; "we're all meant to enjoy life."

Fleur laughed. "Yes; and that's what you won't do, if you don't take care. But perhaps your idea of enjoyment is to make yourself wretched. There are lots of people like that, of course."

She was pale, her eyes had darkened, her lips had thinned. Was it Fleur thus staring at the water? Jon had an unreal feeling as if he were passing through the scene in a book where the lover has to choose between love and duty. But just then she looked round at him. Never was anything so intoxicating as that vivacious look. It acted on him exactly as the tug of a chain acts on a dog—brought him up to her with his tail wagging and his tongue out.

"Don't let's be silly," she said, "time's too short. Look, Jon, you can just see where I've got to cross the river. There, round the bend, where the woods begin."

Jon saw a gable, a chimney or two, a patch of wall through the trees—and felt his heart sink.

"I mustn't dawdle any more. It's no good going beyond the next hedge, it gets all open. Let's get on to it and say good-bye."

They went side by side, hand in hand, silently toward the hedge, where the may-flower, both pink and white, was in full bloom.

"My Club's the 'Talisman,' Stratton Street, Piccadilly. Letters there will be quite safe, and I'm almost always up once a week."

Jon nodded. His face had become extremely set, his eyes stared straight before him.

"To-day's the twenty-third of May," said Fleur; "on the ninth of July I shall be in front of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' at three o'clock; will you?"

"I will."

"If you feel as bad as I it's all right. Let those people pass!"

A man and woman airing their children went by strung out in Sunday fashion.

The last of them passed the wicket gate.

"Domesticity!" said Fleur, and blotted herself against the hawthorn hedge. The blossom sprayed out above her head, and one pink cluster brushed her cheek. Jon put up his hand jealously to keep it off.

"Good-bye, Jon." For a second they stood with hands hard clasped. Then their lips met for the third time, and when they parted Fleur broke away and fled through the wicket gate. Jon stood where she had left him, with his forehead against that pink cluster. Gone! For an eternity—for seven weeks all but two days! And here he was, wasting the last sight of her! He rushed to the gate. She was walking swiftly on the heels of the straggling children. She turned her head, he saw her hand make a little flitting gesture; then she sped on, and the trailing family blotted her out from his view.

The words of a comic song—

> "Paddington groan—worst ever known—
> He gave a sepulchral Paddington groan—"

came into his head, and he sped incontinently back to Reading station. All the way up to London and down to Wansdon he sat with the "Heart of the Trail" open on his knee, knitting in his head a poem so full of feeling that it would not rhyme.

XII

CAPRICE

Fleur sped on. She had need of rapid motion; she was late, and wanted all her

wits about her when she got in. She passed the islands, the station, and hotel, and was about to take the ferry, when she saw a skiff with a young man standing up in it, and holding to the bushes.

"Miss Forsyte," he said; "let me put you across. I've come on purpose."

She looked at him in blank amazement.

"It's all right, I've been having tea with your people. I thought I'd save you the last bit. It's on my way, I'm just off back to Pangbourne. My name's Mont. I saw you at the picture-gallery —you remember—when your father invited me to see his pictures."

"Oh!" said Fleur; "yes—the handkerchief."

To this young man she owed Jon; and, taking his hand, she stepped down into the skiff. Fresh from emotion, and a little out of breath, she sat silent; not so the young man. She had never heard any one say so much in so short a time. He told her his age, twenty-four, his weight, ten stone eleven; his place of residence, not far away; described his sensations under fire, and what it felt like to be gassed; criticised the Juno, mentioned his own conception of that goddess; commented on the Goya copy, said Fleur was not too awfully like it; sketched in rapidly the condition of England; spoke of Monsieur Profond—or whatever his name was—as an awful sport; thought her father had some ripping pictures and some rather "dug-up"; hoped he might row down again and take her on the river because he was quite trustworthy; inquired her opinion of Tchekov, gave her his own; wished they could go to the Russian ballet together some time—considered the name Fleur Forsyte simply ripping; cursed his people for giving him the name of Michael when his name was Mont; outlined his father, and said that if she wanted a good book she should read "Job"; his father was rather like Job while Job still had land.

"But Job didn't have land," Fleur murmured; "he only had flocks and herds and moved on."

"Ah!" answered Michael Mont, "I wish my gov'nor would move on. Not that I want his land. Land's an awful bore in these days, don't you think?"

"We never have it in my family," said Fleur. "We have everything else. I believe one of my great-uncles once had a sentimental farm in Dorset, because we came from there originally, but it cost him more than it made him happy."

"Did he sell it?"

"No; he kept it."

"Why?"

"Because nobody would buy it."

"Good for the old boy!"

"No," said Fleur, "it wasn't good for him. Father says it soured him. His name was Swithin."

"How perfectly topping!"

"Do you know," said Fleur, "that we're getting farther off, not nearer? This river flows."

"Splendid!" cried Mont, dipping his sculls vaguely; "it's good to meet a girl who's got wit."

"But better to meet a young man who's got it in the plural," answered Fleur.

Young Mont raised a hand to tear his hair.

"Look out!" cried Fleur. "Your scull!"

"All right! It's thick enough to bear a scratch."

"Do you mind sculling?" said Fleur severely, "I want to get in."

"Ah!" said Mont; "but when you get in, you see, I shan't see you any more today. *Fini*, as the French girl said when she jumped on her bed after saying her prayers. Don't you bless the day that gave you a French mother, and a name like yours?"

"I like my name, but father gave it me. Mother wanted me called Marguerite."

"Which is absurd. Do you mind calling me M. M. and letting me call you F. F.? It's in the spirit of the age."

"I don't mind anything, so long as I get in."

Mont caught a little crab, and answered: "That was a nasty one!"

"Please row," said Fleur.

"I am." And he did for several strokes, looking at her with rueful eagerness. "Of course, you know," he ejaculated, pausing, "that I came to see *you*, not your father's pictures."

Fleur rose.

"If you don't row, I shall get out and swim."

"Really and truly? Then I could come in after you."

"Mr. Mont," said Fleur severely, "I'm late and tired; please put me on shore at once."

When she stepped out on to the garden landing-stage he rose, and grasping his hair with both hands, looked at her.

Fleur smiled.

"Don't!" cried the irrepressible Mont. "I know you're going to say: 'Out, damnèd hair!'"

Fleur whisked round, threw him a wave of her hand. "Good-bye, Mr. M. M.!" she called, and was gone among the rose-trees. She looked at her wrist-watch and the windows of the house. It struck her as curiously uninhabited. Past six! The pigeons were just gathering to roost, and sunlight slanted on the dove-cot, on their snowy feathers, and beyond in a shower on the top boughs of the woods. The click of billiard-balls came from the ingle-nook—Jack Cardigan, no doubt; a faint rustling, too, from an eucalyptus-tree, startling Southerner in this old English garden. She reached the veranda, and was passing in, but stopped at the sound of voices from the drawing-room to the left. Her mother? Prosper Profond? From behind the veranda screen which fenced the ingle-nook she heard these words!

"I don'd, Annette."

Annette! Did Father know that he called her mother "Annette"? Always on the side of her father—as children are ever on one side or the other in houses where relations are a little strained—she stood, uncertain. Her mother was speaking in her low, pleasing, slightly metallic voice—one word she caught: "*Demain.*" And Profond's answer: "All righd." Fleur frowned. A little sound came out into the stillness. Then Profond's voice: "I'm takin' a small stroll."

Fleur darted through the window into the morning room. There he came—from the drawing-room, crossing the veranda, down the lawn; and the click of billiard-balls which, in listening for other sounds, she had ceased to hear, began again. She shook herself, passed into the hall, and opened the drawing-room door. Her mother was sitting on the sofa between the windows, her knees crossed, her head resting on a cushion, her lips half parted, her eyes half closed. She looked extraordinarily handsome.

"Ah! Here you are, Fleur! Your father is beginning to fuss."

"Where is he?"

"In the picture-gallery. Go up!"

"What are you going to do to-morrow, Mother?"

"To-morrow? I go up to London with your aunt. Why?"

"I thought you might be. Will you get me a quite plain parasol?"

"What color?"

"Green. They're all going back, I suppose."

"Yes, all; you will console your father. Kiss me, then."

Fleur crossed the room, stooped, received a kiss on her forehead, and went out past the impress of a form on the sofa-cushions in the other corner. She ran up-stairs.

Fleur was by no means the old-fashioned daughter who demands the regulation of her parents' lives in accordance with the standard imposed upon herself. She claimed to regulate her own life, not those of others; besides, an unerring instinct for what was likely to advantage her own case was already at work. In a disturbed domestic atmosphere the heart she had set on Jon would have a better chance. None the less was she offended, as a flower by a crisping wind. If that man had really been kissing her mother it was—serious, and her father ought to know. "*Demain!*" "All righd!" And her mother going up to Town! She turned in to her bedroom and hung out of the window to cool her face, which had suddenly grown very hot. Jon must be at the station by now! What did her father know about Jon? Probably everything—pretty nearly!

She changed her dress, so as to look as if she had been in some time, and ran up to the gallery.

Soames was standing stubbornly still before his Alfred Stevens—the picture he loved best. He did not turn at the sound of the door, but she knew he had heard, and she knew he was hurt. She came up softly behind him, put her arms round his neck, and poked her face over his shoulder, till her cheek lay against his. It

was an advance which had never yet failed, but it failed her now, and she augured the worst.

"Well," he said stonily, "so you've come!"

"Is that all," murmured Fleur, "from a bad parent?" And rubbed her cheek against his.

Soames shook his head so far as that was possible.

"Why do you keep me on tenterhooks like this, putting me off and off?"

"Darling," said Fleur, "it was very harmless."

"Harmless!" said Soames. "Much you know what's harmless and what isn't."

Fleur dropped her arms, and answered:

"Well, then, dear, suppose you tell me; and be quite frank about it."

And she went over to the window-seat.

Her father had turned from his picture, and was staring at his feet. He looked very gray. "He has nice small feet," she thought, catching his eye, at once averted from her.

"You're my only comfort," said Soames suddenly, "and you go on like this."

Fleur's heart began to beat.

"Like what, dear?"

Again Soames gave her a look which, but for the affection in it, might have been called furtive.

"You know what I told you," he said. "I don't choose to have anything to do with that branch of our family."

"Yes, ducky, but I don't know why *I* shouldn't."

Soames turned on his heel.

"I'm not going into the reasons," he said; "you ought to trust me, Fleur!"

The way he spoke those words affected Fleur, but she thought of Jon, and was silent, tapping her foot against the wainscot. Unconsciously she had assumed a modern attitude, with one leg twisted in and out of the other, with her chin on one bent wrist, her other arm across her chest, and its hand hugging her elbow; there was not a line of her that was not involuted, and yet—in spite of all—she retained a certain grace.

"You knew my wishes," Soames went on, "and yet you stayed on there four days. And I suppose that boy came with you to-day."

Fleur kept her eyes on him.

"I don't ask you anything," said Soames; "I make no inquisition where you're concerned."

Fleur suddenly stood up, leaning out at the window with her chin on her hands. The sun had sunk behind trees, the pigeons were perched, quite still, on the edge of the dove-cot; the click of the billiard-balls mounted, and a faint radiance shone out below where Jack Cardigan had turned the light up.

"Will it make you any happier," she said suddenly, "if I promise you not to see him for say—the next six weeks?" She was not prepared for a sort of tremble in the blankness of his voice.

"Six weeks? Six years—sixty years more like it. Don't delude yourself, Fleur; don't delude yourself!"

Fleur turned in alarm.

"Father, what is it?"

Soames came close enough to see her face.

"Don't tell me," he said, "that you're foolish enough to have any feeling beyond caprice. That would be too much!" and he laughed.

Fleur, who had never heard him laugh like that, thought: "Then it *is* deep! Oh! what is it?" And putting her hand through his arm she said lightly:

"No, of course; caprice. Only, I like my caprices and I don't like yours, dear."

"Mine!" said Soames bitterly, and turned away.

The light outside had chilled, and threw a chalky whiteness on the river. The trees had lost all gayety of color. She felt a sudden hunger for Jon's face, for his hands, and the feel of his lips again on hers. And pressing her arms tight across her breast she forced out a little light laugh.

"*O la! la!* What a small fuss! as Profond would say. Father, I don't like that man."

She saw him stop, and take something out of his breast pocket.

"You don't?" he said. "Why?"

"Nothing," murmured Fleur; "just caprice!"

"No," said Soames; "not caprice!" And he tore what was in his hands across. "You're right. *I* don't like him either!"

"Look!" said Fleur softly. "There he goes! I hate his shoes; they don't make any noise."

Down in the failing light Prosper Profond moved, his hands in his side pockets, whistling softly in his beard; he stopped, and glanced up at the sky, as if saying: "I don'd think much of that small moon."

Fleur drew back. "Isn't he a great cat?" she whispered; and the sharp click of the billiard-balls rose, as if Jack Cardigan had capped the cat, the moon, caprice, and tragedy with: "In off the red!"

Monsieur Profond had resumed his strolling, to a teasing little tune in his beard. What was it? Oh! yes, from "Rigoletto": "*Donna ê mobile.*" Just what he would think! She squeezed her father's arm.

"Prowling!" she muttered, as he turned the corner of the house. It was past that disillusioned moment which divides the day and night—still and lingering and warm, with hawthorn scent and lilac scent clinging on the riverside air. A blackbird suddenly burst out. Jon would be in London by now; in the Park perhaps, crossing the Serpentine, thinking of her! A little sound beside her made her turn her eyes; her father was again tearing the paper in his hands. Fleur saw it was a check.

"I shan't sell him my Gauguin," he said. "I don't know what your aunt and Imogen see in him."

"Or mother."

"Your mother!" said Soames.

"Poor father!" she thought. "He never looks happy—not really happy. I don't want to make him worse, but of course I shall have to, when Jon comes back. Oh! well, sufficient unto the night!"

"I'm going to dress," she said.

In her room she had a fancy to put on her "freak" dress. It was of gold tissue with little trousers of the same, tightly drawn in at the ankles, a page's cape slung from the shoulders, little gold shoes, and a gold-winged Mercury helmet; and all over her were tiny gold bells, especially on the helmet; so that if she shook her head she pealed. When she was dressed she felt quite sick because Jon could not see her; it even seemed a pity that the sprightly young man Michael Mont would not have a view. But the gong had sounded, and she went down.

She made a sensation in the drawing-room. Winifred thought it "Most amusing." Imogen was enraptured. Jack Cardigan called it "stunning," "ripping," "topping," and "corking." Monsieur Profond, smiling with his eyes, said: "Thad's a nice small dress!" Her mother, very handsome in black, sat looking at her, and said nothing. It remained for her father to apply the test of common sense. "What did you put on that thing for; you're not going to dance?"

Fleur spun round, and the bells pealed.

"Caprice!"

Soames stared at her, and, turning away, gave his arm to Winifred. Jack Cardigan took her mother. Prosper Profond took Imogen. Fleur went in by herself, with her bells jingling. . . .

The "small" moon had soon dropped down, and May night had fallen soft and warm, enwrapping with its grape-bloom color and its scents the billion caprices, intrigues, passions, longings, and regrets of men and women. Happy was Jack Cardigan who snored into Imogen's white shoulder, fit as a flea; or Timothy in his "mausoleum," too old for anything but baby's slumber. For so many lay awake, or dreamed, teased by the criss-cross of the world.

The dew fell and the flowers closed; cattle grazed on in the river meadows, feeling with their tongues for the grass they could not see; and the sheep on the Downs lay quiet as stones. Pheasants in the tall trees of the Pangbourne woods, larks on their grassy nests above the gravel-pit at Wansdon, swallows in the eaves at Robin Hill, and the sparrows of Mayfair, all made a dreamless night of it, soothed by the lack of wind. The Mayfly filly, hardly accustomed to her new quarters, scraped at her straw a little; and the few night-flitting things—bats, moths, owls were vigorous in the warm darkness; but the peace of night lay in the brain of all day-time Nature, colorless and still. Men and women, alone, riding the hobby-horses of anxiety or love, burned their wavering tapers of dream and thought into the lonely hours.

Fleur, leaning out of her window, heard

the hall clock's muffled chime of twelve, the tiny splash of a fish, the sudden shaking of an aspen's leaves in the puffs of breeze that rose along the river, the distant rumble of a night train, and time and again the sounds which none can put a name to in the darkness, soft obscure expressions of uncatalogued emotions from man and beast, bird and machine, or, maybe, from departed Forsytes, Darties, Cardigans, taking night strolls back into a world which had once suited their disembodied spirits. But Fleur heeded not these sounds, her spirit, far from disembodied, fled with swift wing from railway-carriage to flowery hedge, straining after Jon, tenacious of his forbidden image, and the sound of his voice which was taboo. And she crinkled her nose, retrieving from the perfume of the riverside night that moment when his hand slipped between the mayflowers and her cheek. Long she leaned out in her freak dress, keen to burn her wings at life's candle; while the moths brushed her cheeks on their pilgrimage to the lamp on her dressing-table, ignorant that in a Forsyte's house there is no open flame. But at last even she felt sleepy, and, forgetting her bells, drew quickly in.

Through the open window of his room, alongside Annette's, Soames, wakeful too, heard their thin faint tinkle, as it might be shaken from stars, or the dewdrops falling from a flower, if one could hear such sounds.

"Caprice!" he thought. "I can't tell. She's wilful. What shall I do? Fleur!"

And long into the "small" night he brooded.

(To be continued.)

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION AND THE NEGRO

By John L. Sewall

NO argument is needed to justify the term "revolution" as applied to the present industrial situation of the world. Colossal as has been the recent destruction of material wealth, the deficit in wealth-producing manhood looms larger, and the changed attitude of workers to their tasks is most startling and significant of all. While this revolution is world-wide, its local aspects are sufficiently perplexing and alarming to absorb a large proportion of our immediate attention.

At the outset we were met in 1920 by a labor shortage. Our main supply for the last generation had suddenly failed. In the three decades before the war immigration brought us 20,000,000, and our industrial expansion was proportional. In the six years preceding our net population gain from that source had been a scant half million; and of these only approximately 230,000 had been gainfully employed, while 319,000 were non-producers. In analyzing losses and gains through this period of immigration and the exodus of aliens, we make disconcerting discoveries. For example, during the two years ending with June, 1919, for every net gain of five professional workers and twenty-two skilled artisans, we suffered a loss of fifty miscellaneous workers, most of them the common day-laborers who are the corner-stone of our present industrialism, and added fifty-five non-producers for the community to support. And over against this lessening supply of labor—our net population loss in the first eight months of 1919 was over 28,000—we were face to face with clamorous demands for material help from devastated Europe. The tide of immigration turned toward the end of 1920, and industrial depression quickly altered the labor shortage to non-employment.

The most serious elements in the present situation concern the quality rather

than the quantity of our labor supply. The mental transformation wrought in the great mass of our toilers by the war brings us to the crux of the problem. Their intensified class-consciousness; their keen memory of the nation's acknowledged dependence upon them in the recent crises; the accumulations of discontent gathering under repression for years past, and just now stimulated by the spectacle of reckless extravagance and the pinch of unrestrained profiteering—a discontent which all efforts are pitiably inadequate to remove or even to measure; and finally the harvests we are now reaping from long-time sowing of the seeds of communistic anarchy and conscienceless capitalism—these in their entirety warrant the phrasing of our theme, and asking what place should be henceforth occupied by the negro in our industrial programme. What are the calls for his service? What is his fitness for meeting those calls? Can his admitted handicaps be lessened? Has he unsuspected capabilities which can be called out? Suppose we try, as a strictly economic experiment, to remove ignorance, stir inertia, rouse ambition, and develop productivity in this tenth of our native-born population who have admixture of negro blood; will it necessarily prove a harder task than we are now finding it to eradicate communism and control foreign propaganda among aliens now here or likely to come to us? Rigidly setting to one side all considerations of altruism or sentiment or inherited social prejudice or convention, this article seeks to discuss these questions on the basis of dollars and cents.

No one can dispute the fact that through many decades of their history negroes have been workers. Emancipation left them owning little but themselves, which at first was quite as much a liability as an asset. Forced by necessity they continued universal habits of toil as when slaves. The fact that in half a century they have come to a race-status where 30 per cent of those over ten years of age are reported by government statisticians as independent of gainful occupation suggests a race-power of productivity which may well be our foundation for further inquiry as to their economic value in coming years, when more widely distributed and tested by a greater variety of tasks.

We have, however, ample and striking statistical proof, in the successive records of the census, of the negro's right to a distinct place in any estimate of the nation's industrial potentiality. Naturally the most extensive line of facts will be found in the realm of agriculture. Here Doctor Thomas Jesse Jones, in his summary of facts brought out by the census of 1910, will be an undisputed authority:

"Negro farmers cultivate 42,500,000 acres of Southern land. Forty per cent of all agricultural workers in the South are negroes. There are in the South approximately two and a third million negro agricultural workers; 890,000 are farmers owning or renting their farms. Negro farm-owners of the South own and cultivate 15,702,579 acres, which they have acquired in less than fifty years. Add to this the land owned by negroes of the North, and the total landownership of the negroes of the United States undoubtedly aggregates 20,000,000 acres in 1910. The total value of land and buildings on farms owned or rented by the colored farmers of the South is almost a billion dollars."

It is true that the negroes are peculiarly eager to own and till land, as is shown by the increase of their farming population in proportion to all their numbers, which is in the ratio of two to one. Yet it is easy to underestimate the negro's contribution to a far wider labor market. We need to keep in mind that even ten years ago over 60,000 were employed in mines; 274,000 were in transportation and similar service; 575,000 in manufacturing and hand trades; while 123,000 were engaged in traffic, including 3,000 bankers and brokers, with 40,000 in professional occupations. And if at this point of the argument we seek a single appraisal of race economic values, based on a broad and unbiassed view of all personal qualifications, we can find no better statement than the following, from one well qualified to voice the views of a section of the country which has had large experience—Governor C. H. Brough of Arkansas:

"To the negro the South owes a debt

of real gratitude for her rapid agricultural growth; and in no less degree does every true son of the South owe him a debt of gratitude for his unselfishness, his faithfulness, and his devotion to the white people of Dixieland, not only during the dark and bloody days of the Civil War, but during the trying days of our industrial and political Renaissance."

But what of to-day and to-morrow? 1921 is separated from 1910 by a chasm which no calendar can measure. At this present hour we seem to be standing, as the poet phrases it,

> —"between two worlds,
> One dead, one powerless to be born."

If out of the chaos of the hour we are to get order and satisfying progress in world-rebuilding, there must be exact gauging and frank acceptance of the negro's possibilities in the coming industrial schedule of the nation. And to do this we must look below the pigment of the skin and measure brain and brawn together, precisely as in the case of the Scandinavian or Slav. On the one hand we must put aside sentimentalism and harping on wrongs done the negro in the past; and on the other we must put aside prejudice rooted in inherited traditions and ignorance of all but inferior types of the race, that sets itself stubbornly and sometimes jealously against any admission of enlarging values in negro labor.

Time is revealing certain basic facts which need only a mere mention. For one thing, the semifeudal relation of workman and employer which followed, in so many instances, emancipation from legal ownership must largely disappear. There was a fineness in some of those ties which has illumined both literature and life in the South; affectionate pride and devotion on the one hand, and grateful confidence on the other; but these cannot characterize the new age. The response of the colored servant to the mistress of a mansion, as she was mourning over domestic troubles and inquiring what had become of the old-time mammies, was not far from the truth—"Bress yo' heart, honey, dey's mos' all daid!" The negro of to-morrow is to exchange the easy-going dependence of plantation life for a wider and deeper discipline of self-reliance.

Even as the huge tractor gang-ploughs break up the virgin soil of Western prairies and simultaneously prepare and plant the ground, even so have the resistless forces and processes of the war dealt with custom and habit and tradition among the colored folk of the Southland. The slogan of "fight, work, or jail!" paid no heed to indolence or inefficiency. Troop-trains and ocean transports wrought an unimagined dispersion among the units of negro manhood, no one of whom came back the same as when he went. And what has been the harvest of such seed-sowing? Terror, curiosity, bewilderment? Yes; and later a courageous response to discipline and leadership under severest tests; and finally a new self-consciousness, individually and racially; and out of it all ambitions which cannot and should not be suppressed, which will surely lead on to economic good or economic loss, according to sympathetic and wise guidance or foolish and wicked repression.

Side by side with this compulsory scattering of negro toilers there has been the voluntary migration of from one-half to three-fourths of a million of the race into Northern and Western States, the most significant aspects of which are economic. While for years there has been a defined drift of colored population northward, it was not until the war that its proportions became conspicuous; and a menace, in varying degrees, to both sections of the country. It is not without significance that Doctor H. H. Proctor, the pastor in Atlanta of perhaps the largest colored church in the South, has felt it his duty to take up work with the migrants of his race in the metropolis of New York. Discussion of the causes and consequences of this displacement of Southern labor has been varied and animated, including much that is not directly pertinent to our inquiry; but with the publication of an elaborate report by the U. S. Department of Labor, under the direction of Doctor J. H. Dillard, all needed light is at hand. From different angles of observation there have naturally come conflicting opinions; but when we get agreement in both testimony and judgment between Northern and Southern students of the question, and when we find leaders of both

races agreeing, we may safely accept their conclusions.

In a word, negro laborers have come North by the thousands for the main reason that has impelled all migratory movements of the human race since the time of Abraham—to better one's condition. That the desire and effort for this are natural and commendable is an axiom in economics. The unsatisfactory condition of the negro laborer at the South in the past is admitted and even elaborated by Southern representative leaders. A typical utterance, which might be duplicated many times over, comes from a leading Mississippi daily, whose editor considers this exodus the most serious economic problem of the South at present:

"The plain truth of the matter is that the white people of Mississippi are not giving the negro a square deal. This applies to all the States in the South. How can we expect to hold our negro labor when we are not paying decent living wages? Have we any right to abuse the negro for moving to the Northern States where he is tempted by high wages, when we are not paying him his worth at home? . . . We expect our negro laborers to work for the same wages they were paid four or five years ago, shutting our eyes to the fact that the increased cost of living affects the negro as well as the white man."

But money is not the only ambition of any man. Security for his earnings and accumulations; full enjoyment of his just personal rights; a good home and betterment for his children—these are natural and commendable objects of pursuit, recognized as essential and fundamental in any satisfactory economic order. The Dillard report, an authority that cannot be disputed, summarizes the complete list of causes for this movement as follows:

"General dissatisfaction with conditions, ravages of boll-weevil, floods, change of crop system, low wages, poor houses on plantations, poor school facilities, unsatisfactory crop settlements, rough treatment, cruelty of law officers, unfairness in the courts, lynching, desire for travel, labor agents, the negro press, letters from friends in the North, and finally advice from white friends in the South where crops had failed."

This, bear in mind, is the conclusion of the representative investigators of the South seeking simply for facts. And one more quotation from a similar source, an open letter from the Southern University Commission on Race Relations, enumerates as remedies:

"Fair treatment, opportunity to labor and enjoy the legitimate fruits of labor, assurance of even-handed justice in the courts, good educational facilities, sanitary living conditions, tolerance and sympathy."

The way is now open for direct approach to the main question before us: what are the calls for the negro's industrial service, in view of his present distribution and recent experiences? What is his fitness in specific cases for answering these calls? and along what lines of experiment and endeavor may we wisely seek and expect an increase of his economic value?

In the confusion and vastness of the war's industrial achievements, there was neither time nor opportunity for exact analysis of all the elements contributing to its marvellous results; but some outstanding facts have already been assembled. As in the camps and drives of the battle-field, so in the ranks of labor the negro has responded in large numbers, on both sides of the Atlantic. The records of the labor department are conclusive on this point. For example, exact data are at hand from the war shipyards, showing that 24,647 negroes were there employed, and five out of every hundred were skilled artisans. A detailed study has been made by the department in thirty typical industrial plants, both East and West, divided among iron and steel works, packing-houses, foundries, coke, carbon, and glass concerns, and automobile factories. Of the total of 36,486 men employed in these thirty plants, 4,092 were negroes. Accurate comparisons were kept of their work, on the various scores of turn-over, absenteeism, quality of work done, average rates of pay, and average time put on the job during a pay-roll period. What was the outcome? Negroes made a surprising showing; they fell behind their white fellow workmen in a few points; on most they kept pace with them; in some cases

they have gone ahead of them. And this, it should be said, in spite of the fact that in nearly half the establishments they did not have free opportunity to enter any and all lines of work, and had no chance to learn advanced tasks and compete on the basis of ability.

The complete census returns alone can give the exact facts as to the number of negroes who were thus drawn into industrial life by the sudden vacuum in the labor market; but the total is likely to surprise us. In Detroit, for example, there were less than a thousand negroes in the automobile factories in 1914; in four years that number had risen to between twelve and fifteen thousand. In Pittsburgh, during one year of the war, negro workers increased from 35 to 100 per cent in some of the steel mills. And in the garment trades the experiments in the employment of negro women on power machines, begun as an extreme measure due to scarcity of help, succeeded so well as to spread from Detroit to other Northern cities.

These favorable indications as to economic resources in negro labor should be connected in our thought, as in these experiments, with wise measures on the part of the government and of private welfare agencies to bring together in helpful relations employers and employed, and carefully adjust their relations. In ten States the Department of Labor has formed advisory committees of employers, white wage-earners and negroes combined, and appointed State supervisors of negro economics, with most beneficial results.

That in other instances the employment of negroes at the North has resulted in disappointment for all concerned is of course well known, and constitutes a challenge to the larger use of such labor supply which must be fairly met. A study of such instances, however, will prove quite as instructive for our purpose as a review of successful efforts. The testimony adduced cannot be impeached, and a full statement of the conditions under which failures have occurred will go far to explain some regrettable events of past months, and shift at least some of the responsibility from the negro. In the early days of the war, the sudden shortage of workmen at the North was hurriedly filled by indiscriminate drafts upon untrained negroes set to work under conditions sure to yield poor results to both employers and employed. A review of the experiences of the railroads and steel mills readily illustrates this. Unscrupulous employment agents, paid by the quantity and not the quality of men secured, brought with the help of free transportation thousands of colored men, mostly single and unskilled, to fill emergencies. These men had their first acquaintance with a strange country by being housed in large camps under conditions wholly unfit, leading to sickness and a disastrous turn-over in supply; one railroad bringing from the South over 13,000 men in twelve months, and at the end of the time having less than 2,000 of them left. One such camp in Pennsylvania was thus described by a government investigator:

"About 400 negroes were housed in ten rough shacks, 10 by 30 feet in size. Wooden bunks were built closely in tiers of three and four, housing about 35 men in a shack. Mattresses were filthy and verminous; old clothes, cans, and whiskey bottles were thrown about, and the shacks had not been cleaned for some days. The toilets and wash-rooms were open sheds, and no sanitary plumbing facilities were provided. The commissary privilege was let to an Italian commission firm of South Philadelphia. It was run like a company store, selling goods at city prices. No mess-hall was provided, but in the store were a few crowded tables. The stench and the flies made it impossible to stay in the room. The men were paying one dollar a month for lodging, and their food cost them from $6.00 to $8.00 a week."

Can we expect any race of men on the face of the earth to do good work under such conditions? Over against these let us put the experience of shipbuilding companies, like those at Hog Island, Wilmington, and Newport News, where the workmen were carefully selected and comfortably housed; and we may summarize the situation by the following extract from the Dillard report:

"The labor problem of the negro is largely one of selection and supervision. Industries with executives far-sighted

enough to pick the men, to think in terms of the negro's human relations, and to provide housing quarters on a family basis were universally favorable to the negro laborers. Differences of opinion as to the value of the negro as a worker often turned on these points. For example, two steel-plant employment managers serving the same corporation held absolutely opposite views. One had seen 10,000 negroes pass through his mills in ten months, and described the negro as shiftless and undependable. The other manager had provided through the company 128 family homes, for some of the steadiest and most dependable men he had ever employed."

As regards the relation of colored workers to organized labor, the action of the American Federation of Labor at its last annual meeting in Montreal is decisive. "Its action," according to Chairman Duncan, "has settled the negro problem in our organization for all time. Our affiliated unions must now understand that the color line is abolished." While there have been in the past cases of discrimination against the negro on account of his color, it would appear that at last organized labor deems the economic value of such workers so well established as to make it unwise as well as unjust to refuse them admission to unions; and it is now definitely decided to encourage both skilled and unskilled colored labor to join the federation, in either mixed or segregated unions as circumstances may suggest. In labor troubles between whites and blacks it should be noted that unionism has not often been a primary factor; at East St. Louis the original strife was between unorganized whites and blacks in the lowest grades of industrialism. In other instances, as at Chester, Pa., the cause of friction originated in saloon politics and clashes between the vicious elements of each race. There have been, of course, instances where negroes brought in as strike-breakers have been objects of violence, but not so much because of their color as through their use to displace other men.

This discussion of the coming place of the negro in the future labor market of the land may fittingly close with a rather full synopsis of the best-informed presentation of this subject discovered in recent current literature, because based not on theory but on practical experiment. In the July, 1919, number of *Industrial Management* Mr. Ralph W. Immel, connected with a large industrial concern near Baltimore, contributes a description of "The Negro and His Opportunity" which deserves wider reading and study. "The powers of the negro in battle seem to be conceded on all sides," he begins; "if in battle, why not in industry?" A fair question, assuredly. "We are told that as a race negroes surpass whites in acuteness of some of the senses, namely, those of hearing, seeing, and location; why should he not surpass in those arts in which the senses named play an important part?" Mr. Immel then proceeds to a careful analysis of eight distinct problems connected with the employment of negroes, basing his views on facts demonstrated by himself or his acquaintances in recent tests.

First, as regards the question of segregation. This has been found important in all social and welfare relations, such as toilets, wash-rooms, and lockers; but nowhere else. No attempt was made to group workers in white or colored gangs; and this policy never resulted in race friction or undue familiarity on the part of colored men toward white comrades in toil. As regards the negro's lack of a sense of responsibility, Mr. Immel believes this can be developed by proper treatment; his exact words are worth quoting: "When it is put up to him in the right way, a negro welcomes responsibility, and I believe possesses a higher degree of faithfulness in following orders implicitly than many white and especially alien workmen."

As regards the kind of work best fitted for starting a negro's training, three interesting points are specified: tasks where by extra exertion for a period the laborer can gain a spell of rest; work requiring a spectacular and intermittent display of strength; and work where operations possess a certain kind of rhythm and can be accompanied with song.

As regards supervision, emphasis is put on employing white foremen, until later a careful choice of a colored leader can be judiciously made. A rather interesting suggestion as to the traditional laziness or

lassitude of the negro appears, in which it was noted that every lazy man, and especially a negro, will instinctively and even unconsciously find the easiest way to perform an operation; "in other words, the negro is the original efficiency engineer!" If he has a certain task to do in a given space of time, he will study out the way which takes the least effort and allows him the longest rest period.

As regards the encouragement of thrift, the care of the workman's health (especially guarding against pulmonary disease) and welfare work in the negro's home, all wise and patient efforts will bring ample financial gain to the employer. This testimony, let it be again emphasized, came from the practical experience of the management of a large factory in a great Southern industrial centre, under the pressure of our recent labor shortage; and these concluding words of the article are not to be lightly set aside:

"We must all revise our estimate of the negro. The past two years have wrought in him a change, and the orthodox ideas on negro psychology must be revised to fit. We cannot expect a negro to accept from fellow workmen the treatment dealt to a vassal or a serf, and then at the same time take the same interest as a white workman. In the case of a negro he is just what he is made to feel; if in his work he is accorded equal consideration with others, he will nearly always try to justify and deserve such treatment and consideration."

In our study thus far of the industrial revolution through which we are passing and the place in it for one-tenth of our people, we have summarized so far as our information will permit the situation in our labor market due to the deficit of immigrant workmen, and we have sought all available facts as to the quantity and quality of substitutes from the colored race. The testimony of experience has led to the irresistible conclusion that it is not possible or wise to ignore this factor in the present and future supply of labor. This brings us to the final question proposed—how can the negro's demonstrated capabilities be increased and his admitted handicaps be lessened?

In formulating our answer, let us keep as closely as we can to the domain of the dollar, as a shrewd owner of slaves might have done a hundred years ago. Let us in our discussion set aside philanthropic or humanitarian considerations, while remembering that in the last analysis they are inescapable elements in the problem. And as a starting-point, let us quote a single comprehensive sentence, once more, from Doctor Dillard's report; words which embody the gist of the whole matter:

"The genuine progress of a country depends upon the spread of good conditions of living and good chances of healthy improvement among all the people of the country, including especially those who have hitherto had the least chance through power, education, or inheritance. This truth has been gradually forced upon the world by bitter experience; and it is the special sign of enlightenment in our day that it is now so generally realized. . . . Many immigrants from Europe and most of the colored people in our Southern States are within the definition of those who have had the least chance through power, education, or inheritance."

To which utterance we may well add the saying of a great student of social conditions. "Any community which is not a good place for every one to live in is not a good place for any one to live in." The matured judgments of Southern leaders already quoted in connection with race migration and its causes and remedies really cover all that can be said about this phase of our subject. As regards race relationships where most of the negroes live, the last word of theory has been spoken with frankness and emphasis by the finest and strongest men of both races, who are in absolute agreement as to dominating principles. The great need at this point is to secure the acceptance and practice of these principles throughout the rank and file of the unreasoning prejudiced—partly because illiterate—of both races. It all resolves itself into the attainment of two simple things, the essentials of economic success ever and everywhere—justice, knowledge. The square deal and proper education make up the irreducible minimum in that democracy for which white and black fought side by side in France, and which has deadlier foes than

any Hun invader imperilling our life from within at this hour.

Concerning justice there is need of no more theorizing. Terrible as have been some occurrences of the recent past, there is distinct gain in the demonstration that no longer can any section of the country pharisaically congratulate itself on its superiority to its neighbors. North and South, East and West, the hour calls for the turning of theory into action. But concerning the education of the negro, the last word has by no means been said; and the present industrial condition calls for some further thinking as well as practical endeavors and bold experimentation.

First of all, let us cease the tedious dispute over the gold and silver sides of the traditional shield, as typifying the supposed opposition of cultural to practical education. Is it not also time to abandon the idea that because some types of education have harmed some types of negroes we are therefore excused from all further effort along any lines of such endeavor? There is food for thought in the words of the editor of *The Crisis*, whose brilliancy of expression has not of late been equalled by his sound judgment or helpful spirit:

"Teach thinkers to think; a needed knowledge in a day of loose and careless logic; and they whose lot is gravest must have the carefullest training to think aright. How foolish to ask which is the best kind of education for one or seven or sixty million souls! Shall we teach them trades, or train them in the liberal arts? Neither—and both. Teach the workers to work, and the thinkers to think; make carpenters of carpenters, and philosophers of philosophers and fops of fools. . . . The finest product of our training must be neither a psychologist nor a brick mason, but a man."

And to this should be added another word, which goes far closer to the heart of the matter—this time from the dean of Howard University:

"In democracy as in ethics, the individual is the ultimate unit, and there must be essential equality"—a very different thing from social equality—"among the units, else the fabric of democracy like the fabric of ethics, must fail. Under the traditional attitude of the white race toward the negro, it was supposed that the guiding intelligence should be lodged in the white man's brain, and the muscular energy in the negro's arm. But the circuit is too long. In a democracy each man must think as well as work. The country can no longer look upon the negro merely for his utility as a tool, but must regard his totality as a man. An ideal American citizen is not a working man, but a man working. The United States can never reach the desired goal of efficiency until it utilizes the undeveloped energies which lie dormant in the brain and brawn of every citizen."

Efficiency! In spite of a natural recoil against that overworked word, we can accept no substitute for it at this point. There is no other term so completely covering what we are seeking in this hour from all workers, and which therefore may be properly stressed as the test of adequate education.

The mere transfer of individuals from the census classification of illiterate to literate is not enough. It is gratifying for its promise rather than for its achievement. Among nearly 4,000 draftees, black and white together, from a Southern State where the percentage of illiteracy was 40.1, it was shown that over 75 per cent could neither read nor write with practical effectiveness. How high a value shall we set on that education of the negro which consists in a self-directed smattering of superficialities, sought mainly in order to wear better clothes than his fellows and keep his hands unsoiled by manual labor? At least we may reckon it less dangerous than that possessed by some of the radical negroes in the North, some of them boasting degrees from Harvard University, who are to-day pushing a propaganda for social equality in all things for their race, and even commending legalized miscegenation.

Has not the time come for a clear and strong demand that the negro, as well as the alien, shall be genuinely Americanized by furnishing him that kind of an education which shall give him power and opportunity and purpose to pay back into the nation's wealth whatever his natural abilities can produce when brought under the most scientific vocational guidance and discipline? On the basis of wise

economics, why not try the experiment of giving the neediest the largest help? In view of the negro's record for the last few years, already given in very small part, is this a rash investment?

Only if this experiment is to be tried, let the trial be a fair one, unimpeded by the assumption at the start that certain attainments are beyond the negro's capacity; a premise that is neither scientific nor sensible in view of the records of a Booker Washington or a Major Moton. Was there ever a time when both our aliens and our negroes needed wise leadership, coming from their own ranks, more than now? This is peculiarly true in the realm of that master-force in the life of the colored race—their religion. It is admitted by the best-informed of both races that the crying need of the ministry in colored churches is better quality rather than more quantity; as statistics show one minister to every 562 negroes, with only one to 815 whites. If godliness is profitable for the life that now is, to say nothing of that which is to come, it is surely worth while to guide and train to the highest efficiency those who are to shape the religious life of the race. The same truth holds with lawyers and editors; with doctors and nurses who keep in trust the economic asset of health among colored toilers and the inmates of their homes, and who are the main bulwark against the terrific waste of life through preventable disease, so much greater among the colored race than in any other.

On the other hand, if the colored worker is to be a farmer, why not do our best to make him a scientific one, that he may pay back the largest increment to the nation's wealth? One need only read the records of improved farming around Tuskeegee or the productivity of skilled artisans among the graduates of Hampton, or see the higher skill in home-making and personal domestic service in the pupils of multitudes of other schools addressing themselves to the specific training of the colored youth for specific tasks that are calling for their service.

Such, then, is the true programme for increasing the capabilities and lessening the liabilities of the negroes in our future tasks of production: fair dealing and education specialized to meet specific demands. It is ample for its purpose; but it calls for a larger vision than any nation on the face of the earth has yet seen; yet none too large for the industrial possibilities of our land in this hour, and none too large to measure up to the obligations which are a mandate from our opportunity. The programme is far too large for the South, where the majority of the negroes should and will abide, to carry out alone, in view of inherited conditions of illiteracy. In spite of disproportionate division of school funds between the two races, this section as a whole has carried uncomplainingly a burden of taxation for education tremendous when compared with its total resources. The whole nation must come to its aid in the future, as Northern philanthropy has done in the past; for it will take more than one generation to atone to the South, either in intelligent sympathy or substantial compensation, for the sufferings inflicted and the impoverishment imposed upon its already devastated territory in those sad reconstruction days.

In this hour of the world's dearth of material products and feverish passion for larger life our nation has a task that will call forth all its reserve powers; but as those powers are freely poured forth their reserves will steadily multiply. If in our government at Washington we need Departments of Labor and Commerce, we equally need Departments of Education and Health. As we awaken to this great vision, we shall hear and heed the call for nationalized education on such a scale and of such a type that the dividends on investments in personality shall in the sight of all men bulk far beyond the dollars dug out of the soil or won in the roar of factory or brought back by commerce from distant lands. Emerging from the bitterness and perplexity and confusion of our industrial life in this hour, we shall discover that the greatest wealth of any nation accumulates through the making of money by means of the making of manhood.

DUDE-PUNCHER STEVE

By Fred Copeland

Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldridge

"CATHERINE, the varmint was solid black and glistened like a cinder."

Craftily I raised my head. The horse and rider were strangely large now that they were so close. Both were looking away from me into the greasewood fringe beside the road. Discreetly hidden in the brush, I admired the pinto whose bold markings I had caught two miles away when, a tiny dot, it had borne its black-Stetsoned rider down a long ridge from the broken, rolling northern Wyoming rangeland. Presently the black Stetson turned and the brown face beneath looked back over the road.

"I reckon there ain't any use now; there wa'n't a white hair in the critter's pelt." The reins drooped from the saddle-horn, and the man looked thoughtfully again into the greasewood beside the road.

It dawned on me. The object that had brought them to a stop was a cat, a coal-black one; I had seen the creature myself as it ran frightened at my approach when I walked out into the brush. It was superstition that had laid hold of the rider on the road. The cat had crossed directly in front of him.

Somewhere a horse whinnied. The pinto laid both ears forward, and then, with one anxious ear turned backward, started eagerly toward the buildings of the near-by ranch.

"We are going to have a caller," I announced, as though the rider of the pinto horse was invisible to all save myself.

Scott Lawson hitched himself to an upright position as I sank in a porch chair beside his jovial presence.

"Is this Scott Lawson's dude ranch?" soberly inquired the rider of the pinto horse when he had crossed to the porch. Had he removed his well-preserved Stetson, his bow would have been that of a Chesterfield.

"You're talking to Scott Lawson right now," stated that gentleman's hearty voice.

"I am Steve Graydog—dude-puncher," said the man simply.

Scott Lawson was leaning forward in his chair. If one's feet can be said to be a crowning feature, Steve's should have worn a crown. In a way they did. No rattlesnake's back could have outdone in savage splendor the solidly beaded yellow moccasins with their oddly marked diamond figures in red and purple.

"Where'd you es-c-a— Did you come over from the Crow reservation?" ventured Lawson.

"From the irrigation works on the reservation," said Steve. "The mosquitoes are worse this year; it's like working in a blizzard." Steve swept off his black Stetson. Two braids of dark hair suddenly dropped over his ears and down the front of each shoulder.

It seemed as though Scott Lawson lifted one ear like a startled hound.

"An Indian," I exclaimed inwardly, after the manner of one who had had something held back on him.

"You're hired," Scott nodded. "We keep our horses in the pasture below the house. Better come back in a few minutes; Olla will get you a bite to eat."

Did Steve's attitude change subtly for an instant at the girl's name? It was an outlandish thought, but it came to me, none the less.

Lawson was grinning: "He's smart enough to know he'd be a drawing-card at any dude ranch."

Scott Lawson was keeping something back. I could feel it. "He's not a full-blood," I stated, as though I held the wisdom of the plains.

"His name's regular enough, but he handles English like a breed. Some of them speak better English than the average American. They're proud of it."

Thoughts of Carlisle flashed through

my mind, but they were unsatisfying. I wondered if Lawson had noticed Steve's face when Olla's name was mentioned.

It was Olla who opened the door at Steve's rap, and it was a little too dark to see clearly. She may have tried to speak, but, if so, no sound came. At the polite and well-modulated voice Steve used in his greeting, the girl, gracefully framed in the lamplit doorway, winked hard over the strangely contradicting phenomena of sight and sound.

"The table is right over here," she announced, backing into the kitchen as Steve's gayly moccasined feet crossed the door-sill.

My many summers at the ranch had made me all but one of the family. Lawson, that afternoon, had made a trip with me for trout, and we, too, were tardy for supper. If Steve was surprised to be seated with us, his face did not show it. However, at one of the times when Olla bent over the table after a trip from the stove, he stole a cram-like look of propriety at her face with the lamplight full upon it. Olla glanced at him silently but her eye grew warlike, and the dude-puncher turned thoughtful, almost reminiscent, eyes to his plate. There was just enough oddity of expression in his face to cause me later to recall the seemingly small and entirely natural incident. That Olla was Scott Lawson's own daughter, I had never questioned. But I did not blame Steve for his secret glance of admiration. Had I been in his early twenties and white as I am, I would have put in more than my summers in northern Wyoming. To be sure, I had been in places where one might find girls somewhat like Olla. I had seen the same grace of movement and the same hazel eyes while wandering in the bewitching afterglows of autumn evenings east of Montreal's Saint Lawrence Boulevard. But there was a difference. The clear color of Olla's cheeks was the matchless product of the sun-bathed rangeland. And she was a bit taller without the loss of roundness.

Scott Lawson wisely allowed Steve to eat in peace. But I had no idea of doing so, even though his faultless table manners might have been a warning. I plied him with assorted questions. Had he been over the Custer battle-field? He had. Also he had been over to the agency of the Northern Cheyennes, a place I planned to go. Had he ever been East? Certainly. "I have been around the world once," he said. I hadn't, and I shut up. And Scott Lawson smiled. Perhaps with the thought of increasing my wisdom, Lawson asked me to take Steve down to the bunk-house and introduce him to the foreman, Phil Crawford, and the boys.

Although I knew all the eight men at the bunk-house, I some way felt ill at ease as I led Steve into their midst.

"Scott sent me down with the new man he has just hired—Mr. Steve Graydog," I added, in a hurry to be rid of the name.

They were all mountain-wise, range-broken men, picked with care for diplomacy in handling dudes, but they were looking at me with keener interest than at Steve. He, lucky dog, had found a stool in a more sheltered position than mine, and I envied him.

"Ride in?" spoke up Phil by way of greeting.

Steve nodded.

"Better lug your war-bag in here tonight."

Steve went after it.

"Did Scott Lawson send you down here all alone with him?" anxiously observed Shorty, a grizzled little man I had known well for several summers.

I knew the signs and slipped out into the gathering darkness. The roar which followed proved my departure was not ill-timed. But I laughed silently to myself. They would not have tried it on a regular first-season dude, and the honor was not lost on me.

Before seeking the certain kind of sympathy Scott Lawson and Olla would have for me when I returned to the white ranch-house, I wandered down toward the river to cool off. When in the blackness of a bunch of young cottonwoods I heard two soft whistles. Steve's dark form was at the pasture gate. Out of the starlight the pinto horse, Catherine, suddenly appeared. Steve ran his hand fondly under the animal's mane.

"Do you reckon you could stand a whole biscuit?" inquired Steve with feigned surprise as the velvet lips of the horse played with his sleeve.

Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

"You're hired," Scott nodded.—Page 343.

The Catherine horse nudged him sharply.

"That's all I dared to lift, seeing who loaned it to me," lied Steve, and then: "That cat was black, all right, Catherine, and crossed plumb in front of us. And we're hired."

The pinto's white lips nervously fondled Steve's left ear.

"But I reckoned that little old cat would put his pizen paw on us—he's gone and done it. Olla's still here. She was the third person I had talk with," Steve explained it thoughtfully.

"She's the third person I've had talk with," he had said. He was certainly superstitious to a nicety. Like many wanderers and all gamblers, he held the idea that the third person he met in a new place was his enemy. And somewhere he had known Olla before.

The following afternoon I went to Lodge Grass in the three-seated auto-bus for the first batch of dudes. I felt that I could endure the trip on the front seat; the two rear bone-rattlers I feared as I did an operating-table. But it was safe enough when you knew about it. Phil Crawford drove the thing. It was thirty miles to Lodge Grass, but we felt in no hurry in the June sunshine. The train was always two to four hours late here in the half-way rangeland country, but it would arrive right on the minute in a day or so on the Pacific coast with great pomp and brilliance. All of this I burdened Phil with, and after I had thus proved to him how thoroughly Western I was, we arrived to learn the train had departed a half hour before, having arrived exactly on the minute. It had brought us from Philadelphia two female teachers of the first run of eye-glasses, and from Montreal a pair that one looked at as at a river with a little too smooth a surface. Scott Lawson had said a mother and son by the name of Donaldson were expected on the train. I had pictured a much younger pair. It struck one as rather queer that a woman who could not without perjury have taken oath to an age less than sixty, and a son with a last hold on his twenties, should select a dude ranch for a full summer. It took less than a quarter hour to learn they were unfamiliar with anything west of Chicago.

Like a cackling-hen crate on the rear of an express-truck, we rattled over the west bluff of the Little Big Horn valley. We wound through great troughs of the rangeland sea, only to come out on hogbacks which we followed till they melted to level stretches. At these places the school-teachers raged over the prairie-dogs, owls, prickly pear, and the brush, the latter learnedly pronounced sage, even though as often as not the dark green of the greasewood showed on the tough branches. The mother and son held for the most part to a polite silence. At last we began the descent of the hogback on the slope of which I had first seen at a distance Steve and his pinto horse. I wondered if Steve had erected any more monuments to the god of superstition since I had been away.

On a back seat one of the school-teachers lifted up her wiry voice with a suddenness that caused both Phil and me to turn in alarm.

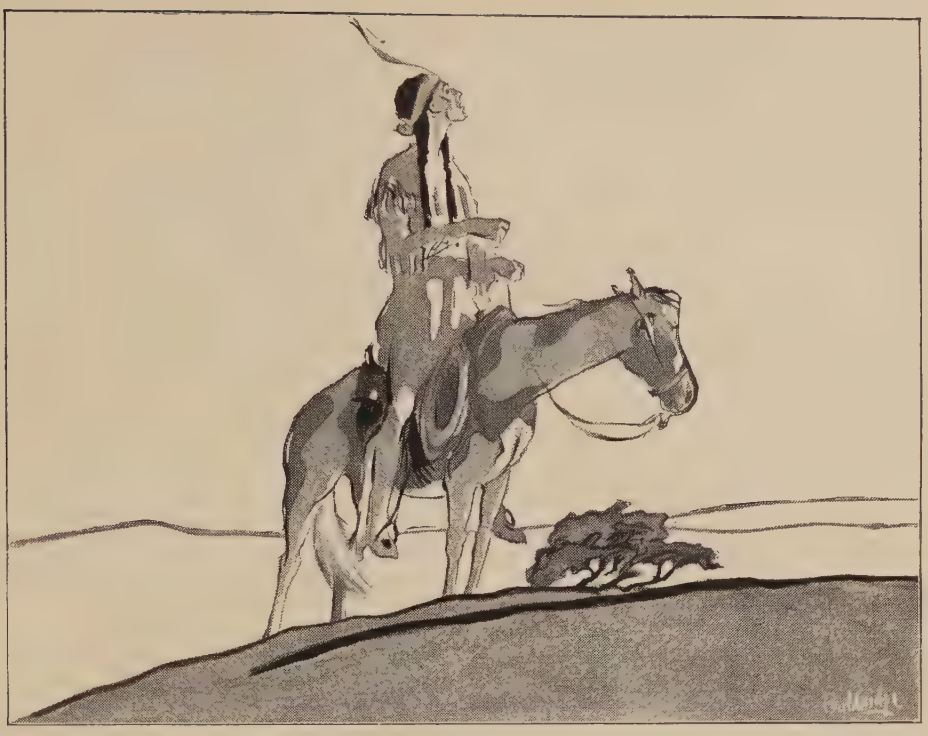
"It's a real Indian!" she exclaimed with a cry as wild as a Canada goose.

Not three rods from the road on a little elevation which threw him into relief against the sky, Steve had risen in his dizzy yellow moccasins. A single feather of some kind protruded from the apex of his dark braids at a rakish angle. He did not turn. One might have thought him holding communion with the last steps of day.

One of the school-teachers wanted to get out and go nearer, although the white ranch-house was already at hand.

"You'll see him often, ma'am," solemnly protested Phil; "he ranges right here on the ranch."

Steve's initial and original dip in the pool of dude-ranching sent both Olla and her father into mirthful fits of laughter when I secretly told them of the occurrence. Soon after, Scott Lawson's face suddenly became thoughtful. That Steve was to become intensely popular with the ladies as the summer colony grew in size was in a way surprising. But he was a Chesterfield. He had the remarkable faculty of keeping his face solemn under the most provoking circumstances. He taught each arrival how not to fall off a horse. To be taught horsemanship by an Indian was something to tell the people



"It's a real Indian!" she exclaimed.—Page 346.

back East. It seemed as though he were too lamblike, that he was storing energy against a time of his own choosing.

Had not Scott Lawson been so graciously cultivated by Mrs. Lawrence Donaldson, he, too, might have sensed something odd in the way the woman studied Steve. It seemed as though she were waiting for some familiar act or set of speech. When it dawned on me there must be a reason more potent than her interest in an Indian, I caught myself watching her even as she watched Steve. Steve met her advances at conversation with a reserve that was truly Indian. I had an idea the Mrs. Donaldson and her son were unaware that during their first two days Steve had put them under a more delicately ground glass than those used in their social set in the Canadian metropolis.

Olla had taken to going on the trail-parties this year, and when she rode her pony up to the white ranch-house mornings with the saddle-ponies following, solemnly led by Steve and the boys—well, it was good to see the dark-eyed girl in bright-red waist and tan skirt on her buckskin pony. Some way you knew it was her own pony; the animal betrayed it in the toss of its cream-colored mane. Moreover, Steve gave Olla the same attention a queen would expect, and Steve looked very well able to protect her from anything that came one at a time. At first both Scott Lawson and Phil Crawford had tried to argue him out of the idea of giving Olla more attention than the guests of the ranch. "These people are paying for it; Olla goes along to help give them a good time," they explained. But Steve closed his mouth like a trunk-lid; he would have left a dude hanging head foremost from a stirrup if he decided Olla needed anything. It was noticeable Steve sought to shield Olla from Mr. Lawrence Donaldson. From the first, the young man had never been seen to arise and dash off when Olla was in his presence.

My many summers on the ranch privileged me to eat late supper with Olla and

her father, and nearly every evening when the faithful breeze came down from the Big Horns and found us on the screened back porch, I would inquire gravely of Olla regarding Mr. Lawrence Donaldson:

"How is the Don's health to-day, if I may ask?"

"Oh, he's quite lively, thank you."

"Mm!" I would breathe while Scott Lawson grinned broadly.

Indeed, I learned little, for Olla seized on such times to compliment me on my riding, saying: "I was noticing to-day how you only have to hang to the saddle with but one hand—really, you ought to go down to Cheyenne next year and try for the bronco-busting prize and the silver-mounted U. P. saddle."

It was on one of these evenings when the three of us were on the porch that Steve rapped on the screen door.

Nothing he did seemed to surprise Lawson, and he told him to come in.

"I wonder if I could get a needle and thread," he said as simply as a child; "I've torn my coat."

"Let me have it," ordered Olla. "It won't take but a moment."

Olla procured a work-basket. Lawson rolled a cigar across the table to Steve:

"Light up, St-e——"

A nervous, wiry voice cut in on him from near the porch, and we had to listen.

"There! here it is," and the pair of school-teachers from Philadelphia bent over a note-book.

"You see, I put it down each time just as that Indian, Steve, told me."

"Wateeka," slowly pronounced the other woman.

"Yes, wateeka; last Monday it was the Crow word for horse; on Friday it meant river, and to-day I asked him the word for prairie-dog, and it was 'wateeka' again."

"Doubtless he gave you a different word each time, and it sounded like this Indian word you have written here, my dear."

The pair moved on. Scott Lawson slapped his knee and let out muffled snorts of mirth, before he saw Steve was actually blushing.

"You're all right, Steve," he piped up.

Steve let out a species of laugh and hurriedly arose for his coat. When Olla handed the coat to him her dark eyes distinctly said: "Don't you mind them, Steve." She carried in her basket and did not come back.

"Scott," I began irritably, "don't you realize Olla is a mighty attractive girl and that this ranch is one of the very best in Wyoming? Why, I believe even Steve sees what the Donaldsons are up to, or else he sees something else—the love of half-breeds burns with a more intense heat than either that of red man or white: so I've heard."

Lawson looked at me with the mildness of a cow, or was there a keenness back of it veiled by his cloud of cigar-smoke? Some way I felt he was hiding something from me, and Lawson and I were old friends back through the years.

"I reckon when she finds what she calls a man, she'll somehow let him know it. That's what she told that young Scotchman from Montreal three years ago."

"I remember he left suddenly," I said, now perfectly satisfied to wiggle out the best way I could.

Lawson looked at me again: "The Donaldsons are nicer people than what you think. They're fixed well enough and they seem to think a heap of Olla. They've asked her to go back with them for a little vacation in Montreal. You know," went on Lawson eagerly, "two years at a girls' school in Chicago is all the East Olla ever had."

Fickle fate often decides that those who come first shall go last; the two school-teachers and the Donaldsons were staying till the very end of the season. I regretted it, for Mrs. Donaldson had taken it upon herself to question me at every opportunity about Steve. But on this evening I need not have worried myself. Olla and the Donaldsons were deeply interested in their own conversation. The thing had become so brazen it was sickening, and it was a relief to seek the boys at the bunk-house. At odd times I had heard a banjo twanging at the bunk-house. Although I remembered the ancient instrument as a fixture of the place, it had never given tongue in any of the summers I had been at the ranch.

As I cleared the kitchen end of the

house, a bow-legged object scurried by, and then, recognizing me, stopped. It was Shorty. Clutched to his ribs were two watermelons:

"Come on down. We're going to have a palaver, and the modern Paddiewhiskey is goin' to soothe our savage natures with some overchoors." Shorty was excited.

Down by the river-bank a fire burned, and when we reached it and rolled the watermelons into the circle of faces, a cheer went up. On an old tin powder-canister, emptied, perhaps, twenty years before, sat Steve with the banjo. Well, it settles on one rather queerly to see a banjo in connection with two dark braids of hair over the player's shoulders.

"Play that 'Turkey in the Straw' piece again," urged Shorty. "I missed her in gettin' these here nigger-berries," and he up-ended one of the watermelons with knife in hand.

"Ain't you 'fraid it will excite you, Mr. Harlow?" gravely inquired Steve as he knocked out a trial chord on the instrument.

"Seein's how we all had to suffer for a month in the bunk-house while you was gettin' back in form, as you claimed, I reckon it ain't liable to knock me plumb over."

Steve played the thing for Shorty, and later, when the fire had burned low, he swung into the sweetest of cowboy songs, —"The Cowboy's Dream"—singing the air with a fresh, true tenor. The men, one by one, joined in strong on the chorus. Some one in the throes of the chorus threw a piece of watermelon at the fire. As if in indignation, the fire leaped and lit up three faces in the first rim of darkness: Olla and the two Donaldsons. A queer look came into Steve's face, for it was general gossip Olla was going East with them, but with startling grimness came the seventh verse:

"And I'm scared that I'll be a stray yearling,—
A maverick, unbranded on high,—
And get cut in the bunch with the 'rusties'
When the Boss of the Riders goes by."

Olla returned Steve's occasional glances during the singing as though she would be proud to pull some one's hair. But Mrs. Donaldson—well, her face was startling. She had at last found that something in Steve for which she had been hunting. Had Steve naïvely presented her with that something when she least expected it? Perhaps. To-morrow would be Friday, then would follow Saturday with the departure of the Donaldsons and Olla.

On Friday a last horseback ride in the foot-hills had been arranged for by the two school-teachers, and all hands went on it. It was a ride that ended in a race for shelter, for a belated thunder-storm swept up over the Big Horns with a suddenness that was appalling. With the first plump bellow of thunder Mrs. Donaldson became frantic, but Steve managed to tangle his hand in her veil or turban or something she was ever wearing. She yelled she was being scalped, but Steve hung on, and thereby saved the already nervous horses from a stampede. Once mounted, both school-teachers tossed all horsemanship to the god of the storm, and were pounding hard when we made the house and dismounted in confusion. Everything movable from foxtail to tumbleweed was on the wing in the thunderous gale ahead of the storm. A newspaper careened wildly in our midst and flattened on a horse's head, where it fluttered like a dying chicken. The horses reared and jammed. Olla was in their midst, and with a catch of the breath I saw her go down. Young Donaldson ran like a sand-snipe, mounted the porch as cleverly as a monkey, and clung to a post, staring wildly at the confusion. Instantly both Steve and Phil Crawford plunged among the frantic horses.

It was Steve who brought Olla out. Scott Lawson had appeared from somewhere, but Steve would not give her up. Mutely he waited for some one to open the door to the white ranch-house. It was Lawson himself who did it. When Steve laid her on a couch in the great living-room, Olla opened a pair of dark bewildered eyes. Instantly Steve had spoken to her, but none of us heard what it was. Olla smiled, even as she unconsciously reached for her left arm.

"Broken, I reckon," muttered Lawson after he had hurried to Olla and examined the arm.

"I'll get the first doctor in Sheridan," said Steve gravely as he turned for the door.

I caught myself watching him with the intentness of one curiously examining a man who just "got religion." A short fifteen minutes had changed him completely. Either that or else he had unconsciously thrown off the rôle of an actor. A moment later I saw him and his Catherine horse dash by. The sheets of rain slammed against the windows as though dished off the flashes of lightning. It would have been worth much if I had had the presence of mind to have offered him my old slicker.

In the night I heard the sound of an automobile, and much later when the sun was streaming over the range I heard the sound of horses' feet. By the time I had reached my bedroom window Steve had pulled his horse to a walk. Stiffly he dismounted and looked eagerly at the door as though it would open and reveal some of us. But it didn't. He took off his hat and absently ran his hand through his hair in meditation. The act caused me to jam my nose against the pane. His hair was clipped short like any one's. The flat, squatty moccasins were gone. It's queer what a change comes to a man when you redecorate both ends of him. A cropped head and high-heeled riding-boots—well, I suppose an artist would have had him on the wall beside the window in a twinkling, but I could only look, too overcome to rap on the pane to him.

A half hour later I didn't know whether to be sorry or glad that Olla's injury was only a sprain, for she was determined to go with the Donaldsons. When Scott Lawson and I returned that afternoon from seeing them off, the place held a peculiar loneliness. Phil Crawford was on the steps and something was on his mind.

"Steve's pulled out!" he blurted.

"Gone!" said Lawson and I together, as though we had been practising the thing.

"Moulted and flew!" echoed Shorty. "You ort 'a' seen him, he looked that quaint with his pigtails sheared—he must 'a' routed out a barber in Sheridan."

"Tail him! Find him some way!"

A moment before, I thought I knew Scott Lawson. Now I knew I didn't.

A solid week did not find Steve, but it brought Lawson a letter.

The next morning Lawson packed a grip.

I was hardly foolish enough to remind him we had a hunting-trip planned into the Big Horns. It dawned on me Scott Lawson was going to make a hunting-trip of his own with the determination to find out whether he or his quarry was a goat. There was nothing left for me to do but pack my belongings and go back East with him.

So it was that when the chimes of Saint Andrew's floated sweetly over the solidly built, British-toned western half of Montreal one evening in the first week of October, they found us, not on a spur of the Big Horns, but in the Windsor Street station. Olla had met the train. Never had I seen her more bewitching than when she waved me good-by from the motor-car in the soft autumnal twilight when the first sparkling lights and the dark spires were struggling for supremacy against the Western sky.

At sight of Olla, Lawson had seemed to come out of the dumb secretiveness that had possessed him on the trip East. I had felt a tightening all over me when he secretly told me to meet him the next day but one. I had agreed, provided he would bring Olla, for I wanted to take them to a place I felt odd enough to excite their wildest fancies of the old city of fur kings. I wanted, too, to get them away from the tinselled atmosphere of the Donaldsons for one hour.

I was disappointed when we finally met. "Where's Olla?" I asked.

"She said she'd trail into that place you mentioned by the time we got there."

"Don't tell me that Donaldson outfit is coming, too."

Lawson looked at me but didn't speak.

It was nearing sunset when we arrived at the little rocky tongue of land reaching out toward the Isle of Montreal from the Ottawa's western shore. As long and low as the peninsula itself, an old Hudson's Bay Company house crowned the lower end. Long since abandoned, the old landmark of the lower Ottawa had become a popular rendezvous for Montrealers. As Scott Lawson and I left the motor-car and walked down past the old stone house on the point, the Ottawa was shining under such a sunset as the charm

Young Donaldson ran like a sand-snipe.—Page 349.

of the early Canadian autumn knows so well how to paint. Up under the coloring of the Western sky the Lake of the Two Mountains flamed with as vivid a crimson as the water-maples wore. Low down in the flush of the sky a line of dots floated, now rising, now falling. It was a famous place for wild duck. Occasionally a shot betrayed the fact that the evening flight was being disturbed.

Either it affected Scott Lawson, or else the time had come when he wanted to try me out with something that had been resting on his mind. Of a sudden he turned:

"Did you know Olla is part Sioux?"

It seemed as savage as the red of the sunset flaming at our very feet, but I yelled back, "I'm glad of it," and I don't know why I shouted it so loud.

"That's the same way Steve said it," observed Lawson.

"Steve!" I managed to say, turning squarely on Lawson.

"He's been here in Montreal ever since Olla got here."

"And they both have Indian blood," I said.

"And he ain't on his last legs same's that old century-plant of a Donaldson woman and her little son. She heard Steve singing that night and finally tumbled. She couldn't get Olla away fast enough. When I got Olla's letter I wised real fast. Steve spent two months at the ranch three years ago. I reckon that's him now."

Cutting across the relentless volume of the Ottawa, and driven by the powerful shoulder shove and wrist swerve only known to the old voyageurs, a slim little Peterborough canoe was noiselessly seeking the protection of the point where Lawson and I leaned against a boulder.

As the canoe was about to beach, a bewitching head and shoulders turned toward us. Some one waved to us. It

was Olla. I nearly snapped in two my best lilac-bordered silk handkerchief in answering.

When the tall person in the stern stood up, I grabbed Scott Lawson by the arm. It was Steve. He was in a suit I knew only grew in the most expensive tailor shops along St. Catherine Street.

"He owns that stone fort with the two towers right across the street from the Donaldsons," remarked Lawson a little loftily.

I turned for another look at the canoe, but Steve seemed to be having a hard time of it dislodging Olla; in fact, Olla's face was quite hidden for the moment.

"How do you do?" bellowed Scott Lawson as he turned my back on them.

"I'm glad to know you," I snapped irritably, little knowing what I was saying.

SOME BIOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF IMMIGRATION

By Edwin Grant Conklin

Author of "Biology and Democracy," etc.

I

THE most important aspect of immigration is the one which is least often considered; namely, its far-reaching biological effects on the character of our people as a whole. This is not to say that other aspects of this problem are not important, but they are mostly temporary and trivial as compared with this biological aspect. Indeed, in so far as other phases of immigration are of deep and lasting significance it is due to the fact that they affect the racial characteristics and the bodily and mental traits of a people. On the other hand, the considerations which have most influenced us in the past regarding immigration have been (1) sympathy for those whose lot is less fortunate than ours and a philanthropic desire to share with them the blessings which we enjoy; (2) the laudable ambition to rapidly become a great and powerful nation which shall take and hold a leading position among the nations of the earth; (3) the consequent necessity of developing rapidly our great natural resources and the demand on the part of private and public interests for cheap and abundant labor.

But while we keep open house to all the world, and grow great in numbers and rich beyond all others, we take little or no thought for the future. By our present policy we are determining the character of future generations. We are deciding irrevocably whether we shall breed men and women of high or low standards; of sturdy bodies, sound minds, and good morals, or the reverse. Although we are shaping history for hundreds and thousands of years to come, we are, as a nation, more thoughtless about the issue than we would be if it concerned only the price of coal or food to-morrow. By our immigration policy we are actually deciding the fate of America more surely than could be done in any other way. Neither forms of government, nor army and navy, nor wealth and power, will determine our future as completely as will the character of our citizens.

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements or moated gate,
But men, high-minded men."

We are all immigrants or the descendants of immigrants, and we cannot reasonably object to others because they came on a later ship than we did. But we can and must see to it that we do not adopt the criminals, defectives, and degenerates of the world; and if we have any regard for the welfare of our children and any desire to leave worthy descendants we will select with as much care as possible those whose blood will in years to come mingle with our own.

This is the biological problem involved in immigration. We not only share our country with the immigrant but we take him into our families and give him our children or our children's children in marriage. Whatever present antipathies there may be to racial mixture, we may rest assured that in a few hundred years at most these persons of foreign races and blood will be incorporated in our race and we in theirs. From the amalgamation of good races, good results may be expected, but fusion with inferior races, while it may help to raise the lower race, will pull the higher one down. How insignificant are considerations of cheap labor and rapid development of natural resources, how short-sighted are even considerations of sympathy for less fortunate people, or the maintenance of high standards of living, or the preservation of our present social organization when compared with these biological consequences!

We have heard for so long that "all men are created equal" and that differences between persons and races are due entirely to environment that this has become a part of the faith of democracy and, in spite of the teachings of science and common sense, we expect to get grapes from thorns, figs from thistles, and good citizens from poor stock. President Roosevelt was one of the first of our statesmen who looked steadily beyond his day and generation to the more distant future. He inaugurated, or at least gave impetus to, a great movement for the conservation of the natural resources of this country and he maintained that selective immigration was second only to conservation in its importance for the welfare of future generations. Indeed, in the face of the foreign invasion which has been sweeping over this country since 1900, it may be said that immigration is the first and very most important problem for the citizen who looks to the future welfare of his country.

Armies equal in size to the one we sent to France land every two years on our shores, and at the present time millions are said to be waiting to enter. Since 1900 more than thirteen million immigrants have entered this country, and approximately one-third of our present population of more than one hundred millions are immigrants or the children of immigrants. Two-thirds of the population of New York State and three-fourths of that of our great cities are foreign born or the children of foreign-born parents. From a fourth to a half of the population of the large cities of the South are negroes. Already we are the most heterogeneous people on earth; here are found representatives of every race and tongue and culture in the world, and still they continue to come in enormous numbers. It is doubtful whether any other migration in the history of mankind compares in magnitude with that which has been converging on America during the past twenty years. The sources and magnitude of this migration are indicated by the following general summary:* Of more than thirty million persons in this country who are foreign born or the children of foreign-born parents there are from eight to nine million Germans, four to five million Irish, about three millions from Great Britain, about three million Slavs, from two to three million Scandinavians, more than two million Italians, and about two million Hebrews, while all other races and nations constitute about five millions.

II

It was long the boast of America that we had here raised a standard to which the oppressed of other lands might freely repair, and it was not race pride or prejudice or callous selfishness that first induced the American people to place certain restrictions on immigration; rather it was the certainty that the currents of our national life were being corrupted and we were being seriously burdened in caring for criminals, defectives, dependents, and diseased persons of other lands. Accordingly, convicts, other than for political offenses, lunatics, idiots, and persons suffering from a loathsome or a dangerous contagious disease were excluded, and, later, prostitutes and those engaged in the white-slave traffic were added to this list. These restrictions are so evidently and immediately in the interest of public health and morals that there is now no considerable objection to them. Still

* Collated from U. S. Census, 1910.

later the "literacy test" was added, against strong opposition, and provision was made for a much more rigid examination of immigrants for insanity and mental defects. But the number of those applying for admission has been so great and the facilities for examining them so inadequate that the exclusion laws could not be effectively enforced. At Ellis Island, before the war, the long lines of immigrants passed the inspectors at the rate, it is said, of five thousand a day. It may be possible to thus assemble the parts of automobiles on a continuously moving platform, but any one who has ever made examinations for tuberculosis, for insanity or mental deficiency, for criminal and antisocial instincts, will realize how utterly inefficient such a method of examination must be.

The physical examination of immigrants can be carried out effectively if it is not rushed too rapidly. Practically any serious bodily defect can be detected if the examination is thorough; the immigrant carries it with him and cannot successfully conceal it. There is therefore no reason why under our present laws persons with serious bodily defects, whether inherited or acquired, or with dangerous diseases, may not be excluded if the examination is not hurried.

The mental examination of immigrants can also be made effective if it is sufficiently thorough. There is no excuse for admitting imbeciles or others with serious neuroses or psychoses if only time enough is taken to make a satisfactory examination. These defects, also, the applicant for admission carries with him and he cannot successfully conceal them. But, on the other hand, we are now admitting large numbers of persons of low intelligence, and it is this class which constitutes the greatest biological danger both for the present and for the distant future.

The mental tests used in our army revealed a surprising amount of illiteracy and, what is much worse, an alarmingly low level of average intelligence. These tests were devised to measure intellectual capacity or inherited ability rather than acquired information or education, and for the first time they give us a means of estimating the approximate number of persons in this country of low, mean, or high intelligence. The tests were of two sorts: the Alpha test for those who could read and write and the Beta test for all others. They were taken by about one million seven hundred thousand drafted men, who may be assumed to have been somewhat above the average intelligence of the entire population, since none who were evidently feeble-minded were drafted. Seven grades were recognized, ranging from A to D−, these grades being designated as follows:

A, "very superior intelligence"; B, "superior"; C+, "high average"; C, "average"; C−, "low average"; D, "inferior"; D−, "very inferior." The "mental ages" of these different grades and the relative numbers in each are:

GRADE	MENTAL AGE	PER CENT OF WHOLE
A	18–19	4½
B	16–17	9
C+	15	16½
C	13–14	25
C−	12	20
D	11	15
D−	10	10

Assuming that these drafted men are a fair sample of the entire population of approximately one hundred millions, this means that forty-five millions, or nearly one-half of the whole population, will never develop mentally beyond the stage represented by a normal twelve-year-old child, and that only thirteen and a half millions will ever show superior intelligence.

When it is remembered that mental capacity is inherited, that parents of low intelligence generally produce children of low intelligence and that on the average they have more children than persons of high intelligence, and, furthermore, when we consider that the intellectual capacity or "mental age" can be changed very little by education, we are in a position to appreciate the very serious conditions which confront us as a nation.

We have always recognized that the success of democracy depends upon the intelligence of the people, but we have never before had any adequate conception of the very low level of the average

intelligence of the nation. Furthermore, we have generally assumed that intelligence depended upon education and that general compulsory education would solve all our problems. But, alas, it is not the panacea that was once supposed. Education can only bring to development the qualities which are potentially present; it cannot increase those potentialities or capacities; and the attempt to educate a person of D grade beyond the fifth year of the elementary schools is usually wasted effort.

Undoubtedly the ultimate standing and success of any popular government must depend upon the intelligence of its citizens, and yet, owing to the larger families of the unintelligent and to the great influx of foreigners of low mental capacity, our average intelligence has probably been declining for the past twenty-five years at least.

If education will not solve this serious problem, what can be done? Evidently the first thing to do is to prohibit further immigration of persons of inferior intelligence. Our present "literacy test" is very unsatisfactory for this purpose. It is well known that persons of very inferior intelligence and even imbeciles can learn to read, and, on the other hand, the army test showed that some persons of superior intelligence had not learned to read. Reading does not come by nature, but by education; it is a mark of educational opportunity rather than of inherited capacity, and it would be a great gain for the nation if the army mental test were substituted for the literacy test in the examination of all immigrants and if all persons who fall into grades D or D — were excluded from the country. Any movement to raise the mental level of our citizens must begin by excluding immigrants of low intelligence, and the longer we put this off the more serious our problems of mental deficiency will become.

Finally, there is a marked correlation between low intelligence and crime. Goddard* estimates that approximately fifty per cent of those confined in penitentiaries and reformatories are mentally defective, and it is probable that not less than seventy-five per cent of all criminals are of inferior or very inferior intelligence. Any measure which would prevent the growth of this class of persons of low intelligence would to a large extent reduce the immense amount of crime and lawlessness in this country; and at present there is no other way in which this can be done so effectively as by excluding all immigrants of inferior mentality.

The result of our lax system of admitting immigrants is shown not only in the great number of mental defectives but also in the large number of criminals among the foreign born. Of late we have heard much of the "crime wave" in this country, but this wave is only a ripple on the flood of crime which we have with us continually. For example, Chicago, with a total population about one-third that of London, had in 1916 nearly twelve times as many murders, and in 1917 and 1919 nearly six times as many. New York in 1916, 1917, and 1918 had in each year six times as many homicides as London, and during these same years from two and a half to eight times as many burglaries. These two cities are not wicked beyond all others but are similar in this "bad eminence" to many of the larger cities in this country. That a disproportionate amount of this crime is traceable to recent immigrants, or to unassimilated races, is shown by the fact that more than three-fourths of the total population of these cities are immigrants or the children of immigrants. In New York City, where the Russians constitute ten per cent of the population, they are charged with twenty per cent of the total arrests; the Italians are seven per cent of the population and have twelve per cent of all arrests; in Boston the Irish are ten per cent of the population and have fifteen per cent of all the arrests; in Chicago the negroes are only two per cent of the population but they furnish thirteen per cent of all the arrests for felony, while in Washington, where they constitute twenty-eight and one-half per cent of the population, they furnish forty-two and one-half per cent of the total arrests.* These startling figures prove that to a certain extent our "crime waves"

*Goddard, H. H., "Human Efficiency and Levels of Intelligence," 1920.

*Fosdick, R. B., "Crime in America and the Police," 1920.

are due to the immense number of foreign-born stock or alien races in our cities, and they indicate that our immigration laws have not been very successful in shutting out criminals and potential criminals.

How much of this lawlessness and crime is due to inherited traits is not indicated, but in view of the fact that certain classes of crime are associated particularly with certain races it seems probable that there is in these races an inherited tendency to peculiar forms of lawlessness and crime. For example, in New York, in the number of hospital cases treated for drunkenness, the Irish lead all other foreign-born stock.* Very probably the excessive amount of insanity among the Irish as well as this disproportionate amount of alcoholism are indicative of an unstable nervous organization which is inherited. In crimes of violence, kidnapping, and blackmailing the Italians lead all foreign-born stock with more than two times their proper proportion. In this case, also, it seems probable that there is inherited as a racial characteristic a highly excitable and emotional disposition with deficient powers of inhibition and control.

In gainful crimes such as robbery, larceny, and receiving stolen goods the Russians and Poles lead all foreign-born stock; in white slavery and prostitution the Hebrews lead, and in crimes against chastity the English are pre-eminent; however, it is impossible to say to what extent this larger incidence of these particular crimes in the races named can be regarded as due to bad heredity, and to what extent it is the result of bad education and environment. Of course no race has a monopoly of good or bad qualities, and we breed our own criminals as well as import them, but this merely emphasizes the importance of shutting out more effectively those who may be expected to add to this group not only in their own persons but also in those of their children.

III

In order to estimate the significance of any biological process or tendency, it is necessary to get the evolutionary point of view. Only one who can, like Darwin, see such processes in four dimensions—length, breadth, depth, and *duration*—only such a one can estimate the probable effects of our past and present immigration upon the future of America and of the world; and even a Darwin might well have declined to hazard any prophecy regarding a situation in which the factors involved are so numerous and complex.

What will be the maximum population of the United States, and how soon will that maximum be reached? We have had many estimates of the probable duration of our oil, coal, iron, nitrates, phosphates, and other natural resources; why not forecast the limits of population? In all living things populations tend to increase in geometrical ratio, but this tendency is limited and modified by many environmental conditions. For one thing, the area of the habitable globe remains fixed and this limits the possible food-supply. Migration may for a time relieve the pressure of overpopulation, but its limits are soon reached. In the case of man the control and utilization of natural resources has greatly extended the possible growth of population, but it is evident that these resources are not indefinite in extent. The whole world must look forward to a time, at no distant date, when the limits of population will be reached everywhere. "The population question," said Huxley, "is the real riddle of the Sphinx to which no political Œdipus has as yet found the answer. In view of the ravages of the terrible monster, overmultiplication, all other riddles sink into insignificance."

Pearl* has shown that the growth of population in the United States may be represented very accurately by a long *f* shaped curve in which our present population of about one hundred millions falls slightly above the middle point, and he predicts that "the maximum population which continental United States, as now areally limited, will ever have will be roughly twice the present population." He estimates that this maximum will be reached in about one hundred and eighty years, and that at that date "unless our food habits radically change . . . or un-

*See Jenks and Lauck, "The Immigration Problem," 1913.

*Pearl, R., "Proceedings National Academy of Sciences," 1920.

less our agricultural production radically increases, it will be necessary . . . to import nearly or quite one-half of the calories necessary for that population."

This is a different story from that which we have been accustomed to hear. No longer is it true that "Uncle Sam has land enough to give us all a farm," and the time is not very far off—only about six human generations—when the death-rate in this country must equal the birth-rate, or our descendants of that date must emigrate. And where will they go? By that time other parts of the world will be much more fully occupied, and other nations may choose to be more careful for their future than we have been for ours. And we thought we had room enough for all the crowded peoples of the earth for all time to come! There will then be no immigration problem, but for hundreds of years more our descendants will have the racial problems bequeathed to them by us, in order that we might "get rich quick" by stripping our land of its natural resources as rapidly as possible.

What kind of people will Americans be in this not distant future? What kind of government, and of social institutions, shall we have when the pressure of population intensifies the struggle for existence and brings racial and industrial groups into keener competition? Any separate race or class in our population is bound to be a storm centre under such conditions, and we may well pray and plan to be preserved from future battles along the lines of race, language, or religion. We want no Jewish pale or anti-Jewish pogroms, no Ulster-Irish feuds, no little Italies or Hungaries or Russias set down in our midst, and we want no race wars along color lines; but how are these to be avoided? "Blood is thicker than water," and some kinds of religion more potent than patriotism, and in the increasing struggle for existence and advantage which is bound to come with increasing population these different racial and cultural groups will tend to consolidate unless this tendency is in some way overcome. Of course education and "Americanization" will help to allay these antagonisms and to unify the nation, but any one who hopes to make reason in the mass of mankind dominant over emotion within the next five thousand years is himself an emotional optimist rather than a rational realist. Probably the only hope of permanently unifying the diverse elements in our population is by amalgamation.

We talk euphemistically about the "assimilation" of foreign peoples, as if they were so much food material that could be digested, absorbed, and built into our own organization without in any way changing that organization except to make it larger. This is what happens in the assimilation of food, but in the process the food is broken down to relatively simple substances which can then be built up into each peculiar kind of protoplasm. But the only way in which we could "assimilate" alien races, that is, convert them into our own life and not be converted into theirs, would be by eating and digesting them, thus destroying their protoplasm, hereditary traits, instincts, and cultures, and out of the elements of these building up our own organization. The blending of two or more *living* streams is not assimilation but amalgamation, and in the process both streams are changed. This is what takes place in the combination of different germ-plasms in sexual reproduction, and it is no more reasonable to suppose that our national traits and ideals will remain the same after this combination with alien peoples than to think that the children of a white father and a negro mother would inherit only the traits of the father.

Existing races and types of mankind have been established and perpetuated by isolation. The present tendency to the breaking down of isolation and the commingling of races is a reversal of the process by which those races were differentiated. If in the past "God made from one blood all nations of men," it is certain that at present there is being made from all nations one blood. By the interbreeding of various races there has come to be a complicated intermixture of racial characters in almost every human stock, and this process is going on to-day more rapidly and extensively than ever before. Strictly speaking, there are no "pure lines" in any human group; in every country of Europe are found many

different hereditary types; the "pure" Irish, German, Russian, or Italian type is only one of many selected out of the mixed types in each of those countries. It is not possible to characterize hereditary types by merely naming the country from which they came, for there are many kinds of English, Germans, Italians, Russians, and Jews, just as there are many kinds of Americans. Certainly no intelligent person supposes that there are any "pure" American types, unless it be among some isolated tribes of red Indians, and no sensible person laments this fact. It is not the mixture of the blood of different European races in this country that should cause concern, but rather the amalgamation of superior hereditary types with those of inferior physical, mental, and social traits, from whatever country or race they may have come.

We are quite accustomed and reconciled to the interbreeding of European races, but the average white person at least is unable to look upon the commingling of blood of the primary races of mankind without serious misgivings as to its effect on the future of the species. Within certain limits cross-breeding of animals and plants seems to produce increased vigor, and there is no doubt that highly desirable combinations of the characters of different breeds can thus be made. But it is a general belief that the crossing of distinct species or subspecies does not lead to improvement, and it is said that the actual results of the crossing of white, black, and red races in South America, Mexico, and the West Indies, and of brown, yellow, and white races in Polynesia, has produced hybrids inferior to either parent.*

Nevertheless, it is probable that here, also, the result depends not so much upon race or color as upon the qualities of the individual parents. Most of the children of superior parents will themselves be superior, even if those parents belong to wholly different races; but it is practically certain that the general or average results of the crossing of a superior and an inferior race are to strike a balance somewhere between the two.

Which are the higher and which the lower races of mankind must depend largely upon the point of view and the qualities under consideration. The white race assumes, usually with a good deal of arrogance, that in all respects it is superior to other races. But no race has a monopoly of good or bad qualities; all that can be said is that certain traits are more frequently found in one race than in another.

What is true regarding "assimilation" of foreign blood is true also of foreign cultures. The immigrant brings with him his ideas of government, race, and religion, of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, of honor and disgrace, of theft and falsehood, and private vengeance and murder, and only slowly does he modify these ideas in his new environment. Furthermore, he infects others with his ideas, so that the cultures of the Old World and of the New are blended. All that we have and are, the good as well as the bad, we owe to immigration; we have derived our institutions and culture, as well as our blood, from many sources; but we have not been wise enough to select the good and eliminate the bad.

There was once the supreme chance of breeding here the finest race and nation in the whole history of mankind. Here was an almost unoccupied continent to which came at first only the bravest, most hardy, most independent peoples of western Europe. The English Puritans thought that "God had sifted the whole nation that he might send choice grain into the wilderness," and this sifting gave us the sturdy, liberty-loving, New England stock of our early history. If God had only continued to sift the nations for our benefit, or if our fathers had exercised only reasonable caution in sifting out those who were to form the American nation, we might have had here only the choicest blood and the highest types of culture of all lands, we might have replaced the slow and wasteful methods of natural selection by intelligent selection and thus have enormously advanced and hastened human evolution. That chance has gone forever.

But it is un-American not to be optimistic, and in the face of conditions which might well cause pessimism let us still be true to type:

* Stoddard, L., "The Rising Tide of Color," 1920.

"Enslaved, illogical, elate,
He greets the embarrassed Gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
Or match with destiny for beers."

All is not lost and good may yet come out of our present situation, if only we act with courage and clear vision.

It is known to all breeders of animals and plants that mongrels or hybrids are not always inferior to pure races, and they are sometimes greatly superior. Where two breeds have certain qualities which are desirable and others which are undesirable it is often possible by crossing them to get some hybrids in which the good qualities of each breed are combined and the bad ones eliminated. Many species of domesticated animals and of cultivated plants are of hybrid origin, and most of the new and improved varieties of plants and animals are the results of deliberate crossing.

According to all biological experience the amalgamation of races in America should produce a great variety of human types, and increased variability means increased chances for further evolution, for higher differentiation, for better adaptation to environment, *if combined with artificial or natural selection.* For thousands of years the progressive evolution of the individual man has halted and progress is now limited almost entirely to society. It may be that out of this mixture of old races in the New World may come a new impulse which will carry mankind forward to a new level. But this can only happen as the result of the selection of the best and the elimination of the worst, and intelligent selection is greatly to be preferred to natural selection.

No other nation has so great a variety of human types as ours; no other form of government except a genuine democracy offers so favorable an opportunity for each person to find the place and work in society to which his inherited capacities entitle him; no other nation has a greater need or a greater opportunity for practical eugenics. If only we have the wisdom to exclude, henceforth, all immigrants of inferior quality and to eliminate from reproduction our own defective and inferior types and to segregate and perpetuate our best, America may be the scene of the greatest human evolution which the modern world has witnessed.

But even if we fail to employ intelligent selection, nature will not fail to use her method of elimination. The principles of evolution which have led from Amœba to Man are still operative, and although natural selection is terribly wasteful and extremely slow, it is very effective. The march of progress will not cease because we refuse to join it, and in the end the elimination of the unfit will give the world to the fit.

TRIBUTE

By Aline Kilmer

Deborah and Christopher brought me dandelions,
Kenton brought me buttercups with summer on their breath.
But Michael brought an autumn leaf, like lacy filigree,
A wan leaf, a ghost leaf, beautiful as death.

Death in all loveliness, fragile and exquisite,
Who but he would choose it from all the blossoming land?
Who but he would find it where it hid among the flowers?
Death in all loveliness, he laid it in my hand.

CHEATING THE JUNGLE

By Blair Niles

Illustrations by J. Rumsey Micks

I WAS alone on the veranda of the little bungalow, when Paul Rainsford came out and sat down on the top step. Two great blue-and-yellow macaws flew screeching high overhead; then two green Amazon parrots; two more macaws; more parrots; more macaws; calling to each other as they flew.

The faintest perceptible sigh escaped Paul. I remember thinking at the time that it seemed almost too listless to have assumed the form of a sigh.

"Do they always fly like that?" I asked. "In twos?"

"What? . . . Oh, the birds, you mean? Yes, always in twos. You see them like that every morning early, and every night about this time." Again the phantom sigh.

As I instinctively searched the face of the man beside me, it came over me that I had never before been so immediately, so startlingly, arrested by anything as I was by young Rainsford's face with the jungle night falling fast upon it.

Tanned by the sun, he was still obstinately fair; gleaming hair fell back from a brow on which time had written little and tradition much. When he lifted his eyes to my question, I saw in them the best of what is England. He would play the game straight as he saw it.

He evidently felt a certain obligation toward me; for he brought himself back with obvious effort from his rapt contemplation of the tropic night and the gorgeous birds hurrying past in couples.

"Pity you couldn't have gone on with Mr. Meredith. I'm afraid you'll find it slow here. . . . Nothing happens, you know—" He broke off with a laugh.

"You forget, this is undiscovered country for me. I intend to prowl about and get acquainted with it."

"True. I used to look at it so myself." He spoke as though that lay a long way behind him. "And after all," he continued, "one gold-mine in the 'bush' is more or less like every other."

"You mean to say you call this—this mammoth jungle—bush?"

"Does seem odd. But it's what the natives say. . . . And you fall into their ways."

The darkness had come all at once now, as though some one had blown out a light without warning. I could no longer see anything, not even Rainsford's face.

"Where's your twilight?" I demanded.

"Oh, it's one o' the civilized things we've abolished down here. We can light up if you——"

"No. I like the experience."

Acquiescing, he retired again into motionless abstraction.

With the abrupt blotting out of things seen, things heard became magnified and multiplied. To the cries of occasional belated macaws, the night added a thousand voices. The jungle hummed, buzzed, twittered, called, and moaned. It seethed with hidden life. I recall that I felt suddenly oppressed. Nothing in the universe seemed silent, except the man beside me.

Into that babble of utterance came another sound, which I did not at first place as human, so completely was it in harmony with the voice of the jungle. The guitar might easily have been some melodious insect serenading its mate; the song might have been the plea of some little desolate forest creature.

"I'm wearin' my heart away for you! I'm wearin' my heart away for you!" in endless, primeval repetition.

"What's that, Rainsford?"

He told me only that it was Linda-Lu singing. He contributed nothing to this meagre fact, and my idle curiosity bided its time.

Paul shivered in the warm night, and then jumped up, saying he'd got to go down to the plant and would I like to go along?

As we neared the mine at the foot of the hill, the roar of dashing water quenched our voices; but even in the disconnected snatches of talk that were possible, I began to find that Paul was on intimate terms with the jungle. He hadn't just taken it for granted, as do most men, seeing in it merely the gold or rubber they seek. Perhaps if he'd thought only of his turbines and of the problems of placer mining, the jungle might not have hit him as it did.

He stopped once under an arc-light, to show me the marvellous moths: hawk and owl moths, and great creamy ones, with wings nearly a foot across, which he called moon moths.

"The jungle may get us!" he exclaimed, "but once in a while . . ." The rest was lost in the clamor of water below, and then I caught, "this lamp of mine now. . . . Every night it lures these poor fellows out of the forest . . . just to hurl themselves against it!"

He seemed, I thought, oddly exultant, and a little excited, to be able to beat the jungle at its own game "once in a while," as he said.

As we descended, the tumult increased until we came suddenly out upon the edge of the clearing, where the great jet was at work. It was extraordinary! There in the very heart of the vast South American wilderness!

Rainsford's clear voice went on shouting to me, as though he were telling me nothing at all remarkable: how they'd brought the turbines in sections up the rivers and creeks. It had taken weeks to do it. Trees that had fallen across the streams had had to be cut away. In some places they had even had to deepen the narrow, winding creeks. He had never left his machinery, night or day, moving his camp from time to time according to the slow progress of the heavily loaded boats. I could see it had been an appalling job; but he didn't seem to know that.

Yes, the labor was difficult; coolies, negroes, Indians, Spaniards, and whites, or rather, every conceivable gradation between them.

He had been there from the beginning. He had found untouched jungle. Now, with ingenuous pride, he pointed to the dammed-up lake, from which his centrifugals sucked the water; the pipe line through which it flowed to the mighty spout that was demolishing the cliff as easily as a child sweeps away his castle of sand.

He had to explain to me how the trough down in the gorge was placed, so that the water washed into it the grains and nuggets of gold, held in the ochreous clay of the cliff; and how the heavy mercury lay sluggish at the bottom of the trough, holding the gold until they were ready to claim it.

Under Paul's supervision the entire plant had been assembled, and by that motley crew, who had never before handled any sort of machinery.

It would have been interesting to me at any time; for he had an affectionate way of talking about mechanical things, as though they were alive and possibly even human. But you can fancy its interest in such a setting, with the mysterious forest close about, and just that little patch of man's invention and enterprise! Scarcely more than five acres of clearing, surrounded by miles and miles of—what!

I felt all at once very small and inexperienced beside this unpretentious boy. I began to understand the incommunicable difference I had always felt in Meredith, when he would suddenly appear among us at the club, after one of his lengthy trips to some outlandish country, where he played fast and loose with his capital.

The difference had lain in his eyes. They looked as though they had seen things—unmentionable things, that perhaps it's just as well the ordinary man never knows. I realized swiftly that Paul's eyes held that same look, although at first I'd only seen England in them.

I don't know just how to put it, but, I think, it was as though in the eyes of these men who had lived in the wilderness, something primitive was awake, something that civilization has put to sleep.

It came over me, then, that at no far distant date, that slumbering thing would stir in me; but I somehow knew that it would be aroused through Paul Rainsford, inevitably, without willing on my part or intention on his.

It was a strange vision to walk in my mind, as we stood there, watching the

glare of the furnaces play on the bare, burnished bodies of the Indians, as they incessantly fed cordwood to the boilers.

I was struck by the contrast between the stolid expression of these Indians and the rollicking face of a huge negro, whose massive strength was directing the stream of water. His white teeth shone, as though the mine, and indeed all creation, were a tremendous joke, the point of which we solemn white men always missed.

"Who's the ebony colossus? . . . the one guiding the column of water . . ." I had to repeat my question, shouting above the reverberating roar, and the frequent, sliding, grinding crunch of masses of earth breaking away.

"Oh! . . . That's 'Marillo . . . from Venezuela . . . the uncle—they say—of the girl you heard singing."

I unconsciously thought aloud: "No wonder she sang like that! Like a child of the forest! . . . But, somehow, I didn't get the idea she was black. . . ."

There was no reply, and without further speech, we walked back to the bungalow.

I slept long, for my journey of the past few days had wearied me. When I awoke the sun was already blazing. The air was hot and close. I dressed and went out on the veranda, ignorantly hoping to find a breeze. Instead I found a slight girl in a stiffly starched white frock. She was arranging golden-shower orchids in a bowl. When she saw me, she smiled shyly. "I thought all the men were down at the mine," she explained, her voice running up a little scale and ending on a tremulous high note. I later learned to know this as the West Indian inflection; but it will always mean to me Linda-Lu, and no one else.

"Are you the girl I heard singing last night?"

"I must be, for I am the only woman in the camp."

I was incredulous. Rainsford had certainly said that 'Marillo, the negro, was her uncle. But this girl was olive! The yellow of the mulatto showed only in her palms and in the saffron of her nails. Otherwise, she might have been Italian. Her features were delicate; her eyes large and dark, with enormously long lashes; and her straight black hair was wound about her head in coronet braids. I questioned again: "I think they said your name was——"

"Linda-Lu," she volunteered, but she pronounced it "Leenda." I recognized it, then, as the Spanish word for lovely.

"Ah, I see! Linda! That is very appropriate!"

She blushed prettily. She was not too olive to blush, I observed, and decided at once that she must be chiefly Spanish, with just a taint of that fatal tar-brush to which "Uncle 'Marillo" bore such unanswerable testimony.

I looked up to see Paul Rainsford standing watching us; no, watching us does not express it; he was shining on us. Not a word passed. They simply looked at each other. I turned away dazzled, to face the relentless glow of the tropic sun. Already I knew too much. Yet I had not been twenty-four hours at Meredith's gold-mine on the Mazaruni; and I had never even heard of Rainsford, until we had met at supper, the night before.

It was Paul who finally spoke, as casually as though there had been no period of shining.

"Good morning, Mr. Holbrook! I've just run up to ask if you don't want to go into the jungle with me? . . . Oh, of course, you must have some breakfast first! . . . There's a report that one of the 'pork-knockers' has located gold, and I must look into it."

"Of course I want to go! But what's a pork-knocker?"

"Oh, one o' the chaps that go prospectin' about in the bush. Most of the mines down here were discovered that way. Then some one comes along and buys 'em out. The name—well, I imagine they don't make more than enough to keep themselves in pork! . . . They don't often strike it rich, but they're always hoping. . . . My job's to see that Mr. Meredith doesn't miss any find that's worth while."

We went, following the stealthy lead of an Indian guide. I noted in silence how deftly he walked, putting one foot so exactly in front of the other that a straight line would have marked his course.

We proceeded in single file, Rainsford following the guide.

The jungle was dark, damp, steaming. It did not seem possible that back in the clearing the sun had been so blinding. Scarcely a ray of light filtered down to us through the dense canopy of foliage.

Lofty trees vaulted high above. It was amazingly quiet and incredibly beautiful.

The only living thing apparent to my untrained eyes was a glorious blue Morpho butterfly, fluttering lazily ahead of us, blue like some priceless old stained-glass window. Then far away, far in the depths of the forest, a deep bell note rang, as if calling to worship. It's all like a cathedral, I was thinking, when Paul commented: "That's the bell-bird—the campanero. . . . You're lucky to have heard it. It's very rare."

Again it tolled, and the loveliness of it kept me silent.

Paul began to speak: "You think it's all deserted here, don't you?" I fancied the eyes he turned on me were feverish. "It's always this way in the heat of the day. The creatures are resting. But it's not deserted. That's the uncanny part of it. . . . Eyes—oh, thousands of eyes—are watching us. Eyes that are ever so much sharper than ours. All sorts of beasts, big and little, smell us. . . . While we smell nothing and see nothing! We think we're walking quietly, but the whole jungle is shuddering at the noise we're making. Even the Indian there is clumsy compared with them—" he broke off at the sound of a high, clear whistle:

"Pe-pé-yo! Pe-pé-yo!" many times repeated. Before I could put my inquiry, he replied, now in the most matter-of-fact tone, so that I wondered if I'd imagined any flushed excitement.

"Listen to that! The gold-bird! Absolutely, to my mind, the most characteristic thing in the bush! Yet I've never seen it! The natives say it's always to be found near gold—like our rainbow myth, you know. . . . Easier to locate gold than to get a sight of the bird. . . . A real ventriloquist, that bird!"

They stopped to let me rest, after we had climbed over a fallen giant that lay across our way. I was drenched in perspiration and glad enough to sit down.

Paul talked of mining, as he'd seen it in different parts of the world, quite as if the gold-bird had called him back to the normal point of view of a mining engineer.

He interrupted himself now and then, however, to show me sundry things I'd never have observed without him: a procession of parasol ants in hundreds, each carrying its fragment of a leaf, which, he said, they'd later manipulate into small moist balls on which would grow the fungus they fed upon; he pointed out toads, mottled yellow and brown against the tree trunks, a green lizard on a palm leaf, various sticks and leaves which turned out to be insects—all saving their lives by close imitation of their surroundings.

After a long pause he continued—"Every blessed thing is preying on—or escaping from—something else! . . . As the Indians say, every animal has its tiger. . . . Because there's plenty of nuts and fruits to be eaten, there's a host of birds and bats and monkeys. . . . And because they're abundant, there are lots of cats of all sorts and sizes to devour them! . . . That sort of thing's going on everywhere—in the water, on the ground, up in the air. . . . Makes you dizzy! Look! Even the vines are strangling trees to get air and sunlight!"

I was appalled at his interpretation of my cathedral.

"It all seems quiet to you," he resumed, "perhaps even peaceful, but not after you know it . . . never after you know it!"

Through him I began to feel the teeming, ceaseless struggle for perpetuation.

"Rainsford!" I realized afterward that my question converted itself into a sort of cry. "Rainsford! What's it all for?"

He dropped the captured leaf-insect he'd been showing me. I was instantly sorry, for when he answered he turned on me a curiously glittering look.

"That," he said, "is what gets me! . . . Creation—prodigal, reckless creation . . . never rests. . . . I—I can't get away from it—I don't understand what it means. . . . Sometimes seems as if . . . going on like this all the time, you see . . . never stopping—not since the beginning! . . . I can't make it

out. . . . As I say . . . seems as if . . . as if it's all we were meant for . . . and if that's the case . . ." he broke off confused.

"Pe-pé-yo!" reminded the gold-bird, and we rose and went on.

That night the parrots again flew overhead in couples, and again an invisible Linda-Lu sang.

It was during Paul's delirium that I discovered how hard he was really taking it. I don't remember how many days, but it was not more than five, after my arrival, that Paul came down with what they all laconically pronounced "bush-fever."

I knew little of nursing and nothing of tropical diseases. Neither did Murray, the burly Westerner who was Paul's assistant and upon whose shoulders all responsibility now fell. There was no one else, unless you count the assorted humanity down below in the mine.

What, then, could I do when Linda-Lu appeared in the sick-room? I hadn't asked her to come. I couldn't take the risk of sending her away. She seemed to have some knowledge of what to do—when to give quinine and how much; she could concoct out of nothing at all several fairly palatable dishes; and she never tired in changing wet cloths on Paul's scorching head. And after all it could do no harm! He was delirious most of the time.

So we kept a vigil together, this strange, shy little creature and I. Although we never mentioned it, I felt that we both knew that Paul was fighting something more than bush-fever; for Linda's gaze always eluded me in his stark moments of delirious revelation.

One night, in particular, lives with me. Paul was in that blazing fever which, I learned, always follows the quivering ague.

"It will get me! . . . in the end . . . surely . . . the . . . the jungle!" he was moaning.

Linda got up and put out the candle in the corner and laid a fresh wet cloth on his fiery head. I could not help hearing her whispered "No! No! Paul! Dear! I won't let it get you!" as she bent over him.

He lay still after that, until he was roused by the long, deep, savage roar of the howling monkeys.

We, Linda and I, had grown to dread the nightly howl of those red baboons. They never failed to terrify our patient.

He sat up now, glassy-eyed. "You hear it! You hear it! The jungle . . . always . . . death and life! . . . Life and death! . . . What for? . . . Always killing—killing! Creating to kill and create! All over again! . . . It will get me! . . . Linda! . . . Linda darling! . . . Don't leave me!"

Ah! Now I was seeing the horror through Paul's eyes, just as I had known all along that I should.

Later, before my eyes, he went to sleep like a baby, with Linda's hand in his. He slept soundly and long. Linda never stirred, and at last I spoke.

"Linda, have you ever travelled?"

"Oh, yes! I've been to Berbice and Morawhanna." And as if, upon reflection, that seemed inadequate, she added, "Of course, I lived in Venezuela until I was six years old."

I let her meditate, before I took it up again: "You don't know England, then—where Paul came from?"

The girl's eyes fixed me. She waited, but somehow I couldn't go on, not until my look fell on Paul. He seemed so young, lying there with his blond hair damp and tumbled. I turned back to the dark little thing to whom he clung. There was something in the fairness of his head on the pillow that steeled me to do the thing I knew I had to do——

"Well, England is not like Berbice or Venezuela, or anything you ever knew." I gave her time to assimilate. "It is never hot—like this . . . but cool, with green fields and hedges, and strange flowers and fruits that you never heard of. . . . Oh, daisies and buttercups and strawberries and peaches!"

I rose and moved the remaining candle, for Paul had turned his head so that the light fell on his face.

"It's quiet there in England"—I went back to my chair—"and very peaceful. There are lovely girls with skins like pink-and-white rose petals"—God forgive me! I knew it wasn't sporting to say that! "It's an island, you know. The people go out all over the world, just as Paul

"You hear it! You hear it! The jungle . . . always . . . death and life!"—Page 364.

has. . . . But only England is 'Home' to them!"

I lit a cigarette very cautiously, keeping my eyes on Paul's sleeping face.

"There's no jungle there. . . . That's why all this—this struggle, you know"—I sought a word for Linda-Lu, but could find nothing but the verb "to horrify"—"this struggle horrifies Paul as it does."

That got across, for the pupils of her eyes grew large, as fear of what was to come crept into them.

"Nothing," I continued slowly, "nothing must ever happen that might make it difficult, or impossible, for Paul to go 'Home'!"

As usual, it was the unpremeditated, concrete thing that clinched. You see, quite unconsciously, I burst out then with the words that were eternally ringing in my ears, and which I've only just lately been able to get away from. I burst out with—"The jungle mustn't get him!"

In our steady regard of each other, neither flinched. Linda did not say a word, but she ever so gently withdrew her hand from Paul's. I had won.

But, as I let down the mosquito bar over my hammock and shook out my pajamas to dislodge any lurking scorpions or centipedes, I asked myself why on earth I felt such an infernal brute!

If Paul had been anything but what I'd discovered he was, the matter might have taken its course. I'd never have interfered. I felt I hadn't exactly played a man's part. But Paul was different. I'd grown to love him, beyond reason. I had to do what I'd done.

Linda and I still watched together, but after that night no hospital nurse could have been more impersonal than she had become. She no longer stroked Paul's fair hair in that reverent way I'd found so disturbing.

In our long hours alone, I began to talk to her of herself. She told me of the church school where I marvelled her uncle had been able to send her. She spoke often of his generosity. She had a clean, grateful little spirit. I learned her ambitions. They were not lofty, but always dainty. She longed for a white house in Georgetown with green *jalousies* and a purple bougainvillea vine over the door. She would prefer to have the house on Main Street, because of the canal flowing through the centre, where great Victoria regia water-lilies grew. It would be nice, too, in the afternoons to drive out in a carriage to the sea-wall, where the band played and all Georgetown gathered.

But more than all else, I knew she wanted Paul Rainsford, and a lot of little blond children to play about under the purple bougainvillea.

Sometimes, while we talked, 'Marillo would come and tower in the doorway, showing his gleaming teeth, as though he were in possession of some rare secret.

Why had the stupid fellow ever brought the girl here? I remember thinking angrily.

Paul got well. It was a victorious recovery. He obviously had no memory of those nights Linda and I had spent with him. He seemed perfectly serene and sure of himself. In his battle with the lure of the Jungle, he had undoubtedly come off the conqueror. My relief told me how uneasy I had been.

We again sat on the veranda at night, and for the first time Paul began to talk to me of his people, especially of a certain sister, now married and gone to live in Johannesburg, and of the jolly life they'd all had together at "Home"!

Linda-Lu sang no more in the evenings. Jove! but she was a true, game little thing! When Meredith returned, I thought, I would make him persuade 'Marillo to send her back to Georgetown. This was no place for her. We would do something—Meredith would help devise something—for her happiness. I was vague as to what we would substitute for Paul!

Then, just when matters seemed to have adjusted themselves, the ghastly thing happened! They told me it was not unusual in placer mining. There was a cave-in. An enormous mass of earth had broken away. It had buried six men. They were all negroes. Murray said in an accident of this kind the men always saved themselves in the order of their white blood; the pure negro being the slowest thinker and the last to jump out of danger.

We dug out what remained of them.

They were still living. We worked over them. But one by one they died, in an unforgettable black agony. We were many days' journey from a doctor. The only thing we could do was to help them through it. We used all the whiskey and morphine in the bungalow medicine-chest. But, you see, there was not enough! . . .

'Marillo was among them. The last time I saw his white teeth, they were bared in that death struggle.

When it was over and, sick with what I had seen, I staggered back to the house to wash my hands, I came upon a group of men sawing, into six-foot lengths, planks from a pile of lumber. Six of the lengths measured at least a foot longer than the others.

They were making the coffins! Already! Those seven-foot planks were for poor 'Marillo. And I had only just closed his eyes!

Good God! How horrible it was! To this day I cannot look upon fresh sawdust falling from the ends of planks!

This, then, was the tropics. Men were denied even those three days we give ourselves in which to become accustomed to our dead. There was no merciful veil of civilization to blur the cruel outline of fact! Here, they told me—and explanation was needless—men must be buried the day they die.

I recall laughing hysterically and saying something about our having only just dug them out.

Work shut down. Those who lived, shaved and washed. There was a search for a prayer-book. They found Linda-Lu had one.

By the time we gathered around the six rough boxes, the sky was already dark with low-circling vultures.

Paul read the service out of little Linda-Lu's book. His face was gray and his voice uncertain. I seem to hear him repeating: "Dust to dust . . . ashes to ashes." I seem to see again Linda's wide, childish eyes raised fixedly to him!

He did not appear that evening and I knew, of course, that he was with Linda.

In the chill of dawn he came to me: "The boatmen are waiting. I am going down to Georgetown with Linda—yes, I am going to marry her. She is alone now, you know, Mr. Holbrook."

He must have seen that I needed time, for he changed to: "Murray will take charge. You'll explain to Mr. Meredith. I'll return in a few days."

I recollect stammering and trying not to say anything he might remember, that might make it harder for him later on. I saw in a flash that he'd need friends, and I didn't want to lay even one brick in a wall between us.

But I couldn't let him go like that. What he was going to do was too monstrous! So I ventured——

"Have you thought it over? I don't need to tell you that its—" his heavy eyes answered me. He had thought it over all night.

"Don't hurry into . . . Wait—" I know my voice implored. I couldn't keep that quality out of it.

"Why delay what's to be?" He spoke with a finality that made me dumb. I had always known that if it came to anything with Paul, it would be marriage. That would be his idea of playing the game.

Meredith returned that night, three days overdue. Murray was in the mine. It fell to me to tell him of the landslide. He was grave, but things like that sometimes occurred. He was sorry I had had to see it. It was an ugly memory.

Then I added: "Unfortunately 'Marillo was one of them."

He gave a start. So the huge negro had interested him too! I remembered hearing he'd been long in Meredith's employ.

Down below, in 'Marillo's empty cabin, the negro boatmen who had brought Meredith were singing a river chantey:

"Dat City Hotel is de place where I dwell.
Fare-thee-well! Fare-thee-well!
My City Hotel!"

A tardy pair of macaws passed on hastening wings. Paul and Linda, I thought; must by this time be floating down the swift current of the Mazaruni; their boatmen perhaps resting on their oars and singing about "Dat City Hotel!"

"Why did Rainsford have to go to Georgetown?" Meredith spoke so suddenly that I started from my reflection that, after all, he had loved her, even if it

had only been in the jungle way. I replied as quietly as I could: "He went with the girl, Linda-Lu. He is going to marry——"

"Linda-Lu!" Meredith fairly shouted. "Linda-Lu! Has she been here? . . . Why did 'Marillo? . . . This was no place . . . marry her! Good Lord, Holbrook! . . . Couldn't you've stopped . . . Paul! Marry her! . . . Why, in God's name, marry her?"

He had jumped up and was pacing up and down the veranda, swearing to himself. "Why, in God's name, marry——"

I stopped him. "Who is Paul Rainsford, anyway?"

"Didn't I tell you? I met his father years ago—on the gold coast—fine old English stock—I was under obligation—promised him then I'd give Paul a start—help make a big mining expert—the boy had it in him too! . . . And this—this," he groaned, "is what I've done!" He resumed his pacing and cursing, blaming himself in some incomprehensible sort of way.

Seven years later Meredith died, of course not at home, and not respectably in bed! He was hunting in Newfoundland. It had been one of those needless shooting accidents. I was greatly cut up about it. Then I got a letter from his wife, enclosing a sealed letter for me which she'd found among his papers. He requested me, in a way I couldn't refuse, to go to Guiana and settle up some matters for him.

That was how I came to be once more in Georgetown.

I jumped into a carriage at the dock, giving the man Paul's address. Everything seemed just the same—noiseless white draped coolies in patriarchal groups; solitary Chinamen; clusters of fat negresses, laughing and scolding, and an occasional Indian with featherwork for sale. There was the shop where Meredith and I had bought East Indian brasses. There was the club were we'd learned to drink and brew "swizzles." I felt once more the abject relaxation of Georgetown's moist heat. I heard again the rustle of its palms. It was all the same, just as though no one had died, and we'd left it only yesterday.

Everything stabbed me with the pain of vanished years. Then, my mind shifting, I thought "Well, at least, I shall know what that marriage has done to Paul!" I had sent him papers, books, magazines. In return there had been gifts of guava jelly, and affectionate letters which told me that he'd prospered; that Meredith had made him superintendent of all his large South American mining interests, and he always wound up with a message from Linda-Lu, who was well. But of the real Paul, I remained ignorant.

The carriage finally stopped before a white house with green *jalousies*, and a purple bougainvillea over the door. While I waited for some one to answer my knock, I saw that the Victoria regia lilies in the canal were blooming; and that, in a cage under the bougainvillea, a green parrot was untidily scattering seed.

"Qu'est-ce qu'il dit? Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?" shrilled a bevy of golden birds in the palms. Ah! those were the "kiss-kadees," whose name Paul had explained to me. I recalled that Georgetown was always inquisitive with them.

I knocked several times, before a dusky retainer appeared and took up my card.

In a moment Linda-Lu was greeting me! She was all in black. She must have heard. But how could she have known what her dress implied, unless, indeed, she had had it long ago from 'Marillo? She saw my puzzled look, and I heard her saying, as if it cost her pain to bring forth the words: "Paul, you know, died, a fortnight ago."

I admit it hit me hard—strangely enough, harder than the death I'd come to tell her about.

When I could, I began to speak of Meredith.

"Ah! he is dead! I am sorry! He was very good to us always!" with the little upward tilt of her voice I remembered so well.

"But, there's something more to tell you. . . ." I hesitated.

"Yes, I know. . . . No, Uncle 'Marillo never told me. Mr. Meredith told us himself . . . just after we were married."

I was proud that my friend had been honest with them.

Linda went on: "He thought, I think,

"Good Lord, Holbrook! . . . Couldn't you've stopped . . . Paul!"—Page 368.

it would be a comfort to Paul." She laughed mournfully. "But Paul wasn't that sort." I recognized she'd caught some of Paul's expressions, as well as some of his poise. "It didn't matter to him who I was! . . . But to me—well, I was very glad! . . ."

It was intolerably pathetic to see the pride she took in being the illegitimate daughter of a white man, a man she thought great. She had made of it a little social niche, in which she'd placed herself. She didn't seem to consider at all that she was now what Georgetown would count rich.

All her thoughts went back to Paul, as did mine. I still didn't know what had become of Paul's soul in these years. Again I sacrificed her, as I'd done once long ago. I questioned her.

Paul had been on a prospecting trip far in the interior. He had died there, of bush-fever. He had been alone—that is, with only his boatmen. I felt my eyes dilate, as hers did, with the pictures our common memory drew. I didn't hear now the festive kisskadees outside. I heard, instead, the howling of red baboons and I saw fresh sawdust falling on the dank floor of the forest.

Linda's voice had sunk to an awed whisper: "After all—the—jungle—'got' him!"

My need for more knowledge was desperate——

"Linda!" I pressed. "Have you any—did you have any—children?"

"No, no," she faltered, "Paul wouldn't. . . . He said . . . we must 'play fair.' . . . We had each other . . . but it wasn't——"

"Wasn't what?" I couldn't wait.

"It wouldn't be right . . . to them . . . because . . . you couldn't be sure . . . of the color . . . you know!" she finished.

She sat nervously tying her lace handkerchief in knots. She didn't know that, in Paul's world, you don't use a lace handkerchief with the deep mourning she was wearing.

"Poor little Linda!" I breathed.

She raised swimming eyes. "Don't think he was unhappy! Don't think I ever let him know I cared! I never let him guess it!"

"Little Linda!" I cried, "you are wonderful! Don't you see the jungle never did get Paul after all?"

No, she didn't see. I explained: "He always won. Listen! The jungle wanted just one thing, didn't it? Just to have life going on, Linda! The Jungle didn't want Paul to marry you! Didn't care! It only wanted creation, without conscience or reason. That was what Paul feared. He had a horror of being governed by a savage instinct. As you've just said, he wanted, more than anything, to 'play fair.' You made it easier for him to turn into victory what came so near to being defeat. All along he did get the best of the Jungle!"

"But he died."

"We all do that, child. The point is, how. He died triumphant."

As I left, promising to return in the afternoon for a drive out to the sea-wall, an impulse made me pause to say:

"Linda, I wish you'd let that parrot out!"

"I know what you're thinking. . . . It hurts you, because you think it's like me—alone! You're remembering how they always flew in couples!" And, as she spoke, she opened the door of the cage.

TOKYO REVISITED

By J. O. P. Bland

Author of "Houseboat Days in China," "Men, Manners, and Morals in South America," etc.

"WHAT wonderful changes you must see!" Here in Tokyo, as in Shanghai, if you tell any one that it is ten years since you last visited these parts, the set phrase greets you inevitably, a regular shibboleth. Moreover, whether it comes from a native or a foreign resident, the manner of its utterance clearly implies that you are expected to express amazement at the prodigious progress which the city has achieved since last you saw it. As to the magnitude and multitude of the changes which have taken place in Tokyo, there can be neither doubt nor discussion; they confront you at every step. During the last ten years the population has increased from 858,000 to 3,000,000, of whom nearly 300,000 are employed in industrial labor. Since 1917 the number of factories has increased twofold, the cost of living has risen swiftly to the European level, and strikes have become a favorite form of recreation among all classes of manual workers. The chief business districts of the city are altered beyond all recognition; only a few ancient landmarks remain here and there, little islets of stability in an ocean of change, to remind one of the tranquil Tokyo of bygone days. And far beyond the city limits of those days crowded residential suburbs have sprung up in places where one remembers little clustering villages and rice-fields shimmering in the sun. Where once the *kuruma* ran through quiet little streets, to a rhythmical accompaniment of the *vox humana*, the clamor of tram-cars now resounds, amid great blocks of buildings in the European style, and motor-cars combine with hand-carts, bicycles, and jinrikisha to produce a very horrid congestion of traffic. There are now whole streets of shops with window displays in the latest foreign style, and at the great department-stores, like Mitsukoshi's, Madam Butterfly and Madam Morning Glory, with their babies on their backs, may snatch a fearful and exotic joy from electric lifts, moving stairways, and shopping to the strains of an alleged Strauss.

Oh, yes, there is no question as to the greatness of the changes, and if we cling to the creed of the virtuous Victorians, which declared that "progress is the kind of improvement which can be measured by statistics," then Tokyo has undoubtedly progressed. If (to quote Dean Inge) we accept the view that a nation which travels sixty miles an hour must be five times as civilized as one which travels only twelve, then the capital of Japan to-day greatly excels in civilization the ancient city of the Tokugawa Shogunate, of which, nevertheless, the poets continue to sing. Whether or not to join in the chorus of congratulation which the up-to-date citizen evidently expects must depend upon one's individual conception of the meaning of the words "civilization" and "progress." If the ultimate aim of human endeavor is to produce a great increase of population, gathered together in huge cities, making vast quantities of unnecessary things by machinery, with ever-increasing noise and haste—so be it: wisdom may yet be justified of her children.

But for myself, looking as an old friend upon Tokyo and other cities of Japan to-day, and remembering the many grateful and gracious things which the present-day materialism has slowly but surely taken from the daily life of these town-dwellers —their simple serenity, their old-world virtues of courtesy and kindliness—I confess myself unable to derive any comfort from the triumphant statistics of their chambers of commerce, or any joy from the sight of a dozen motor-cars awaiting their top-hatted owners at the gates of the nondescript Diet. If, as I believe, the first aim of a wise civilization should be to increase the average individual's opportunities of rational happiness, then the old Japan was nearer to wisdom than

the new, if only because it had a clearer perception of the things that matter, and because its traditions and ideals came nearer to the absolute values of truth and beauty.

In the streets of Tokyo to-day, as in Glasgow or Chicago or Berlin, the "progress which is measured by statistics" has produced, and is producing, material and spiritual ugliness. There has been, no doubt, a notable advance in the experience and machinery of life, but it is an advance not only unaccompanied by any indication of increased happiness and morality, but one which reveals in itself many symptoms of unrest and discontent.

As I made my way, on the 25th of February, along the broad thoroughfare which leads from the imperial palace walls to the curiously makeshift Houses of Parliament to attend there an obviously make-believe debate on the question of universal suffrage, signs of Japan's modernity confronted me at every turn. Bronze statues in honor of departed warriors and word-spinners, hideous enough in all conscience to cure most men of any ambition to rival their fame; a regiment of infantry on the march, all wearing black respirators, supposed to be an effective protection against the prevalent influenza; a crowd of citizens, mostly of the student class, arrayed in a fearful and wonderful motley of native and foreign garments; and between them and the Diet, forming a close cordon, several hundred policemen, all very brisk and bristly. As I watched them keeping the crowd at its proper and respectful distance from the approaches to the Diet, some imp of irony whispered in my ear a modern closet-philosopher's catchword about the New World that was to be made free for democracy, and my mind travelled swiftly from the cloud-capped towers of that splendid Utopia to the realities of the scene before me. For here were the elected, well-paid servants of the sovereign people, convened in the name of democracy for solemn discussion of a matter vitally affecting the people's liberties, and all around and about them another body of public servants whose duty it was to prevent the said sovereign people from coming anywhere near to their faithful representatives, lest perchance they might do them an injury!

Inside the Diet the scene was stately and impressive. If only all the members (instead of about half) had worn their national dress, it would have been distinctly imposing. As a body, the M. P.'s were more distinguished-looking and dignified than I had been led to expect; compared with the raw youths who claim to represent the people in China's or Turkey's Parliaments *pour rire*, they gave one the impression of being grave and reverend seigniors, their average age being rather over than under forty. All those who held official positions wore European dress, for such is the *mot d'ordre* of the bureaucracy. Most of the government's contributions to the debate, read from carefully prepared documents, were received by the House, if not with respectful attention, at least without unseemly interruptions. Even when the Prime Minister suddenly produced an imperial rescript, whereby the House found itself dissolved without further argument, it preserved its dignity and decorum. But for any one who knew the inner history of the Universal Suffrage Bill and the real sentiments of the Kenseikai Radicals on the subject, the whole debate was nothing more than a Barmecide feat of political flapdoodle, "the stuff that fools are fed with." The proceedings gave one, in fact, much the same impression that one gets nowadays in the House by the river at Westminster, an impression of cynical make-believe, of an elaborate farce, played by highly trained professionals. But the entertainment was none the less popular as a spectacle; every seat in the several divisions of the gallery was filled. I had a ticket of admission to the place which is supposed to be set aside for the diplomatic body and persons introduced by the embassies, but found all its seats occupied by Japanese, an arrangement in which the policeman in charge evidently saw nothing to complain of. Having squeezed my way in among the spectators standing at the back of the box, I asked my neighbor, an intelligent-looking individual in a top hat, whether all those in front of us were diplomats. "Oh, no," he replied, "they are only trespassers."

Later on, as I made my way back on

foot in the dusk, along the broad street which runs past the Foreign Office, and thence by the road which skirts the beautiful old palace moat, to the top of the hill where the British embassy stands, I came upon a derelict motor-bus, broken down and miserably marooned in a morass of mud. The sight of it brought forcibly to mind the fact that although Japan has become one of the Big Five, and done many other great things since last I saw the streets of Tokyo, the present state of those streets, and of the public services which use them, is considerably worse than it was then. It is unquestionably true that the roads of Peking are now better both as to construction and maintenance, than those of Tokyo; ten years ago the comparison was all the other way. Indeed, the problems of locomotion, transport, and communications in the Japanese capital have become acute. Their unpleasant results are manifest in many directions and most noticeably in the restriction of trade; nevertheless, neither in Parliament nor in the Press, is there any evidence of the necessary corrective in the shape of an organized public opinion. The distances in Tokyo from the business centres to the residential suburbs are very great. The tramway services, good enough of their kind, are totally inadequate to the needs of the present population, and the cost of hiring a jinrikisha (the poor man's carriage of former days) has risen to such a height that it is often cheaper for two people to hire a taxi than to use the man-drawn vehicle. But as there are practically no motors for hire beyond the radius of the railway-stations and large hotels, the average middle-class citizen, who desires to avoid struggling for standing-room in a tram, either keeps a private jinrikisha or a bicycle. For these, in wet weather, the state of the roads, ankle-deep in mud, is a constant affliction. The women of the working classes, unable to afford jinrikisha hire, have to choose between the chance of an overcrowded tram and walking. On all sides one hears grievous complaints of the high cost of living, which is notably higher in Tokyo than in Yokohama, but, except in the case of the rice riots of August, 1918, there has been but little sign of any organized expression of public dissatisfaction with the inefficiency of the bureaucracy, which is largely responsible for the unsatisfactory conditions prevailing in the great industrial centres.

And the state of the roads is only one of many symptoms. In Japan, as in other countries, the demoralization of the postal, telephone, and telegraph services may be ascribed, indirectly at least, to the war, because large numbers of civil servants have left their posts to seek more lucrative employment in factories and offices. But, after all, Japan was not actually at war, and only bureaucratic inefficiency and corruption can account for the appalling condition of the public services, as they are at present, all over the country. And nowhere is their disorganization more conspicuous than in and about the capital. Even within the city limits, telephoning is generally a futile waste of time and a weariness of the flesh, and if the community has not given it up entirely as a bad job, the fact is probably due to the equally chaotic state of the postal administration. To get a telephone call through to Yokohama, nineteen miles away, is generally a matter of two or three hours, but to get a reply by post may take days, so that in cases where time is money it is best to send a private messenger by train. And to judge by the opinions of business men on the spot, these symptoms of official incompetence are by no means local or transient, but chronic, and due to the apathy and ignorance of a bureaucracy which can imitate but cannot maintain Western methods, and to the prevalence of "graft" of super-Tammany rapacity.

I have mentioned the high cost of living. Generally speaking, the price of food and other necessities has risen more rapidly in Tokyo than in most of the world's great cities, a fact which accounts for much of the prevalent social and political unrest, especially as the pressure on the poorer classes has been accompanied by the emergence of a class of new rich, whose ostentatious display of war-wealth violates all the national traditions of frugality and simplicity. These *narikin*, with their foreign-built houses, their motor-cars, their overdressed women, and unseemly manners, have figured more and more conspicuously in the life of the capital since 1917, and the rice riots of Au-

gust, 1918, showed how greatly their extravagances had contributed to create popular discontent. The new economic conditions resulting from the war are in many respects similar to those in England, especially in the case of the unorganized middle class, which finds itself impoverished and ignored between the profiteers and the proletariat. The rapid growth of the new millionaire class may be gauged by the fact that, whereas in 1914 there were only 22 persons in Japan paying income tax on fortunes declared at over 100,000 yen, there were 336 in 1918, and this despite the notorious laxity of the revenue collectors in dealing with big incomes.

Taking the year 1909 as a basis, with the index figure 100, the cost of living for bank clerks and other clerical workers had risen in 1919 to 320, and is now considerably higher; in the same period their incomes had increased to 227. In the case of manual laborers, while the cost of living had increased at about the same rate, wages had risen to 494, or more than twice as much. The following details of the clerical expenditure, compiled for me by the courtesy of the manager of the Bank of Japan from the statements of a large number of bank clerks, are interesting:

ITEMS OF EXPENDITURE	1909	1914	1919
Rent	12.50	13.75	20.63
Rice	11.00	11.77	50.05
Other foods	15.50	16.74	47.59
Fuel	5.00	5.60	17.90
Clothes	14.00	15.68	58.38
Sundry expenses	42.00	47.38	127.06
	100.00	110.92	320.61

When a jinrikisha coolie gets four yen (say two dollars) a day, and a carpenter five yen, while clerks and journalists and school-teachers are expected to work for fifty yen a month, it is small wonder that many of the younger educated men are abandoning clerical work and joining the ranks of manual labor, bringing to those ranks new forces of discontent. Small wonder, also, that the birth-rate of the middle class shows a steady decline. The captain of an ocean-going steamer, with whom I travelled, told me that in the cities throughout the country small families are becoming the rule (they used to be the exception) among the professional and educated classes—a direct result of the high cost of living. He himself as a boy cost his parents five yen a month for school and board; his own two children cost forty-five yen a month each. The cost of respectability has become prohibitive, especially as the price of clothing, on which respectability largely depends in the middle class, has increased by over four hundred per cent in the last five years.

The social results of these conditions are plainly manifest. In Tokyo, Osaka, and other industrial centres, they have produced a ferment of new ideas, much political agitation, and, among the younger intellectuals, manifestations of a spirit of iconoclasm and resistance to parental authority which, in the opinion of some observers, points to a weakening of the family system, upon which the whole social fabric is founded. Those who look chiefly to the surface phenomena of life, as they see it in the chief cities of Japan, can find evidence, no doubt, in support of this view. They can point, for example, to the growth of the movement for the emancipation of women, to the rapid increase of strikes, and the wave of sentiment in support of labor-unions, to the demand for universal suffrage and to many other things that would have been impossible twenty years ago. They can cite several recent cases in which young women of good family have eloped with their chauffeurs, and they can find in the social decline of the military profession evidence of the increasing strength of revolutionary ideas.

But they err, I think, in concluding from these premises and from the rapid development of industrialism that the whole social structure of the nation is imperilled. The error is much the same as that of those observers who regard the fine frenzy and clamor of Young China's intellectuals as proof of organic change in the structural character of the Chinese people. In both cases the importance of surface phenomena is unduly exaggerated and the important truth forgotten that the great majority of the people are agricultural, indifferent to politics, and firmly rooted in the customs and beliefs that

have sprung from the family system, with all its traditions of loyalty, simple faith, and discipline. More than half the families which constitute the Japanese nation are tillers of the soil; it is they, and not the two or three million factory workers, who truly represent the abiding strength of the race, silent depths unmoved by all the waves of words, that sound so loud in the ears of the city dwellers.

I believe that the structure of society in Japan, as in China, broad-based upon the family system and all that it implies of veneration for the past, will enable the nation to stand and survive the economic strain of competitive industrialism.

Even in Tokyo, beneath the froth and foam of unrest on the surface, there is evidence that the solidarity of the family system is producing a reaction against the exotic Westernism and radicalism of the intellectuals and other restless followers after new and strange gods. To any one who has not visited Japan for several years, the signs of this reaction are unmistakable and significant. Throughout all classes of society, even among the factory workers, there are symptoms of a healthy revival of conscious and confident nationalism, of a tendency to cultivate the indigenous rather than the exotic, to be naturally and frankly Japanese rather than to imitate the European. The bureaucracy in office hours still exhibits in its clothing, equipment, and manners its deference to an alien civilization, but at home, and even at the Tokyo Club, officialdom displays its preference for native clothes and native food. I have seen two elderly diplomats, men with distinguished records as ambassadors, playing billiards at the club, both wearing Japanese dress; and at the crowded Christmas reception given by the Imperial Hotel, very few of the guests wore foreign clothes. Most Japanese of the upper classes, especially those who have been educated abroad, will tell you that they find trousers more convenient for office use and exercise than the native *kimono*, but at home they prefer the latter. They might add that, in addition to being more comfortable, it is infinitely more dignified and becoming, especially as, for reasons which remain mysterious, even the richest of the ultra-modern Japanese in foreign clothes always give one the impression that they have bought them ready-made and never troubled about their fit.

But the most significant manifestation of the reaction against Western influences is to be found in art and religion, in the restoration of many ancient customs and ceremonials, things beautiful and venerable by virtue of immemorial usage, which fell for a while into disrepute, observed only by the faithful, when, with the end of the Shogunate, the nation became seized with a craze for foreign ways and foreign ideas. In those days the classical drama and many a national shrine were neglected of the people, native arts and crafts languished, while the nation struggled to fashion its mind and its manners on those of another race, sacrificing in the process much of its natural distinction and dignity. But the flowing tide of that delusion has now ebbed, and to-day the ancient rites and ceremonials are observed with renewed fervor, and the Way of the Gods appeals to the race-mind as of old. Particularly notable is the wide-spread revival of the ancient classical NO dances, instinct with all the stateliness, grace, and poetry of Japanese culture. The warmth of the welcome extended by all classes to this revival is a very remarkable sign of the times. It would seem to indicate a genuine renaissance rather than a spasmodic reaction, and at the same time to afford evidence of the permanent stability of the national conception of life which has grown with and out of the family system. To witness a performance of the NO dances and observe the almost religious devotion of the audience is an experience which makes one feel that the *narikin* and all his works and ways are but an "unsubstantial pageant" which will fade, with all his gorgeous palaces, and "leave not a rack behind." Before he and his motor-cars can fit into the scheme of things Japanese, this land of men and things harmoniously adjusted to its own small but exquisite scale will have to be shattered and reconstructed. Tokyo's modern thoroughfares, lined with European buildings, filled with the clamor of tramways and the smell of bad petrol, are a necessary evil, like the diplomat's top hat—Dai Nippon's price of Admiralty; but they are not, and never will be, the real Japan.

I HAVE a bone to pick with a man called Piper. "One of the chief values of reading," the Piper insists, "is its power to protect his individuality from public invasion." Now, for some years I have been discovering that the only way to protect my castle of individuality from invasion is *not* to read. And it needs courage not to read, the courage to be discourteous, the courage to be illiterate, the courage not to slip forth from my own safe walls to pry into those secret places where the germs of a new era are throbbing into life.

The Right Not to Read

I have only lately learned to let my portcullis clang against the approach of books I have not invited. If conscience makes cowards of us all, so does courtesy. Yet what is a poor harried householder to do with all the books to which his friends want to introduce him except to take a firm stand and be brutally inhospitable? I have a great many friends and each reads a great many books—and they may, for all o' me. Let them entertain any Tom, Dick, or Harry of a volume if they'll only refrain from escorting this acquaintance into my stronghold. The trouble is arithmetical: if I read each book that each crony would have me read, there would be no Me left to be a crony to anybody. No human eyes, no mortal daylight or mazda would suffice to peruse all the books that all the people I know want to lend me. I put the question to my acquaintance, who are chagrined when I do not instantly embrace the printed folk they bring with them: which do you prefer, to find the usual tea and toast and marmalade when you come tripping over my drawbridge, or do you wish to be summoned instead to watch the passage to final peace of a little black-velvet coffin with silver handles? Right now and here I flatly refuse to die of too many books.

But demise is not the only danger to be incurred from the lugging into my castle of each and any volume that has happened to captivate some friend's fancy. Really I am often shocked by finding out what sort of books do captivate my friends' fancy. I do not mean naughty-naughty publications. I had a classical education and I have a robust taste. I mean banal books, books that bore me—I do not want slovenly novels making free with my fireside, novels that don't know the polite usages of a backbone.

I don't care for false prophets, either, at my tea-table—those that wear perfumed Eastern draperies over their store-new dress suits. Honest overalls I like, whether stained with mould or singed by the forge. And honest gypsies are also welcome. There is a beautiful secret wood for them on the castle domain, where they can tent them to their liking, and where I may slip by secret paths to their ruddy fire. But, oh, dear friends, may I whisper to you in print what I am too civil to say to you in private—that I want no one to choose me my clothes or my philosophy, my comrades or my books? This castle of mine, about which I am making such a to-do, may be built of pasteboard, for aught I know, or of dreams too immaterial to fight for, but yet it seems to me worth my jealous holding, because from its turret I can see the stars riding at anchor, and from its mullioned windows I can glimpse the steadfast sea. And, anyway, the castle's mine, and I won't have any books doing me out of my private hearthstone, nor yet bombarding my ramparts from outside!

If I protect my privacy against the heterogeneous acquaintance my friends would force upon me, still more resolutely do I refuse drawbridge entrance when I hear the raucous blare of trumpets that announces a best-seller. I want only self-chosen comrades among my book guests, and who could be friends with a best-seller? Such pompous dignitaries enter with brazen confidence, taking possession of the place as Queen Elizabeth might have done when on a progress. Amid the clatter of obsequious press notices and the rattle of royal acclaim, how can I possibly hear the great one's voice, even suppose that voice were really worth hearing? I hate a book that dins at me. I like to pick my associates tentatively from the publisher's lists, shy volumes whose silence is worth investigating. There are so many best-sellers and

Nor are there probably more than half a score of contemporaneous documents in existence in which Velasquez and Murillo are named as artists." To Velasquez's very short list, Señor A. de Beruete adds the name of the Aragonese painter, Jusepe Martinez, whose "Practical Discourse on the Art of Painting" was not published till 1866. The first biography of Velasquez he gives as that published by the painter Antonio Palomino in 1724. According to Justi, the name of the great painter first appeared in print in Vincenzo Carducho's "Diálogos de la Pintura" (1633).

The dissensions among the modern critics begin early. "So great has been the reaction," says Mr. Ricketts in his large work on the Prado, "that it is not uncommon to hear him given the first place among painters—a claim which need not be discussed seriously. It is made mainly by people who are ignorant of the world's masterpieces, or who think they detect in the reticent canvases of Velasquez their own limited aims. Such men merely say: 'Velasquez is a great artist, because he is like myself and my friends.' Velasquez did not even invent the terms he used in painting; he has merely recast them to suit his purposes. He is in no sense a creative artist; his very powers of vision achieve their result by something he withholds, by an outlook upon life which was partial and limited. A passionate student of the works of others, a constant student of the resources and limitations of his craft, the greatest quality of Velasquez is not a profound sense of beauty, but a profound sense of style. He has no new or passionate message for the world; he is great largely by the things he does not say." Against this Mr. Stevenson may be quoted: "'. . . A mere master of technic, wholly lacking in imagination.' So say those whose necks are stiff with looking at Italy and Raphael. . . . But with the best will in the world, some eyes really cannot see the side of Nature that Velasquez saw; while others are so bandaged by Italian prejudice that they may save themselves the trouble of a journey [to Madrid]."

"It is a curious fact that Joachim Sandrat, in the 'Academia Noblissimæ Artis Pictoriæ,' published at Nuremberg in 1683, the year after the death of Murillo, and twenty-three years after the death of Velasquez, gives an account of the life of the former artist, praising him highly. Velasquez is not named in that work, nor any other Spanish artist, unless Ribera be so classed, who did not see Spain after he left it as a boy. What makes the silence of Sandrat the more surprising is that he and Velasquez were personally acquainted with each other in Rome, and that Sandrat was one of the twelve painters employed by Velasquez to execute pictures for Philip IV, the subject chosen by him being the 'Death of Seneca.'"

Though he may have been neglected by the historians, he seems to have been justly appreciated by the painters of his time; and from the vast stores of modern critical approval it is difficult to make selections. "As he was thought of then he remains today," wrote Mr. La Farge; "of all artists, the most of a painter; as having most naturally expressed the special differences of painting from other forms of representation; the appearance of things and not their analysis being the special character of painting." Justi declares in the opening pages of his book: "Velasquez is one of those individualities that brook no comparison with any others. All attempts to sum up such persons in a single sentence end only in platitudes or hyperbole." And he quotes Charles Blanc: "Were painting but a second birth of Creation, then Velasquez would unquestionably be the first of painters." The distinguished historian of painters here seems to differ from the painter La Farge. Waagen did "not hesitate to pronounce him the greatest painter that has ever lived," without any conditions. Beulé called him the first of colorists; and Thoré, "the painter the most of a painter that ever was." Somewhat later Justi again quotes Charles Blanc as dubbing Velasquez the "Home Secretary of Nature," and he adds: "His works possess in a high degree that quality of originality which Palomino calls the 'canonization' of a work of art,"—an ingenious phrase. Ricketts quotes Jean-François Millet, who defined him as *un peintre de race*, and the French painter Ricard, who "at the time of Velasquez's first great vogue in the nineteenth century called him *le premier peintre de genre*." Of his latest portraits, Walter Armstrong says, in his "Art of Velasquez": "It is difficult to write about them. They are, all four, the outcome of more than forty years spent in exploring the possibilities of paint. They

are all marked by the same miraculous skill in the management of silvery tones, by the building up of flesh by means so subtle and unerring that the eye is balked and disconcerted, and persuaded of the futility of its own attempts to analyze or imitate. The head of Philip, especially, sets all emulation at defiance. The pendulous anæmic flesh of a used-up *viveur*, of a *viveur* in whom propensity took the place of passion, and lethargy that of active vice, seems to be put upon canvas by a pure act of volition."

Señor de Beruete, in his scholarly work published at Paris in 1898, and with an introduction by Léon Bonnat in which that painter states that it is, and will remain, "the definite work on the great Spanish painter," defines his talent as "*viril et sérieux*" and as "marked by that supreme distinction which, under the forms of a pure naturalism, characterizes his inspired creations." The careful consideration of his works "one by one" demonstrates that he is "better than a naturalist. The accurate representation of the real, however skilful, however magistral it may be, does not impress us as do the works of the master. He was indeed the most powerful expression of the national art in this seventeenth century, which was so realistic; but he was, at the same time, in that which this movement had in accord with the Spanish race and the Spanish temperament, the most distinct representative of the art of the Renaissance which, before him, had never had its complete flowering in Spain. . . . Velasquez represented this naturalistic tendency of his race with as much vigor as did those of his contemporaries, such as Ribera or Zurbaran, who travelled the farthest on this road; but while remaining the most faithful interpreter of realism, he ennobled it and thus attained to the height of the great artists of the Renaissance. . . . What is it, then, that constitutes the essence of this genius? It is, in the first place, the constant perfection of the design; it is the harmony and the ponderation of the *ensemble*, it is, in fine, the exquisite refinement of his æsthetic taste, thanks to which the effigies of monsters and repugnant beggars interest us and captivate us, thanks to which the extravagant coiffures and the deformed vertugadins of the princesses enter into the domain of art, thanks to which such odious personages as the king's favorite, the Count-Duke Olivares, or such insignificant ones as Philip IV, become sympathetic and even imposing, thanks to which a scene as commonplace as that represented in the 'Meniñas' is ennobled until it becomes an incomparable masterpiece."

Naturally, these high encomiums not infrequently lead to those "hyperboles" which Justi wished to avoid, and to much "fine writing."

But naturalism, realism, are not unfailing passports to popular good-will, either among those who create or those who merely appreciate. The very, supreme, quality for which we have seen the painter extolled may, in many cases, serve to estrange. The difficulty—not infrequently unexpressed from prudential or timorous motives—which has been felt by many in comprehending this great modern movement, or demonstration, cannot perhaps be better set forth than in the words of a recent writer on this subject. "The art of Velasquez is a great puzzle for the student of painting, at least in the first years. That artist is accepted by competent critics as impeccable, as complete in all that the draftsman and the painter in oils need know, and as one of the most sincere and profound natures that have devoted themselves to art. And yet his pictures are found to have very little charm. They do not record an event, nor yet a legend, and so the first, most obvious, way to popularity is wanting; they deal with portraits or with themes not to be fully understood outside of Spain, or with subjects as hard to look into as Dürer's mysterious designs. And such grace as Raphael's is absent. The 'Forge of Vulcan' is without classical grace of form or charm of face, although Apollo is one of the personages; the god 'Mars' is a helmeted nude man—nothing more; the famous 'Mercury and Argus' has no Grecian atmosphere, no mediæval energy, no modern pathos. 'The Topers' (*Los Borrachos*) seems to defy rational interpretation, and is violent in its rendering of character. The court scenes are formal, stilted; even the famous picture of the 'Little Maids of Honor' (*Las Meniñas*), apart from its technical and purely artistic excellence, is a study of the ugliest costumes, giving the stiffest lines; and the strange horses with their conventional prancing action mar the royal portraits in which they appear.

There is seldom an effect of deep and glowing color; never probably a gentle and pearly one. I remember well my first introduction to an important Velasquez, the 'Christ at the Pillar,' and the sad disappointment which seemed to await one whose memory was full of the charm of Venetian color. Indeed, it requires the maturity of one's judgment and experience to see in the work of Velasquez what it is that makes him great."

And he sums up philosophically: "In short, the student is not to be very much disturbed in his own enjoyment of art if he finds that he cannot take Velasquez for all the enthusiastic specialists claim for him. There is immeasurable joy to be got in the study of art without a full understanding of this exponent of pure technical painting."

This tendency to realistic rendering has been traced to a contemporary national trait, as evidenced both in the *bodegones*, kitchen scenes, still-lifes, etc., and in the religious paintings,—"regulated by church discipline," says La Farge, "these paintings never suggest anything but a natural impulse, and a wish to bring the facts to the eye of the religious mind. In that way, they are some of the truest expressions of religious feeling produced by art." "A prosaic corner," says Justi, "everywhere crops up in Spanish poetry and culture. By the side of the pale, gaunt steed of romanticism trots the ass of practical, popular realism." The realism of art is, of course (the nomenclature of art being nothing if not inexact), not absolute realism, which, as Stevenson said, if possible, would be a science and not an art.

Within narrower limits of the meaning of the term, we can understand the efforts to define the limitations of his art. Thus Justi: "Few others have given less rein to the play of fancy, or turned to such little account the opportunities of immortalizing beauty; few also have shown less sympathy with the yearnings of human nature for that unreal which consoles us for the realities of life." And Armstrong: "He seems never to have felt the slightest temptation to paint an abstract idea. No picture by him betrays the least inclination to moralize, sentimentalize, or preach. We cannot imagine any canvas of his bearing such a title as 'Love,' 'The Angel of Death,' or anything of that sort. His love of the concrete seems, indeed, to have been so exclusive that only in a few rare instances did he ever paint action. . . . As for strong emotion, the one picture in which he ventures upon anything of the kind is the 'Christ at the Pillar' of the National Gallery. It is no libel, then, to say that Velasquez got all his inspiration through his eye. You will search his works in vain for any signs of an attempt to enlarge the province of paint. He never tries to push the slightest action beyond the point to which the eye can follow it, for the horse of Don Balthazar is too frank a symbol to be an exception. He seems to have been as free as Frans Hals from the itching desire which has besieged most great painters to suggest ideas by running round them. What he could not say straight out, and with uncompromising directness, he did not care to say at all. He is therefore the most objective of all great painters, and his art consists more exclusively than any one else's of interpretation carried to the highest point."

Consequently he is one of the strongest of portraitists, being especially endowed with the ability to seize a speaking resemblance.

His pre-eminence established, it remains to discover, if possible, its sources, to trace those affinities, so dear to the schoolmen, between the conception and the technic of a painter and those of the earlier schools or his individual predecessors. In this instance some of the critics, as De Beruete, have not hesitated to declare that this supreme talent was largely self-formed; that still another of the great qualities of Velasquez was his independence. Any controlling influence of either of his two masters, Herrera and Pacheco, is practically denied; it is pointed out that that of the first, which some of his biographers, from the time of Ceán Bermudez, claim to have been decisive, must have been founded on a course of instruction of a few months only, for it was at the age of fourteen that Velasquez left his *atelier*. Between this turbulent and impetuous nature and the refined and restrained temperament of the young painter there could have been no sympathy. Justi and Armstrong quote Richard Ford: "The principles of Herrera's methods are to be traced in all the works of his pupil, improved indeed by a higher quality of touch and intention." The first thinks that this statement, though plausible, is open to some ob-

jections; and the second, that the violence of the master soon scared away his pupil. According to Ricketts: "We can dismiss altogether the legend of Herrera's influence upon him," while Lefort, after summing up the supreme qualities of the pupil, concludes: "From whom, then, did Velasquez acquire all these if it were not from Herrera himself? We need search no farther; if it be absolutely necessary to find an ancestor for Velasquez, Herrera is assuredly that ancestor."

This writer, consequently, sets aside decisively any credit that may be claimed for Pacheco, and which, in fact, that master claimed for himself—appealing for confirmation of his opinion to Pacheco's timid and wooden manner of painting. Armstrong thinks, however, that to his careful advice Velasquez "no doubt owed much of his delicate and unerring draftsmanship."

Mr. Walter Armstrong finds that in some of the works of his middle period, "Bolognese influence—or, to be more particular, the influence of Guido—is unmistakable." The "Forge of Vulcan" and the "Christ at the Pillar," in particular, he qualifies as "Guido-fed productions." In another place he divides this honor with Poussin; in the works of these two dissimilar painters "he would find his own system carried out with less skill, indeed, but with an added boldness which he may have found suggestive." De Beruete states that these analogies exist only "*à fleur de toile*." "The sincerity and the fundamental simplicity of Velasquez are entirely opposed to the mannerism of the Bolognese painter." Another source of inspiration has been found in the works of Luis Tristan, of Toledo, one of the best pupils of El Greco. This was first discovered by Palomino, and repeated by Ceán Bermudez. Sir William Maxwell-Stirling accepted it unreservedly; Cruzada Villaamil and many others asserted it till it became almost an article of faith. Armstrong states that this influence "probably counted for something in his development." Mr. Ricketts waxes sarcastic: "Just as all critics are delighted when they can prove Vasari to have been wrong, so most writers upon Velasquez have sought to underestimate the testimony and example of Pacheco. They have therefore imagined the influence of Herrera and Luis Tristan—names that sound well since their work is generally unknown." Justi says that Velasquez had already developed his first style when he saw the works of Tristan at Toledo on his way to Madrid; Lefort's opinion is that this pretended influence has "*tout l'air d'une légende*"; and De Beruete thinks it "incomprehensible that such a hypothesis could have so long maintained itself." The latter, however, accepts the probability of the influence of El Greco, which has been maintained since Palomino, but limits it to "the addition of certain qualities of this extraordinary artist to those which Velasquez already had." Ricketts "dismisses" this legend "with reluctance."

There is somewhat more unanimity of opinion concerning the effect upon Velasquez of Rubens's visit to Madrid, on a diplomatic mission, in 1628. Several of the earlier writers, Villaamil among them, and one or two of the moderns, have discovered traces of the Flemish painter's free and opulent style in the severer one of the Spaniard —notably in *Los Borrachos*, "The Topers."

To Velasquez's admiration for the Venetians there is a good deal of testimony. Palomino records that "he was much pleased with the paintings of Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo, and other artists of that school; therefore he drew incessantly the whole time he was there." Boschini relates that he met him one day in the ducal palace absorbed in admiration before Tintoretto's great work, the "Paradise," in the Gran Consiglio. De Beruete concludes, from the "Forge of Vulcan" and "Joseph's Coat," that the artistic atmosphere in which he moved in Italy contributed to enlarge his horizon and to give more *finesse* to his color and more suppleness to his brush work. The doubter in this case is Armstrong: "So far as we can judge, he may never have pondered before the Titians collected by Charles V and Philip II at all."

The profitlessness of all this minute and painstaking research is sometimes felt even by the scholars themselves. "It is not necessary to seek the origin of the style of the first works of Velasquez in any outside influence whatever," says De Beruete, "but simply in the special temperament of the painter."

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

From a drawing by C. F. Peters.

"I WISH YOU'D TELL ME WHY OUR FAMILIES DON'T GET ON?"

[Page 392.]

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TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART II

I

MOTHER AND SON

TO say that Jon Forsyte accompanied his mother to Spain unwillingly would scarcely have been adequate. He went as a well-natured dog goes for a walk with its mistress, leaving a choice mutton-bone on the lawn. He went looking back at it. Forsytes deprived of their mutton-bones are wont to sulk. But Jon had little sulkiness in his composition. He adored his mother, and it was his first travel. Spain had become Italy by his simply saying: "I'd rather go to Spain, Mum; you've been to Italy so many times; I'd like it new to both of us."

The fellow was subtle besides being naif. He never forgot that he was going to shorten the proposed two months into six weeks, and must therefore show no sign of wishing to do so. For one with so enticing a mutton-bone and so fixed an idea, he made a good enough travelling companion, indifferent to where or when he arrived, superior to food, and thoroughly appreciative of a country strange to the most travelled Englishman. Fleur's wisdom in refusing to write to him was profound, for he reached each new place entirely without hope or fever, and could concentrate immediate attention on the donkeys and tumbling bells, the priests, patios, beggars, children, crowing cocks, sombreros, cactus hedges, old high white villages, goats, olive-trees, greening plains, singing birds in tiny cages, water-sellers, sunsets, melons, mules, great churches, pictures, and swimming gray-brown mountains of a fascinating land.

It was already hot, and they enjoyed an absence of their compatriots. Jon, who, so far as he knew, had no blood in him which was not English, was often innately unhappy in the presence of his own countrymen. He felt they had no nonsense about them, and took a more practical view of things than himself. He confided to his mother that he must be an unsociable beast—it was jolly to be away from everybody who could talk about the things people did talk about. To which Irene had replied simply:

"Yes, Jon, I know."

In this isolation he had unparalleled opportunities of appreciating what few sons can apprehend, the whole-heartedness of a mother's love. Knowledge of something kept from her made him, no doubt, unduly sensitive; and a Southern people stimulated his admiration for her type of beauty, which he had been accustomed to hear called Spanish, but which he now perceived to be no such thing. Her beauty was neither English, French, Spanish, nor Italian—it was special! He appreciated, too, as never before, his mother's subtlety of instinct. He could not tell, for instance, whether she had noticed his absorption in that Goya picture, "La Vendimia," or whether she

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knew that he had slipped back there after lunch and again next morning, to stand before it full half an hour, a second and third time. It was not Fleur, of course, but like enough to give him heartache —so dear to lovers—remembering her standing at the foot of his bed with her hand held above her head. To keep a postcard reproduction of this picture in his pocket and slip it out to look at became for Jon one of those bad habits which soon or late disclose themselves to eyes sharpened by love, fear, or jealousy. And his mother's were sharpened by all three. In Granada he was fairly caught, sitting on a sun-warmed stone bench in a little battlemented garden on the Alhambra hill, whence he ought to have been looking at the view. His mother, he had thought, was examining the stocks in pots between the polled acacias, when her voice said:

"Is that your favorite Goya, Jon?"

He checked, too late, a movement such as he might have made at school to conceal some surreptitious document, and answered: "Yes."

"It certainly is most charming; but I think I prefer the 'Quitasol.' Your father would go crazy about Goya; I don't believe he saw them when he was in Spain in '92."

In '92—nine years before he had been born! What had been the previous existences of his father and his mother? If they had a right to share in his future, surely he had a right to share in their past. He looked up at her. Something in her face—a look of life hard-lived, the mysterious impress of emotions, experience, and suffering—seemed with its incalculable depth, its purchased sanctity, to make curiosity impertinent. His mother must have had a wonderfully interesting life; she was so beautiful, and so—so—but he could not frame what he felt about her. He got up, and stood gazing down at the town, at the plain green with crops, and the ring of mountains glamourous in sinking sunlight. Her life was like the past of this old Moorish city, full, deep, remote—his own life as yet such a baby of a thing, hopelessly ignorant and innocent! They said that in those mountains to the West, which rose sheer from the blue-green plain, as if out of a sea, Phœnicians had dwelt—a dark, strange, secret race, above the land! His mother's life was as unknown to him, as secret, as that Phœnician past was to the town down there, whose cocks crowed and whose children played and clamored so gayly, day in, day out. He felt aggrieved that she should know all about him and he nothing about her except that she loved him and his father, and was beautiful. His callow ignorance—he had not even had the advantage of the war, like nearly everybody else!—made him small in his own eyes.

That night, from the balcony of his bedroom, he gazed down on the roof of the town—as if inlaid with honeycomb of jet, ivory, and gold; and, long after, he lay awake, listening to the cry of the sentry as the hours struck, and forming in his head these lines:

"Voice in the night crying, down in the old sleeping
Spanish city darkened under her white stars!

What says the voice—its clear—lingering anguish?
Just the watchman, telling his dateless tale of safety?
Just a road man, flinging to the moon his song?

No! 'Tis one deprived, whose lover's heart is weeping.
Just his cry: 'How long?'"

The word "deprived" seemed to him cold and unsatisfactory, but bereaved was too final, and no other word of two syllables short-long came to him, which would enable him to keep "whose lover's heart is weeping." It was past two by the time he had finished it, and past three before he went to sleep, having said it over to himself at least twenty-four times. Next day he wrote it out and enclosed it in one of those letters to Fleur, which he always finished before he went down, so as to have his mind free and companionable.

About noon that same day, on the tiled terrace of their hotel, he felt a sudden dull pain in the back of his head, a queer sensation in the eyes, and sickness. The sun had touched him too affectionately. The next three days were passed in semi-darkness, and a dulled, aching indifference to all except the feel of ice on his forehead

and his mother's smile. She never moved from his room, never relaxed her noiseless vigilance, which seemed to Jon angelic. But there were moments when he was extremely sorry for himself, and wished terribly that Fleur could see him. Several times he took poignant imaginary leave of her and of the earth, tears oozing out of his eyes. He even prepared the message he would send to her by his mother—who would regret to her dying day that she had ever sought to separate them—his poor mother! He was not slow, however, in perceiving that he had now his excuse for going home.

Toward half past six each evening came a "gasgacha" of bells—a cascade of tumbling chimes, mounting from the city below and falling back chime on chime. After listening to them on the fourth day he said suddenly:

"I'd like to be back in England, Mum, the sun's too hot."

"Very well, darling. As soon as you're fit to travel." And at once he felt better, and—meaner.

They had been out five weeks when they turned toward home. Jon's head was restored to its pristine clarity, but he was confined to a hat lined by his mother with many layers of orange and green silk, and he still walked from choice in the shade. As the long struggle of discretion between them drew to its close, he wondered more and more whether she could see his eagerness to get back to that which she had brought him away from. Condemned by Spanish Providence to spend a day in Madrid between their trains, it was but natural to go again to the Prado. Jon was elaborately casual this time before his Goya girl. Now that he was going back to her, he could afford a lesser scrutiny. It was his mother who lingered before the picture, saying:

"The face and figure of the girl are exquisite."

Jon heard her uneasily. Did she understand? But he felt once more that he was no match for her in self-control and subtlety. She could, in some supersensitive way, of which he had not the secret, feel the pulse of his thoughts; she knew by instinct what he hoped and feared and wished. It made him terribly uncomfortable and guilty, having, beyond most boys, a conscience. He wished she would be frank with him; he almost hoped for an open struggle. But none came, and steadily, silently, they travelled north. Thus did he first learn how much better than men women play a waiting game. In Paris they had again to pause for a day. Jon was grieved because it lasted two, owing to certain matters in connection with a dressmaker; as if his mother, who looked beautiful in anything, had any need of dresses! The happiest moment of his travel was that when he stepped on to the Folkestone boat.

Standing by the bulwark rail, with her arm in his, she said:

"I'm afraid you haven't enjoyed it much, Jon. But you've been very sweet to me."

Jon squeezed her arm.

"Oh! yes, I've enjoyed it awfully—except for my head lately."

And now that the end had come, he really had, feeling a sort of glamour over the past weeks—a kind of painful pleasure, such as he had tried to screw into those lines about the voice in the night crying; a feeling such as he had known as a small boy listening avidly to Chopin, yet wanting to cry. And he wondered why it was that he couldn't say to her quite simply what she had said to him:

"You were very sweet to me." Odd—one never could be nice and natural like that! "I expect we shall be sick," he said.

They were, and reached London somewhat attenuated, having been away six weeks and two days, without ever a word of the subject which had hardly ever ceased to occupy their minds.

II

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS

DEPRIVED of his wife and son by the Spanish adventure, Jolyon found the solitude at Robin Hill intolerable. A philosopher when he has all that he wants is different from a philosopher when he has not. Accustomed, however, to the idea, if not to the reality of resignation, he would perhaps have faced it out but for his daughter June. He was a "lame duck" now, and on her conscience. Having achieved—momentarily—the rescue

of an etcher in low circumstances, which she happened to have in hand, she appeared at Robin Hill a fortnight after Irene and Jon had gone. The little lady was living now in a tiny house with a big studio at Chiswick. A Forsyte of the best period, so far as the lack of responsibility was concerned, she had overcome the difficulty of a reduced income in a manner satisfactory to herself and her father. The rent of the Gallery off Cork Street which he had bought for her, and her increased income tax happening to balance, it had been quite simple—she no longer paid him the rent. The Gallery might be expected now at any time, after eighteen years of barren usufruct, to pay its way, so that she was sure her father would not feel it. Through this device she still had twelve hundred a year, and by reducing what she ate, and, in place of two Belgians in a poor way, employing one Austrian in a poorer, practically the same surplus for the relief of genius. After three days at Robin Hill she carried her father back with her to Town. In those three days she had stumbled on the secret he had kept for two years, and had instantly decided to cure him. She knew, in fact, the very man. He had done wonders with Paul Post—that painter a little in advance of Futurism; and she was impatient with her father because his eyebrows would go up, and because he had heard of neither. Of course, if he hadn't "faith" he would never get well!

It was absurd not to have faith in the man who had healed Paul Post so that he had only just relapsed from having overworked, or overlived, himself again. The great thing about this healer was that he relied on Nature. He had made a special study of the symptoms of Nature—when his patient failed in any natural symptom he supplied the poison which caused it—and there you were! She was extremely hopeful. Her father had clearly not been living a natural life at Robin Hill, and she intended to provide the symptoms. He was—she felt—out of touch with the times, which was not natural; his heart wanted stimulating. In the little Chiswick house she and the Austrian—a grateful soul, so devoted to June for rescuing her that she was in danger of decease from overwork—stimulated Jolyon in all sorts of ways, preparing him for his cure. But they could not keep his eyebrows down; as—for example—when the Austrian woke him at eight o'clock just as he was going to sleep or June took *The Times* away from him, because it was unnatural to read "that stuff" when he ought to be taking an interest in "life." He never failed, indeed, to be astonished at her resource, especially in the evenings. For his benefit, as she declared, though he suspected that she also got something out of it, she assembled the Age so far as it was satellite to genius; and with some solemnity it would move up and down the studio before him in the Fox-trot, and that more mental form of dancing—the One-step—which so pulled against the music, that Jolyon's eyebrows would be almost lost in his hair from wonder at the strain it must impose on the dancers' will-power. Aware that, hung on the line in the Water Color Society, he was a back number to those with any pretension to be called artists, he would sit in the darkest corner he could find, and wonder about rhythm, on which so long ago he had been raised. And when June brought some girl or young man up to him, he would rise humbly to their level so far as that was possible, and think: "Dear me! This is very dull for them!" Having his father's perennial sympathy with Youth, he used to get very tired from entering into their points of view. But it was all stimulating, and he never failed in admiration of his daughter's indomitable spirit. Even genius itself attended these gatherings now and then, with its nose on one side; and June always introduced it to her father. This, she felt, was exceptionally good for him, for genius was a natural symptom he had never had—fond as she was of him.

Certain as a man can be that she was his own daughter, he often wondered whence she got herself—her red-gold hair, now grayed into a special color; her direct, spirited face, so different from his own rather folded and subtilized countenance, her little light figure, when he and most of the Forsytes were tall. And he would dwell on the origin of species, and debate whether she might be Danish

or Celtic. Celtic, he thought, from her pugnacity, and her taste in fillets and djibbahs. It was not too much to say that he preferred her to the Age with which she was surrounded, youthful though, for the greater part, it was. She took, however, too much interest in his teeth, for he still had some of those natural symptoms. Her dentist at once found "straphylococcus aureus present in pure culture" (which might cause boils, of course) and wanted to take out all the teeth he had and supply him with two complete sets of unnatural symptoms. Jolyon's native tenacity was roused, and in the studio that evening he developed his objections. He had never had any boils, and his own teeth would last his time. Of course—June admitted—they would last his time if he didn't have them out! But if he had more teeth he would have a better heart and his time would be longer. His recalcitrance—she said—was a symptom of his whole attitude; he was taking it lying down. He ought to be fighting. When was he going to see the man who had cured Paul Post? Jolyon was very sorry, but the fact was he was not going to see him. June chafed. Pondridge—she said—the healer, was such a fine man, and he had such difficulty in making two ends meet and getting his theories recognized. It was just such indifference and prejudice as her father manifested which was keeping him back. It would be so splendid for both of them!

"I perceive," said Jolyon, "that you are trying to kill two birds with one stone."

"To cure, you mean!" cried June.

"My dear, it's the same thing."

June protested. It was unfair to say that without a trial.

Jolyon thought he might not have the chance of saying it after.

"Dad!" cried June, "you're hopeless."

"That," said Jolyon, "is a fact, but I wish to remain hopeless as long as possible. I shall let sleeping dogs lie, my child. They are quiet at present."

"That's not giving science a chance," cried June. "You've no idea how devoted Pondridge is. He puts his science before everything."

"Just," replied Jolyon, puffing at the cigarette to which he was reduced, "as Mr. Paul Post puts his art, eh? Art for Art's sake—Science for the sake of Science. I know those enthusiastic egomaniac gentry. They vivisect you without blinking. I'm enough of a Forsyte to give them the go-by, June."

"Dad," said June, "if you only knew how old-fashioned that sounds! Nobody can afford to be half-hearted nowadays."

"I'm afraid," murmured Jolyon, with his smile, "that's the only natural symptom with which Mr. Pondridge need not supply me. We are born to be extreme or to be moderate, my dear; though if you'll forgive my saying so, half the people nowadays who believe they're extreme are really very moderate. I'm getting on as well as I can expect, and I must leave it at that."

June was silent, having experienced in her time the inexorable character of her father's amiable obstinacy so far as his own freedom of action was concerned.

How he came to let her know why Irene had taken Jon to Spain puzzled Jolyon, for he had little confidence in her discretion. After she had brooded on the news, it brought a rather sharp discussion, during which he perceived to the full the fundamental opposition between her active temperament and his wife's passivity. He even gathered that a little soreness still remained from that generation-old struggle between them over the body of Philip Bosinney, in which the passive had so signally triumphed over the active principle.

According to June, it was foolish and even cowardly to hide the past from Jon. Sheer opportunism, she called it.

"Which," Jolyon put in mildly, "is the working principle of real life, my dear."

"Oh!" cried June, "*you* don't really defend her for not telling Jon, Dad. If it were left to you, you would."

"I might, but simply because I know he must find out, which will be worse than if we told him."

"Then why *don't* you tell him? It's just sleeping dogs again."

"My dear," said Jolyon, "I wouldn't for the world go against Irene's instinct. He's her boy."

"Yours too," cried June.

"What's a man's instinct compared with a mother's?"

"Well, I think it's very weak of you."

"I dare say," said Jolyon, "I dare say."

And that was all she got from him; but the matter rankled in her brain. She could not bear sleeping dogs. And there stirred in her a tortuous impulse to push the matter toward decision. Jon ought to be told, so that either his feeling might be nipped in the bud, or, flowering in spite of the past, come to fruition. And she determined to see Fleur, and judge for herself. When June determined on anything, delicacy became a minor consideration. After all, she was Soames' cousin, and they were both interested in pictures. She would go and tell him that he ought to buy a Paul Post, or perhaps a piece of sculpture by Boris Strumolowski, and of course she would say nothing to her father. She went on the following Sunday, looking so determined that she had some difficulty in getting a cab at Reading Station. The river country was lovely in those days of her own month, and June ached at its loveliness. She who had passed through this life without knowing what union was had a love of natural beauty which was almost madness. And when she came to that choice spot where Soames had pitched his tent, she dismissed her cab, because, business over, she wanted to revel in the bright water and the woods. She appeared at his front door, therefore, as a mere pedestrian, and sent in her card. It was in June's character to know that when her nerves were fluttering she was doing something worth while. If one's nerves did not flutter, she was taking the line of least resistance, and knew that nobleness was not obliging her. She was conducted to a drawing-room, which, though not in her style, showed every mark of fastidious elegance. Thinking: "Too much taste—too many knick-knacks," she saw in an old lacquer-framed mirror the figure of a girl coming in from the veranda. Clothed in white, and holding some white roses in her hand, she had, reflected in that silvery-gray pool of glass, a vision-like appearance, as if a pretty ghost had come out of the green garden.

"How do you do?" said June, turning round. "I'm a cousin of your father's."

"Oh, yes; I saw you in that confectioner's."

"With my young step-brother. Is your father in?"

"He will be directly. He's only gone for a little walk."

June slightly narrowed her blue eyes, and lifted her decided chin.

"Your name's Fleur, isn't it? I've heard of you from Holly. What do you think of Jon?"

The girl lifted the roses in her hand, looked at them, and answered calmly:

"He's quite a nice boy, I think."

"Not a bit like Holly or me, is he?"

"Not a bit."

"She's cool," thought June.

And suddenly the girl said: "I wish you'd tell me why our families don't get on?"

Confronted with the question she had advised her father to answer, June was silent; whether because this girl was trying to get something out of her, or simply because what one would do theoretically is not always what one will do when it comes to the point.

"You know," said the girl, "the surest way to make people find out the worst is to keep them ignorant. My father's told me it was a quarrel about property. But I don't believe it; we've both got heaps. They wouldn't have been so *bourgeois* as all that."

June flushed. The word applied to her grandfather and father offended her.

"My grandfather," she said, "was very generous, and my father is, too; neither of them was in the least *bourgeois*."

"Well, what was it then?" repeated the girl. Conscious that this young Forsyte meant having what she wanted, June at once determined to prevent her, and to get something for herself instead.

"Why do you want to know?"

The girl smelled at her roses. "I only want to know because they won't tell me."

"Well, it *was* about property, but there's more than one kind."

"That makes it worse. Now I really *must* know."

June's small and resolute face quivered. She was wearing a round cap, and her hair had fluffed out under it. She looked quite young at that moment, rejuvenated by encounter.

"You know," she said, "I saw you drop

your handkerchief. Is there anything between you and Jon? Because, if so, you'd better drop that too."

The girl grew paler, but she smiled.

"If there were, that isn't the way to make me."

At the gallantry of that reply June held out her hand.

"I like you; but I don't like your father; I never have. We may as well be frank."

"Did you come down to tell him that?"

June laughed. "No; I came down to see *you*."

"Oh!"

This girl could fence.

"I'm two-and-a-half times your age," said June, "but I quite sympathize. It's horrid not to have one's own way."

The girl smiled again. "I really think you *might* tell me."

How the child stuck to her point!

"It's not my secret. But I'll see what I can do, because I think both you and Jon *ought* to be told. And now I'll say good-bye."

"Won't you wait and see father?"

June shook her head. "How can I get over to the other side?"

"I'll row you across."

"Look!" said June impulsively, "next time you're in London, come and see me. This is where I live. I generally have young people in the evening. But I shouldn't tell your father that you're coming."

The girl nodded.

Watching her scull the skiff across, June thought: "She's awfully pretty and well made. I never thought Soames would have a daughter as pretty as this. She and Jon would make a lovely couple."

The instinct to couple, starved within herself, was always at work in June. She stood watching Fleur row back; the girl took her hand off a scull to wave farewell; and June walked languidly on between the meadows and the river, with an ache in her heart. Youth to youth, like the dragon-flies chasing each other, and love like the sun warming them through and through. Her youth! So long ago when Phil and she! And since? Nothing—no one had been quite what she had wanted. And so she had missed it all. But what a coil was round those two young things, if they really were in love, as Holly would have it—as her father, and Irene, and Soames himself seemed to dread. What a coil, and what a barrier! And the itch for the future, the contempt, as it were, for what was overpast, which forms the active principle, moved in the heart of one who ever believed that what one wanted was more important than what other people did not want. From the bank, awhile, in the warm summer stillness, she watched the water-lily plants and willow leaves, the fishes rising; sniffed the scent of grass and meadow-sweet, wondering how she could force everybody to be happy. Jon and Fleur! Two little lame ducks—charming callow yellow little ducks! A great pity! Surely something could be done! One must not take such situations lying down. She walked on, and reached a station, hot and cross.

That evening, faithful to the impulse toward direct action, which made many people avoid her, she said to her father:

"Dad, I've been down to see young Fleur. I think she's very attractive. It's no good hiding our heads under our wings, is it?"

The startled Jolyon set down his barley water, and began crumbling his bread.

"It's what you appear to be doing," he said: "Do you realize whose daughter she is?"

"Can't the dead past bury its dead?"

Jolyon rose.

"Certain things can never be buried."

"I disagree," said June. "It's that which stands in the way of all happiness and progress. You don't understand the Age, Dad. It's got no use for outgrown things. Why do you think it matters so terribly that Jon should know about his mother? Who pays any attention to that sort of thing now? The marriage laws are just as they were when Soames and Irene couldn't get a divorce, and you had to come in. We've moved, and they haven't. So nobody cares. Marriage without a decent chance of relief is only a sort of slave-owning; people oughtn't to own each other. Everybody sees that now. If Irene broke such laws, what does it matter?"

"It's not for me to disagree there," said Jolyon; "but that's all quite beside

the mark. This is a matter of human feeling."

"Of course, it is," cried June, "the human feeling of those two young things."

"My dear," said Jolyon with gentle exasperation, "you're talking nonsense."

"I'm not. If they prove to be really fond of each other, why should they be made unhappy because of the past?"

"*You* haven't lived that past. I have —through the feelings of my wife; through my own nerves and my imagination, as only one who is devoted can."

June, too, rose, and began to wander restlessly.

"If," she said suddenly, "she were the daughter of Phil Bosinney, I could understand you better. Irene loved him, she never loved Soames."

Jolyon uttered a deep sound—the sort of noise an Italian peasant woman utters to her mule. His heart had begun beating furiously, but he paid no attention to it, quite carried away by his feelings.

"That shows how little you understand. Neither I nor Jon, if I know him, would mind a love-past. It's the brutality of a union without love. This girl is the daughter of the man who once owned Jon's mother as a negro-slave was owned. You can't lay that ghost; don't try to, June! It's asking us to see Jon joined to the flesh and blood of the man who possessed Jon's mother against her will. It's no good mincing words; I want it clear once for all. And now I mustn't talk any more, or I shall have to sit up with this all night." And, putting his hand over his heart, Jolyon turned his back on his daughter and stood looking at the river Thames.

June, who by nature never saw a hornets' nest until she had put her head into it, was seriously alarmed. She came and slipped her arm through his. Not convinced that he was right, and she herself wrong, because that was not natural to her, she was yet profoundly impressed by the obvious fact that the subject was very bad for him. She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder, and said nothing.

After taking her elderly cousin across, Fleur did not land at once, but pulled in among the reeds, in the sunshine. The peaceful beauty of the afternoon seduced for a little one not much given to the vague and poetic. In the field beyond the bank where her skiff lay up, a machine drawn by a gray horse was turning an early field of hay. She watched the green grass cascading over and behind the light wheels with fascination—it looked so cool and fresh. The click and swish blended with the rustle of the willows and the poplars, and the cooing of a wood-pigeon, in a true river song. Alongside, in the deep green water, weeds like yellow snakes were writhing and nosing with the current; pied cattle on the farther side stood in the shade lazily swishing their tails. It was an afternoon to dream. And she took out Jon's letters—not flowery effusions, but haunted in their recital of things seen and done by a longing very agreeable to her, and all ending "Your devoted J." Fleur was not sentimental, her desires were ever concrete and concentrated, but what poetry there was in the daughter of Soames and Annette had certainly in those weeks of waiting gathered round her memories of Jon. They all belonged to grass and blossom, flowers and running water. She enjoyed him in the scents absorbed by her crinkling nose. The stars could persuade her that she was standing beside him in the centre of the map of Spain; and of an early morning the dewy cobwebs, the hazy sparkle and promise of the day down in the garden, were Jon personified to her.

Two white swans came majestically by, while she was reading his letters, followed by their brood of six young swans in a line, with just so much water between each tail and head, as if they formed a flotilla of gray destroyers. Fleur thrust her letters back, got out her sculls, and pulled up to the landing-stage. Crossing the lawn, she wondered whether she should tell her father of June's visit. If he learned of it from the butler, he might think it odd if she did not. It gave her, too, another chance to startle out of him the reason of the feud. She went, therefore, up the road to meet him.

Soames had gone to look at a patch of ground on which the Local Authorities were proposing to erect a Sanatorium for people with weak lungs. Faithful to his native individualism, he took no part in local affairs, content to pay the rates

which were always going up. He could not, however, remain indifferent to this new and dangerous scheme. The site was not half a mile from his own house. He was quite of opinion that the country should stamp out tuberculosis; but this was not the place. It should be done farther away. He took, indeed, an attitude common to all true Forsytes, that disability of any sort in other people was not his affair, and the State should do its business without prejudicing in any way the natural advantages which he had acquired or inherited. Francie, the most free-spirited Forsyte of his generation (except perhaps that fellow Jolyon) had once asked him in her malicious way: "Did you ever see the name Forsyte in a subscription list, Soames?" That was as it might be, but a Sanatorium would depreciate the neighborhood, and he should certainly sign the petition which was being got up against it. Returning with this decision fresh within him, he saw Fleur coming.

She was showing him more affection of late, and the quiet time down here with her in this summer weather had been making him feel quite young; Annette was always running up to Town for one thing or another, so that he had Fleur to himself almost as much as he could wish. To be sure, young Mont had formed a habit of appearing on his motor-cycle almost every other day. Thank goodness, the young fellow had shaved off his half-toothbrushes, and no longer looked like a mountebank! With a girl friend of Fleur's who was staying in the house, and a neighboring youth or so, they made two couples after dinner, in the hall, to the music of the electric pianola which performed Fox-trots unassisted, with a surprised shine on its expressive surface. Annette, even, now and then passed gracefully up and down in the arms of one or other of the young men. And Soames, coming to the drawing-room door, would lift his nose a little sideways, and watch them, waiting to catch a smile from Fleur; then move back to his chair by the drawing-room hearth, to peruse the *Times* or some other collector's price-list. To his ever-anxious eyes Fleur showed no sign of remembering that caprice of hers.

When she reached him on the dusty road, he slipped his hand within her arm.

"Who do you think has been to see you, Dad? She couldn't wait! Guess!"

"I never guess," said Soames uneasily. "Who?"

"Your cousin, June Forsyte."

Quite unconsciously Soames gripped her arm. "What did *she* want?"

"I don't know. But it was rather breaking through the feud, wasn't it?"

"Feud? What feud?"

"The one that exists in your imagination, dear."

Soames dropped her arm. Was she mocking, or trying to draw him on?

"I suppose she wanted me to buy a picture," he said at last.

"I don't think so. Perhaps it was just family affection."

"She's only a first cousin once removed," muttered Soames.

"And the daughter of your enemy."

"What d'you mean by that?"

"I beg your pardon, dear; I thought he was."

"Enemy!" repeated Soames. "It's ancient history. I don't know where you get your notions."

"From June Forsyte."

It had come to her as an inspiration that if he thought she knew, or were on the edge of knowledge, he would tell her.

Soames was startled, but she had underrated his caution and tenacity.

"If you know," he said coldly, "why do you plague me?"

Fleur saw that she had overreached herself.

"I don't want to plague you, darling. As you say, why want to know more? Why want to know anything of that 'small' mystery—*Je m'en fiche*, as Profond says."

"That chap!" said Soames profoundly.

That chap, indeed, played a considerable, if invisible, part this summer—for he had not turned up again. Ever since the Sunday when Fleur had drawn attention to him prowling on the lawn, Soames had thought of him a good deal, and always in connection with Annette, for no reason, except that she was looking handsomer than for some time past. His possessive instinct, subtler, less formal, more elastic since the war, kept all mis-

giving underground. As one looks on some American river, quiet and pleasant, knowing that an alligator perhaps is lying in the mud with his snout just raised and indistinguishable from a snag of wood—so Soames looked on the river of his own existence, subconscious of Monsieur Profond, refusing to see more than the suspicion of his snout. He had at this epoch in his life practically all he wanted, and was as nearly happy as his nature would permit. His senses were at rest; his affections found all the vent they needed in his daughter; his collection was well known, his money well invested; his health excellent, save for a touch of liver now and again; he had not yet begun to worry seriously about what would happen after death, inclining to think that nothing would happen. He resembled one of his own gilt-edged securities, and to knock the gilt off by seeing anything he could avoid seeing, would be, he felt instinctively, perverse and retrogressive. Those two crumpled rose-leaves, Fleur's caprice and Monsieur Profond's snout, would level away if he lay on them industriously.

That evening Chance, which visits the lives of even the best-invested Forsytes, put a clew into Fleur's hands. Her father came down to dinner without a handkerchief, and had occasion to blow his nose.

"I'll get you one, dear," said Fleur, and ran up-stairs. In the sachet where she sought for it—an old sachet of very faded silk—there were two compartments: one held handkerchiefs; the other was buttoned, and contained something flat and hard. By some childish impulse Fleur unbuttoned it. There was a frame and in it a photograph of herself as a child. She gazed at it, fascinated, as one is by one's own presentment. It slipped a little under her fidgeting thumb, and she saw that another photograph was behind. She pressed her own down further, and perceived a face, which she seemed to know, of a young woman, very good-looking, in a very old style of evening dress. Slipping her own photograph up over it again, she took out a handkerchief and went down. Only on the stairs did she identify that face—surely—surely Jon's mother! The conviction came as a shock. And she stood still in a flurry of thought. Why, of course! Jon's father had married the woman her father had wanted to marry, had cheated him out of her, perhaps. Then, afraid of showing by her manner that she had lighted on his secret, she refused to think further, and, shaking out the silk handkerchief, entered the dining-room.

"I chose the softest, Father."

"H'm!" said Soames; "I only use those after a cold. Never mind!" And he blew his nose.

That evening passed for Fleur in putting two and two together; recalling the look on her father's face in the confectioner's shop—a look strange, and coldly intimate, a queer look. He must have loved that woman very much to have kept her photograph all this time, in spite of having lost her. Unsparing and matter-of-fact, her mind darted to his relations with her own mother. Had he ever really loved *her*? She thought not. Jon was the son of the woman he had really loved. Surely, then, he ought not to mind his daughter loving him; it only wanted getting used to. And a sigh of sheer relief was caught in the folds of her nightgown slipping over her head.

III

MEETINGS

YOUTH only recognizes Age by fits and starts. Jon, for one, had never really seen his father's age till he came back from Spain. The face of the fourth Jolyon, worn by waiting, gave him quite a shock—it looked so wan and old. His father's mask had been forced awry by the emotion of the meeting, so that the boy suddenly realized how much he must have felt their absence. He summoned to his aid the thought: "Well, I didn't want to go!" It was out of date for Youth to defer to Age. But Jon was by no means typically modern. His father had always been "so jolly" to him, and to feel that one meant to begin again at once the conduct which his father had suffered six weeks' loneliness to cure, was not agreeable.

At the question, "Well, old man, how did the great Goya strike you?" his conscience pricked him badly. The great Goya only existed because he had created a face which resembled Fleur's.

On the night of their return he went to bed full of compunction; but awoke full of anticipation. It was only the fifth of July, and no meeting was fixed with Fleur until the ninth. He was to have three days at home before going back to farm. He must contrive to see her!

In the lives of men the inexorable rhythm, caused by the need for trousers, not even the fondest parents can deny. On the second day, therefore, Jon went to Town, and having satisfied his conscience by ordering what was indispensable in Conduit Street, turned his face toward Piccadilly. Stratton Street, where her Club was, adjoined Devonshire House. A mere chance if she were at her Club. He dawdled down Bond Street with a beating heart, noticing the superiority of all other young men to himself. They wore their clothes with such an air; they had assurance; they were *old*. He was suddenly overwhelmed by the conviction that Fleur must have forgotten him. Absorbed in his own feeling for her all these weeks, he had mislaid that possibility. The corners of his mouth drooped, his hands felt clammy. Fleur with the pick of youth at the beck of her smile—Fleur incomparable! It was an evil moment. Well, one must be able to face anything! Bracing himself with that dour reflection in front of a bric-à-brac shop, he moved on. At this high-water mark of what was once the London season, there was nothing to mark it out from any other except a gray top hat or two, and the sun. Once bit, twice shy—Jon walked in the shade. Turning the corner into Piccadilly, he ran into Val Dartie moving toward the Iseeum Club, to which he had just been elected.

"Hallo! young man, you're back then! Where are you off to?"

Jon flushed. "I've just been to my tailor's."

Val looked him up and down. "That's good! I'm going in to order some cigarettes, then come and have lunch."

Jon thanked him. He might get news of *her* from Val.

The condition of England, that nightmare of its Press and Public men, was seen in different perspective within the tobacconist's which they entered.

"Yes, Sir; precisely the cigarette I used to supply your father with. Bless me! Mr. Montague Dartie was a customer here from—let me see—the year Melton won the Derby. One of my very best customers he was." And a faint smile illumined the tobacconist's face. "Many's the tip he's given me, to be sure! I suppose he took a couple of hundred of these every week, year in, year out, and never changed his cigarette. Very affable gentleman, brought me a lot of custom. I was sorry he met with that accident. One misses an old customer like him."

Val smiled. His father's decease had closed an account which had been running longer, probably, than any other; and in a ring of smoke puffed out from that time-honored cigarette he seemed to see again his father's face, dark, good-looking, moustachioed, a little puffy, in the only halo it had earned. His father had his fame here, anyway—a man who smoked two hundred cigarettes a week, who could give tips, and run accounts forever! To his tobacconist a hero! It was some distinction to inherit!

"I pay cash," he said; "how much?"

"To his son, Sir, and cash—ten and six. I shall never forget Mr. Montague Dartie. I've known him stand talkin' to me half an hour. We don't get many like him now, with everybody in such a hurry. The war was bad for manners, Sir—it was bad for manners. You were in it, I see."

"No," said Val, tapping his knee, "I got this in the war before. Saved my life, I expect. Do you want any cigarettes, Jon?"

Rather ashamed, Jon murmured: "I don't smoke, you know," and saw the tobacconist's lips twisted, as if uncertain whether to say "Good God!" or "Now's your chance, Sir!"

"That's right," said Val; "keep off it while you can. You'll want it when you take a knock. This is really the same tobacco, then?"

"Identical, Sir; a little dearer, that's all. Wonderful staying power—the British Empire, I always say."

"Send me down a hundred a week to this address, and invoice it monthly. Come on, Jon."

Jon entered the Iseeum with curiosity.

Except to lunch now and then at the Hotch-Potch with his father, he had never been in a London Club. The Iseeum, comfortable and unpretentious, did not move, could not, so long as George Forsyte sat on its Committee, where his culinary acumen was almost the controlling force. The Club had made a stand against the newly rich, and it had taken all George Forsyte's prestige, and praise of him as a "good sportsman," to bring in Prosper Profond.

The two were lunching together when the half-brothers-in-law entered the dining-room, and attracted by George's forefinger, sat down at their table, Val with his shrewd eyes and charming smile, Jon with solemn lips and an attractive shyness in his glance. There was an air of privilege around that corner table, as though past masters were eating there. Jon was fascinated by the heavy hypnotic atmosphere. The waiter, lean in the chaps, pervaded with such freemasonical deference. He seemed to hang on George Forsyte's lips, to watch the gloat in his eye with a kind of sympathy, and to follow the movements of the heavy club-marked silver fondly. His liveried arm and confidential voice alarmed Jon, they came so secretly over his shoulder.

Except for George's: "Your grandfather tipped me once; he was a deuced good judge of a cigar!" neither he nor the other past master took any notice of him, and he was grateful for this. The talk was all about the breeding, points, and prices of horses, and he listened to it vaguely at first, wondering how it was possible to retain so much knowledge in a head. He could not take his eyes off the dark past master—what he said was so deliberate and discouraging—such heavy, queer, smiled-out words. Jon was thinking of butterflies, when he heard him say:

"I wand to see Mr. Soames Forsyde take an interest in 'orses."

"Old Soames! He's a dry file!"

With all his might Jon tried not to grow red, while the dark past master went on.

"His daughter's rather an attractive small girl. Mr. Soames Forsyde is a bit old-fashioned. I wand to see him have a pleasure some day."

"Don't you worry; he's not so miserable as he looks. He'll never show he's enjoying anything—they might try and take it from him. Old Soames! Once bit, twice shy!"

"Well, Jon," said Val hastily, "if you've finished, we'll go and have coffee."

"Who were those?" said Jon, as they went down-stairs: "I didn't quite——"

"Old George Forsyte is a first cousin of your father's, and of my Uncle Soames. He's always been here. The other chap, Profond, is a queer fish. I think he's hanging round Soames' wife, if you ask me!"

Jon looked at him, startled. "But that's awful," he said: "I mean—for Fleur."

"Don't suppose Fleur cares very much; she's very up-to-date."

"Her mother!"

"You're very green, Jon."

Jon grew red. "Mothers," he said, angrily, "are different."

"You're right," said Val suddenly; "but things aren't what they were when I was your age. There's a 'To-morrow we die' feeling. That's what old George meant about my Uncle Soames. *He* doesn't mean to die to-morrow."

Jon said, quickly: "What's the matter between him and my father?"

"Stable secret, Jon. Take my advice, and bottle up. You'll do no good by knowing. Have a liqueur?"

Jon shook his head.

"I hate the way people keep things from one," he muttered, "and then sneer at one for being green."

"Well, ask Holly. If *she* won't tell you, you'll believe it's for your own good, I suppose."

Jon got up. "I must go now," he said; "thanks awfully for the lunch."

Val smiled up at him, half-amused, half-sorry. The boy looked so upset.

"All right," he said. "See you on Friday."

"I don't know," murmured Jon.

And he did not. This conspiracy of silence made him feel desperate. It was humiliating to be treated like a child. He retraced his moody steps to Stratton Street. He had made no inquiry about Fleur. But he must go to her Club now, and find out the worst. No! Miss

Forsyte was not in the Club. She might be in perhaps later. She was often in on Monday—they could not say. Jon said he would call again, and, crossing into the Green Park, flung himself down under a tree. The sun was bright, and a breeze fluttered the leaves of the young lime-tree beneath which he lay; but his heart ached. It was all so blind—such a darkness seemed gathered round his happiness. He heard Big Ben chime "Three" above the traffic. The sound moved something in him, and, taking out a piece of paper, he began to scribble on it with a pencil. He had jotted a stanza, and was searching the grass and his emotions for another verse, when something hard touched his shoulder—a green parasol. There above him stood Fleur! Jon sprang up.

"They told me you'd been, and were coming back. So I thought you might be out here; and you are—it's rather wonderful!"

"Oh, Fleur!" Jon gasped, "I thought you'd have forgotten me."

"What! When I told you I shouldn't!"

Jon seized her arm.

"It's too much luck! Let's get away from this side." He almost dragged her on through that too thoughtfully regulated Park, to find some cover where they could sit and hold each other's hands.

"Hasn't anybody cut in?" he said, suddenly, gazing round at her lashes in suspense, above her cheeks.

"There *is* a young idiot, but he doesn't count."

Jon felt a twitch of compassion for the —young idiot.

"You know I've had sunstroke," he said. "I didn't tell you."

"Really! Was it interesting?"

"No. Mother was an angel. Has anything happened to *you?*"

"Nothing. Except that I think I've found out what's wrong between our families, Jon."

His heart began beating very fast.

"I believe my father wanted to marry your mother, and your father got her instead."

"Oh!"

"I came on a photo of her; it was in a frame behind a photo of me. Of course, if he was very fond of her, that would have made him pretty bitter, wouldn't it?"

Jon thought for a minute. "Not if she loved my father best."

"But suppose they were engaged?"

"If we were engaged, and you found you loved somebody better, I might go cracked, but I shouldn't grudge it you."

"I should. You mustn't ever do that with me, Jon."

"My God! Not much!"

"I don't believe that he's ever really cared for my mother."

Jon was silent. Val's words, the two past masters in the Club!

"You see, we don't know," went on Fleur; "it may have been a great shock. She may have behaved badly to him. People do."

"My mother wouldn't."

Fleur shrugged her shoulders. "I don't think we know much about our fathers and mothers. We just see them in the light of the way they treat *us;* but they've treated other people, you know, before we were born—plenty, I expect. You see, they're both old. Look at your father, with three separate families!"

"Isn't there any place," cried Jon, "in all this beastly London where we can be alone?"

"Only a taxi."

"Let's get one, then."

When they were installed, Fleur said suddenly: "Are you going back to Robin Hill? I should like to see where you live, Jon. I'm staying with my aunt for the night, but I could get back in time for dinner. I wouldn't come to the house, of course."

Jon gazed at her enraptured.

"Splendid! I can show it you from the copse, we shan't meet anybody. There's a train at four."

The god of property and his Forsytes great and small, leisured, official, commercial, or professional, unlike the working classes, still worked their seven hours a day, so that those two of the fourth generation travelled down to Robin Hill in an empty first-class carriage, dusty and sun-warmed, of that too early train. They travelled in blissful silence, holding each other's hands.

At the station there was nobody except porters, and a villager or two unknown

to Jon, when they walked out up the lane, which smelled of dust and honeysuckle.

For Jon—sure of her now, and without separation before him—it was a miraculous dawdle, more wonderful than those on the Downs, or along the river Thames. It was love-in-a-mist—an illumined page of Life, where every word and smile, and every light touch they gave each other were as little gold and red and blue butterflies and flowers and birds scrolled in among the text—a happy communing, without afterthought, and lasted twenty-seven minutes. They reached the coppice at the milking-hour. Jon would not take her as far as the farmyard; only to where she could see the field leading up to the gardens, and the house beyond. They turned in among the larches, and suddenly, at the winding of the path, came on Irene, sitting on an old log seat.

There are various kinds of shocks: to the vertebræ; to the nerves; to moral sensibility; and, more potent and permanent, to personal dignity. This last kind of shock Jon received, coming thus on his mother. He became suddenly conscious that he was doing an indelicate thing. To have brought Fleur down openly—yes! But to sneak her in like this! Consumed with shame, he put on as brazen a front his nature as would permit.

Fleur was smiling a little defiantly; his mother's startled face was changing quickly to the impersonal and gracious. It was she who uttered the first words:

"I'm very glad to see you. It was nice of Jon to think of bringing you down to us."

"We weren't coming to the house," Jon blurted out. "I just wanted Fleur to see where I lived."

His mother said quietly:

"Won't you come up and have tea?"

Feeling that he had but aggravated his breach of breeding, he heard Fleur answer:

"Thanks very much; I have to get back to dinner. I met Jon by accident, and we thought it would be rather jolly."

How self-possessed!

"Of course; but you *must* have tea. We'll send you down to the station. My husband will enjoy seeing you."

The expression of his mother's eyes, resting on him for a moment, cast Jon down level with the ground—a true worm. Then she led on, and Fleur followed. He felt like a child, trailing after those two, who were talking so easily about Spain and Wansdon, and the house up there, beyond the trees and grassy slope. He watched the fencing of their eyes, taking each other in—the two beings he loved most in the world.

He could see his father sitting under the oak-tree; and suffered in advance all the loss of caste he must go through in the eyes of that tranquil figure, with his knees crossed, thin, old, and elegant; already he could feel the faint irony which would come into his voice and smile.

"This is Fleur Forsyte, Jolyon; Jon brought her down to see the house. Let's have tea at once—she has to catch a train. Jon, tell them, dear, and telephone to the Dragon for a car."

To leave her alone with them was strange, and yet, as no doubt his mother had foreseen, the least of evils at the moment; so he ran up into the house. Now he would not see Fleur alone again—not for a minute, and they had arranged no further meeting! When he returned under cover of the maids and teapots, there was not a trace of awkwardness beneath the tree; it was all within himself, but not the less for that. They were talking of the Gallery off Cork Street.

"We back numbers," his father was saying, "are awfully anxious to find out why we can't appreciate the new stuff; you and Jon must tell us."

"It's supposed to be satiric, isn't it?" said Fleur.

He saw his father's smile.

"Satiric? Oh! I think it's more than that. What do you say, Jon?"

"I don't know at all," stammered Jon. His father's face had a sudden grimness.

"The young are tired of us, our gods and our ideals. Off with their heads, they say—smash their idols! And let's get back to—nothing! And, by Jove, they've done it! Jon's a poet. He'll be going in, too, and stamping on what's left of us. Property, beauty, sentiment—all smoke. We mustn't own anything nowadays, not even our feelings. They stand in the way of—Nothing."

Jon listened, bewildered, almost out-

raged by his father's words, behind which he felt a meaning that he could not reach. He didn't want to stamp on anything!

"Nothing's the god of to-day," continued Jolyon; "we're back where the Russians were sixty years ago, when they started Nihilism."

"No, Dad," cried Jon suddenly; "we only want to *live*, and we don't know how, because of the Past—that's all!"

"By George!" said Jolyon, "that's profound, Jon. Is it your own? The Past! Old ownerships, old passions, and their aftermath. Let's have cigarettes."

Conscious that his mother had lifted her hand to her lips, quickly, as if to hush something, Jon handed the cigarettes. He lighted his father's and Fleur's, then took one himself. Had he taken the knock that Val had spoken of? He noticed that the smoke was blue when he had not puffed, gray when he had; he liked the sensation in his nose, and the sense of equality it gave him. He was glad no one said: "So you've begun!" He felt less young.

Fleur looked at her watch, and rose. His mother went with her into the house. Jon stayed with his father, puffing at the cigarette.

"See her into the car, old man," said Jolyon; "and when she's gone, ask your mother to come back to me."

Jon went. He waited in the hall. He saw her into the car. There was no chance for any word; hardly for a pressure of the hand. He waited all that evening for something to be said to him. Nothing was said. Nothing might have happened. He went up to bed; and in the mirror on his dressing-table met himself. He did not speak, nor did the image; but both looked as if they thought the more.

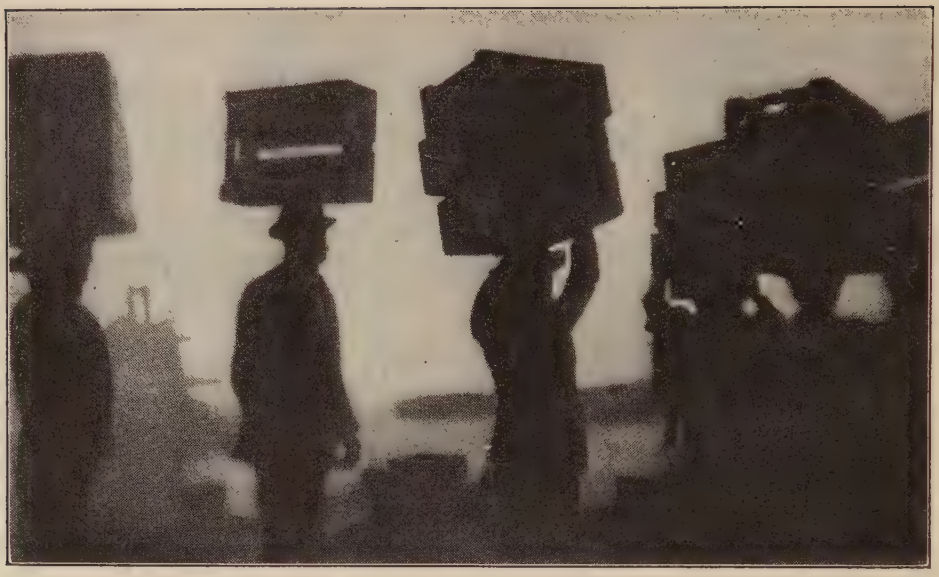
(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE SON

By Amelia Josephine Burr

(In the tomb of Amenkhepeshef at Thebes, Rameses III is represented in the mural paintings introducing his dead child to the gods of the underworld.)

He is dead, my little son—
Welcome him, ye gods of death;
Greet him kindly, one by one.
From the warmth of human breath
Whispering love-words in his hair
Now he turns to you instead.
I must leave him to your care,
For he seeks among the dead
Peace a king may never know
In this world of to and fro.
Goddess with a woman's eyes,
Soothe him sweetly, motherwise,
If at night you hear him moan
Wakeful in the dark alone.
Comfort him again to rest
With his cheek upon your breast.
Bid your godling play with him
Gently—he was frail of limb
Though his heart was princely brave.
Take him to you tenderly!
Let him find within the grave
Less of loneliness to bear
Than is mine who leave him there.
Little son, farewell to thee.



Loading the empties after a busy morning at Billingsgate Fish Market. The workers' hats are specially made for carrying these boxes filled to weigh around two hundred pounds.

"FULL UP!"

THE HOW AND WHY OF A CROWDED COUNTRY

By Whiting Williams

Author of "What's on the Worker's Mind," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

[THIRD PAPER]

"IT'S a job that you want! Well, see that man over there. It's the doles—the doles for unemployment—they're all getting here."

That was the usual response of the clerk in the British employment offices, when finally the passing of the long line of applicants brought me up to him.

The clerk "over there" handing out the jobs would ordinarily be surrounded by a crowd of two or possibly three! Ordinarily, too, he seemed to think poorly of the few jobs he had at his disposal, or if not, then of the capacities of the workers who applied for them. In some cases the clerk did not even know what would appear to be the starting-point of it all, namely, the prevailing rate in the district for common or, as they call it in England, "general" labor. As in this country, the usual advice was to try the plants themselves. Naturally enough, such an experience would send me out headed for the factory gates with the query in my mind:

"Does unemployment insurance remedy the bad situation caused by the scarcity of jobs—or even come close to remedying it?"

On the whole, it appears to me impossible to answer this with anything but a regretful no. Certainly at least—and again regretfully—it must be conceded that at best the result of such insurance is disappointing.

For one thing, the money paid—fifteen

shillings a week in Britain—is always sure to be disappointing to the worker, as, in a sense, it ought to be. On all sides complaints were to be heard that: "Fifteen bob! Wull, thot's enough, mebbe, to buy yer fags!"

Small or large, the "dole" is bound to cause unhappiness, because it is the same amount for all classes of the workers. It accordingly gives offense to the better-trained men because it fails so completely to make those distinctions between the various levels of importance from the skilled down through the semi-skilled to the unskilled which mean so much more to the worker than we have been wise enough to appreciate. To an extent beyond our ordinary perception the acceptance by all of an amount set for the lowest level of workers constitutes a body blow at their self-respect.

Immensely more important, however, it gives the money needed for the minimum of a bread-and-butter subsistence without affording the opportunity to get those substantial satisfactions of self-respect which come from doing things—especially from the exercise of skill in doing things. The result of this blow is sure to be demoralizing upon the worker's moral fibre to an extent which is immensely greater than the difference between the fifteen shillings and the man's normal earnings. I am confident that any worker will agree to that, even after granting the perfection of the arrangements for the avoidance of fraud. Such perfection is not easy to secure.

"Sign there if ye're already suited, sir."

According to an employer this was usually the first word of the applicant for work as he presented his card from the employment office. If the employer signed one of the card's statements to the effect that he had already hired some other applicant and so was already "suited," his signature permitted the applicant to return to the employment office with a fairly comfortable conscience. For the signature would indicate that he had made the stipulated and bona-fide effort for the day's job and had failed to secure it. He could therefore be considered officially out of work, as it were, for the day. He was then accordingly entitled to count that day in toward the two weeks of joblessness necessary before obtaining the dole.

"If ye take a day's job and then don't find another for a fortnight, y'understawnd, then ye cawn't get yer thirty bob. Thot's the law—no money except fer the whole fortnight outa work," in the words of a South Wales docker.

If the half is true of what we have been saying in these articles about the demoralizing effects of the irregular job, then it is evident that in such wise insurance may, with the best of intentions, come to set a premium upon irregularity and so demoralize the worker that by easy stages he comes to prefer the regularity of the insurance to the irregularity of an occasional day's pay, especially when it may cost him the whole two weeks' dole.

"So I don't bother about gettin' it. With the hours ye're a-witin' in the line to sign the book and all, ye might be findin' a job," was the conclusion of my docker friend. "Only the undersirables do bother—or the old uns."

Without doubt, the payment of insurance is better than nothing at all, but it should be acknowledged that at best it falls much further short of solving the problem of the scarce or missing job than is apt to be generally appreciated. Of course it might, presumably, be made to help toward the prevention of unemployment. It is, in fact, said that Great Britain is now taking its unemployment much more seriously than ever, and beginning to debate ways and means of eliminating it. Certainly it would be of the greatest benefit to the island—as well as to our own country—if both employers and employees, especially the former, could get out of their ancient habit of considering unemployment as more or less an act of God! The worst thing that could possibly happen would be that the public should get the feeling that insurance had cared for the matter so satisfactorily, with its cost distributed so fairly between the workers, the employers, and the state, as to persuade all to its permanent acceptance as a remedy instead of a very inadequate palliative.

Passing by the question thus raised as to how far occasional unemployment can be lessened by the government, we must

A street scene in a crowded part of Sheffield.

raise the query always suggested by the employment offices: "Can the government follow successfully a continuous and definite policy for noticeably increasing the number of jobs in a 'full-up' country?"

For one thing, a great step in this direction was certainly taken when in March, 1919—four months after the armistice—Parliament made the eight-hour day compulsory in the iron and steel and other industries. Altogether within the year the hours of 6,400,000 workers were shortened by an average of six and one-fourth hours. Especially in such continuous industries as iron and steel this very greatly increased the number of jobs.

A number of other projects are being given consideration by the government and others, partly for directly increasing the number of jobs and partly for indirectly increasing them by means of the general improvement of transport and other trade processes with a consequent decrease of costs. These projects include the tunnel under the English Channel, a plan for utilizing the tides of the Severn River and Bristol Bay, and the "Cross Canal" for connecting practically all parts of industrial England. These are certainly in contrast with our own lack of corresponding plans for meeting our recent temporary emergency. They are also in line with the reconstruction programme of the Labor Party which proposed, among other fundamental changes, the transformation of coal into power at or beneath the mine pit-head. At Coventry—the Detroit of Great Britain—practically all of the great motor and other plants buy their power from the municipal power-plant at a rate said to be one of the lowest in the country. This, of course, counts that much toward lessening the cost of building an automobile for meeting international competition.

It becomes very evident to the visitor that such government projects are expected by the voters to count very definitely toward both the regularization of the job and the decrease of its scarcity. Especially among the unthinking workers it seemed, last summer, to be generally agreed that every day and every month of unemployment was directly and coldbloodedly engineered by the selfish and greedy "mawsters" for the purpose of teaching the laborers their place.

"'Tis mainly propaganda—tryin' to

break down oor wyges," in the words of one of the great crowd discussing such subjects in the compact and heated groups which filled Bath Street, Glasgow, every evening.

But any visitor might easily be inclined to question the early feasibility of many of these projects if their beginning has to wait upon the vote and the increased "rates" or taxes of the average British citizen. Personally I could not but wonder whether the woman speaker before the South Wales coal-miners was conscious of the connection between the two parts of her remarks. She outlined with great enthusiasm the desired governmental electric developments which should bring to the poorest wife in any coal town the electric washing-machines and other devices now to be found only in the homes of the rich. Then, later on, she called attention to the amazingly small number of miners who had been willing to vote to pay the threepence each per week which would require the mine-owners to install pit-head baths and so save their wives from their endless scrubbing of floors and thresholds. To be sure, it must be said that the six cents a week is not the only obstacle. Another is encountered in the men's fear of taking cold and getting other diseases from having their backs washed! One boy I talked with said: "It been no argument with me. I *know* it been unsafe for me to wash my back. I 'ave tried both wyes!"

In many fields the obstacles, thus, of both expense and tradition would pretty surely be found for a considerable time at least decidedly unfriendly to the installation and the enjoyment of the more enlightened order.

What is more certain is that the bitterness of men who find themselves out of work seems to be rather increased than lessened when their employer is not a private citizen but the government itself.

"It's dynamite they need—them robbers there in Parliament thot gives us no jobs! Massacrate 'um! Thot's wot we should do!" This was the gentle sentiment of one of a group in Glasgow.

Complaints against the government for allowing Chinese coolies and Lascars to have jobs on English vessels was usually couched in language which would be inexplicable except where the scarcity of the job has long been the most outstand-

The children of the South Wales coal town look healthy. They begin to use the "nursing shawl" for their little brothers or sisters at an early age.

ing of facts. The threatened coal strike of last summer was not so much against the private owners as against the government, which was then in control of the industry. Current discussion was, accordingly, whether the strike would come dangerously near to being not a strike but a revolution. In any event, the difficulty indicated that government operation and control does not by any means settle the problem of the unsatisfactory job.

It must be said, also, that most of the miners who argued for government ownership of the mines appeared to assume that, of course, nobody would work as hard or take as many risks as they had been forced to do and take by the private owners.

The question arises, accordingly, whether Britain could, under such conditions, produce coal on a basis which would permit her selling it to Italy and her other usual customers in sufficiently successful competition with her international private-profit competitors to maintain the mines under continuous operation. The government's operation of the telephone system would seem to indicate that the problem of providing jobs is too complicated to be solved merely by the application of non-profit-making operation. The deficit now amounts to over four million pounds per year as against a former "private" profit of four million. The service seems to have grown slightly, if at all, in either efficiency or extent. As a means of facilitating business and so of aiding indirectly toward the increase of jobs it must be called a disappointment. Whereas in this country we have twelve telephone stations per hundred of population, in Great Britain they have two!

Mention should be made in this connection of the co-operative movement which has come to handle a very large proportion of Britain's business in groceries, clothing, and similar lines. It must be accounted a real factor in reducing living costs. But it hardly answers decisively this question of "more jobs," for the reason that these enterprises are mainly in the field of well-established needs and as yet have done little in the way of applying the initiative of the inventor or the pioneer for creating or meeting new needs, with all the risk that this involves.

However desirable, from other considerations, the elimination of private profit might appear, the general assumption of the workers that it would increase the number of steady jobs is at least not so easily demonstrable as would at first appear. On the other hand, it is evident that in many ways a wise government must be expected to give deep and constant thought to this all-important matter of the scarce or the abundant job and to endeavor to influence it as one of the most important—if not the most important—factors in the life of a nation.

Before looking at other available roads into a great abundance of jobs we must ask what is meant by a crowded country.

In the days of Malthus it meant too many people for the available food-supply. But with the improvement of transportation it is doubtful if any one part of the world can become theoretically too crowded as long as there is still plenty of room to breathe and exercise. It is more to the point to say that a modern industrial country is crowded when it has more people than it is easy to find jobs for. If that is because the people produce more than they can possibly use and more than they can get others elsewhere to use, should the trouble be charged to overproduction by the workers or underconsumption by the consumers? In the latter case—if the consumer is the real employer of the producer—to what extent does the class idea with its tendency toward limitation of the standard of living complicate and harden the situation by lessening the consumption power of the working class? To what extent, further, is it all complicated by the unfavorable influence of the educational and other class limitations upon the exhibition of the initiative of the inventor and the pioneer, as mentioned earlier?

Well, it must be confessed that such questions call for an economist, though that does not seem to lessen the zeal with which they are discussed by the crowd in Glasgow Green. Perhaps it is possible, however, for even the lay observer like myself to make certain helpful suggestions, and that without getting into the discussion of such definite factors as Britain's comparatively scanty natural

resources, her exceptional relations with world-wide markets, and her outstanding experience and position in world-wide finance.

First of all, it must be said that a very real factor in the problem of finding the way out is this: that all groups of people in Britain seem still to take very seriously indeed the old "lump-of-labor" theory matter of fact, by the exhibition of an amazing amount of imagination in creating new wants in the minds of the city's buyers, he felt that he had considerably increased the city's total expenditures for the benefit not only of himself but of his fellow merchants.

Even though the lump-of-trade conception may be held somewhat unconsciously,

Glasgow blowing off steam at the Nelson Monument, Glasgow Green.
Discussions occur here on every possible subject—mostly radical.

and its derivatives. All appear—as a sort of hang-over from the days of the early economists—to assume that in the nature of the case the number of jobs in the country must be considered definitely limited and fixed. With this "lump-of-labor" idea of limited jobs goes what might be called the "lump-of-trade" idea of limited potential business. The amount of possible consumption in any market appears to the English mind quite as definitely fixed and limited as the number of jobs. Thus a certain merchant found a great deal of opposition to his establishing a store in London. It was assumed, of course, that his entry would subtract just exactly that much business from those already in the field. As a nevertheless it has its very serious aspects. To-day Great Britain and its people appear nervous—"jumpy." British papers seem regularly to view with unconcealed alarm any entry of other countries into some new field of international commerce. The basis of the fear seems to be the assumption that this must mean in the nature of the case a directly proportionate reduction of the business to be done by the other merchant nations already in that field. It is conceivable, accordingly, that the future peace of the world hinges upon the answer of this question: "Can Great Britain come to possess something like the opinion more or less common to the American business men, namely, that there is no fixed and limited number of

jobs because there is no fixed and limited number of fields of demand, nor any fixed and limited volume of demand in any one of this limitless number of present and future competitive fields?"

The hope of a peaceful world would seem to hang upon the belief—the American belief, at least—that just as the motor industry has come to invest billions of dollars for securing both profits and jobs in a field which was non-existent and undreamed of thirty-five years ago, so this year or next may see the development of some new and unheard-of field for new billions of capital and hundreds of thousands of jobs.

The first essential for developing a larger number of jobs, therefore, would seem to be a general philosophy favoring a sort of "creative evolution" in business. With that in mind, a nation must make sure that within its own borders it keeps constantly planning for the increase of the wants and the buying powers of all its groups as well as their productive powers, and that outside its borders it also works toward raising new peoples up to the level of civilized wanters and buyers. If the results of such a process are shared with anything like fairness between producers, distributors, and consumers the process becomes a beneficent circle with limitless and inspiriting possibilities. Rightly developed, such a process would save the world from the fear of war; for it would favor among the nations the growth of much the same spirit of friendly rivalry in a limitless competition to serve as brings the American business man into the comparatively close and friendly relationships which characterize present-day American competition in business.

In the way of developing its internal productive powers, it would certainly seem that Great Britain should produce a larger percentage of its own food. Just what had happened to the government's proposal to approach this through the revision of land taxes no one seems exactly to know. Apparently it is one of the war's casualties.

On the other hand, the war has undoubtedly served to bring home to the authorities the need for better technical and scientific education. The country's overvaluation of experience as compared

Chinese coolies unloading refuse from a British steamer in Glasgow.

These and Lascars from India cause much complaint by British laborers, who resent their competition for the jobs of the sea.

Miners returning from work in a coal town in the Rhondda district, South Wales.

The coal from this district is world famous. When the ships which come for it have to wait unduly because those who mine it are unhappy, the value of the pound sterling declines—and American products become too dear.

with scientific training is the natural result of the desire of those already on the job to prevent others from coming into it by any white-collared by-pass. But it is a short-sighted and expensive exclusion of those who could furnish the job-making advantages of the inventor.

Renewed competition with other nations, particularly with a restored Germany, is likely to bring home this need. Perhaps it will also bring home the need of a more sober British workman. Besides improving his productive abilities this would undoubtedly permit an immense increase of the worker's capacities for goods consumption. As it is to-day there is always a possibility that the citizen will utilize a considerable proportion of his increased income by purchasing more expensive drinks—to say nothing of the possibility that the lubricant of alcohol will lessen his desire to improve his standard of living.

With competition underscoring the need of more technical and commercial education in addition to or in close conjunction with college culture, many university graduates of the future are likely to seek careers in business. In that case the chances are good that they will wish to do more than simply maintain the manufacturing or other enterprise in the same conditions and within the same limits as inherited. That will mean some element of risk, but it will be necessary in order to provide interest to the man who comes into the business with a full quota of technical training or practical philosophy itching for application. That, aided by satisfactory patent regulations providing sure rewards for inventive ability, would hardly fail to further the conception of "creative business" and so to increase the number of jobs, besides setting an example of the wisdom of taking chances and the folly of a people's putting too high a value on "playing safe." As such it would go far to make the world safe for the democracy of friendly though competitive trade.

Something like the above points, with others, must be given thought for finding the way out of a crowded country—at

least if the number of jobs in a nation depends to any large extent upon other factors besides its natural equipment and resources.

Certainly all here must hope that these natural resources are not the whole of the matter of the abundant job. If they are, then we must boast considerably less than we do of our spiritual resources—our "American spirit" of initiative and progress—besides doing a great deal more than we have done as yet toward conserving our natural resources. Whatever the exact proportions of the importance of the two kinds of national endowment, material and spiritual, a suggestive treatise could certainly be written on America as the land of enterprise and initiative because it is the land of the abundant job, because, in turn, it is the land of prodigal and abundant nature.

Such a study would probably make it evident that the day when a country's frontier ends—as ours has ended—is the day when jobs first begin to grow scarce. That same day any nation will do well to begin to think more carefully both of the use of its internal resources of nature and also of the need of fitting itself for entering world commerce. On that day it should organize to conserve its natural resources as its chief internal job reservoirs and to create other jobs at home by coming into contact with the needs of those who still live on the world's frontiers. Such a nation, it goes without saying, should throw aside the childlike "frontierism" with which it says to all the world: "You take care of yourself and let us alone."

Our national life cannot be lived that way—no successful national life where the frontier is ended can. The restlessness of my South Wales miner friends made them bring up a minimum of coal. That restlessness was to some extent the result of the restlessness of the workers in the interior of the Continent, where men by thousands and thousands have no jobs to-day—also no credit for buying coal from Wales. Because of the combined unhappiness and unproductiveness of them all, the value of the pound sterling went down. Because it went down American automobiles became too expensive for a British citizen. Because of the cancellations which followed, thousands of workers had to be released from their jobs in Detroit and other cities in this country.

As a result of all of which it would seem that we should learn from Britain several things. First, the supreme wisdom of devoting ourselves to the careful conservation of our natural resources as a chief storehouse of our jobs. Secondly, to devote ourselves to the maintenance of an industry and a commerce which will offer to every individual in it the maximum of individual opportunity to "get on" and to make the most of himself as a person and a citizen among other growing persons and citizens, and incidentally as a producer and a consumer to enjoy with others the highest feasible standard of living. Thirdly, to acknowledge that in neither of these efforts can we pull ourselves up by our own boot-straps.

Good advice in this connection came from one of my friends on a London dock:

"It's 'awnd in 'awnd—thot's the wye thot you Johnnie Browns over there 'awnd we Johnnie Bulls over 'ere should go. Thot's the wye, I sye, to myke things work out right fer the whool of oos!"

MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE DRESDEN LITERARY AMERICAN CLUB

MOTTO "W. A. N. A."

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON
Author of "Service and Sacrifice," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FAMILY PORTRAITS AND LETTERS

[THIRD PAPER]

IT was a sad change to the three young American children to settle in Dresden in two German families, after the care-free and stimulating experiences of Egypt and the Holy Land. Our wise parents, however, realized that a whole year of irregularity was a serious mistake in that formative period of our lives, and they also wished to leave no stone unturned to give us every educational advantage during our twelve months' absence from home and country. It was decided, therefore, that the two boys should be placed in the family of Doctor and Mrs. Minckwitz, while I, a very lone and homesick small girl, was put with some kind but far too elderly people, Professor and Mrs. Wackernagel. This last arrangement was supposed to be advantageous, so that the brothers and sister should not speak too much English together. The kind old professor and his wife and the daughters, who seemed to the little girl of eleven years on the verge of the grave (although only about forty years of age), did all that was in their power to lighten the agonized longing in the child's heart for her mother and sister but to no avail, for I write to my mother, who had gone to Carlsbad for a cure: "I was perfectly miserable and very much unstrung when Aunt Lucy wrote to you that no one could mention your name or I would instantly begin to cry. Oh! Mother darling, sometimes I feel that I cannot stand it any longer but I am going to try to follow a motto which Father wrote to me, 'Try to have the best time you can.' I should be very sorry to disappoint Father but sometimes I feel as if I could not stand it any longer. We will talk it over when you come. Your own little Conie."

Poor little girl, I was trying to be noble; for my father, who had been obliged to return to America for business reasons, had impressed me with the fact that to spend part of the summer in a German family and thus learn the language was an unusual opportunity, and one that must be seized upon. My spirit was willing, but my flesh was very, very weak, and the age of the kind people with whom I had been placed, the strange, dreadful, black bread, the meat that was given only as a great treat after it had been boiled for soup—everything, in fact, conduced to a feeling of great distance from the lovely land of buckwheat cakes and rare steak, not to mention the separation from the beloved brothers whom I was allowed to see only at rare intervals during the week. The consequence was that very soon my mother came back to Dresden in answer to the pathos of my letters, for I found it impossible to follow that motto, so characteristic of my father, "Try to have the best time you can." I began to sicken very much as the Swiss mountaineers are said to lose their spirits and appetites when separated from their beloved mountains; so my mother persuaded the kind Minckwitz family to take me under their roof, as well as my brothers, and from that time forth there was no more melancholy, no bursting into poetic dirges constantly celebrating the misery of a young American in a German family.

From the time that I was allowed to be

part of the Minckwitz family everything seemed to be fraught with interest and many pleasures as well as with systematic good hard work. In these days, when the word "German" has almost a sinister sound to the ears of an American, I should like to speak with affectionate respect of *that* German family in which the three little American children passed several happy months. The members of the family were typically Teutonic in many ways: the Herr Hofsrath was the kindliest of creatures, and his rubicund, smiling wife paid him the most loving court; the three daughters—gay, well-educated, and very temperamental young women—threw themselves into the work of teaching us with a hearty will, a will which met with real response from us, as that kind of effort invariably does. Our two cousins, the same little cousins who had shared the happy summer memories of Madison, New Jersey, when we were much younger, were also in Dresden with their mother, Mrs. Stuart Elliott, the "Aunt Lucy" referred to frequently in our letters. Aunt Lucy was bravely facing the results of the sad Civil War, and her only chance of giving her children a proper education was to take them to a foreign country where the possibility of good schools, combined with inexpensive living, suited her depleted income. Her little apartment on Sunday afternoons was always open to us all, and there we five little cousins formed the celebrated "D. L. A. C." (Dresden Literary American Club!)

On June 2nd I wrote to my friend "Edie": "We five children have gotten up a club and meet every Sunday at Aunt Lucy's, and read the poetry and stories that we have written during the week. When the book is all done, we will sell the book either to mother or Aunt Annie and divide the money; (although on erudition bent, still of commercial mind!). *I* am going to write poetry all the time. My first poem was called 'A Sunny Day in June.' Next time I am going to give 'The Lament of an American in a German Family.' It is an entirely different style I assure you." The "different style" is so very poor that I refrain from quoting that illustrious poem.

The work for the D. L. A. C. proved to be a very entertaining pastime and great competition ensued. A motto was chosen by "Johnnie" and "Ellie," who were the wits of the society. The motto was spoken of with bated breath and mysteriously inscribed W. A. N. A. underneath the mystic signs of D. L. A. C. For many a long year no one but those in our strictest confidence were allowed to know that "W. A. N. A." stood for "We Are No Asses." This, perhaps somewhat untruthful statement, was objected to originally by Teedie, who firmly maintained that the mere making of such a motto showed that "Johnnie" and "Ellie" were certainly exceptions that proved that rule. Teedie himself, struggling as usual with terrible attacks of asthma that perpetually undermined his health and strength, was all the same, between the attacks, the ring-leader in fun and gayety and every imaginable humorous adventure. He was a slender, overgrown boy at the time, and wore his hair long in true German student fashion, and adopted a would-be philosopher type of look, effectively enhanced by trousers that were outgrown, and coat sleeves so short that they gave him a "Smike"-like appearance. His contributions to the immortal literary club were either serious and very accurate from a natural-historical standpoint, or else they showed, as comparatively few of his later writings have shown, the delightful quality of humor which, through his whole busy life, lightened for him every load and criticism. I cannot resist giving in full the fascinating little story called "Mrs. Field Mouse's Dinner Party," in which the personified animals played social parts, in the portrayal of which my brother divulged (my readers must remember he was only fourteen) a knowledge of "society" life, its acrid jealousies and hypocrisies, of which he never again seemed to be conscious.

MRS. FIELD MOUSE'S DINNER PARTY

By Theodore Roosevelt—Aged Fourteen

"My Dear," said Mrs. M. to Mr. M. one day as they were sitting on an elegant acorn sofa, just after breakfast, "My Dear, I think that we really must give a dinner party." "A What, my love?" exclaimed Mr. M. in a surprised tone. "A Dinner Party"; returned Mrs. M. firmly, "you have no objections I suppose?"

The Dresden Literary American Club—Motto, "W. A. N. A." ("We Are No Asses").

From left to right: Theodore Roosevelt, aged 14¾ years; Elliott Roosevelt, aged 13½ years; Maud Elliott, aged 12¼ years; Corinne Roosevelt, aged 11¾ years; John Elliott, aged 14½ years. July 1, 1873.

"Of course not, of course not," said Mr. M. hastily, for there was an ominous gleam in his wife's eye. "But—but why have it yet for a while, my love?" "Why indeed! A pretty question! After that odious Mrs. Frog's great tea party the other evening! But that is just it, you never have any proper regard for your station in life, and on me involves all the duty of keeping up appearances, and after all *this* is the gratitude I get for it!" And Mrs. M. covered her eyes and fell into hysterics of 50 flea power. Of course, Mr. M. had to promise to have it whenever she liked.

"Then the day after tomorrow would not be too early, I suppose?" "My Dear," remonstrated the unfortunate Mr. M., but Mrs. M. did not heed him and continued: "You could get the cheese and bread from Squeak, Nibble & Co. with great ease, and the firm of Brown House and Wood Rats, with whom you have business relations, you told me, could get the other necessaries."

"But in such a short time," commenced Mr. M. but was sharply cut off by the lady; "Just like you, Mr. M.! Always raising objections! and when I am doing all I can to help you!" Symptoms of hysterics and Mr. M. entirely convinced, the lady continues: "Well, then we will have it the day after tomorrow. By the way, I hear that Mr. Chipmunck has got in a new supply of nuts, and you might as well go over after breakfast and get them, before they are bought by someone else."

"I have a business engagement with Sir Butterfly in an hour," began Mr. M. but stopped, meekly got his hat and went off at a glance from Mrs. M.'s eye.

When he was gone, the lady called down her eldest daughter, the charming Miss M. and commenced to arrange for the party.

"We will use the birch bark plates,"—commenced Mrs. M.

"And the chestnut 'tea set,'" put in her daughter.

"With the maple leaf vases, of course," continued Mrs. M.

"And the eel bone spoons and forks," added Miss M.

"And the dog tooth knives," said the lady.

"And the slate table cloth," replied her daughter.

"Where shall we have the ball anyhow," said Mrs. M.

"Why, Mr. Blind Mole has let his large subterranean apartments and that would be the best place," said Miss M.

"Sir Lizard's place, 'Shady Nook,' which we bought the other day, is far better *I* think," said Mrs. M. "But *I* don't," returned her daughter. "Miss M. be still," said her mother sternly, and Miss M. *was* still. So it was settled that the ball was to be held at 'Shady Nook.'

"As for the invitations, Tommy Cricket will carry them around," said Mrs. M. "But who shall we have?" asked her daughter. After some discussion, the guests were determined on. Among them were all the Family of Mice and Rats, Sir Lizard, Mr. Chipmunck, Sir Shrew, Mrs. Shrew, Mrs. Bullfrog, Miss Katydid, Sir Grasshopper, Lord Beetle, Mr. Ant, Sir Butterfly, Miss Dragonfly, Mr. Bee, Mr. Wasp, Mr. Hornet, Madame Maybug, Miss Lady Bird, and a number of others. Messrs. Gloworm and Firefly agreed to provide lamps as the party was to be had at night. Mr. M., by a great deal of exertion, got the provisions together in time, and Miss M. did the same with the furniture, while Mrs. M. superintended generally, and was a great bother.

Water Bug & Co. conveyed everything to Shady Nook, and so at the appointed time everything was ready, and the whole family, in their best ball dresses, waited for the visitors.

. . . . . .

The first visitor to arrive was Lady Maybug. "Stupid old thing; always first," muttered Mrs. M., and then aloud, "How charming it is to see you so prompt, Mrs. Maybug; I can always rely on *your* being here in time."

"Yes Ma'am, oh law! but it is so hot—oh law! and the carriage, oh law! almost broke down; oh law! I did really think I never should get here—oh law!" and Mrs. Maybug threw herself on the sofa; but the sofa unfortunately had one weak leg, and as Mrs. Maybug was no light weight, over she went. While Mrs. M. (inwardly swearing if ever a mouse swore) hastened to her assistance, and in the midst of the confusion caused by this incident, Tommy Cricket (who had been hired for waiter and dressed in red trousers accordingly) threw open the door and announced in a shrill pipe, "Nibble Squeak & Co., Mum," then hastily correcting himself, as he received a dagger like glance from Mrs. M., "Mr. Nibble and Mr. Squeak, Ma'am," and precipitately retreated through the door. Meanwhile the unfortunate Messrs. Nibble and Squeak, who while trying to look easy in their new clothes, had luckily not heard the introduction, were doing their best to bow gracefully to Miss Maybug and Miss Mouse, the respective mamas of these young ladies having pushed them rapidly forward as each of the ladies was trying to get up a match between the rich Mr. Squeak and her daughter, although Miss M. preferred Mr. Woodmouse and Miss Maybug, Mr. Hornet. In the next few minutes the company came pouring in (among them Mr. Woodmouse, accompanying Miss Katydid), at which sight Miss M. turned green with envy, and after a very short period the party was called in to dinner, for the cook had boiled the hickory nuts too long and they had to be sent up immediately or they would be spoiled. Mrs. M. displayed great generalship in the arrangement of the people, Mr. Squeak taking in Miss M., Mr. Hornet, Miss Maybug, and Mr. Woodmouse, Miss Katydid. But now Mr. M. had invited one person too many for the plates, and so Mr. M. had to do without one. At first this was not noticed, as each person was seeing who could get the most to eat, with the exception of those who were lovemaking, but after a while, Sir Lizard, (a great swell and a very high liver) turned round and remarked, "Ee-aw, I say, Mr. M., why don't you take something more to eat?" "Mr. M. is not at all hungry tonight, are you my dear?" put in Mrs. M. smiling at Sir Lizard, and frowning at Mr. M. "Not at all, not at all," replied the

latter hastily. Sir Lizard seemed disposed to continue the subject, but Mr. Moth, (a very scientific gentleman) made a diversion by saying, "Have you seen my work on 'Various Antenae'? In it I demonstrated clearly the superiority of feathered to knobbed Antenae and"—"Excuse me, Sir," interrupted Sir Butterfly, "but you surely don't mean to say,—"

"Excuse *me*, if you please," replied Mr. Moth sharply, "but I *do* mean it, and if you read my work, you will perceive that the rays of feather-like particles on the trunk of the Antenae deriving from the center in straight or curved lines generally"—at this moment Mr. Moth luckily choked himself and seizing the lucky instant, Mrs. M. rang for the desert.

There was a sort of struggling noise in the pantry, but that was the only answer. A second ring, no answer. A third ring; and Mrs. M. rose in majestic wrath, and in dashed the unlucky Tommy Cricket with the cheese, but alas, while half-way in the room, the beautiful new red trousers came down, and Tommy and cheese rolled straight into Miss Dragon Fly who fainted without any unnecessary delay, while the noise of Tommy's howls made the room ring. There was great confusion immediately, and while Tommy was being kicked out of the room, and while Lord Beetle was emptying a bottle of rare rosap over Miss Dragon Fly, in mistake for water, Mrs. M. gave a glance at Mr. M., which made him quake in his shoes, and said in a low voice, "Provoking thing! *now* you see the good of no suspenders"—"But my dear, you told me not to"—began Mr. M., but was interrupted by Mrs. M. "Don't speak to me, you—" but here Miss Katydid's little sister struck in on a sharp squeak. "Katy kissed Mr. Woodmouse!" "Katy didn't," returned her brother. "Katy did," "Katy didn't," "Katy did," "Katy didn't." All eyes were now turned on the crimsoning Miss Katydid, but she was unexpectedly saved by the lamps suddenly commencing to burn blue!

"There, Mr. M.! Now you see what you have done!" said the lady of the house, sternly.

"My dear, I told you they could not get enough oil if you had the party so early. It was your own fault," said Mr. M. worked up to desperation.

Mrs. M. gave him a glance that would have annihilated three millstones of moderate size, from its sharpness, and would have followed the example of Miss Dragon Fly, but was anticipated by Madame Maybug, who, as three of the lamps above her went out, fell into blue convulsions on the sofa. As the whole room was now subsiding into darkness, the company broke up and went off with some abruptness and confusion, and when they were gone, Mrs. M. turned (by the light of one bad lamp) an eagle eye on Mr. M. and said—, but we will now draw a curtain over the harrowing scene that ensued and say,

"Good Bye."

"Teedie" not only indulged in the free play of fancy such as the above, but wrote with extraordinary system and regularity for a boy of fourteen to his mother and father, and perhaps these letters, written in the far-away Dresden atmosphere, show more conclusively than almost any others the character, the awakening mind, the forceful mentality of the young and delicate boy. On May 29, in a letter to his mother, a very parental letter about his homesick little sister who had not yet been taken from the elderly family in which she was so unhappy, he drops into a lighter vein and says: "I have overheard a good deal of Minckwitz conversation which they did not think I understood; Father was considered 'very pretty' (*sehr hübsch*) and his German 'exceedingly beautiful,' neither of which statements I quite agree with." And a week or two later, writing to his father, he describes, after referring casually to a bad attack of asthma, an afternoon of tag and climbing trees, supper out in the open air, and long walks through the green fields dotted with the blue cornflowers and brilliant red poppies. True to his individual tastes, he says: "When I am not studying my lessons or out walking I spend all my time in translating natural history, wrestling with Richard, a young cousin of the Minckwitz' whom I can throw as often as he throws me, and I also sometimes cook, although my efforts in the culinary art are really confined to grinding coffee, beating eggs or making hash, and such light labors." Later he writes again: "The boxing gloves are a source of great amusement; you ought to have seen us after our 'rounds' yesterday." The foregoing "rounds" were described even more graphically by "Ellie" in a letter to our uncle, Mr. Gracie, as follows: "Father, you know, sent us a pair of boxing gloves apiece and Teedie, Johnnie, and I have had jolly fun with them. Last night in a round of one minute and a half with Teedie, he got a bloody nose and I got a bloody mouth, and in a round with Johnnie, I got a bloody mouth again and he a pair of purple eyes. Then Johnnie gave Teedie another bloody nose. [The boys by this time seemed to have multiplied their features indefinitely with more purple eyes!] We do enjoy them so! Boxing is one of Teedie's and my favorite amusements; it is such a novelty to be made to see stars when it is not night." No wonder that later "Ellie" contributed

what I called in one of my later letters a "tragical" article called "Bloody Hand" for the D. L. A. C., perhaps engendered by the memory of all those bloody mouths and noses.

"Teedie" himself, in writing to his Aunt Annie, describes himself as a "bully boy with a black eye," and in the same letter, which seems to be in answer to one in which this devoted aunt had proach a refractory female, mouse in hand, corner her, and bang the mouse very near her face until she was thoroughly convinced of the wickedness of her actions. Here is a view of such a scene. I am getting along very well with German and studying really hard. Your loving T. R., Secretary and Librarian of Roosevelt Museum. (Shall I soon hail you as a brother, I mean sister member

described an unusual specimen to interest him, he says: "Dear darling little Nancy: I have received your letter concerning the wonderful animal and although the fact of your having described it as having horns and being carnivorous has occasioned me grave doubts as to your veracity, yet I think in course of time a meeting may be called by the Roosevelt Museum and the matter taken into consideration, although this will not happen until after we have reached America. The Minckwitz family are all splendid but very superstitious. My scientific pursuits cause the family a good deal of consternation.

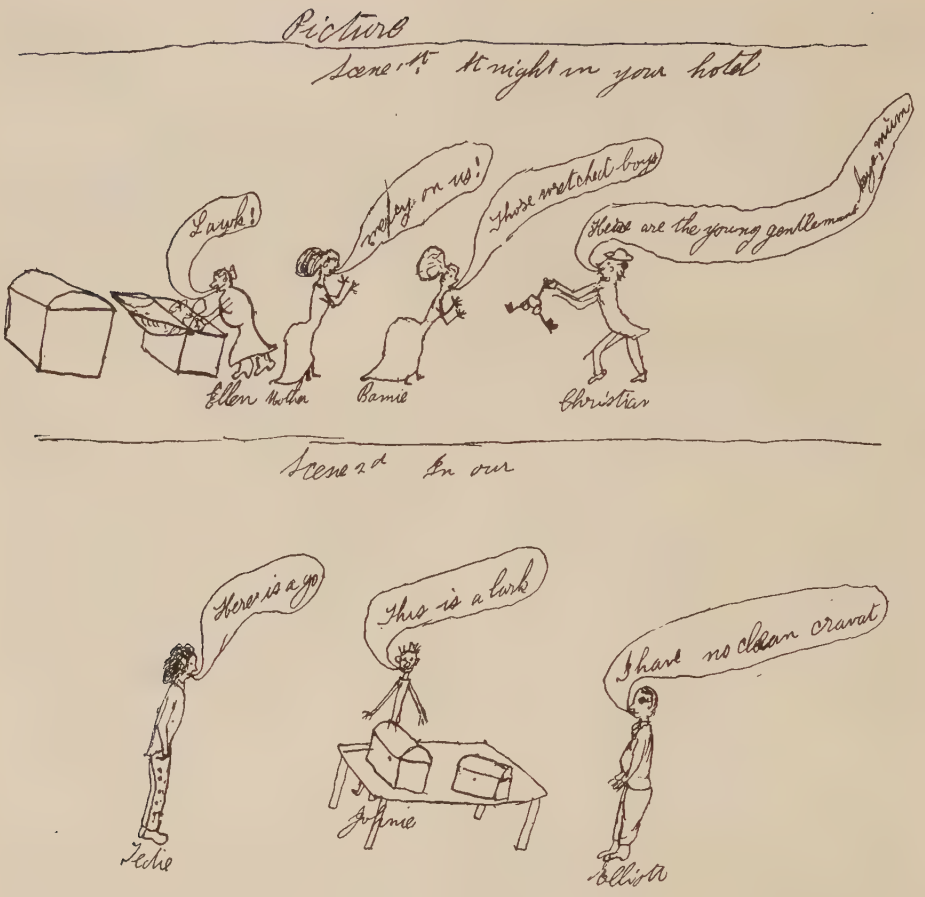
"My arsenic was confiscated and my mice thrown (with the tongs) out of the window. In cases like this I would ap- of the Museum?)" Evidently the carnivorous animal with horns was a stepping-stone to membership in the exclusive Roosevelt Museum!

The Dresden memories include many happy excursions, happy in spite of the fact that they were sometimes taken because of poor "Teedie's" severe attacks of asthma. On June 29th he writes his father: "I have a conglomerate of good news and bad news to report to you; the former far outweighs the latter, however. I am at present suffering from a slight attack of asthma. However, it is only a small attack and except for the fact that I cannot speak without blowing like an abridged hippopotamus, it does not inconvenience me very much. We are now studying hard and everything is system-

atized. Excuse my writing, the asthma has made my hand tremble awfully." The asthma which he makes so light of became unbearable and the next letter, on June 30 from the Bastei in Saxon Switzerland, says: "You will doubtless be surprised at the heading of this letter, but as the asthma did not get any better, I concluded to come out here. Elliott and Corinne and Fräulein Anna and Fräulein Emma came with me for the excursion. We started in the train and then got out at a place some distance below these rocks where we children took horses and came up here, the two ladies following on foot. The scenery on the way and all about here was exceedingly bold and beautiful. All the mountains, if they deserve the name of mountains, have scarcely any gradual decline. They descend abruptly and precipitously to the plain. In fact, the sides of the mountains in most parts are bare while the tops are covered with pine forests with here and there jagged conical peaks rising from the foliage. There are no long ranges, simply a number of sharp high hills rising from a green fertile plain through which the river Elbe wanders. You can judge from this that the scenery is really magnificent. I have been walking in the forests collecting butterflies. I could not but be struck with the difference between the animal life of these forests and the palm groves of Egypt, (auld lang syne now). Although this is in one of the wildest parts of Saxony and South Germany, yet I do not think the proportion is as much as one here for twenty there or around Jericho, and the difference in proportion of species is even greater,—still the woods are by no means totally devoid of inhabitants. Most of these I had become acquainted with in Syria, and a few in Egypt. The only birds I had not seen before were a jay and a bullfinch."

The above letter shows how true the boy was to his marked tastes and his close observation of nature and natural history!

After his return from the Bastei my brother's asthma was somewhat less troublesome, and, to show the vital quality which could never be downed, I quote a letter from "Ellie" to his aunt: "Suddenly an idea has got hold of Teedie, that we did not know enough German for the time that we have been here, so he has asked Miss Anna to give him larger lessons and of course I could not be left behind so we are working harder than ever in our lives." How wonderful the evidence of leadership is in this young boy of not yet fifteen, who already inspires his pleasure-loving little brother to work "harder than ever before in our lives." Many memories crowd back upon me as I think of those days in the kind German family. The two sons, Herr Oswald and Herr Ulrich, would occasionally return from Leipsig where they were students, and always brought with them an aroma of duels and thrilling excitement. Ulrich, in college, went by the nickname of "Der Rothe Herzog," The Red Duke, the appellation being applied to him on account of his scarlet hair, his equally rubicund face, and a red gash down the left side of his face from the sword of an antagonist. Oswald had a very extraordinary expression due to the fact that the tip end of his nose had been nearly severed from his face in one of these same, apparently, every-day affairs, and the physician who had restored the injured feature to its proper environment had made the mistake of sewing it a little on the bias, which gave this kind and gentle young man a very sinister expression. In spite of their practice in the art of duelling and a general ferocity of appearance, they were sentimental to the last extent, and many a time when I have been asked by Herr Oswald and Herr Ulrich to read aloud to them from the dear old books "Gold Elsie" or "Old Mam'selle's Secret," they would fall upon the sofa beside me and dissolve in tears over any melancholy or romantic situation. Their sensibilities and sentimentalities were perfectly incomprehensible to the somewhat matter-of-fact and distinctly courageous trio of young Americans, and while we could not understand the spirit which made them willing, quite casually, to cut off each other's noses, we could even less understand their lachrymose response to sentimental tales and their genuine terror should a thunder-storm occur. "Ellie" describes in another letter how all the family, in the middle of the night, because of a sudden thunder-storm, crawled



Facsimile of Theodore Roosevelt's letter

in between their mattresses and woke the irrelevant and uninterested small Americans from their slumbers to incite them to the same attitude of mind and body. His description of Teedie under these circumstances is very amusing, for he says: "Teedie woke up only for one minute, turned over and said, 'Oh—it's raining and my hedgehog will be all spoiled.'" He was speaking of a hedgehog that he had skinned the day before and hung out of his window, but even his hedgehog did not keep him awake and, much to the surprise of the frightened Minckwitz family, he fell back into a heavy sleep.

In spite of the sentimentalities, in spite of the racial differences of attitude about many things, the American children owe much to the literary atmosphere that surrounded the family life of their kind German friends. In those days in Dresden the most beautiful representations of Shakespeare were given in German, and, as the hour for the theatre to begin was six o'clock in the evening, and the plays were finished by nine o'clock, many were the evenings when we enjoyed "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew," and many more of Shakespeare's wonderful fanciful creations, given as they were with unusual sympathy and ability by the actors of the German Theatre.

Perhaps because of our literary studies and our ever-growing interest in our own efforts in the famous Dresden Literary American Club, we decided that the volume which became so precious to us

The other day I much horrified the female portion of the Minnetz Tribe, by bringing home a dead bat I strongly suspect that they thought I intended to use it as some sorcerer's charm, to injure a foes constitution, mind, or appetite with.

f September 21, 1873, to his older sister.

should, after all, have no commercial value, and in July I write to my aunt the news which I evidently feel will be a serious blow to her—that we have decided that we cannot sell the famous poems and stories gathered into that immortal volume!

About the middle of the summer there was an epidemic of smallpox in Dresden and my mother hurriedly took us to the Engadine, and there, at Samaden, we lived somewhat the life of our beloved Madison and Hudson River days. Our cousin John Elliott accompanied us, and the three boys and their ardent little follower, myself, spent endless happy hours in climbing the surrounding mountains, only occasionally recalled by the lenient "Fräulein Anna" to what were already almost forgotten Teutonic studies. Later we returned to Dresden, and in spite of the longing in our patriotic young hearts to be once more in the land of the Stars and Stripes, I remember that we all parted with keen regret from the kind family who had made their little American visitors so much at home.

A couple of letters from Theodore, dated September 21 and October 5, bring to a close the experiences in Dresden, and show in a special way the boy's humor and the original inclination to the quaint drawings which have become familiar to the American people through the book, lately published, called "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children." On September 21, 1873, he writes to his older sister: "My dear darling

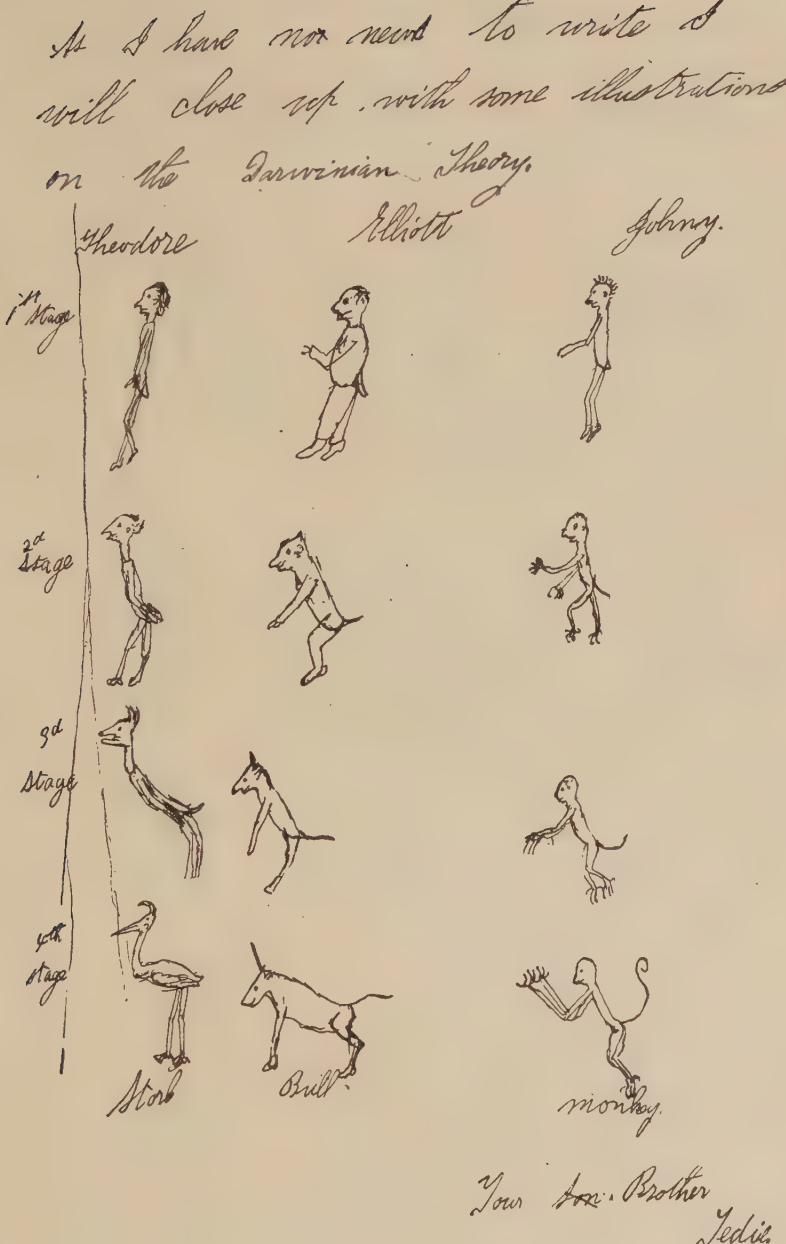
Bamie,—I wrote a letter on the receipt of yours, but Corinne lost it and so I write this. Health; good. Lessons; good. Play hours; bad. Appetite; good. Accounts; good. Clothes; greasy. Shoes; holey. Hair; more 'a-la-Mop' than ever. Nails; dirty, in consequence of having an ink bottle upset over them. Library; beautiful. Museum; so so. Club; splendid. Our journey home from Samaden was beautiful, except for the fact that we lost our keys but even this incident was not without its pleasing side. I reasoned philosophically on the subject; I said: 'Well, everything is for the best. For example, if I cannot use my tooth brush tonight, at least, I cannot forget it tomorrow morning. Ditto with comb and night shirt.' In these efforts of high art, I have taken particular care to imitate truthfully the Chignons, bustles, grease-spots, bristles, and especially my own mop of hair. The other day I much horrified the female portion of the Minckwitz Tribe by bringing home a dead bat. I strongly suspect that they thought I intended to use it as some sorcerer's charm to injure a foe's constitution, mind and appetite. As I have no more news to write, I will close with some illustrations on the Darwinian theory. Your brother —Teedie."

The last letter, on October 5, was to his mother, and reads in part as follows: "Corinne has been sick but is now well, at least, she does not have the same striking resemblance to a half-starved raccoon as she did in the severe stages of the disease." After a humorous description of a German conversation between several members of his aunt's family, he proceeds to "further illustrations of the Darwinian theory" and closes his letter by signing himself "Your affectionate son, Cranibus Giraffinus."

Shortly before leaving Dresden I had my twelfth birthday and the Minckwitz clan made every effort to make it a gay festival, but perhaps the gift which I loved best was a letter received that very morning from my beloved father; and in closing this brief account of those days spent in Germany, because of his wise decision to broaden our young horizons by new thoughts and new studies, I wish once more, as I have done several times in these pages, to quote from his words to the little girl in whom he was trying to instil his own beautiful attitude toward life: "Remember that almost every one will be kind to you and will love you if you are only willing to receive their love and are unselfish yourself. Unselfishness, you know, is the virtue that I put above all others, and while it increases so much the enjoyment of those about you, it adds infinitely more to your own pleasure. Your future, in fact, depends very much upon the cultivation of unselfishness, and I know that my darling little girl wishes to practise this quality, but I do wish to impress upon you its importance. As each year passes by, we ought to look back to see what we have accomplished, and also look forward to the future to make up for any deficiencies, showing thus a determination to do better, not wasting time in vain regrets." In many ways these words of my father, written when we were so young and so malleable, and impressed upon us by his ever-encouraging example, became one of the great factors in making my brother into the type of man who will always be remembered for that unselfishness instilled into him by his father, and for the determination to do better each day of his life without vain regret for what was already beyond recall.

OYSTER BAY—THE HAPPY LAND OF WOODS AND WATERS

After our return to America the winter of 1874 was passed at our new home at 6 West 57th Street. My brother was still considered too delicate to send to a boarding-school, and various tutors were engaged for his education, in which my brother Elliott and I shared. Friendships of various kinds were begun and augmented, especially the friendship between the little girl Edith Carow, our babyhood friend, and another little girl, Frances Theodora Smith, now Mrs. James Russell Parsons, to whose friendship and comprehension my brother always turned with affectionate appreciation. Inspired by the Dresden Literary American Club, the female members of our little coterie formed a circle known by the name of P. O. R. E., to which the "boys" were admitted on rare occasions. The P. O. R. E. had also literary ambitions,



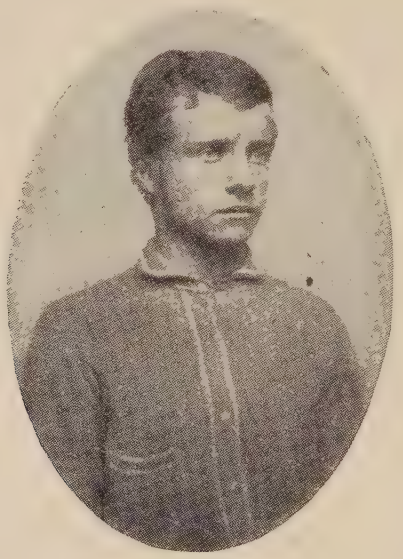
Facsimile of "some illustrations on the Darwinian theory," contained in the letter of September 21, 1873.

Facsimile, on this and opposite page, of "further illustrations of the Darwinian theory," in his letter of October 5.

and they proved a fit sequel to the eruditionary D. L. A. C., which originated in the German family!

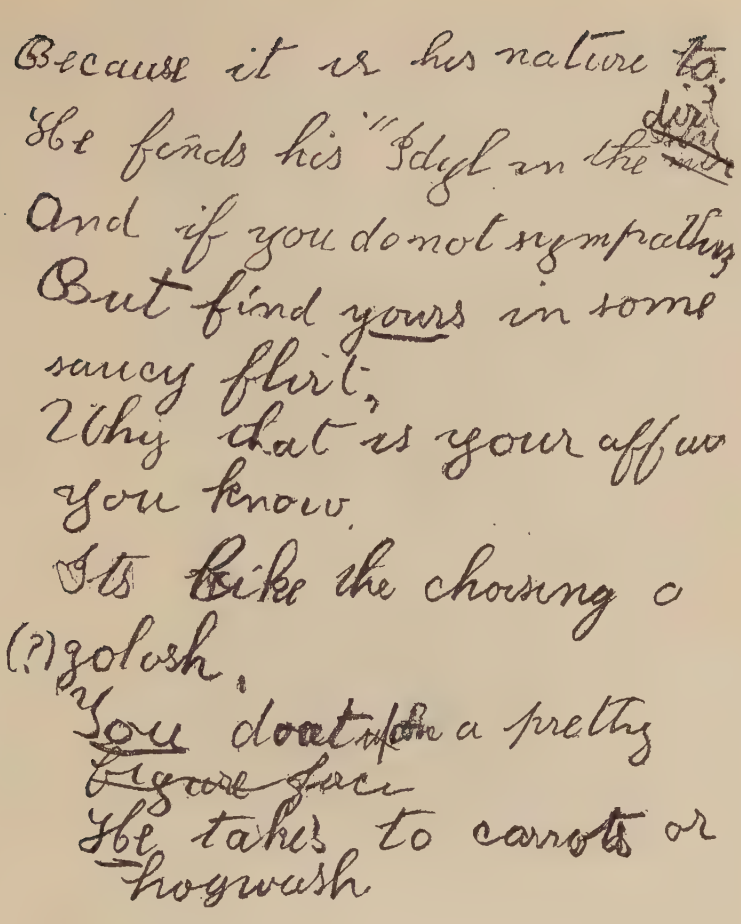
The summer of 1874 proved to be the forerunner of the happiest summers of our lives, as my father decided to join the colony which had been started by his family at Oyster Bay, Long Island, and we rented a country place which, much to the amusement of our friends, we named "Tranquillity." Anything less tranquil than that happy home at Oyster Bay could hardly be imagined. Endless young cousins and friends of both sexes and of every kind of varied interest always filled the simple rooms and shared the delightful and unconventional life which we led in that enchanted spot. Again I cannot say too much of the way in which our parents allowed us liberty

without license. During those years—when Theodore was fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen—every special delight seems connected with Oyster Bay. We took long rides on horseback through the lanes then so seemingly remote, so far from the thought of the broad highways which now are traversed by thousands of motors, but were then the scenes of picnics and every imaginable spree. Our parents encouraged all mental and physical activity and having, as I say, a large circle of young cousins settled around us, we were never at a loss for companionship. One of our greatest delights was to take the small rowboats with which we were provided and row away for long days of happy leisure to what then seemed a somewhat distant spot on the other side of the bay, called Yellow Banks, where we would have our picnic lunch and climb the famous Cooper's Bluff, and read aloud or indulge in poetry contests and games which afforded us infinite amusement. One of our favorite games was called Crambo. We each wrote a question and each wrote a word, then all the words were put into one hat and all the questions into another, and after each child had drawn a question and a word, he or she was obliged to answer the question and bring in the word in a verse. Amongst my papers I find some of the old poetic efforts of those happy summer days. One is dated Plum Point, Oyster Bay, 1875. I remember the day as if it were yesterday; Theodore, who loved to row in the hottest sun, over the roughest water, in the smallest boat, had chosen his friend Edith as a companion; my cousin West Roosevelt, the "Jimmie" of earlier childhood, whose love of science and natural history was one of the joys that Theodore found in his companionship, took as his companion my friend Fannie Smith, now Mrs. Parsons, and my brother Elliott and I made up the happy six. Lying on the soft sand of the Point after a jolly luncheon, we played our favorite game, and Theodore drew the question: "Why does West enjoy such a dirty picnic?" The word which he drew was "golosh," and written on the other side of the paper in his own boyish handwriting is his attempt to assimilate the query and the word!



Theodore Roosevelt, Oyster Bay,
September 21, 1875.

"Because it is his nature to,
He finds *his* idyl in the dirt,
And if you do not sympathize but find *yours* in
some saucy flirt,
Why that is your affair you know,


Because it is his nature to.
He finds his "Idyl in the dirt"
And if you do not sympathize
But find yours in some
saucy flirt,
Why that is your affair
you know.
It's like the choosing a
(?)golosh.
You doat upon a pretty
face
He takes to carrots or
hogwash

Facsimile of verses by Theodore Roosevelt for a favorite game.

It's like the choosing a golosh,
You doat upon a pretty face,
He takes to carrots and hog-wash."

Perhaps this sample of early verse may have led him later into *other* paths than poetry!

We did not always indulge in anything as light and humorous as the above example of poetic fervor. I have in my possession all kinds of competitive essays —on William Wordsworth, Washington Irving, and Plutarch's "Lives," written by various members of the happy group of young people at Oyster Bay; but when not indulging in these literary efforts "Teedie" was always studying his beloved natural history. At that time in his life he became more and more determined to take up this study as an actual career. My father had many serious talks with him on the subject. He impressed the boy with the feeling that, if he should thus decide upon a career which of necessity could not be lucrative, it would mean the sacrifice of many of the pleasures of which our parents' environment had enabled us to partake. My father, however, also told the earnest young naturalist that he would provide a small income for him, enabling him to live simply, should he decide to give himself up to scientific research work as the object of his life. During all those summers at Oyster Bay and the winters in New York City, before going to college, "Teedie" worked along the line of his chief interest with a very definite determination to devote himself permanently

to that type of study. Our parents realized fully the unusual quality of their son, they recognized the strength and power of his character, the focussed and reasoning superiority of his mentality, but I do not think they fully realized the extraordinary quality of leadership which, hitherto somewhat hampered by his ill health, was later to prove so great a factor, not only in the circle of his immediate family and friends but in the broader field of the whole country. He was growing stronger day by day; already he had learned from those fine lumbermen, "Bill Dow" and "Bill Sewall," who were his guides on long hunting trips in the Maine woods, how to endure hardship and how to use his rifle as an adept and his paddle as an expert.

His body, answering to the insistence of his character, was growing stronger day by day, and was soon to be an instrument of iron to use in the future years.

Mr. Arthur Cutler was engaged by my parents to be at Oyster Bay during these summers to superintend the studies of the two boys, and with his able assistance my brother was well prepared for Harvard College, which he entered in September, 1876. It seems almost incredible that the puny, delicate child, so suffering even three years before, could have started his college life the peer, from a physical standpoint, of any of his classmates. A light-weight boxer, a swift runner, and in every way fitted to take his place, physically as well as mentally, in the arena of college life, he entered Harvard College.

Theodore Roosevelt, December, 1876, aged eighteen.

In looking back over our early childhood there stands out clearly before me, as the most important asset of the environment of our home, the joy of life, combined with an earnest effort for spiritual and intellectual benefit. As I write I can hear my father's voice calling us to early "Morning Prayers" which it was his invariable custom to read just before breakfast. Even this religious service was entered into with the same joyous zest which my father had the power of putting into every act of his life, and he had imbued us with the feel-

ing that it was a privilege rather than a duty to be present, and that also the place of honor while we listened to the reading of the Bible was the seat on the sofa between him and the end of the sofa. When we were little children in the nursery, as he called to us to come to prayers, there would be a universal shout of "I speak for you and the cubby-hole too," the "cubby-hole" being this much-desired seat; and as my brother grew to man's estate these happy and yet serious memories were so much a part of him that when the boy of eighteen left Oyster Bay that September afternoon in 1876, to take up the new life which the entrance into college always means for a young man, he took with him as the heritage of his boyhood not only keen joy in the panorama of life which now unrolled before him but the sense of duty to be performed, of opportunity to be seized, of high resolve to be squared with practical and effective action, all of which had been part of the teaching of his father, the first Theodore Roosevelt.

(To be continued.)

CREATION

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

One must say it; it presses against the brain;
It pours through the pulse like a deluge of mad, sweet spring rain;
How may one say it—the aching thing that is wordless, evanescent, concrete—
Jubilant, sorrowful, trumpet-toned, whispering; sometimes terrible, sometimes sweet?
How may one trap the flash of the wing of a passing bird?
How fold the rustle—and then the stillness—of the forest into a word?
It is life. Pushing, singing, dragging, winging, always rushing to be spoken;
Life, big in the hop of a sparrow, in adoring eyes of a dog—life, tender, fierce, joyful, heart-broken;
How, when it floods being, may we, going down under the rolling wave, many-splendored, unswerving,
Stand again, dripping wet with life, and catch the glory of it in a cupped palm curving?
How may one say it? For it urges, it aches in the nerves to be said;
Are they fools then, they who eagerly shoulder that pressure, and stammer pale words—so few—and are dead?
On sweeps the beautiful—universal ocean through racked, inadequate finite souls,
On and on; and one paints, and one writes; such a little—the fringe of creating; and the day is done; and on and on life rolls.
Against a copper-pink sunset sky
Black laces of tree-tops peacefully lie;
A robin, with antique art untold,
Both light feet together, is tearing the mould;
The sea roars with storms—is dimpled with calms;
A child runs, shouting, to its father's arms;
Lord, who are we to catalogue living?
Yet, Lord of life, 'tis to us you are giving
To suffer the joy, to exult in the pain of the glory of every day;
To see the thing, and to feel the thing, and forever be trying,
Till the day we are dying,
To say the thing some other way.

A BILLION-AND-A-HALF-DOLLAR EXPERIMENT IN GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

By William E. Hooper

GOVERNMENT ownership of railroads and government operation are two entirely different things. The United States had two years of government operation of railroads, but has never entered on government ownership. Canada has had for a number of years a government owned and operated railroad—the Intercolonial—but during the war the other roads, that is, the great bulk of the railroad mileage of Canada, remained privately operated. A situation having only incidentally to do with the war has developed which now forces on Canada government ownership of a little over half of all the railroad mileage of the Dominion.

The experiment in respect to about 17,000 miles has been going on for two years, and the Canadian Government is now completing arrangements to take over the Grand Trunk Railway, which will give it a railroad system of about 24,000 miles, and which will have cost the government about $1,500,000,000. When the Grand Trunk is formally taken over, there will be just two large railroad systems in Canada—the Canadian National Railway and the Canadian Pacific—the one owned by the government and the other by private investors.

This is the largest scale experiment in government ownership that has ever been undertaken by an English-speaking people, or, for that matter, by a democracy. By far the most interesting feature about it is the fact that it is an attempt to have private operation with public ownership. There is no man in public life either in Canada or the United States who is a more ardent believer in private railroad operation than the executive head of the Canadian National Railways. Furthermore, he probably sincerely believes that in the past two years he has achieved, virtually, private operation of the government-owned railroads.

In the last analysis, however, this could only be accomplished by the lease of the government-owned roads to a private corporation. This is not the form the experiment has taken in Canada. What has been done is this: the government has appointed a board of directors to conduct the management of its railroad system. Appointments to this board are supposed to be absolutely non-political, and a change in the party in power is supposed not to cause any change in the personnel of the board of directors of the National Railways. It is argued that in England experts in certain branches of government hold office under the title of permanent secretary regardless of changes of the political party in power. If this has been possible and successful in England for a great many years—and it has—why should it not be possible to establish the directors of the Canadian National Railways on the same non-political basis? These directors are representative of the more important geographical and commercial interests of the Dominion. The directors elect a president to operate the railroad system in the same way that the directors of a private corporation would—without political considerations. The president manages his road in the same way as he would were his salary being paid by a private corporation. This is what is meant in Canada when it is said that the Canadian National Railways are owned by the government but privately operated.

To form any judgment as to how this experiment is working out, it is necessary to be fairly familiar with the conditions which led to its being undertaken.

The Canadian Pacific, which was the first transcontinental railroad built in Canada, while materially aided through great land grants and otherwise by the government, was essentially a private enterprise. The private capital was raised in part in North America. The Grand Trunk, which serves only the mid-

dle eastern provinces and which has a large mileage in the United States, was built with private capital—largely English capital.

That was the railway situation twenty-seven years ago when D. B. Hanna, who is now the president of the 17,000 miles of the Canadian National Railways, began the operation of the first 100 miles of what was to become the Canadian Northern—the second transcontinental railroad built through Canada. It is not germane to the story, but interesting in itself, that the operating, mechanical, engineering, legal, accounting, and traffic forces of this 100 miles of railroad consisted of thirteen men and a boy. There was only one locomotive, and the time-table, with a touch of Scotch humor, announced that Number 4, the east-bound train, would not leave until the arrival of Number 5, the west-bound train. It may have been a Scotch sense which aided in the financial result obtained in the first year. The gross revenue amounted to $62,000, and out of this $31,000 was saved for profit. Technically speaking, an operating ratio of 50. James J. Hill's roads even in their best days considered an operating ratio of 60 extraordinarily low.

This 100 miles of line was rapidly extended under the auspices of two remarkably clever contractors—William MacKenzie and Donald Mann. They became financiers on a large scale—what the American newspaper might refer to as financial wizards. The Canadian Northern Railroad system was the outcome of their efforts. It was built with private capital, raised through the aid of government and provincial credit. This was a very different thing from aid by means of land grants. The Canadian Pacific could have failed and the government could have taken back its land and been in no way directly involved in the failure, but the government as guarantor of securities of the Canadian Northern could not let that company fail without repudiating its own promises.

By the time the Canadian Northern was well under way railroad-building had become a craze in Canada. The staid and prosperous Grand Trunk undertook to build an extension west, which in connection with an extension through the eastern provinces which the government itself undertook to build, would form a third Canadian transcontinental. Both the Grand Trunk Railway Company and the government lent their credit, through the guaranty of securities to the company which built the western extension, called the Grand Trunk Pacific. The understanding was that when the government completed the eastern extension, called the National Transcontinental, the Grand Trunk was to operate the road.

Thus, had the whole scheme worked out, there would have been three privately operated competing transcontinental lines in Canada—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, and the extended Grand Trunk system, named in order from south to north. The scheme broke down. The Canadian Northern failed to earn its interest charges, and came again and again to the government for loans. The Grand Trunk Pacific could not earn its interest charges, and the government and the Grand Trunk were called upon to make up the deficits. Lastly, the National Transcontinental proved so unprofitable that the Grand Trunk refused to operate it.

The government, as a last resort, took over the ownership of the Canadian Northern (bought MacKenzie's and Mann's stock) and the Grand Trunk *Pacific*, and these roads, together with the National Transcontinental and the Intercolonial, etc., were two years ago formed into the Canadian National Railways. The government refused to take the millstone—the unprofitable Grand Trunk Pacific—from the neck of the profitable Grand Trunk without some counter-concession from Grand Trunk security-holders, and has now ended by buying, at a price fixed by arbitration, the Grand Trunk itself.

The organization for the control and management of this 24,000-mile railroad system is variously described as complicated and clumsy, and as simple and practical. The reader can judge for himself.

There is first the minister of railways and canals, who is a member of the King's Privy Council, that is, a member of the

government, holding office only so long as his party is in power. Railroad extensions and the building of new facilities, such as a new station, come under his jurisdiction. His relations are the same toward the National Railways and the Canadian Pacific. The fact that this function of approving or disapproving new-railroad building is entirely separated from the organization that manages the National Railways is important. It prevents political pressure being brought to bear on the National Railways management for a new station to please a local politician's constituents, a new line to increase local land values, etc. These demands can be made in a way very hard to resist in a new country like Canada. Taken in the aggregate, they were the cause of three transcontinental railroads being built in Canada, where there is barely business enough for two. At least, however, political pressure must be exerted on a political office-holder and not on the directors of the National Railways, so that in this respect the government-owned roads are under no special disadvantage, as compared with the privately owned Canadian Pacific.

Railroad freight and passenger rates come under the jurisdiction of the Railway Commission, which is a body corresponding to the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States. The National Railways are on a par with the Canadian Pacific before the Railway Commissioners, and therefore as regards rates. Both extensions and rates are a matter of regulation, not management, in Canada as they are now under the Transportation Act in the United States.

We come then to actual management and operation of the Canadian National Railways. Under the president, who it will be remembered is elected by the board of directors, there are vice-presidents in charge of the different departments, traffic, operating, legal and accounting, etc. This is the same form of organization found on privately owned roads both in the United States and Canada.

The vice-president in charge of operation has four assistants—one in charge of maintenance of roadway and track and of additions and betterments, one in charge of mechanical matters relating to locomotives, one in charge of mechanical matters relating to freight and passenger cars, and one an operating man dealing with train movement. The 24,000 miles of line will be divided into lines east and lines west, each with a general manager, and these lines are divided into districts each in charge of a general superintendent who reports directly to the general manager, and to whom report the division superintendents. This is what is known as a divisional organization, and is the form most generally in use in the United States. It differs from the departmental organization in general use in England, principally in that it gives the local man — the division superintendent — fairly broad authority over all departments in his territory. It decentralizes authority. The Canadian Pacific has a divisional organization. The Canadian Northern had a somewhat departmentalized divisional organization, and the Grand Trunk had a departmental organization modelled on the English system.

These seemingly rather technical details are necessary in forming any opinion as to possibilities of success of this Canadian railroad experiment. Nearly all of the bad mistakes made by the McAdoo administration of the United States railroads are directly traceable to the attempt to centralize the management of 260,000 miles of railroad at Washington. It led to nearly all of the labor troubles of the railroads, it led to the breaking down of morale and lowering of individual efficiency in railroad employees, and, most important of all, it led to public dissatisfaction. This dissatisfaction was so heartfelt that it brushed Mr. McAdoo's proposal to extend government operation for two years aside emphatically. Hardly a Congressman dared lift his voice in favor of it. On the other hand, it is largely due to the measure of decentralization in management which A. H. Smith, first assistant to the director-general, McAdoo, was able to preserve through dividing the railroads up into regions each in charge of a regional director, that made the United States Government's experiment in railroad operation a success as compared with its venture into ship-building, aeroplane manufacture, etc.

The operation of a 300-mile division of a railroad must be co-ordinated with the operation of the rest of the system, it is true, but it is in essence a local affair, and the division superintendent must have sufficient authority to meet local conditions. The organization of the Canadian railways has this principle plainly in view. Is it practical of achievement?

The Harriman lines before the separation of the Union and Southern Pacific formed a railroad system of about 21,000 miles. This system was most successfully managed by one organization. One man was at the head of it all, with his simple staff, consisting of a director of operation, a director of traffic, and a vice-president in charge of accounting. The form of organization gave unusually broad authority and responsibility to the local officers, but what part of the success was due to the form of organization and what part to the unique genius of Mr. Harriman, it is hard to say. An aggregation of railroad lines nearly as vast as that of the proposed Canadian National Railways has been successfully operated under private management.

Heretofore a discussion of government ownership has had to rest on comparisons with private operation where conditions have not been the same. Now in Canada we have government ownership and private ownership competing face to face under identical general conditions. The profits that are made from the operation of the Canadian Pacific are taken away from the people of Canada, and go into the pockets of private investors. The profits that are made from the operation of the Canadian National Railways goes back to the Canadian people. The rates on the two roads are the same. There is, however, a possibility of a considerable difference in service. One road may run more passenger-trains, better equipped, with faster schedules, more regularly lived up to, than the other. One road may handle freight much more expeditiously and with less loss and damage than the other. The road that gives the better service will get the most of and the best of competitive business.

There has been much less well-founded criticism of the service of the Canadian Pacific than there has been of most of the railroads in the United States. American railroad men very generally concede that the Canadian Pacific ranks in respect to service with the very best of American railroads. It is conceivable, but hardly likely, that the Canadian National Railways will greatly raise this standard which has been set by its privately owned competitor. Assuming that the service is equally good on the two roads, then, if both earn a profit, advocates of government ownership would have a most convincing argument in their favor. It is important to recall the fact that it is the matured judgment of the men on whom rests the responsibility of attaining this result, that the best way, in fact the only possible way to do so, is to approximate as nearly as possible private operation.

The experiment is just in its beginning. For two years 17,000 miles of the total of 24,000 miles that will constitute the National Railways has been operated in accordance with these principles. It is the less profitable three-quarters of the whole, however, and the conditions both in Canada and the United States have been most unfavorable to profitable railroad operation. Canada was forced to grant the same wage increases that were granted by the McAdoo railroad administration in the United States and make wages uniform regardless of local cost of living and local wage-scales in other industries. This is said to have borne particularly heavily on the National Railways. During this period, for every dollar of earnings of the National Railways there has been incurred about $1.10 of expenses. On a total revenue of $150,000,000 this would mean a deficit, which the Canadian people would have to make up from taxes, of $15,000,000. But besides this there is the loss of interest on the investment. It is estimated the total income of the system when the Grand Trunk is added to it will be about $225,000,000. The Grand Trunk is about breaking even on revenues and expenses, so that its inclusion in the system will neither add to nor subtract much from the $15,000,000 deficit. At 6 per cent the interest charges on the total investment, which it will be recalled is $1,500,000,000, would be $90,000,000; a total

yearly loss to the Canadian people of approximately $100,000,000 a year.

Under the same rates and with the same wage-scales, the Canadian Pacific has earned its operating expenses, its fixed interest charges, and 10 per cent profit for the holders of its $260,000,000 common stock.

This comparison is not meant to imply that the Canadian National Railways is foredoomed to be a burden on the Canadian people and a failure. It does, however, emphasize the vastness of the enterprise which Canadian people are involved in and the gravity of the situation. Canada has only about 9,000,000 people. A corresponding loss per person in the United States would be over $1,000,000,000 on the operation and interest charges of half the United States railroad mileage.

One of the encouraging features is that Canadian statesmen and politicians generally have at present a vivid conception of the responsibility which they are under. Railroad freight rates were raised 35 per cent in the West and 30 per cent in the East last year, but automatically, under the order of the commission granting the increase, they were reduced on January 1, 1921, to an increase of 30 per cent in the West and 25 per cent in the East. With an increase in traffic the Canadian National Railways, even under present wage-scales, can, after the Grand Trunk is taken in, make its revenue meet its expenses. The present mood of dead earnestness on the part of politicians and officers and employees is all in the road's favor.

How difficult it is, even under these circumstances, to prevent the thin edge of the wedge of politics from being driven into a government-owned railroad is illustrated by the fight being made over employees taking government office. Trainmen and others whose pay and promotion depend on length of continuous service claim the right to accept a government office when their party is in power and to return, when they lose office, to the railroad at their old job and with their old seniority rights. The railroad management is insisting that if a man takes public office he automatically severs his connection with the railroad company.

The total number of employees on the completed system of the Canadian National Railways will be about 100,000. If these men were to be welded into a political machine with spokesmen in parliament, they would be strong enough to swing an election from one party to the other, and thus impose their class demands almost at will on the other taxpayers of Canada.

We have now in Canada a government-owned railroad competing with a privately owned and operated railroad, well established and prosperous. The government-owned road could never have been built had it depended on private credit to raise private capital. This railroad system contains much duplicate mileage, and is so far in excess of the present needs of the country that the best that can be hoped for in the immediate future is to earn enough revenue to pay actual operating expenses. The prospects are that for many years the Canadian people will have to bear the annual loss, possibly amounting to as much as $10 per man, woman, and child, of interest on the investments. This loss is just as real as if the government paid each year the coupons on bonds issued by a private corporation. The government pays this interest to private investors in and out of Canada who hold government bonds, and must raise the money by taxation.

This loss was inevitable from the time that the government authorized its credit to be used to build railroads that could not be made profitable for many years. By adopting government ownership the state reserves to itself the profits which may be made when the population and traffic of the country have grown up to its railroad facilities. In exchange for this chance of future gain the Canadian people are carrying the risk that, despite all good intentions to the contrary, the well-recognized evils of political railroad management may befall them.

THE ALTAR ROCK

By Edwin C. Dickenson
Author of "The She-Quitter"

Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton

IT was old Babuquivari that got us started. She stood up against the sky-line like she was in our back yard, instead of fifty miles away. It's funny the way a mountain pulls at a man. Every night I used to walk down by the picket-line after mess and watch the sun set behind the "Lady's Needle." Babuquivari would shoot up out of that glory of red and gold like she was made of cool velvet. You felt like laying your cheek against her. Once in a while you would see her with the tip of the "Needle" broken off when a cloud floated across. She seemed to call to you, and you had a feeling that you wouldn't be satisfied to leave the country until you had paid her a visit.

I am telling you this so you won't be surprised when I say that Joe and I were saving up our time when the other men were getting passes to Tucson, with the hope of getting the Old Man to give us a few days off to climb her. We had got our plans all laid when Campbell, the cow-puncher, came along one night and side-tracked them.

We were doing guard duty that night on the picket-line when Campbell rode in on his white cayuse. He had promised the Old Man to take the troop on some new trail the next day, and we were telling him how sore we were because the troop was to start before the new guard went on.

"Cheer up," he said with a grin, "I'll take you down into Rattlesnake Valley some day and let you climb the Thimble."

"How about the Needle over there?" asked Joe, nodding toward old Babuquivari, standing up against the stars like a dog-tooth.

"A white man has climbed that," answered Campbell, "although they say he never came down to tell about it. But none has ever got to the top of the Thimble."

We had heard that yarn before about Babuquivari, but it didn't make it any less interesting to us. Yet I knew that if we could get Campbell to go with us it would make it just so much easier to win over the captain, for Campbell was a great favorite with him.

"Where is Rattlesnake Valley and what is the Thimble?" I asked.

"Down near the border, and the Thimble is a butte sticking up in the middle of it like a quoit peg."

"More fun climbing Babuquivari," I argued. "There's a dead man on top of that."

"And what do you think is on top of the Thimble?" Campbell came back quick.

"Nothing, if no one ever got up there," said Joe.

"I said no *white* man ever climbed it," countered Campbell. "That don't include *women*, does it?"

Joe looked him up and down.

"Say, Campbell," he drawled, kind of dry, "just because we happen to come from the other side of the Mississippi it don't mean that we are targets for any of that stuff."

The cow-puncher got mad at that.

"I reckon there ain't anything you fellows don't know," he snorted, and started for the captain's tent.

Just then the Old Man's "*Border Boy*" got hung up, and it took both Joe and me to unsnap the halter-shank. By the time we got the big brute straightened out Campbell was out of call.

Joe and I talked it over down at the farther end of the picket-line after we had made our count of the horses and tallied them up.

We were pretty sure the cow-punch was jollying us, but, as Joe said, there would be some fun in calling his bluff. He had told some pretty stiff ones to the officers, which had leaked along down through

the captain's orderly, but there was no one thereabouts who knew the country as he did and no one had made him out a liar at least.

So we waited for him out by the forage tent that same night when our relief was on and told him we hadn't meant any offense, but we had been told so many things since we had been down in the desert country that we were just naturally leery.

I guess the captain had taken pretty good care of him, for he warmed up at once and told us more about the Thimble that was harder to swallow than the other.

It seems the Thimble was one of the old Aztec altar-places. Campbell put it at about a thousand feet high. Its sides were squared like a monument, and how any one could climb it was beyond him, for the sides were so smooth that the mesquite bushes couldn't cling to them. Yet every so often a cow-man would see smoke drifting off the top of it.

The woman part of the story was the stiffest of all. Campbell claimed to have got this from a Mexican who had lived among the Yaquis most of his life. It seems there was an altar on top of the Thimble that was kept lighted by an Indian girl. She lived there alone for a year, though how she got there the Mexican didn't know. At the end of the year another was sent up to take her place and she was "made a bride to the gods," as he put it. That is, she had to jump off the top of the butte to the plain below. The Mexican claimed to have seen one of these "brides" after she had landed, and from the way he told it, Campbell said, she might have got in the way of a steam-roller.

The Mexican had been looking for a way up, when a party of his Yaqui friends came along and opened fire on him. They ran him out of the country, and love or money wouldn't make him go back.

We had had our lesson, so we swallowed this yarn without batting an eyelid and got Campbell to promise to take us down to have a look at the Thimble. Then we put it up to the captain a few days later.

He wouldn't hear of it at first, although we didn't tell him all that Campbell had said. He was afraid we would get mixed up with the Yaquis and Washington would take a hand in it. But we had brought Campbell along, and the cow-punch won him over. We had to leave our Springfields and Colts behind, though, and ride cayuses of Campbell's instead of our good old cavalry *caballos*.

We got away one noon after mess and the troop all gathered around to see us off. The ponies we rode kicked with all four legs, and when they didn't kick they bit. Joe's nearly bucked him off when one of his squad touched it up with a lariat end, but we got clear of them at last, though not before they had given us all kinds of talk about climbing the Thimble.

We got into the mountains that afternoon and followed the old Ora Blanca Trail, which we had been over before. But Campbell struck off this into a cañon just before dark, and we halted at a pool a few hundred yards in and cooked our supper.

After mess I started to shake out my blanket-roll, but Campbell stopped me.

"I reckon we'll have to make a night march of this," he said. "We're likely to run into a bunch of Yaquis in the daytime and that wouldn't be healthy with this small party."

So we threw the saddles back on our cayuses and set out again just as the moon came up out of the Mexican mountains.

I thought afterward that I had rather tackle that trail at night than by day. We climbed out of the cañon through a rift and went winding up the side of a mountain that seemed to go clear to heaven. We had been sore because the Old Man wouldn't let us take our own horses, but I could see now that a ten-hundred-pound cavalry horse couldn't find room for his feet on some of those ledges Campbell led us along. Half the time my near foot would be rubbing the side of a cliff while my off was sticking out over a mile or so of Arizona air. Joe, who rode ahead of me, nearly passed out with fright when his animal stumbled on a loose stone and went down to his knees. It didn't bother the cayuse much, though. He just picked himself up and ambled along as if he had been on a sand road in the valley.

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

"Cheer up, . . . I'll take you down into Rattlesnake Valley some day."—Page 433.

It didn't appear to bother Campbell any either. He just casually looked around and kept on jigging along in that running walk that those cayuses take on a long march.

We came out on top of the mountain at last, and it seemed as though we could see half-way down into Mexico. Range after range stretched away in the moonlight, all as cold and lonesome as if we had been the first ones to see them. It sent a shiver through me, and I felt as though I hadn't any business there, which I hadn't.

But Campbell pointed out a hollow 'way off to the right that lay so deep in the shadows you couldn't see the bottom of it and said that Rattlesnake Valley lay there.

Then we started down the mountain. It was bad enough climbing it, but you could twist both hands in your cayuse's mane and hang on when it got too steep. But, going down, the Mexican saddle wouldn't let you lie back, and all you could do was to get as good a knee grip as you could and push back on the pommel, letting the cayuse guide himself. Mostly you were looking on down over his head into the pit below and wondering how he could keep his footing and what would happen if he couldn't. Sometimes he didn't, and would slide with his forefeet out in front of him like a dog on ice. But he always brought up somehow or other, and even took some of the trail at the trot when the other horses got too far ahead of him.

It was a cool night up in those mountains, but when I pulled up beside Campbell and Joe in the dry bed of a ravine I was wringing wet!

I started to say something, but Campbell shut me up. "Cut out the talking," he whispered hoarsely, "and don't knock over any more loose stones than you have to. This cañon leads into the valley." He took up the march again and we followed him.

The ravine we were in couldn't have been more than a dozen feet wide and it was so deep that I could hardly see Joe as he rode a few feet ahead of me. It was rocky underfoot, and the mesquite bushes reached out from the sides and tore at your clothes with their thorns. It wound in and out like a snake, but seemed to widen as we went on.

We had ridden on for some minutes when my cayuse came to a sudden stop and I saw that Joe had stopped ahead of me. I looked on beyond him. The ravine had opened into a valley. I believed everything that Campbell had told us then and was ready to believe more, for sticking right up in the middle of the valley, as though it had been punched up through the earth, was a lofty finger of rock. The moon just over high mountains to the east played on the top of it like a spot-light. Below, it faded away into the gloom of the valley. It stood, four square, for all the world like a monument in a park, only the monument was bigger and more savage and the valley wilder than anything I had ever seen or hope to see. If a girl had walked out on the edge and jumped off I wouldn't have been surprised.

But nothing like that happened. It just stood there like a sentry in the valley, and I wondered how long it had stood there and how many things it had seen. All that country is cruel, but this seemed the cruelest thing in it, and I don't mind saying that if Campbell or Joe had said, "We've seen it. Let's go home," I wouldn't have raised a peep against it.

But the cow-punch got off his horse and Joe and I followed suit, joining him at the mouth of the ravine.

"What do you think of it now?" he whispered. "Ain't it a beauty?"

"It's as handsome as my grandfather's tombstone," growled Joe.

"Got you buffaloed, eh?" said Campbell. "Wait until you see it by daylight."

"It can't come any too soon to suit me," I owned up.

"Well, now you are here, do you reckon to look it over or shall we take the back trail?" he asked, with kind of a sneer.

We couldn't stand for that, of course, being *soldats*.

"I'm ready to go anywhere you'll take me," said Joe.

"Give me the same," I put in.

"Come on, then," said Campbell.

He took his rifle out of its boot, slipped

his reins over one arm, and set out close to the east wall of the valley in the shadow. We shuffled through the sand after him, cussing out the captain for making us leave our Colts and Springfields behind.

We about half-circled the big rock, craning our necks up like a couple of hicks in the Big City, when Campbell stopped again.

"Notice anything?" he whispered as we came up. I hadn't.

"All I notice is that there ain't anything to notice," Joe grunted.

"Don't you smell smoke?" snapped Campbell. "You fellows want to remember there are a few things down here that you can't see with your eyes."

I had smelled mesquite burning, but I was so used to it about camp I hadn't really sensed it. I admitted as much to Campbell. He wetted a finger and held it up to get the direction of the wind. I never had much luck this way, but Campbell claimed it came from the direction of the Thimble, and so the smell of the smoke must come from the same place.

The valley was as quiet as a cemetery, which I had been comparing it to since Joe spoke of his grandfather's tombstone. As for any signs of life, the Thimble might have been painted there, it was so silent.

The valley was maybe a quarter of a mile wide here and the Thimble about half-way across, but between us and it the sand stretched without even a mesquite bush for cover and the moonlight was creeping down the shaft, making it lighter every minute.

We talked it over before making the next move. It didn't seem as though any one could be within miles of the place, and Joe and I were for mounting up and riding over to the big stone. But Campbell wouldn't listen to it. Where there was smoke there must be humans. Our horses would give us away. There was nothing to it but we must crawl over, leaving one man as horse tender at that.

We drew lots with broken matches, and, of course, it was my luck to have to stay behind. I led the horses into a thicket of mesquite close to the wall of the valley and watched Campbell and Joe hitch across in the shadow until they were lost to sight against the base of the cliff. If any one saw them he kept quiet about it, for the valley was as silent as ever.

I had heard a lot about these cayuses that will stand until they starve when the reins are "tied to the ground." Perhaps they will for the man that owns them. I had seen Campbell do it with his—just throw the reins over his horse's head and let them trail on the sand and the cayuse would never move. I thought I would try it with these animals while I rolled a cigarette.

And they didn't move very far from me. I remembered that I could not light the cigarette after I had rolled it, and bent over to pick up the reins of my own mount. He presented the business end right off and I just dodged his heels. Then I tried Campbell's horse and got a wallop in the thigh that made me sit down and take the count. By the time I had got up all their animals were well into the mesquite thicket, snipping away at the prickly branches as though it was alfalfa. I limped after them and found they had gone on into a blind cañon that opened into the valley wall. The bunchgrass grew thick here and the cayuses settled down for a good meal.

Joe's animal was the nearest to me, and as I hadn't tried him and he looked to be pretty well occupied, I walked right up to him.

He wheeled on me when I was a yard away and I went to sleep.

When I came to, a young girl was bending over me. Her eyes were big and dark and scared. I thought I was in heaven at first and she was a female angel. But then she drew back with a jump and I guessed that she was a Yaqui from the breadth of her face, but a prettier one than I had ever seen.

The moon was gone, but it was light, and looking about I saw that it was the first gray of dawn. I tried to get to my feet, and sank back with a groan—the cayuse had caught me in the region of the solar plexus, and if he had been shod I guess it would have been all over with me.

As it was, I was just sore and stiffened up a bit, and on a second try got to my

knees and then to my feet. When I looked around I found myself alone. The girl was gone.

I had begun to think that part of it was a dream when I noticed a hole in the cañon wall not a dozen feet away and two eyes looking out of it at me like a cottontail's.

I walked toward the opening, and the eyes disappeared. When I got there all I saw was a dark hole that ran straight in, about the height of a man and no wider, and empty.

"Hello!" I called. "Don't be scared. Come out. No one's going to eat you."

But the girl didn't come and I didn't much blame her, because, on thinking it over, I guessed that she didn't savvy English and, being an Indian, might not have believed me if she had.

I ought to have gone back then and hunted up Joe and Campbell, but being just an ordinary man, and curious, I stepped in the hole.

It was cold and clammy inside and blacker than the ace of spades, but I kept on for a few steps, feeling of the walls on either side of me and putting down my feet kind of cautious ahead. Then I couldn't find bottom with my forefoot and it gave me quite a shiver. I felt all around and down as far as I could reach without losing my balance, but my foot waved around in space. There wasn't anything there.

It was funny where the girl had gone. Perhaps she had fallen in, I thought. If I only had a light I could have seen. And then I remembered I did have a light—a box of matches in my pocket—and I was reaching for them when I heard voices outside. I turned around in the passage and looked out. Three Yaquis, each with a gun, had dismounted in the ravine and were walking toward the opening.

I didn't know what to do at that. I felt like a trapped rat. I knew that these Indians would shoot me out of hand in this place for the shirt on my back.

I had about made up my mind to try that hole again when I nearly jumped out of my skin, for something soft struck me on top of the head.

I ducked and looked up, expecting to see a rattler. Instead, there was the girl looking down at me from a ledge. She had reached over and struck me with her hand.

"Quick!" she said. "Climb up here."

I didn't take time to wonder how it was she spoke better English than I did. I made a jump for the ledge, found a foothold that I hadn't noticed was there, and swung myself up. The girl had me by the hand before I was fairly on my feet.

"Hurry," she said, and led me away in the dark, just as I heard the sound of footsteps at the entrance to the hole.

It looked like the shaft of an old mine along which the girl led me.

How she could find her way was a puzzle to me, but on she went without a misstep, and I trailed along behind her, feeling rather foolish and a bit ashamed to be led like a small boy.

Then we came to a turn in the passage and she stopped. "Listen!" she whispered, and listen we did.

It was as still as the grave and altogether too much like it to suit me.

"Say, what's the idea?" I whispered after a while. It sounded like the croak of a frog. She had let go of my hand now and I couldn't see her even, but I could hear her breathing close to me.

"The idea is that if they find you here they will kill you," she said short-like.

"I know that," I came back; "but what's that to you and where did you learn to talk like a college professor?"

She gave a low laugh at that. "Because they will kill me, too—if they find you here. As to your second question, I suppose I talk English like a college professor because it was from college professors that I learned English."

I whistled at this. "Ain't you the Indian girl that woke me up?" I asked, pretty much puzzled.

"Yes—but even Indian girls can go to college, you know," she answered, a bit stiff.

"That's all right," I said, "but you don't usually find that kind hiding in caves down around Sonora."

I don't know what she would have said to that, but just then there came a flare down the tunnel from the way we had come and there stood one of the Yaquis, not a hundred yards away, with a lighted match in his fingers.

We could see him better than he could see us. I guess he didn't see us at all, as far as that goes, although he may have heard us whispering.

But, anyway, the girl grabbed my hand again and pulled me along after her.

We were going down-hill now, bearing off to the left. I wouldn't have dared go along at the pace the girl led me if I had been alone. She either knew her way pretty well or had eyes like a cat. First and last, she had me thinking more about her than I did about the Yaquis behind us. The hand I held had never pounded corn with a boulder or scrubbed clothes in an alkali stream. I could tell that easy enough. It was smaller and softer than any white girl's I ever held, and as for her voice, in the dark it sounded like a society girl's, with its "ahs" and drawls.

"Say, would you mind telling me where I am going?" I asked, after we had been walking for some minutes.

"Where no white man has been before," she came back short.

"Thanks," I answered sort of peeved. I let go of her hand and stopped.

"What! You are not afraid?" she asked scornfully.

"I haven't got any kick against my kind," I answered. "Where white folks are is plenty good enough for me."

She didn't say anything for a minute then. "I have half a mind to go and let you stay and be killed," she said.

"Don't you worry too much about that either," I came back. "I have never been killed before and I don't intend to be now."

She didn't say anything to that right away. Perhaps she was thinking.

"After all," she said, "I don't want you killed. In the first place it would mean my death, too; in the second I have been taught that it isn't right. So I'll tell you. I am taking you to the top of the Thimble."

I whistled again. "Don't do that," she ordered. "I should think that would be one of the first things they taught you soldiers—not to whistle in the presence of the enemy."

"You're right," I said, "lead on. Only let me hold your hand again."

"Perhaps it would be safer if you had both hands free," she answered sort of sarcastic. "I will tell you when we reach any obstacles."

I didn't like that a bit, but there was nothing else to do, so I followed along after her in the dark.

We kept on going down until we struck a level. Then we must have gone ahead several hundred yards along this when the girl called out: "Steep rise."

It was steep—so steep that I stumbled and fell into the girl, nearly knocking her down.

"Clumsy!" she scolded. "For that you can go first."

That made me rather mad, for how was I to know where to put my feet? But I started ahead. "Follow the left wall," said the girl, and feeling my way along the rocky wall, I began to climb. And I don't mind saying that I felt like a diver who had gone down deeper than he meant to. I couldn't get to the surface any too quick to suit me.

I began to get dizzy and tired after a while and I reckoned it was because we were going round and round inside the Thimble. Then it seemed to grow lighter and I speeded up, thinking we were nearing the top.

But it wasn't—only a sort of loophole in the solid rock. It slanted downward and gave me a dizzy feeling, for it pointed right up the valley like a gun-barrel, and the wall was so thick that all you could see was a round circle just covering the entrance to the cañon.

I stood there with my eye to it for a minute or more until the girl spoke up.

"No use of wasting your time here," she said. "There's a better view on top."

I looked around at her and it gave me a sort of shock. In the dark, talking as she did, I had almost made up my mind that she must be white. But she wasn't. She was brown, all right, although no browner than many a white girl at a seashore resort. Her cheek-bones gave her away, though. Except for that she would have been a pippin.

"Ain't you tired?" I asked.

"Tired? No. Why should I be?"

I tried to whistle again, but I didn't have wind enough. "Say," I said, for there was no getting away from it, she was plucky, "I take back anything I may have said to hurt your feelings.

You're all right. Would you mind telling me why you are here?"

"You are a Yankee, I should say, from your speech," she answered, "and they say that a Yankee always answers a question by asking another. Suppose you tell me first why you are here."

That seemed fair enough. I told her about Joe and Campbell and the story the puncher had told us that brought us down here.

She was silent for some time when I had got through. Then, "That explains pretty much everything," she said.

"So it's true?" I asked her, wondering if old Campbell had hit it straight after all.

She shrugged her shoulders sort of like a Mex.

"I will tell you all I know," she answered. "You know what women are among the Yaqui—beasts of the field, slaves, chattels of the men." She seemed to get bitter as she went along.

"Every so often a young girl disappeared and never came back. That much my mother told me before she died ten years ago and I went East to school. But I had forgotten all about that. When my father died they sent for me to come back. As his daughter I was the head of the tribe.

"If I had been satisfied to sit in my 'dobe hut and take what was given me, I suppose everything would have been all right. But my father was a chief. He ruled his people rightly but sternly. I tried to do the same.

"Even among your people it seems to be the thing for a woman to be seen and not heard in public. You can imagine what it might be in an Indian tribe. My orders were laughed at and not obeyed. Crimes went unpunished and lives and cattle were no longer safe. My uncle urged me to marry the chief of a tribe in the next valley whom I had never seen. But I didn't care to marry. I had seen enough of men as it was. Then my uncle deserted me. Night before last I was attacked, bound and blindfolded, and carried to the opening. There I was left, still bound, and told that one would come to release me and 'instruct' me. That puzzled me a great deal, but it appears plain enough now.

"I wore the thong that bound my hands through on a rock and looked out the opening. Two men were on guard, so I followed the windings of this tunnel until I had reached the top. I think it was the top, at least, for there was a big boulder that filled it, and through the chinks between it and the walls of the tunnel I could see the sky. So I climbed down again in the hope of escaping the way I had come in. The guard was gone. Perhaps they had seen you and your friends and went to give warning. I slipped out and stumbled over you."

I guess I was too much surprised to whistle even when she had finished.

"But what's the use of climbing to the top of the tunnel if it is blocked?" I asked.

She looked me over.

"I thought perhaps you could move the stone," she answered.

I saw then why she had made me so welcome. Don't think because I was taking in the Indian girl's story with both ears that my eyes weren't busy, too. I knew if we could find our way up that tunnel in the dark, so could some one else.

So I watched the hole that ran slanting into pitch black up which we had come while the girl was talking.

She had said her say and I was just about to ask her one or two things on my own hook when, as noiseless as a cat, a big Yaqui buck covered the lighted space between us and had his arms around me.

I am in the heavy-weight class myself and know a few things about the mat and the ring, but that Indian put some kind of a jiu-jitsu on me and had me down on my face with my right arm bent like a bow up my back.

I yelled at that. I couldn't help it and tried to kick him off. Then some one grabbed my legs and I felt a noose tighten around them.

The big Indian let go of me then and I turned over and sat up with my legs bound to the knees.

The first thing I noticed was the girl. She had shrunk back against the wall of the shaft. But she didn't look scared. Her chin was up and her eyes snapped. The big buck stood beside her looking down at me while a third Indian held the end of a lariat, ready to pull my feet out from under me, I suppose, if I tried to get up.

I wasn't over the pain of my arm by any means and was mad enough to eat the big Indian.

"You'll pay for this, you big stiff," I yelled at him.

Believe it or not, he grinned at me then, and I saw that good United States was wasted on him.

"If I had you in the open—" I went on.

"Yes? What then?" he asked, and all I could do was to stare at him. It was getting to a pretty pass when the Indians were talking better English than the whites, I thought. The girl was surprised, too. I could see that. I looked from her back to him. There was something about him that reminded me of some one I knew, even if he was an Indian.

"Who are you, anyway?" I asked.

"It's none of your business, of course," he answered as easily as you please. "On the other hand, I don't know any harm it can do to tell you. My name is Little Big Sun."

The girl cried out at that, but I hardly noticed it, for I was trying to think where I had heard that name before.

The big fellow turned to the girl then. "Sorry to make you all this trouble, Miss Cañon-Lily. Your uncle told me your people had taken the bit in their teeth and carried you here, so I rode over to see if I could be of assistance."

It came to me then, "Little Big Sun," or I thought it did.

"Say," I asked, "did you ever play football?"

"Several times," he answered.

"And do you know what a pentathlon is?"

He grinned again. "I see you know me," he said.

And I did. Carlisle; all-American guard; intercollegiate winner of the pentathlon; the Indian that had beat all the white hopes at their own sports—and down here in cotton shirt and buckskin breeches leading a Yaqui band!

I looked again at the girl. She was as droopy as a schoolgirl now.

"I—I had not any idea that you were the chief of the Green Valley Yaqui," she stammered, as coy as you please. "They told me nothing of that."

"They wouldn't," he said. "My training is a fault, not an asset, down here. But I had heard of you, and was sorry you did not care to—meet me."

Then they both laughed, just as though they had been white. "You must admit that the proposition was rather elemental," she cooed.

"Yes, there is something to be said for the more—conventional way of the whites." They were looking each other over pretty thoroughly by that time, and I could see they were getting along fast.

"On the other hand," he went on slowly, "there are your people to consider, and—well, our people have always done it that way and I don't remember of any divorces, do you?"

She hung her head again at that.

"I might do it for the—sake of my people," she admitted, talking pretty low.

He was silent a minute and she looked up at him again. I think they must have hypnotized each other then, for he said: "Would that be the only reason?"

"I can think of another, too," she came back. And even I knew what she meant from the look she gave him.

They shook hands then as though to seal the bargain and he turned to me.

"What shall we do with your friend?" he asked, as though I had been a sack of oats.

"He is—no worse than his kind, at least," she answered, throwing me down cold. "You might let him join his friends on condition he will leave the valley at once and not come back."

"Very well," he agreed. He got off some guttural talk to the Indian who had trussed me up, and the buck untied me and motioned me to follow him.

"Say," I asked, "aren't you going to let me see the top now I am as far as this?"

He stiffened up at this. "We've got more important things to do than to satisfy your curiosity," he said short-like.

"But we will release the girl?" she interrupted him. He said something to her in Yaqui then and she nodded her head. Then he motioned to his man to take me away.

There was nothing I could do, so I went.

"Sorry I can't send you a wedding-present," I said sour-like.

He didn't like that, but the girl only

laughed; then they turned and went on up the passage while I followed the Yaqui down.

My guide took me up to the top of the big mountain we had crossed the night before. It was dark again by that time. He stopped a short distance away from a camp-fire and made signs for me to go to it.

I did—and nearly got shot by Campbell, who took me for an Indian.

"Where have you been?" asked Joe.

"I took a little walk to the top of the Thimble," I said easy-like, and I told them what had happened.

"I've got to hand it to you men from the East," said Campbell when I had finished. "I have to spend my time making up my lies, but you go to sleep and dream them."

I knew then how he felt that night at the picket-line when we had doubted him, and it didn't help his disposition that the Yaquis had run him and Joe out of the valley.

"All right," I said. "We'll get the captain to take the troop down there and I'll show you the tunnel."

"If I were you I wouldn't tell the captain anything about it," said Campbell. "The facts are, I got over a mile or two into Mexico, and he might not like to know it."

He didn't need to say any more. It meant court martial if we were caught over the line.

Some time when our time is up Joe and I mean to find out just what is on top of the Thimble. Meanwhile we'll leave it to Little Big Sun and Cañon-Lily.

AMBUSHING LIONS AT NIGHT

By John T. Coolidge, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"YOU will have to flatfoot it to the Lumi," said Percival, the game-ranger. "A mule would be killed by the fly, and there is no water for three days. But there is plenty of game and a good chance for lions. You photographers can't afford to frighten the game by shooting, otherwise I would not tell you the good places."

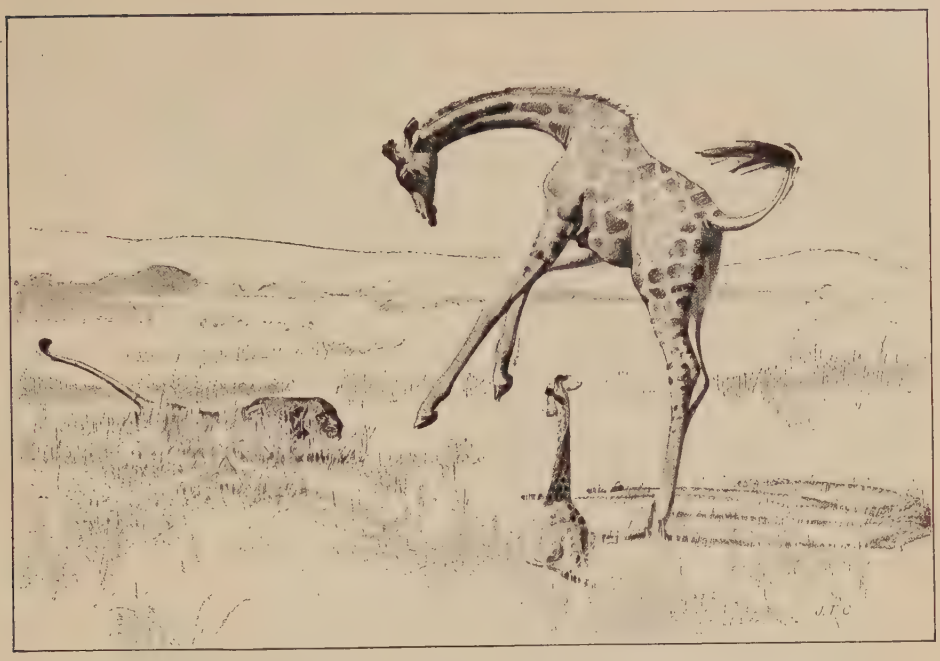
"A good chance for lions," thought I. "Lumi it will be, tsetse fly or no tsetse fly."

I put twenty Wakamba and Kikuyu porters on the train, and we clattered through the Athi plains on our way to Voi.

"Do you expect to find lions? Well, I have spent four years here without a glimpse of one," said an occupant of my compartment. Half an hour later, near Sultan Hamud station, another fellow traveller suggested that our friend take a look out of the window, if he had never seen a lion. Scarcely a hundred yards away we beheld the spectacle of a lifetime. A cow giraffe stood over her calf, making clumsy forward kicks at a lioness which crouched on the ground in menacing fashion, awaiting an opportunity to seize the baby. The lioness was far too agile to be caught by the hoofs, which were occasionally striking the poor little calf. The train was running slowly enough to permit me to jump off with my camera, but unfortunately the lioness became alarmed and slunk off into the long grass. The poor calf was suffering from a broken leg and scratches on the head and neck. I thought it best to put it out of pain with my six-shooter and report the occurrence to the game-ranger.

I walked to Sultan Hamud, and took a freight next day to Voi, whence a runner was sent to collect ten Wataita water-carriers. These arrangements completed, I had my tent pitched and settled down patiently to the reading of a stout book, for the East cannot be hustled.

On the evening of the third day, a group of eleven half-naked, unwashed savages



A cow giraffe stood over her calf, making clumsy forward kicks at a lioness.—Page 442.

collected, scowling at me, in front of the tent door. Their leader was a half-starved little creature, less intelligent than any of the others, but clothed with due regard to his prominence in a fez and khaki jacket. The only reason I could discover for his position was his inability to carry a load. My porters from up-country were scornful of these Wataita, and the two contingents had to be handled separately, each with its own head man. There was general rejoicing in expectation of starting out over the trail to Kilimanjaro in the morning. Once in the bush, the boys would have meat, and meat is a greater attraction to them than wages.

It was still dark next morning when we struck tents, distributed the various burdens, and filed out of Voi in long procession to the southward. The trail was not difficult to follow in the darkness, thanks to the almost impenetrable wall of bush on each side, which prevented deviation from the path. The sun rose with that suddenness so peculiar to Africa, disclosing the nature of the wilderness through which we were travelling. Towering candelabra-trees rose above the surrounding tangle of parched bush-veldt intertwined with an impassable mesh of brambles and creepers. Here and there a giant baobab, its meagre foliage out of all proportion to its distorted trunk, defied the severest drought to exhaust its reservoir of moisture. In the more favored spots a few bushes were still in leaf in spite of the withering sun. Here also a variety of grasses, cacti, clustered green bayonets of hemp, and rambling vines of purple or white trumpet-shaped flowers made the best of what moisture remained from the last rains.

A march of twelve miles brought us to a clearing, affording a distant view of a winding river lined with banana palms, orange and cocoanut trees. Across the river were the huts of the native village of Mwatate. This was a sufficient journey for unseasoned porters at the start, especially as the Wataita, being near their homes, could escape into the bush if discouraged by too hard a march on the first day. The arrival of a white man aroused no little curiosity among the black inhabitants, most of whom were lounging about the store of an Indian merchant who displayed tempting rows of beads, brass wire, broken umbrellas, machetes

and sheath-knives from Sheffield, empty Standard oil tins, and calico from Fall River of patterns designed to please the savage taste.

I do not propose to relate the discomforts of the next three days in waterless camps, or the events during weeks spent searching the Seringetti plains for lions, or to tell of many nights in hiding beside baits which the lions were too wary to approach. Instead I shall confine my narrative to those exceptional occasions when I did come across the king of beasts.

Near a thorn hiding-place which I had built at a salt-lick, some lions pulled down a zebra one evening a few yards from the blind and spent the night devouring it. An hour before sunrise I was on my way to the lick, accompanied by Karanja, a Kikuyu, bearing a cinematograph, both of us unaware of what had happened earlier in the night. The lions were in a hollow concealed from us by a small ridge. As we ascended this rise, approaching the lick quietly from the down-wind side, we noticed the outline of a jackal against the night sky, but attached no significance to it. Suddenly, when I reached the crest, with the native a few yards behind, a whiff of carrion reached me, causing me to stop short, as I was quite unarmed and not anxious to intrude upon lions without a rifle. Immediately there followed some angry, deep grunts and low rumbling growls in front, and I distinguished in the dusk, not twenty yards away, five lions on the carcass of a zebra, eying us with jaws hanging open and ears pricked forward, their heads cocked slightly to one side and their five tails lashing back and forth.

The situation was extremely awkward, as to have turned and run would have been the surest way to encourage an attack. The only course was to stand fast, pretending not to be concerned, in hopes that the lions would be bluffed into retreating. They remained for what seemed an unendurable length of time, voicing their anger at being disturbed with deep rumblings, while I cast wistful glances to the side to take account of the trees close at hand, but found nothing large enough to climb.

Karanja was as much at his ease as if the lions had been so many rabbits, thanks to an unreasoning confidence which natives have in a white man's ability to save them from any emergency. He sauntered leisurely up until he was abreast of me, contemplating the troop of lions with an expression of the utmost scorn. Perhaps this had its effect in dispersing them, for animals have remarkable intuition in discovering whether or not a man is afraid, and are encouraged to attack a wavering or retreating adversary, whereas they prefer to avoid an encounter with one who shows no fear of them. If they discovered by my demeanor that I was anxious to be elsewhere, and only stood my ground because I feared the consequence of a retreat, they must have been awed by the ill-judged confidence of the native, who, no doubt, would have bolted for a tree had he been alone. At last, after finding that their threatening grunts failed to move us from the spot, they began to stare with less determination, glancing occasionally over their shoulders, as if contemplating retreat, until at last a young lioness turned slowly around and paced off through the grass, to be followed by the other four at a slow gallop.

How I longed for the Winchester uselessly hanging to a tent-pole in camp! To feel the cold steel barrel makes every difference in one's confidence in the presence of dangerous game. Unarmed, I was crippled and helpless, without even the comfort of having something to do, however ineffectual, in case of emergency. Furthermore, one of the lions had a fairly good mane and made an easy target at twenty yards. Thereafter I resolved always to carry a rifle slung to my shoulder, even when encumbered by the camera, preferring to leave gun-bearers behind, as they did not understand the purpose of the cinematograph, and often interfered by showing themselves or making a noise at the wrong time.

This good resolution never to go unarmed was soon waived in view of the annoyance of carrying additional gear in the hot sun. Only a few days after I had returned to the practice of leaving the Winchester behind, except when actually hunting for meat, I had occasion to climb a rocky kopje with Karanja. We made no noise in crossing these rocks, as Karanja's feet were bare and mine were shod with sneakers. Karanja, who was a few paces ahead of me, suddenly became in-

tensely interested in something on the ground in front of him. He turned to me, eyes sparkling and mouth wide open, whispering in Swahili: "Lions." Sure enough, there were three lionesses asleep in a depression between the rocks, only ten yards from Karanja, and fifteen yards ahead of me. Again no rifle! But this was not so alarming in broad daylight, as before.

I came up to Karanja and attempted to set up the cinematograph which he carried. This made an accidental grating sound as the tripod slipped against a rock, and we heard the familiar rumbling grunt of a startled lion. One of the lionesses was on her feet, looking up, with nose wrinkled and fangs bared. The two others awoke like a flash, and leaped up, dropping their jaws and swinging their tails exactly like the troop of five in the dark. Had we been in a menagerie, we could not have had a better opportunity to observe animals in every detail, at close range with no obstruction to conceal them. They hesitated for a few seconds, then quickly trotted down the farther side of the hill.

To our astonishment, a male lion suddenly galloped into the open from behind a high rock, stopping short when he discovered us at the exact spot where the lionesses had been sleeping. Pausing only long enough to take a quick look at us and growl angrily, he turned away, sprang from rock to rock, and disappeared down the hillside. No sooner was he out of sight than a cub as large as an ordinary cat appeared from behind the high rock, clumsily scrambling with his large, ill-proportioned paws in our direction, over the stones. He took no notice of us until he was only five yards away, whereupon he suddenly discovered the intrusion and started baring his fangs, assuming a threatening demeanor, as if confident that he could frighten us away. His boldness far surpassed that of the full-grown lions.

When the first lioness had started down the hill I had felt no further concern, as I knew that the others, no matter how

One of the porters carrying a load of hides to camp was halted by a lion and forced to make a detour.

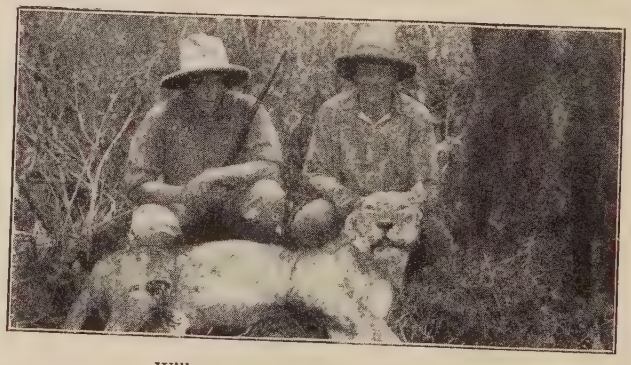
many there might be, would follow her example. When, however, another lioness appeared from behind the rock and saw us standing within five yards of her cub, there were eleven in all, some of them not quite full-grown.

When the long procession of lions had stopped issuing from the rocks we proceeded to the foot of the hill, where I waited while Karanja fetched the rifle from camp. The rest of the day was spent in a fruitless search through the rocks. The troop evidently had been thoroughly alarmed and had moved off some distance from the kopje.

Leopards are almost strictly nocturnal—photographs of them at large are extremely rare.

This discovery of a troop of eleven lions was rare luck indeed. I hoped to take a flashlight picture by hiding near a kill, a method which offered fair promise of success in a neighborhood where lions were so numerous and where, so I judged, they had not been disturbed enough to exercise much caution in approaching a bait at night. I had attempted to take lion flashlights with an automatic device, an arrangement which jackals and hyenas always interfered with by visiting the bait in advance of lions, leaving their pictures instead. Several times, to be sure, I was amply rewarded by finding an image of that evasive prowler, the leopard.

A zebra was shot for them, and dragged to a clump of thorn-bushes utilized for the framework of a small stockade. A piece of the zebra's flesh was trailed along the ground for the distance of a mile to at-



Willetts and Dana with dead lioness.

the situation again became awkward. Had the baby lion, which was growing more and more indignant at our refusal to retreat, uttered any sounds of distress at this juncture, it doubtless would have enraged the lioness into making an attack, which we would have been powerless to escape or defend ourselves against. Fortunately, the cub abandoned his attempt to intimidate us and scrambled back to his mother, while I watched him, anxiously fearing lest he might stub his toe and squeal (Karanja, as usual, did not know enough to be anxious), but he reached his parent safely, and the two made off like the others.

Before he had disappeared another lioness rounded the corner, planting all four feet ten yards in front of us when she came into the open, growled a surprised growl at seeing us so near, and retreated as the others had done. There seemed no end to the lions behind the steep rock, waking up one by one and appearing in front of us, each one stopping to growl at the spot where the lionesses had been asleep. Including three cubs,

tract lions to the carcass. I left it alone for the first night, partly to ascertain whether hiding there would be worth while, and partly to encourage the lions in the event of a visit, by letting them feast there undisturbed. In the morning we found the zebra ripped open, the entrails neatly removed and dragged to one side, and the loins and buttocks eaten away. Had a leopard visited the carcass, he probably would have attacked the breast, whereas hyenas would have crunched the bones with their powerful jaws and left the entrails in the carcass in disorderly fashion. The condition of the zebra was unmistakable evidence of a lion's visit.

Flashlight of a lioness attracted to some carrion fifteen feet from the photographer's thorn stockade.

The camera shutter was open all night, and the sky was exposed by starlight.

The blacks set to work at once to complete the stockade, loopholing it on three sides, and strengthening its lower part with heavy branches, into which were thrust brambles of acacia thorn. The door, a small opening close to the ground, could be closed by wedging into it a tapering thorn branch. In order to prevent vultures from picking the carcass clean before nightfall, we lashed a white shirt to the head of a spear and left it waving in the wind over the zebra.

For one more night the lions were allowed to feast undisturbed, an opportunity which they made use of to such advantage that nothing but hide and bones was left of the zebra in the morning. This made it necessary to shoot a hartebeest to provide further attraction for them.

On the third night I set two cameras outside the stockade, connected in such a way that, by pulling a wire from within, I could fire the flash and operate both shutters simultaneously. Shortly before dark I went to the stockade, accompanied by a porter carrying a thermos flask of cocoa, some sandwiches, the trusty .405, and an English double-barrelled .450 cordite rifle, a powerful weapon of great stopping power. A Mkamba whom I had selected to accompany me fell asleep, rolled up in his blankets in a corner of the thorn protection, while I occupied myself with arranging the rifles in a position where they could be picked up quickly in case of emergency. The porter lost no time in hurrying back to camp, feeling none too secure in the growing darkness.

The early hours of the night were quite still save for the almost inaudible rattling of a tiny leaf overhead in the gentle wind. A few hours later something struck the dry twigs behind us, breaking the stillness so suddenly that the Mkamba awoke, to inform me after a few rapid glances about that it was only a bat. The moon was now shining with a brightness peculiar to the tropics, illuminating the valley so brilliantly that we could have left our retreat with almost as much security as in broad daylight. Lions grow more timid the brighter the light, just as a man's instincts of self-preservation have a stronger hold on him in the dark where he is helpless in an encounter with a nocturnal beast. For this reason, the lions, which the Mkamba believes were aware of our presence, preferred not to venture up to the hartebeest in the moonlight.

At two o'clock some jackals came to the carcass, nibbling bits of meat, then slinking back into the shadows. Very soon they disappeared without a sound, alarmed by a spotted hyena which set to work to crunch bones and rip off great pieces of flesh with enough noise to do credit to a large lion.

Almost immediately after the moon set the hyena slipped away at the sound of footfalls of some heavy animal trotting up to the hartebeest. The Mkamba touched me without a word, and I peered through a loophole into the darkness to see the hazy form of a lioness stop at the kill fifteen feet away. She could not have suspected our presence, or she would have approached noiselessly.

A pull at the wire produced a blinding flash and detonation from outside, followed by the sound of the astonished lioness galloping away, terrified, and momentarily blinded by the glare of light.

Young giraffe wounded by lioness.

The sound of galloping lasted for some time, growing fainter and fainter. This was obviously the safest moment to venture out into the dark to reset the cameras. With many misgivings, I groped about in the pitch darkness, haunted by imaginary prowling shapes creeping up from every shadow, and felt more at ease when, after five minutes of anxious work, I reached the interior of the thorn retreat safely.

Before an hour had passed, I was startled to hear a bone crunch in front of the stockade. I took the animal for a hyena, but the native poked me so eagerly that I knew he recognized it as a lion.

Bang went the flash, and off galloped a pair of lions. Unluckily, in my hurry to get back to safety, I had set the cameras so carelessly that no exposures were made.

For some reason which was never clear to me, the tracker did not warn me when I crawled out the door a second time to get the cameras ready for another picture that he had discovered a lion crouching on the ground sixty feet from us. I felt much more at ease this time, having ventured out before without disaster, never thinking, as I listened to the pair of lions galloping away, that there might be others close at hand. One of the cameras was directly under the stockade, and the other about twenty feet from it, in the direction of the lion. When the first was made ready for another picture, I groped my way to the second, quite unaware that a lion was watching me only forty feet away, as his footprints proved in the morning.

What followed took place so quickly that I would hardly know now what had happened had not the tracks told the story afterward. I remember hearing a soul-harrowing half-roar, half-grunt, and finding myself not at the camera but safe inside the thorns, ramming a branch into the doorway to block it, with a large bump on my head where I had hit a stone while diving into the opening.

I still held the cordite rifle, but how I ever got through the tiny door with it I cannot imagine. Getting my shoulders through the opening previously had required at least a minute to find the exact relation of shoulders to doorway which made passage through it possible, so tight was the fit. When the lion was in pur-

suit, I had shot through it so fast that I almost came out at the farther side.

It was well that I had not stayed outside to try to shoot, as the sights were not visible in the darkness, and it is impossible to determine by a lion's grunt from what direction the sound comes.

The lion, now close to the thorns, was joined by two lionesses who, no doubt, had been near when I went outside. The three animals paced around the enclosure, only a few feet away, for the rest of the night. At times, when one came particularly near, I felt so sure of locating him by his growling that I was tempted to shoot, but then the same sound seemed to come from a different quarter. The voice of a lion is always deceptive to locate, sometimes sounding as if it came from all directions at once, and again apparently coming from a quarter where there is no lion. In spite of their proximity and their incessant moans and grunts, I never had a chance to get a shot at any of them.

In the morning I hoped that the lions would remain until there was light enough to see the rifle sights, but they knew enough to trot away before the first pink of dawn. We examined the ground, to learn for the first time what had taken place in the dark, when in the confusion, and the rapidity with which my pursuit and flight had begun and ended, there had been no time for events to be impressed on my memory. The lion had been lying on the dusty ground forty feet from the second camera, and had galloped up to within five feet of the door. That I had covered the distance of twenty feet at top speed was apparent from the depth of my toe-marks in the sand. Just how I found the door in the dark, I do not know.

An unprovoked charge from a lion, like this one, even in the dark, is exceptional; but lions, like people, are not all alike, and it is impossible to lay down sweeping generalizations which will be true of the behavior of every individual.

After a careful inspection of the footprints and the carcass, we collected the cameras and returned to camp, where the Mkamba spent the day entertaining the carriers with an exaggerated account of the night's experiences, emphasizing his excitement by shifting into a falsetto voice, the usual vehicle of expression used by natives for this purpose; especially when he came to the account of the lion's rush. According to his version of the story, the lion had seized me by a fold of my shirt, and would have done for me had it not been for his timely assistance.

Flash-light of a leopard.

P. D. Q.

By Richard Field Maynard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

UPON arrival, the first sound I noticed was the soothing boom of the ocean, then too dark to see. But another sound broke in insistently, a man's voice calling my college nickname, my unfortunate initials, "P. D. Q., hello! Hello, P. D. Q.!" (Once more I wondered why, with "Peter Dana" a family tradition, my mother should have married a Quincy.) Then came a slap on the back, a hearty handshake, and jovial introductions to nearly every one in the hotel.

In my dazed state, the people seemed like so many imaginary characters just forming into personalities. I looked at them as at a vivid dream of people in a novel—or who soon would be. For already I was beginning to plan a second book as a relief from wondering whether my first would be accepted. Already I picked the handsome Englishman, athletic and reputed wealthy, as an almost "ready-to-wear" hero. He had the charm of the man who seldom talks, and even his commonplaces sounded attractive in his cultured English voice. In time, I observed that he was usually to be found wherever there were parasols and picture hats and slender, pointed slippers. There didn't seem to be any particular picture hat. Earnestly he gazed into eyes of brown or gray or blue until the Rockingchair Fleet began to speculate upon which pair of twin lights would finally bring him into port.

Eventually came the Prettiest Lady of all. She rode down the glow of the sunset in the most luxurious touring-car I ever saw. When she alighted, followed by her mother and little sister, it seemed as though a sudden breeze had animated the whole Rockingchair Fleet as it rode at anchor along the piazza.

As a prospective novelist, I should have observed the Englishman's expression when he saw her for the first time, but, to tell the truth, I forgot all about him until quite a while afterward. When I did notice him, he seemed a changed man. He hardly spoke to any one. He appeared totally blind to every color except a certain delicate shade of orchid. Previously, the fleet had not remarked upon his being particularly literary but now he sat for hours on the piazza holding a book with a cover of pale lavender—sympathetic echo of orchid, perhaps.

The Prettiest Lady apparently knew no one in the hotel. She seemed not even to see any one except her mother and little sister. These three spoke together in soft voices and there was no getting near them. The music of the orchestra, however, attracted them to the ballroom, where the Prettiest Lady, swaying like a flower, and Little Sister, fluffy as thistledown, rose and danced together. . . . I could watch them with a certain detached calm, for life, at the beginning of the long road of literary art, was only a pageant to me. But with the Englishman it was different. He could afford to look on in a personal way and his view seemed neither detached nor calm.

"Beastly shame!" he growled. "She ought to have a man to dance with. Beastly American etiquette! I can't get introduced, you know. If this was in England, now, I'd have known her long ago. I say, I'm going to ask the proprietor for an introduction."

"You couldn't in this kind of a hotel," I objected. "But—but why don't you write her some sort of a letter? Then she could ignore it or answer it conventionally."

He jumped at the idea, then scoffed at it.

"Letter! I say, that's deucedly jolly! But how could I write her a letter! What could I say that wouldn't be rot?"

"I might start you off," I suggested, automatically unlimbering my fountain pen.

I wondered if some day she might so read a story of mine.—Page 452.

He brought some paper from the desk and I stared at the empty sheet. It was a pretty problem for an untravelled American to compose in Piccadilly English a letter characteristic of "Our Hero." Besides, he spoke so seldom and said so little even then, that I couldn't imagine anything adequate and yet like him. Surely some very great-grandfather of his in ye olden time would have used the King's English more flowingly. Which thought started the pen off by itself spelling strange words:

"*To Ye Faire Ladie Unknown, Greeting*—

"Somewhere in ye wide world, there must be even one mutual friend, but where, by myself alone, I cannot determine. If only, as under ye flag of truce, I might speak with ye faire ladie, in one brief moment ye friend's identity might be disclosed. If contrarywise, alas, ye truce must end, leaving me, as now, to ye ladie, a total stranger. But if, more happily, ye mutual friend be found, with joyfulness would I await ye gentle letter of introduction. Will ye ladie faire graciously so deign to parley with

Ye Knight of Ye
Gold-Rimmed Monocle?"

"Thanks awfully," he said and walked off toward the writing-room, reading it over on the way.

I opened my book in the hope of calming my slightly flustered thoughts before going to bed, but just then the Prettiest Lady came in from the piazza and took a chair quite near to me, though partly turned away. Her slender fingers began

busily knitting while her thoughts seemed caught in the swift current of a book she had spread open before her on her lap. I wondered if some day she might so read a story of mine and never know . . .

Unpublished young novelists may be permitted the abstractly theoretical sentiments pertaining to their art, but in real life they can only trudge along by the roadside weary miles behind heroines of luxurious touring-cars. So it was with a shock of self-distrust and a mental reprimand that I discovered that even I was reading over and over the top lines of my pages.

At the end of her chapter, the Prettiest Lady gathered up her knitting and book, and walked with her peculiarly graceful drift across the office toward the elevator. At the same time from the writing-room sauntered the Englishman. To my utter amazement, he blocked her path and held out a letter. I couldn't see her face, but the back of her head, poised so daintily on her shoulders, seemed particularly erect. So they stood like statues until finally she disengaged one hand from her knitting to take the letter, then passed in silence.

I ran up-stairs to my room without waiting for the elevator. It was hours before I could go to sleep and consequently, the next morning, I came down rather late. I picked up a mooring among the Rockingchair Fleet, and casually learned that the Prettiest Lady had started out early in the touring-car, and that the Englishman had gone to play golf by himself. Not until evening did I see him.

"What happened?" I demanded.

"Oh, it's all right, it's all right; come, I'll introduce you."

"No, thank you!" I answered with emphasis, for I felt that his effrontery in presenting the note himself had destroyed its intended character. I was about to suggest that he might have put it in her letter-box in the office when I actually heard myself being introduced to the Prettiest Lady and Little Sister, who came promenading along the piazza. . . . Indeed, indeed, if ever there was one worthy to be a heroine, it was the Prettiest Lady of All!

With accustomed regard for dramatic values, I should have dropped back as a listener, giving the centre to the hero and heroine, but mysteriously the conversation happened just then to catch fire like a powder train and run in sudden flashes while Little Sister, wide-eyed and silent, and the Englishman, not always on time, hung on the Prettiest One's every word.

When the music sounded from the ballroom, I asked her to dance. Of course she was already engaged for the first with the Englishman and I had to be content with a smile back to me as she drifted off on his arm.

I danced with Little Sister!

The next noon, from the quarter-deck of the piazza, I noticed the Englishman and the Prettiest Lady coming in together from a game of golf. The Prettiest Lady dropped into the nearest chair and looked at me with laughing eyes.

"I know something you don't know I know," she declared. "I was complimenting 'his Lordship'"—that was a play name she had given him almost from the first—"upon his very interesting handwriting, when he confessed that it wasn't his. He said he had started to copy what you had written for him but he hadn't quite finished when he saw me coming toward the elevator, so he just up and handed me the original instead. That's what I call being a man of action!" She bowed her head toward the Englishman, who beamed with delight at what sounded like a compliment. "Do you suppose the letter of introduction could possibly have come yet?" she continued. "We're still only under a flag of truce, you know."

"I'll see," said the Englishman.

"Inquire if there's anything for me too, please," the Prettiest Lady called after him, and I thought how proud she must have made him by giving the authority to ask for her letters.

"Before he comes back," she said, leaning toward me ever so little, as in confidence, "I want to tell you something. When he gave me that quaint little letter, I went into the writing-room to read it. Of course I've been brought up thus and so, and I didn't know what to do. And there wasn't time to think because, almost right away, he came wandering in and picked up a magazine. I pretended to be reading the note but by that time I

To my utter amazement, he blocked her path and held out a letter.—Page 452.

was so fussed I seemed to see only the handwriting without the meaning of the words. It looked so interesting, so really distinguished, that I heard myself saying before I meant to—'Whom do *you* know?' I expected him to begin with something fantastic like, well—'I know the Man in the Moon.' But instead, he took out a pocket address-book and began solemnly to read the names beginning with A. Then he read through the B's and C's and D's, regardless of where they lived. Finally, way down among the V's, he came upon Sally Van Deusen. And all the while I was wondering how he could be so out of character with the tall b's and l's and t's of the letter. I've read John Rexford's book, you know, 'What Handwriting Indicates,' but I haven't studied it enough to analyze so complex a

thing as a dual personality. I was so puzzled! And all this morning I was trying to discover in him the playful imaginative quality, the shy fancifulness, that he seemed persistently to hide, until I to read your characters when I get home. And don't forget to put down your addresses so that I can send you what he says." By including me, the offer appeared so general that I doubted if the

He was habitually to be found sitting somewhere near the elevator where he could see her the moment she came down.—Page 455.

found out that it wasn't his handwriting!"

The Englishman returned, handing her several letters, but said that *the* letter had not come; indeed, that it was too soon to expect it.

"We were just speaking of telling character from handwriting," explained the Prettiest Lady. "John Rexford lives just up the street from our house. If you'll each write something, I'll ask him Englishman realized that she was incidentally opening a way for a correspondence with him, but of course the practice of story-writing had made me habitually on the lookout for motives. The Englishman finally wrote something, folded the paper, and handed it to her with a look full of meaning.

"Now it's your turn."

"But you already have a sample of my handwriting."

"Oh, no, not exactly yours. You wrote it pretending you were somebody else."

"That's all the life I have, just pretending."

The bitter, unhappy sentence just broke away and said itself.

"I wonder where that ship is sailing to," she said irrelevantly.

Meanwhile, I was trying to write for her a funny little jingle, but somehow it didn't turn out to be so very funny:

"Ye faire ladie doth command
Me to give to her my hand-
Writing for a sage to see,
So to vivisect poor me.

Here I write accordingly
What may strangely seem to be
Lacking, inadvertently,
Any personality.

If ye learned one perceive
Nothing here but make-believe,
Mayhap only dreams are where
Life should be, my ladie faire."

She raised her eyes with misty questioning but only said—"Your address; you forgot that."

As I added it, I reflected how finished she was in every move, not forgetting that she had asked for my address even though she already had his Lordship's safe in her possession.

"Oh, I say, I'm jolly well famished. It must be lunch-time," exclaimed the Englishman, who evidently was fed up on all this letter-writing business.

From the very first the Englishman was serenely unabashed in his open adoration of the Prettiest Lady. Whenever they were not together on the golf course, on the beach, or yachting or dancing, he was habitually to be found sitting somewhere near the elevator where he could see her the moment she came down. In the course of true love there seemed to be only one disturbing factor, and that was the indefatigable persistence of Little Sister. She never would be left behind and always and always tagged along no matter where they went. She seemed a very intelligent child in other ways, and rather unusually observing, but absolutely, opaquely dense to any suspicion that she might be *de trop*. One day I gently hinted that sometimes three is considered a crowd, but without a moment's hesitation she said: "But sister always wants me to come too."

She used to perch on the arm of my chair and tease for stories and more stories, but no matter what thrilling action hung in the balance, the moment the Prettiest Lady and the Englishman came out to go anywhere, she would precipitantly excuse herself and run after them.

One morning of brilliant sunshine that seemed at cross-purposes with a wind that was blowing half a gale, I strolled down to the bathing-beach alone. I had just left the Englishman waiting by the elevator and consequently could hardly believe my eyes when, as I came over the sand-dunes, I saw the Prettiest Lady and Little Sister wading into the surf. She must, she absolutely must, have gone down the back stairs!

I hurried into my bathing-suit, dove through a wave, and swam out to the float. The wind had kicked up such a sea that not many had gone in and no one had ventured out so far except the Prettiest Lady, who was breathing quickly, and Little Sister, whose teeth chattered.

Said the Prettiest Lady—"She swam too far out and swallowed a wave."

Little Sister, shivering and quivering, protested: "I'm g-going to stay here till l-low t-t-tide. Won't go in w-waves again. I'll get *d-drowned!*"

Here was a dramatic situation and "our hero" back in the hotel watching the elevator! How easily he could have taken Little Sister ashore on his athletic shoulders while the crowd would gather to admire!

"Ahoy, cap'n!" I shouted to Little Sister. "Ahoy! I'm a poor sailorman just swimmin' 'round lookin' fer a vacancy. I see you're short-handed, lost yer crew but saved the lady. You'll be recommended fer gallantry, sir. If you'll take me aboard, I'll be yer first mate, second mate, cabin-boy, and cook; stand both watches, bail out the lee scuppers, and holystone the decks."

"W-will you stay with me t-till the t-t-tide goes down?"

"Aye, aye, cap'n, shiver me timbers, I swears to stay with ye."

"W-when will it be l-low tide?"

"In six hours, cap'n."

"W-what'll we do?"

"Well, cap'n, ye might divide yer crew, meanin' me, into port an' starboard watches, wind 'em up, an' order 'em aloft to look out fer a sail. That'd pass the time pleasantly fer six hours, sir."

"But we w-wouldn't have any lunch. I guess I don't w-want to wait for six hours!"

I stood up as best I could while a great wave lifted under the raft. Shading my eyes and staggering about, I gazed off toward the beach. "Land ho!" I cried. "Land ho, two points off to starboard!—I'm only a poor sailorman, cap'n, an' not a brave an' gallant officer like you, sir, but, shiver me timbers, I'll follow wherever ye lead if you'll let me keep close alongside yer so I can grab holt on yer if I feel me courage or any other part o' me sinkin', sir."

"You're not really afraid to swim back, are you?" she asked, half credulous.

"Not if you'll let me keep close to ye, cap'n. I've a great confidence in yer. Ye've swum as fur as that agin a head sea an' it 'ud be easy ridin' in wi' the waves."

She gazed longingly toward the sunlit sand beyond the white water of tumbling breakers and seemed to be measuring the distance. "Well, if you will keep very, very close to me, I guess—I guess I could lead you to shore—my good sailorman. Ready?"

She shivered, shut her teeth, slid off into the water, and struck out in the hollow of a wave. The Prettiest Lady and I dove together and came up on either side of her, and so we swam to shore.

As we separated to go to our bathhouses, the Prettiest Lady said: "If you are ready before we are, won't you wait and walk back to the hotel with us?"

The Prettiest Lady chose the path that follows the shore, which is the "long way 'round," but Little Sister wanted to get her hair dry before lunch, so scampered off the shortest way.

As we watched her fluttering before the wind like a white butterfly over the sand-dunes, I couldn't help saying: "I wish I had a little sister; I never did have."

"And she never had a brother. She thinks real brothers couldn't be so nice because Anna Claire's brother never tells *her* stories. When we are out motoring, 'Little Sister' entertains me with your stories, almost word for word, I guess—I think they're very interesting and often very beautiful, even second-hand."

"She must improve them."

"Oh, no, she couldn't do that— But I wish I were little enough to be told stories to—or big enough."

"How do you mean, 'big enough'?"

"Oh, big enough in understanding—and appreciation—and—and things like that."

A sudden puff of wind blew down the floppy brim of her hat, with its orchid ribbons, till I could see only her mouth and chin—not that this had anything to

do with the words her lips were shaping, but just that I like to remember the colorful, wind-blown picture of her against the sand and sky.

"I know a little more about you than you think," she continued. "This morning on the way to breakfast, I bought a copy of SCRIBNER'S that had just been put on the news-stand. I found in it a story by *Peter Dana Quincy!*—surely no one else could have a name like that—and I think it's just beautiful—the story, I mean. And now I understand about

> "'If ye learned one perceive
> Nothing here but make-believe.'

You've no idea how curious the Rocking-chair fleet is about you. They've all been guessing what you are. And I am the only one who knows!"

"They may all know by now."

"Not yet. You hadn't told anybody you were an author, so I supposed, maybe, in a place like this, you mightn't want to. There were only a dozen copies on the news-stand and now there aren't any. I bought them all."

"Not really! I wish I knew how to thank you. If every one could understand as you do, there wouldn't be any need of secrets."

"You might tell me some."

"Of course. The principal one is a book I've just finished—that nearly finished me. I had to have a vacation—to go where no one would know that I was interested in this sort of thing. But even here I couldn't stop thinking. I must have been all wound up like those clocks that run a year with only one winding, and I just went on ticking and ticking till your little sister made some kind of magic and took me off to play in fairy-land, the only place there is, I guess, where impractical folks ever have a real vacation."

"But you can be practical, too."

"If only my uncle could hear you say that! He most generously offered to take me into his brokers' office, where I would be expected to make enough to buy a steam-yacht some day. He had been so awfully good to me that I hated to decline to make so much money, particularly as I never could explain, *quite* to his satisfaction, why I preferred imaginary 'shoes and ships and sealing-wax' even to owning a whole fleet. As it is, the one luxury I have is a second-hand typewriter, a bit rackety but a ripping traveller. You just ought to see the miles go clicking off, faster than on any private car of any special train! But sometimes

"Come and be in it, too. You give her such a pleasant expression."—Page 458.

imagination gets sick for the tonic of a little reality. That's why I am here, though it's much too expensive. Now you know what I meant by

> "'Mayhap only dreams are where
> Life should be, my ladie faire.'"

"I'm so sorry!—But you were practical in choosing a vacation rather than illness and the doctor, and surely the happiness of a profession you like couldn't be bought with money earned in any other."

"If you should ever meet uncle, do please explain it to him."

"Oh, I could do better than that," she said, laughing. "I could prove to him that you are *super*-practical. You choose what you know you want, not what somebody thinks you ought to want. That's where you begin. Then you take the necessary means, no matter how unusual. That's how you arrive. I could illustrate by what you did this morning. If you had been just ordinary-practical, you might have brought Little Sister to shore in a life-boat, but her courage would have been left out on the raft, and goodness knows when she could *ever* have been induced to swim out after it. But being super-practical, you took the necessary unusual means. Oh, I see, now—you couldn't possibly, not possibly be so completely, hard-headedly practical without a perfectly fantastic imagination— Good heavens! Here comes his Lordship!"

He was just turning the corner, his face flushed and accusing. "Oh, I say," he began, but immediately after him ran Little Sister panting into the Prettiest Lady's arms.

The Englishman frowned upon the inevitable, but presently I heard him inviting the Prettiest Lady to go motor-boating in the afternoon. She answered with a sweet humility that she and Little Sister would be happy to accept.

After lunch, the Prettiest Lady, among the flower-beds, was aiming her kodak at Little Sister. Before it clicked, however, she called to me: "Come and be in it, too. You give her such a pleasant expression. And, besides, I—I like to think of you in the same picture at Sandy Point."

"Oh, you gave me such a shock saying it that way—as though Sandy Point was to be only a memory, as though we were not all going to stay just like this forever."

"But—but we're going—we're going home to-morrow."

Clattering down the steps came the Englishman, carrying rubber coats and sweaters. With a look of solemn obedience, the Prettiest Lady met him and together they disappeared down the path toward the boat-landing, Little Sister—as always and always—tagging serenely behind.

I went to walk alone.

As the Prettiest Lady took pictures only on sunny days, so will I, in this *post facto* diary, omit to record some shadowy thoughts, and most especially the mental cyclone of that afternoon. But I must put down the consequent curiously interlocking chain of decisions, else, some time, I may forget how I ever could have arrived at so odd a final conclusion.

The first, in sequence, was the old one, many times decided but always recurring, that I was completely tied, hand, foot, and tongue, with the strings of my empty purse. Being so tied, obviously I could make no move for myself, nor speak for myself, honorably, nor even hope anything for myself without a miracle. Thus personally eliminated, my love alone sought expression through some indirect gift of service. Desperately I wanted to contribute something, anything, to the Prettiest Lady's happiness. This want was practical, or rather, super-practical—according to her definition—only if it might be attained by the "necessary means however unusual." In this connection I remembered a *motif* running through my novel (a truth captured but still untamed), that "He who loves *enough* will find a way to serve." A singularly important corollary appeared to be that the least little opportunity must be improved or the bigger ones will never come.

There was one opportunity, glaringly obvious, but so humble, even humiliating, that my spirit rebelled against it. Little Sister might possibly, by a supreme effort, be so tenaciously entertained that the lovers might have their last evening together alone. To do this implied completely playing into the hands of the Eng-

lishman. To refuse to do it would be to admit that my jealousy of him was stronger than my love for the Prettiest Lady. And so inevitably I arrived at the final conclusion to try to serve the Prettiest Lady in this littlest thing, which might loom large and critically at some

I would tell that child a THRILLER!

easily to be imagined psychological moment.

I would tell that child a THRILLER!

In the evening after the dancing was over, while the four of us were still sitting together in the ballroom, the time came.

"A story, please, Mr. P. D. Q., a happy-ever-after one to tell to sister on the road to-morrow," that was the special demand. But she was not to have anything so tame as that to drop and pick up at her convenience. She was to have the THRILLER. And so I began.

Little Sister's eyes grew big and bigger. Presently I no longer heard the voices of the Prettiest Lady and his Lordship. They had stolen away together out on the piazza, into the moonlight—into the future— But I must not stop a second. I must go on talking, talking to Little Sister, fast and faster, not to let her attention wander, not to break the spell of the story, not to let her run after them to spoil the supreme moment of their lives. But after them had run my truant thoughts. The story faltered just an instant, just a little instant, when a lovely voice demanded, "And then? And then? What happened then?" and I turned to see the Prettiest Lady and the Englishman both leaning forward listening to the THRILLER.

Automatically I continued to the grand climax and ended abruptly.

Not only Little Sister's eyes but her

mouth was open as well, yet the Englishman was the first to speak.

"I say, if North Dakota is anything like *that*, I'm going out to see it."

"I want to go too," piped up Little Sister, at which his Lordship glowered.

"It isn't at all like that," declared the Prettiest Lady, "but I'm sure Mr. P. D. Q.'s *North Dakota* might easily be the hit of the season in melodrama and a great scenario besides."

"But I only made it up this afternoon for Little Sister!" I gasped, staggered by a possibility I then recognized but had not thought of in my preoccupation.

"And isn't it wonderful," continued the Prettiest Lady, "to think that Mr. P. D. Q. can play with an idea like that just as a relaxation from his seriously beautiful work, and incidentally receive for it in royalties thousands and thousands of dollars!"

That put my thoughts in a whirl but I clung to a restraining idea in a kind of rhythm:

> "Mayhap life is only where
> Dreams come true, my ladie faire."

The Prettiest Lady calmly turned to the Englishman, and asked him if he would be so good as to try to find their chauffeur, as her mother wished to speak to him. He went off with his usual proud air of one intrusted with an intimate mission. From following his retreating figure, I turned quickly and I thought I saw the Prettiest Lady nod to Little Sister. Anyway, Little Sister ran off to get a drink of water.

Then the Prettiest Lady said: "I just don't know how to say 'Good-by.' It ought to be—now—because to-morrow, early in the morning, you know, and only half awake maybe— But to-night, I'm all dressed up in the dress you liked. I put it on just because I wanted you to remember me the way you said I looked the first time we danced together. You see, I think that friendship should have its ritual just as much as—as anything."

She rose, swaying like a flower, and stood, very beautiful, extending her hand to me.

I took it in both of mine but couldn't say anything at all. Little Sister came skipping back, and somehow we all three arrived at the elevator.

"Good-by, Mr. P. D. Q.," said Little Sister, making a child's formal courtesy. "Good-by."

They entered the elevator. But Little Sister looked back and suddenly fluttered out to me. Catching my coat lapels with both hands, she pulled my face down to hers. After that pretty moment, as I looked above her curls, I saw the Prettiest Lady smiling—smiling yet somehow wistful. It was almost as though— But I couldn't allow myself to think that! And yet, just as the elevator door was closing—she stooped and kissed Little Sister.

In the writing-room my pen began spelling strange words:

"To ye Faire Ladie, in all ye Lande ye Dearest, Greeting—

"Mayhap ye things shall e'en come true whereon ye spoke but now. Then from ye fountain pen may flow real shoes and ships and sealing-wax—ye shoes of velvet for a ladie's feete, ye ships of sturdy steele to sail ye ocean blue, ye sealing-wax to seal ye promise of True Love. So with ye morrow's sun I go full-armored in thy faith to fight for Fortune. And if, by superpractice, getting down to tacks of brass and goodlie worke, ye magic may take shape in assets tangible, anon I will return to lay my love before my Ladie. Prithee, Ladie deare, vouchsafe, ye while, some little gage, a knot of orchid, haply, to

Ye Knight
of ye Olden Typewriter."

A bell-boy with the letter vanished up the stairs, and presently to my room was brought a note tied fast with orchid ribbon:

"Peter, dear: Mother says won't you ride back to town with us to-morrow? We'll go by the shore road—'the long way 'round'—that is, if you will come. Little Sister, inquisitive, peeked into your knightly letter. She couldn't understand it, declared it didn't make any sense. I said it made me very happy. She said, 'Then *why* are you crying?'"

FREDERICK LOCKER LAMPSON*

WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES AND POEMS

By His Son, Oliver Locker Lampson
Commander R. N. V. R.; C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS, DRAWINGS, ETC., IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY

FREDERICK LOCKER (LAMPSON), poet and collector, was born in 1821 at Greenwich, and came of a stock which was notable in its simple, sturdy way. One grandfather, Captain Locker, commanded the *Lowestoft* when a certain middy, Horatio Nelson, first joined, and years later this middy—now the greatest of Englishmen—was to write to his elderly shipmate: "My dear friend, After 27 years acquaintance, you know that nothing can alter my attachment and gratitude to you. I have been your scholar. It is you who taught me to board a Frenchman by your conduct when in the 'Experiment'! It is you who always said, 'Lay a Frenchman close and you will beat him,' and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar." The other grandfather was Jonathan Boucher, well known in local State history as a loyalist parson of Virginia and Maryland, who took for pupil by chance one day the stepson of a neighboring squire, George Washington, and who subsequently preached his last sermon in America with pistols on the pulpit-cushion and these words by way of peroration: "As long as I live, yea, while I have my being, will I proclaim, 'God save the King.'"

Frederick Locker, three years old.

Antecedents so combative do not usually usher in a man of letters. And indeed they might not have done so on this occasion had they not been judiciously diluted by the infusion of an ancestor of the most pacific habits possible—one John Locker, a scrivener, a man of so bookish a turn that he drew the attention of the mighty lord of letters himself, Samuel Johnson, who goes out of his way to speak of him as "Eminent for curiosity and literature," epithets (it may be noted) which might as justly have been selected to describe his great-grandson, of whom here we treat.

Frederick Locker's father was a civil commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, and the son has written feelingly of his attachment to the colonnaded façade upon the Thames, and the faint visitings of nostalgia when he thought of his home there. He seems to have been an attractive child if the dusky silhouette of him aged three speaks true; and fond friends maintained that he said funny, freakish things with eager glances. He was rather afraid of his rather rigid father, and scuttled away on this parent's approach lest he be sent to find something and return empty-handed. When he became a father himself he does not appear to have excited similar apprehension in his offspring; for after describing his own tremors he adds this characteristic comment: "Now and then I propose to send my children on an errand, and apologize for doing so. They accept the apology, but they do not go."

But he was to experience worse tremors at school. First under Miss Griffin, "who had all the qualities of a kitchen poker except its occasional warmth"; next under old Barnett, who beat him with the buckle-end of his own braces, and

*A biography of Frederick Locker Lampson by the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, entitled "Frederick Locker Lampson, a Character Sketch," was published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920.

then under Mrs. Wight, of whom he only remembers "that she was remote from beautiful, and not quite aware of the distance." Later he reached a bullying-school kept by Burney, the grandson of Doctor Johnson's friend, where it is interesting to remark that the only thing he did pretty well was poetry. But the credit tends to evaporate when we learn that "a subject was given us, and by a certain day we produced a poem. My mother wrote most of mine!"

In fact, school life did not wholly prosper, and in some despair he was sent at the age of seventeen to a colonial broker's, where, on his own admission, he paid less attention to the counting-house than to the cut of his trousers, and where he developed a turn for humor dangerous to business solidarity. "I was pensively sarcastic," he records, "but my wit was empty—a sneeze of the mind."

Business having proved not much more successful than school, Frederick Locker now secured, through the influence of friends, a clerkship in Somerset House, and thence he was soon transferred to the Admiralty, a fitting theatre for one so nautically descended. Here he was placed as a junior in Lord Haddington's private office. Nor does his humor appear to have deserted him even in these arid surroundings, for he is ere long found inditing an appeal to his chief in poetry, the first stanza of which ran thus:

To the Earl of Haddington, K.T., etc., etc.

"I humbly beg but once again, Right Honorable Lord,
To crave your grace, and place my case before you and the Board
Your Lordship knows I've written prose, but here's a rhyming fit,
And though it is a verse to you, don't be averse to it."

It was the first sign of that subtle marriage of a sense of rhyme with a sense of the ridiculous which was to make a certain slender volume of verse famous in its small way ere long. But it cannot candidly have promoted official relations; and, while he did his duty trimly enough, these days looked rather lackadaisical in retrospect, full of a "halcyon impecuniosity," of practical jokes, and stirrings and strivings remote from the allotted task. The hidden fermentation went on, and was suddenly stimulated, as so often happens, by the yeast of ill health. The demon of dyspepsia, which had been the rage of Coleridge and the curse of Carlyle, descended upon him, and his one solace became poetry and its inspiration. He hugged this comfort to him even as he settled down into the condition of a "shivery animal," and became more or less of a valetudinarian through life. He was forced to take long leave of absence, and fled to Paris for change, little dreaming what change awaited him. For there he met Lady Charlotte Bruce, to whom he became engaged, and whom he married in the following year. This is how he proposed:

"We had seated ourselves on a bench, and neither spoke. I took her hand.

"'This is the prettiest hand in all the world,' said I.

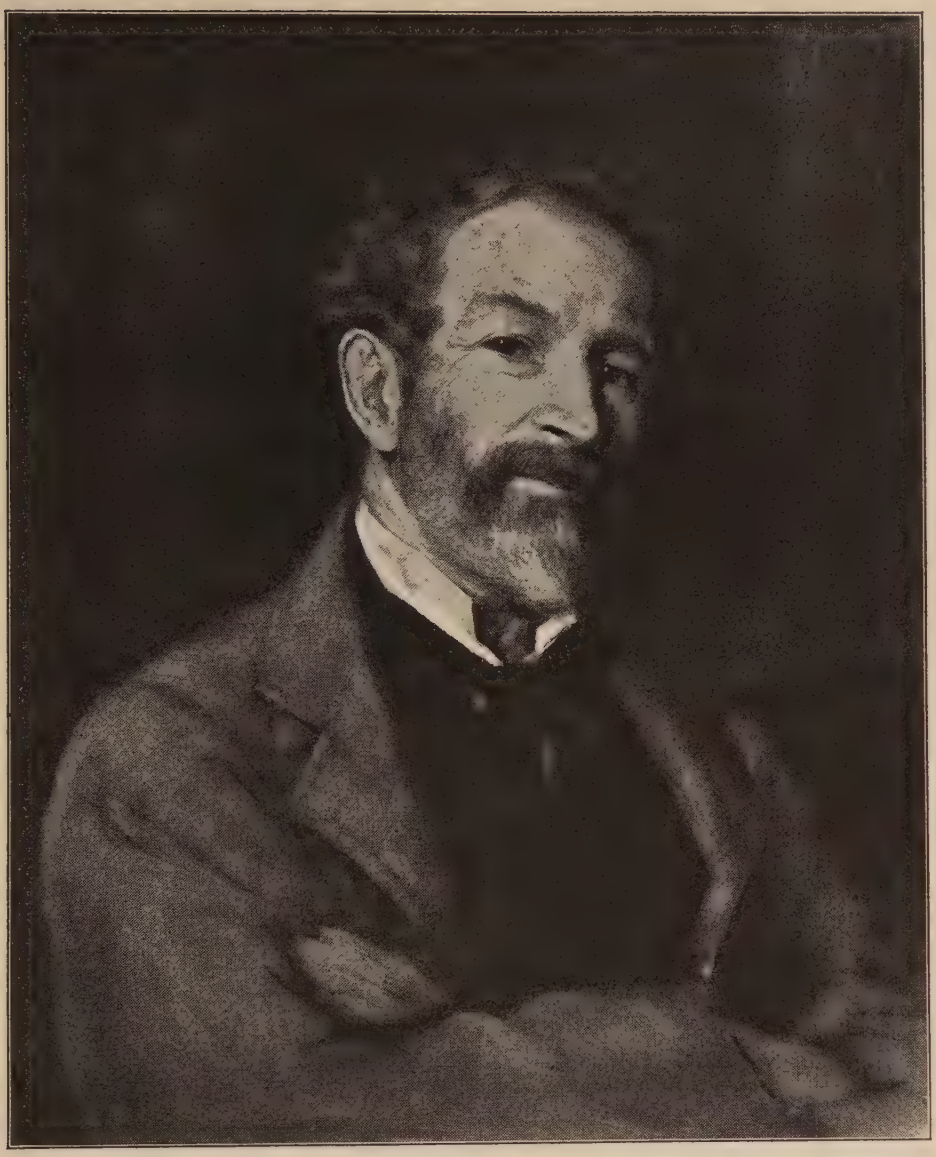
"'I happen to know of one that's quite as pretty,' said she. Another silence. Perhaps I was incredulous, but when she put the other pretty hand into mine I knew that we both were very happy."

He was now freed from official fetters, and planted in soil more congenial than the Admiralty for the nurture of tender poetic bulbs. There was Praed as chief exemplar in the pantheon of light verse, and he was himself now a unit of the society in whose honor there had arisen those *vers de société* which he aimed at writing. He persisted in production, he toiled at revision, and then, one day in 1857, almost by accident, there came into being a book, his solitary work in rhyme, "London Lyrics," which peeped shyly forth from a few kindly shop-windows and counters. "A thin volume," he calls it, containing "certain sparrow flights of song," and to the end he spoke deprecatingly of his "small faculty" and "the narrowness of scope of his little pipe."

Witness this stanza:

"Oh, for the Poet-Voice that swells
To lofty truths, or noble curses—
I only wear the cap and bells,
And yet some tears are in my verses.
I softly trill my sparrow reed,
Pleased if but one should like the twitter:
Humbly I lay it down to heed
A music or a minstrel fitter."

But even if the songs were sparrow flights, "better a live sparrow than a



Frederick Locker Lampson.
From the painting by S. Olivier.

stuffed eagle," as Fitzgerald reminds us, and the reception of the book made the reality of his gift undoubted. It ran through countless editions, each of which was an advance in polish upon the past, and to each of which my father added slightly; and, from the first days of publication, passages were in constant use by the cultured circles to which they were addressed; while to this day, and (please God) for many a day more, there will be found in most lettered communities a few to whose smiling lips some quaint conceit from "London Lyrics," or rueful-sweet stanza of rhymed wisdom, will upon occasion involuntarily rise.

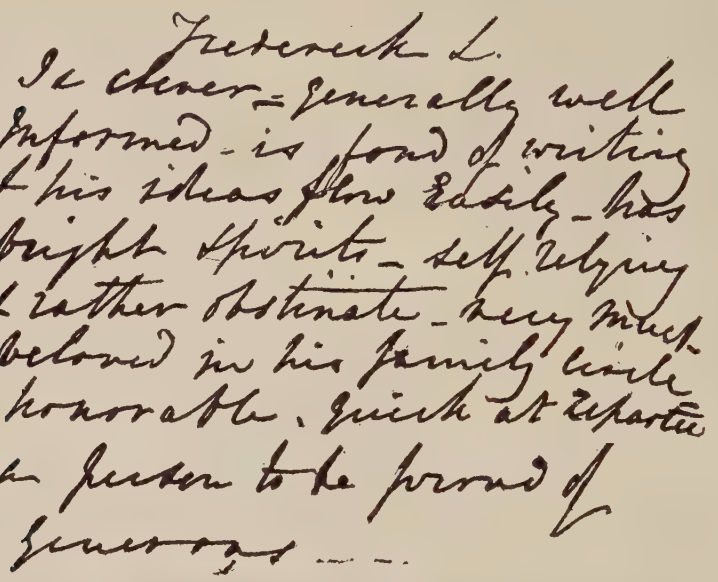
Lovers will quote:

"Beneath a Summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm:
Her ringlets are in taste:
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!"

The worldly will remember:

"They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,—
They go to church on Sunday:
And many are afraid of God—
And more of Mrs. Grundy."

The success of the poems helped to improve his health, and he wandered fitfully through the society which had made them so welcome. He became acquainted with and then the friend of Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, until he knew everybody, which, as he says, only meant that he was acquainted with those whom everybody desired to know. But general society, which was always an effort, soon became an ordeal,



A description of Frederick Locker as a young boy.

The raconteur will recall:

"He cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone,—
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone."

The disillusioned will ask:

"But where is now the courtly troop
That once rode laughing by?
I miss the curls of Cantelupe,
The laugh of Lady Di:
They all could laugh from night to morn,
And time has laughed them all to scorn."

The pious will pray:

"That like yon clock, when twelve shall sound
To call our souls away,
Together may our hands be found
An earnest that we pray."

and "nature not having bestowed upon him a sufficiently flexible spine," he came with regrets to compare the opulence of their opportunities with the penury of their ideas. This is perhaps why he made friends so easily in out-of-the-way walks of life, and could count as comrades creatures as dissimilar as Tom Sayers, the mighty bruiser, or Gibbs, the antique-dealer.

As for dealers, many were his cronies from among the tribe. For after poetry his passion was the pursuit of the rare, and he became the slave of shelf and stall from the days when he saved pennies for prints until the hour when he could afford a Shakespeare folio. Having married and got a roof over his head, he confesses that

collecting became his amiable madness and curio-hunting a craze. And he justifies the insanity in his own whimsical way. "It is not a misfortune to be born with a feeling for association. I seem nearer to Shakespeare when I have his volume of 'Sonnets' (edition 1609) open before me. This enjoyment is not given to everybody. Tennyson would not give a dam (a very small Indian copper coin) for a letter in Adam's handwriting, except from curiosity to know in what characters Adam had expressed himself. The influence of the associating principle is exemplified in the constant Penelope, when she shed tears over the bow of Ulysses. Believe me, there is exhilaration in collecting. I would call it a perennial joy, if it were not so often pierced with despair." From bric-à-brac, gimcracks, furniture, and china he drifted inevitably and conclusively to books. The call could not be gainsaid, and there is no knowing into what labyrinths he might not have been lured. But the growing greed of long-pursed rivals made the conflict uneven, and he was forced to specialize, turning at the last to old books of one period—little volumes of poetry and the drama from about 1590 to 1610.

A rough drawing of Frederick Locker.

Listen to the bookman himself and the tale of far-flung adventures on that lorelorn quest:

"I haunted the second-hand bookshops in many a by-street of London, and studied the catalogues, giving out my

heart in usury to such pastime. I was often unsuccessful: at other times my success was qualified, for I had to pay ruinous prices. But sometimes I have been lucky, and these shabby-looking little fellows now form a limited but curiously rare and highly interesting library of imaginative literature—a dukedom large enough for poor me."

Then Lady Charlotte died in 1872, and his only child Eleanor became the wife of Tennyson's second son, Lionel, and the fate of the books hung doubtful, in the absence of a home. But two years later Frederick Locker married again. His second wife was Jane Lampson, daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, a native of Vermont and the first American to receive a title in England. His first marriage had brought him friends, his second gave him wealth; and upon Sir Curtis's death he and his wife inherited the Lampson house and estate of Rowfant, in pursuance of which they must add the name Lampson to Locker. To Rowfant then the drawings, etchings, porcelain, and, lastly, the books were brought, and there grew to be a "Strong Room," where the priceless quartos might dwell secure; and thus it was that the "Rowfant Library" came by its name. Thus, too, it is that a certain select coterie of cultivated Ohio citizens chose to christen their meeting-place in Cleveland "the Rowfant Club." And, indeed, as the library of an author and connoisseur, this collection of war-worn quartos was unique. They were diminutive darlings for the most part, trimly coated in russia or morocco, and so rare that to see them was to wonder whether any human could have assembled them; whether indeed they were not self-selected, and had each picked the other for fellow so as to form a fraternity apart from every-day volumes of the world. At least one who knew once proclaimed them the "rarest library in existence"; and have not poets —Lord Crewe, Austin Dobson, and Andrew Lang—sung enchantingly their charms?

"The Rowfant books, how fair they show,
The Quarto quaint, the Aldine tall,
Print, autograph, portfolio!
Back from the outer air they call
The athletes from the Tennis ball,
This Rhymer from his rod and hooks;
Would I could sing them one and all,
The Rowfant books!

The Rowfant books! In sun and snow
They're dear, but most when tempests fall:
The folio towers above the row
As once o'er minor prophets—Saul!
What jolly jest books and what small
'Dear Dumpy Twelves' to fill the nooks!
You do not find on every stall
The Rowfant books."

The rest of Frederick Locker Lampson's life slipped by very discreetly, very urbanely, at Rowfant among these treasures. The pangs of poetry were over, and there remained but to enjoy the company of talking friends and that of the dear dumb ones in the Strong Room. Every day he spent hours in mute conclave with the books: measuring them, cataloguing, dusting; but he always emerged the same courtly, considerate, humorous man of the world and father. There was a deftness about his little secret acts of kindness and generosity which reconciled them to the proudest recipient, and there was a whimsical sadness in his sympathy which reached the heart's core.

In conversation he did not argue or exhort, he indicated; and there was a turn to his fancy which even stupid people found arch and individual. For his humor was ever with him. It had never been the robust, side-splitting sort; he did not smack people upon the back either in fact or metaphor. He amused by suggestion, in hints; and over all lay the finest varnish of humane common sense.

In the preliminary chapter to his "My Confidences" he says that he is ashamed to think how much nonsense he talked in his day, but "I hope," says he, "that I have not thought nonsensically—that 'I wear not motley in my brain.'"

That, indeed, he had not thought nonsensically this volume of reminiscences—"My Confidences"—assuredly proves. It was written during the last few years of his life, but was not published until after his death, and it contains his recollections, his fancies, his philosophy of life. "This is a volume," he explains, "which it will be found exceedingly easy to leave alone: an old book-collector like myself thinks none the less of a volume on that account. But as a book-collector I am able clearly

Designed and etched by George Cruikshank, 1868.

Fairy Connoisseurs Inspecting Mr. Frederick Locker's
Collection of Drawings
&c &c &c

"That Virtuoso Whim
Which consecrates our dim
Long-ago.
—.. Locker's London Lyrics —

to perceive that my best chance of accomplishing my purpose is to bury my treasure in print. A well-bound book mocks at time." Many may have left and many no doubt will leave this book alone; but here is an autobiography, too honest, too profound, and too self-revealing for any generation wholly to ignore. It is a sad book. It reflects ill health and age. The sense of tears in mortal things and of the transitory nature of everything had taken hold of him early, and a resigned melancholy breathes from the pages.

"I do not know," he declares, "that there is a great deal to be said for this world, or our sojourn here upon it; but it has pleased God so to place us, and it must please me also. I ask you, what is human life? Is it not a maimed happiness—care and weariness, weariness and care, with the baseless expectation, the strange cozenage of a brighter tomorrow?"

This is the language of low spirits, and the best comment upon it must be the fact that he lived very happily at Rowfant, and died there very peacefully in May, 1894, surrounded by loving relatives and beloved books. His "My Confidences" was published within a year of his death. It was not possible at the time to produce the work complete. Confidences must be respected and the feelings of the living considered; and so a few chapters were held back, of which the following articles and poems form the most notable part.

It seems but fit and right that they should first see the light in the United States, where his slender volume of verse was made so welcome, where his memory as collector is held so dear, and whither the library he loved has now emigrated into honorable keeping. Indeed, if the spirits of the dear departed do visit this earth, then I fancy it must be in America that my father's gentle ghost now wanders, haunting the shelves where the famed quartos now lie and making certain that all is well.

UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES AND POEMS

By Frederick Locker Lampson

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

I used to wonder what it was that late in life made Sir Edwin Landseer so peculiar; I think it must have been a certain crackiness, said to be the result of a serious railway accident. My unimaginative friend D—— says he once met him in St. John's Wood, dressed entirely in green. He had green shoe-strings. This seems hardly credible, but who can say that Landseer was never so equipped, and who can disprove it?* He had always had a very susceptible nervous system, and often suffered from depressing gloom, but before he became more seriously disordered, he was exceedingly agreeable. A finished mimic, he could imitate the voices of certain beasts—a cat's dialogue, in feline tones.

"Naomi! won't you come over the wall? No, I can't—
Why not, Naomi?—Because of the broken bottles," etc.

He could roar like a lion, and look the animal as he roared. His impersonation of the Duke of Wellington, Bulwer, and d'Orsay, all *lions* in their way, and of others, were very clever, and his anecdotes also were amusing, in spite of rather an affected and mincing manner.

Landseer was a rapid worker, but he had a curious dislike to letting anybody with only two legs into his studio, especially while he was at work; Sir Francis Grant, the president R. A., told me that during all the years of their intimacy and propinquity, he was only twice or thrice admitted, whereas Landseer continually, and at all hours, dropped in on Grant. It no longer exists, but I remember there

*I have somewhere read of an afflicted gentleman, not in his right mind, who, dining with some people, returned to the footman the plate of meat to which he had just been helped. "Take this mutton," said he, "to the hungry old man at the back door." On which one who had charge of him exclaimed: "Now, you know, perfectly well, that there is no old man at the back door." On this the lunatic retorted: "How *can* you possibly tell that there is no hungry old man at the back door?" There was no reply to this remark; it did not appear to admit of any; and for the same reason I did not venture to question what D—— had said about Landseer.

used to be a very clever life-sized black chalk sketch of a young hound, by Landseer, on the plaster wall of Grant's studio. Dogs were the only privileged intruders; they were always free of Landseer's atelier, but then he painted dogs better than human beings. Perhaps if he had painted men and women as skilfully as he painted dogs he would have been more accessible.

Once on a time there was an artist who greatly admired poultry, and who was painting them, but he did it so indifferently that he forbade his servant to allow any real cocks and hens to enter his premises. Here is food for reflection.

MR. SWINBURNE

Did you ever see the high-bred-looking, the gifted, the irreproachable Duke of Argyll? Swinburne in a way is like him, but he is smaller; and there is a slightly sinister expression about the lower part of his poet-face; however, the likeness and unlikeness justify Stirling of Keir's comical remark: "Swinburne looks as if the devil had lately entered into the duke."

They have, or perhaps they had, much the same colored hair, and in the same abundance. It is well known that a lock of MacCullum More's is much prized by the angler—it makes a very deadly salmon fly. MacCullum More will pardon me for saying this.

I first knew Swinburne when I had an apartment in 91, Victoria Street. He lived near Henley-on-Thames, with his father, Admiral Swinburne, and occasionally did me the honor of coming to my house; it seems to me that there was a gleam of friendship in our cordial acquaintance.

He read poetry to us, his own as well as that of other people; and he wrote his name in some of his books and gave them to us. He was very amiable. However, as time ran on, the association, though I hope and believe not the kind feeling, gradually died out. At long intervals I still ask him to come and see me, and at still longer intervals he appears. I am sure the reluctance, if it amounts to reluctance, is more on his side than on mine.

I have always felt drawn to Swinburne, and have appreciated his conversation; indeed, when at his best he is singularly pleasing. At such times he gives me the impression of being a man of more urbanity than any of our foremost poets; but he is so exaggerated in his likes, and so vehement in his dislikes, so capricious withal—and so carried away by passion, that, unlike his poems, I do not think his judgments, either personal or literary, are of sterling value.

For this reason, therefore, notwithstanding his genius and remarkable power as a prose-writer, I am surprised that he was invited to write the biographies of Gray, Collins, and others, for the Encyclopædia Britannica. One would have supposed that a more judicial, a more temperate, spirit, with more self-control, would have been better fitted for such work.

Two or three years ago Swinburne came to see Janie. Godfrey, a round-faced little urchin, was with her. Swinburne made himself exceedingly agreeable; he spoke with a gentle gravity of his peculiar feeling for children, that he always esteemed that day a good one when he spent a portion of it with a child, but that it was his fate to be "a barren bough"—Janie was quite won by this view of things.

Swinburne is a *pussophilist*, he has a passion for cats. He says he appreciates their nature, and that they understand him; also that he is certain that in some former state of existence he himself was a cat, and that hereafter he will probably return to his cat condition.*

Swinburne has a passionate regard for literature; the work of his life, therefore, has been the expression of his love.

I have said nothing of his poetry; surely the sweetness of its musical cadences is unsurpassed by that of any of his contemporaries, though still there are paradoxical people who assert that Swinburne's worst poetry is his best, and that he rises highest when he sinks lowest.

* I have heard the distinguished Mr. *Blank* talk in much the same strain; but his conjecture about himself was a more ambitious one. He had been a tiger! I never heard of anybody who was eager to resemble that ubiquitous animal the *bore*, but Sir ——— had this quadruped for his armorial, and set up two huge boars on his park gates, which inspired my friend Admiral John Elphinstone Erskine with the following:

"Our noble host,
More kind than most,
Our gratitude must win;
He puts his bores
Outside his doors
And keeps his wits within."

I have nothing further to tell you about this distinguished man; though all that I could say would be agreeable to him.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

Randolph Caldecott must have a leaf to himself, and of sad necessity it must be a serious one. I saw him for the first time in 1877, at 46, Great Russell Street; he was lying on a sofa, pale and thin, and looking so delicate that it struck me forcibly I might never see him a second time. I had much the same feeling about him during the whole of the far too brief years of our acquaintance and friendship. I never bade him "good-by" without fearing I was doing so for the last time.

Frederick Locker's book-plate.

Caldecott was very good-looking and very attractive—there was a peculiar consistency and harmony about him. His self-possessed manners, his graceful carriage, his reposeful voice—his costume, so *soigné* and yet so simple, and his rare artistic gift—all were in harmony. He was not a man of much conversational power, but a thread of pleasant humor brightened his discourse.

In our social relations he always met me half-way, seemed to be pleased to be asked to my house and satisfied to come. Society is no comfort to one not sociable, but Caldecott was very companionable; he even recognized his responsibilities as regards those *morning calls* which most of us have either to make or to endure. My poor friend was a very gentle being, and had an amiable consideration for the feelings of others.

If you had not been aware of Caldecott's constitutional delicacy you might have judged from his conversation that he was a man of action, for he delighted in hounds and horses—such were his natural surroundings until increasing bad health obliged him to forego them, but even then he would sometimes forget himself. One day, at Rowfant, he insisted on mounting a tricycle, which he had never before attempted, and which was evidently too great an exertion for him. He would also play with my children with an energy and enjoyment that filled us with apprehension.

I am sure that Caldecott's artistic powers were affected by his feeble health. He was incapable, especially during the last year or two of his life, of any persistent artistic effort. He had no jealousies, and was destitute of vanity; he rarely talked of himself. I never heard him say an unkind word of anybody. Indeed, my poor friend was an essentially kind and honorable man.

Caldecott was a keen critic, but a generous. His praise was always tempered by sound judgment and good sense, and it seems to me that his own gift was of a quality and scope that is rarely met with. It was as racy and genial as it was refined and delicate, and no doubt the life which he so graphically delineated came direct from his recollections of the picturesque old town where he was born and the rural scenes among which he had grown up. His work had delightful characteristics. *It had charm*, and I dare to think that Goldsmith and Caldecott, between them, equally divide the honors of the immortal "elegy on a mad dog."

Marriages, when the married are really united, often seem monotonous to an outside world, and this may or may not have seemed the case as regards that of Mr. and Mrs. Caldecott's. Janie and I have a sincere regard for the lady who made her husband so happy.

Caldecott made several drawings for my "London Lyrics." Some have been engraved and privately printed, but none

have been published. He flattered me by being anxious to illustrate my "Pilgrims of Pall Mall." He told me that it would be very difficult, that he had more than once attempted it and failed, "but," said he, "I mean to do it"—however, it was never done.

I never see him now, but I know that he is good as he is gifted, and that he has a wife well worthy of him.

BOHEMIA—THE SAVAGES—MR. HENRY LEIGH

On a day in 1870 I was walking through Leicester Square and met Mr. Henry Byron, the dramatist, the comedian, and the wit.*

"I wonder," says he, "whether you would like to dine with the Savages, to meet Mr. Gladstone?" "Indeed I should," said I with alacrity, so *that* was settled. If I remember aright, though the banquet was held in Willis's Rooms, the *habitat* of the club was in the Adelphi—it used to be in the Strand. Once upon a time it was in Covent Garden.

Head of Frederick Locker by Du Maurier.

These Savages, a thirsty people, have always favored the neighborhood of our dimpling and gas-lit Thames, and have specially affected the hunting-grounds of *Bohemia*. *Bohemia!* that enchanted country canopied by a perpetual tobacco cloud, and traversed by the fervid wheels of precipitate hansoms. *Bohemia!* the land of *pick-me-ups* and oysters—latch-keys, billiards, and song—the land of pecuniary embarrassment and animal spirits; the region where the literary drudge becomes a dithyrambic in praise of sunny pastures and the less stuffy valleys of Hæmus; the territory of which Leicester Square may be called the heart, and the Strand the principal artery.

But to return to my gentle and hospitable entertainers. Lord Dunraven took the chair, and both he and Mr. Gladstone made excellent speeches. Lord Dunraven's was not the worst. Indeed, the only very dull speech was Byron's own, and, he being a professional wit, there was something comic in that. I sat between Byron and Frith (the Academician); Got, of the *Français*, was close to the chairman. The entertainment was most agreeably diversified by music, declamation, etc.—I thoroughly enjoyed it.

I forget the names of most of the performers, but Hilary Joynes was facetious, and then there was a Mr. Montgomery tall and elderly—a lean and long-haired jester, a *Jingle*, a transpontine Irving, who went through a painfully exaggerated piece of mouthing and buffoonery—clever but none the better, infinitely the worse, on that account: a mountebank ought to make one laugh, *mais toujours vieux singe est desplaisant.* The impersonation conveyed the infatuated performer to the extreme verge of histrionic degradation, at least so it seemed to me.*

However, he got his meed of applause; *pour les mauvais acteurs Dieu crea les faux gouts et les sots spectateurs.*

* Henry Byron suffered from poor health and low spirits. He was advised to try horse exercise, and did so, but his horse was a burden to him, and like himself it always had something the matter with it. One day his groom wrote from the country that the unfortunate beast was ill, and he wound up the letter with—"Shall I give him a ball?" On this the much-bored and melancholy farce-writer took up his pen in despair—"Do anything you like with him, give him a ball if you like, but do not ask too many people."

* I was told that this artist at one time had a reputation as a ballad-singer, that he had an enchanting baritone, and that his beginnings were humble; his name had been Mummery; he had been a *crow-boy*, and some lady, chancing to hear him hallooing rooks out of a field, was so pleased with his voice that she put him into the church choir; from thence he went on the stage, where at one time he had made £10 a week.

I mention Mr. Montgomery because I was amused with Got's inscrutable countenance and rapt attention; he sat and watched him with a keen and serious interest; he looked as Darwin might have looked when studying the contortions of a newly discovered reptile. He never took his eyes off Mr. Montgomery till that gentleman had quite finished, and then, when the applause came, he started, pulled himself together on his chair, and clapped his hands very softly together, some four or five times. It was possible that he saw merit which was beyond me—difficulties overcome that I could not appreciate.

After this dinner the Savages most courteously invited me, through that friendly Mr. E. J. Goodman, permanently to throw in my lot with them and join their unsophisticated orgies, and I would gladly have done so if health and advancing years had not stood warningly in my path.

While I am in *Bohemia* I must not forget my old acquaintance Henry Leigh, the poet. He lived in one of the smaller inns of court, those localities which, with their pauper vegetation and smoky sparrow-folk, seem the hiding-places of melancholy. Yet, as I have just said, it is in these regions that the *Bohemian* becomes articulate.

The festive Leigh and I were always cordial. I christened two of his volumes for him, for I admired many of his carols, and so did Eleanor. I believe, in her heart, she prefers Leigh's urban pipe to either Gilbert or Calverly; if this is so it must be a foible of her fancy. Her "because I do" justification of her preference is unanswerable. Some people said that Leigh's cockney harmonies and music-hall gusto were displeasing; perhaps so, but they did not annoy me. We are many singers, we are very small fry and the world is wide—so there is room and to spare for all of us. Why should not each Paris have its own poet, always provided the poet has a genuine twitter? Leigh's *genre* was not great, but he was distinguished in his *genre*. His verses were witty and humorous and whimsical; some of them were excellent. He was very rarely pathetic; the suggestion might be there, but was almost never expressed; however, when he did strike those chords, they did not jar.

Your soaring bards may for a while mystify the public with their highly pitched *falutin*, but humor is a serious thing, so let them beware. Leigh was not an assuming minstrel, but his flowers were indigenous to the soil; he was a child of Bohemia, and his verse was racy of the gas and the *green room*. All his poems are not equal in merit—whose are? The strength of a chain is determined by its weakest link, but that of the poet by his strongest poem—the offspring of his happiest hour. I hope Leigh's boon companions still remember him in their songs and wine.

I followed Leigh to his grave in Brompton Cemetery; his career was another instance of the painful struggle of the poetic temperament with the every-day difficulties of nineteenth-century existence.

Who knows? Perhaps at this moment he is making pleasant music—perhaps the song is "Nelly Moore." Let me hope, poor sprite, *sit anima tua cum Helena Moore.*

TO MRS. LANGTRY

When Youth, and Wit, and Beauty call,
I never walk away;
When Mrs. Langtry leaves the ball,
I do not care to stay.

I cannot sketch like Francis Miles,
Or play like Mr. Hare,
Or sing how Mrs. Langtry smiles,
Or how she wore her hair.

And yet I wish to play my part
Like any other swain;
To fracture Mrs. Langtry's heart,
And patch it up again.

TO EDMUND GOSSE

(*With a volume of "London Lyrics"*)

Our Poets, write they ill or well,
Complain their poems do not sell;
And yet how often are we told
The poet does not rhyme for gold.
I'm satisfied that gold is dross,
And so I *give* my rhymes to Gosse.

THE TWINS* TO MRS. —— IN THANKS FOR HER PRESENT

The twins in borrowed lispings crave
To thank you for the mugs you gave,

* Frederick Locker's youngest children were twins, and he sent this poem to the godmother who had presented them with a mug each.

And now, on nurse's lap,
Ol says for Maud, as she for him,
"We'll fill our beakers to the brim
And drink your health in pap."

In payment for your goodly boon
We hope to give you very soon
A pair of hearty hugs:
And yet we fear that wags will vow
That Mama's twins had not till now
A handsome pair of mugs.

TO LORD ROSSLYN

(*With a Book*)

I'm fond of Francis, this is why
He thinks and sees and feels as I.
Has Francis Faults? Thank goodness, yes!
And I esteem him none the less.
And so the flower of all my fancies,
Collected here, I give to Francis.

UNDER A PICTURE

A soft shy glance, the sweetest in the land,
A gathered rose, the burthen of an air,
A soul that tells us of the soul that's there,
A fan that seems a sceptre in her hand,
A beauty half entreaty,—half command,
On these we live, all thankful for our share
And tho' the fare we've got is frugal fare.

BY MAIL

By Viola I. Paradise
Author of "Trailing Statistics on an American Frontier," "Matches," etc.

THE tiny Western town which flashed a short Main Street of one and two story frame buildings at the daily railroad train surprised me by having a shoe-shining parlor. Still more surprising was the thirteen-year-old bootblack. He had much conversation, but answered questions with caution. He would not say what he wanted to be when he grew up, because then it might not happen. A teacher back East had said that if any one had told her she would be a teacher—well! "Still, there she was, so I'm not talkin'. Teachers have a hard time. Us kids give 'em plenty to do. That teacher used to say she wished we was in her place for ten minutes, and then we'd know what she had to go through. *I* know, because I tried to show a friend of mine how to play the violin. No, I can't play, not real playing, that is; but I learned a lot out of the Sears Roebuck book about playing. And that boy, that friend of mine, he went and did just the opposite of what I told him. . . ."

I lost the technical details which followed in wonder at this new rôle for the mail-order catalogue. That one could buy ploughs and primers and plumbing and organs and ear-spoons and cod-liver oil and bird-gravel and ammunition, as well as more commonly desired articles, I had known; but that along with a violin one could buy instruction was a further enlightenment, even though I had just come from homesteading plains, where the mail-order catalogue was called the "homesteader's Bible," and where it served not only as store and salesman but provided reading matter for the entire family, and served many other purposes. Some months later, down in the Georgia mountains, a mother explained that she had found the rather fanciful name of her young son from a mail-order catalogue. In another community a school-teacher told of an emergency, when the text-books did not come in time, in which she used the catalogues, teaching reading, arithmetic—the children were asked to make out orders, adding the items, etc.—drawing, and even geography—the last from the postal-zone maps which serve as guides to customers in computing postage. These incidents, together with what I had seen of the im-

portance to the rural family of the catalogue, suggested that perhaps these catalogues should be classed with good roads, the telephone, the rural mail-routes, the cheap automobile, the magazine, and the movie, as a factor in broadening country life. Certain it is that our rural population is much better equipped than it ever has been, and that not the least important agent of equipment is the mail-order catalogue. Time was when we expected the farmer to look the "hayseed," and his wife to be an outlandish figure in grotesque, years-out-of-date clothes. That time has passed. To be sure there are remote corners of the country where new styles have not penetrated. Indeed, one mail-order house recently received the following letter:

"I enclose a sample of a black dress which was bought of you thirty years ago. It is a beautiful dress, and my wife likes it very much, but after thirty years wearing I think she ought to have another one, as it is geting worn, so please duplicate the enclosed sample, telling me present price. Maybe it has gone up since I bought it."

Such instances, however, are unusual. More common is the demand for "the very latest thing." Silk underwear is one of the best sellers. The farmer, like the city-dweller, can now find cheap as well as expensive clothing in the style of the day. Even out in new homesteading country, where a family may live over a hundred miles from a railroad or a telephone, and beyond the range of vision of its nearest neighbor, the women and children wear much the same kind of clothes as are worn in the cities. Many women who do not buy their clothing from the catalogue, but who do their own sewing, use the catalogue illustrations as models. Indeed, the mail-order houses receive quantities of letters asking advice in regard to fashions. Are dresses to be worn long or short, narrow or wide, next season? How can a seven-gored skirt be made over into one of the latest models? And even "How are young girls wearing their hair in cities now?" Sometimes such an inquiry is accompanied by a photograph, and asks advice as to which current city fashion would be most becoming. This eagerness on the part of the rural population to be well dressed means, to be sure, a real loss to the funny-paper artists—or would if they did not have the privilege of falling back on tradition, instead of drawing from life.

New Yorkers, when the whim strikes them, go shopping or window-wishing along Fifth Avenue. The mail-order catalogue is to the country-dweller his Fifth Avenue, as well as his bargain-counter. When he wants to play the age-old "if-I-were-rich" game, he has only to sit by the fire and turn pages. Man, woman, and child can find rich food for wishing—the coveted rifle, the speedometer, the fur coat, the phonograph, the doll or mechanical toy—hundreds of things, ranging from desires just out of reach to those quite out of reach and only just within range of a good husky wish. Imagination must supply color and texture and third dimension. Yet not always color and texture, for many of the plates are colored, and the effect of texture is often so cunningly conveyed that one is impelled to run one's finger over the printed sample to assure oneself that it is not cloth pasted on. The imagination is assisted, too, by the descriptions—descriptions which aim not only to entice but to make the customer visualize with a maximum of accuracy the article for sale. Articles must be described faithfully and briefly. Not only must the customer be persuaded, he must be satisfied, whether his purchase is a book or a barn, shoes or sheep-dip, or any one of the quarter-million articles set forth in the catalogue. The policy of the big mail-order houses is to let the customer know exactly what he is getting. Instead of describing an article as "woollen," it will be noted "twenty per cent wool," or "seventy per cent wool," or "all wool," as the case may be. Montgomery Ward, Sears Roebuck, the National Cloak and Suit Co.—a mail-order house which confines its business almost entirely to wearing apparel—maintain service departments and laboratories, in which materials are tested before they are included in the catalogues—a service which protects the company as well as the customer, for all goods are guaranteed, and can be returned at the company's expense if they are unsatisfactory.

(Other companies may also maintain such departments.) "The mail-order business is a faith business," said the advertising manager of one of the large firms, "built and depending entirely upon the customer's faith in us. The book is our store, and we ask the customer not only to buy, 'sight unseen,' but to be his own clerk and bookkeeper, to make out the bill, and to send his money to us before he gets his goods. Often he sends us a signed blank check, asking us to fill in the amount. (We get hundreds of such checks a year.) On the other hand, there is our faith in the customer. We take personal checks, many of them written in pencil, and send the goods out immediately upon their receipt, without waiting to see if the checks are all right. When a customer complains that he has not received the goods, or that they were received in bad condition, we duplicate his order. And our losses from dishonesty of customers are so small they can hardly be figured." Both the general mail-order houses spoke of the insignificance of their losses from fraudulent customers, and emphasized the honesty of the American public. There are, to be sure, individuals who attempt to get duplicate orders, or who ask for their money back on some order which they claim not to have received, and the houses have a special technic for detecting such impostors. But, as has been said, they are few and far between.

"Anything you need from the cradle to the grave" was once the slogan of a mail-order house which sold baby ribbons, wedding-rings, tombstones, and nearly everything in between. Coffins, however, are not available: the bereft cannot wait for a shipment from Chicago. A special baby catalogue sets forth nearly all the material wants of infants; a special tombstone catalogue provides not only pictures and descriptions of tombstones but a page of sentiments, ranging from the simple and comparatively inexpensive "Gone to be an angel" to costly and elaborate rhymed stanzas, which I refrain from quoting.

But there are wants, besides coffins, not to be satisfied by mail. The occasional demand from a remote mountain district for a spinning-wheel cannot be met. The unfortunate customer who adds to his order for linoleum and an alarm-clock a request for a combination knife and fork for a one-armed man must be disappointed. The hundreds of letters asking for stills—"and literally hundreds and hundreds of these have poured in since prohibition," said the head of the correspondence department of one of the houses—must be refused. (One customer writes asking how he can get the steam food-cooker which was seized at the freight-office by an alert if too suspicious sheriff!) Less heart-wrung refusals can be sent to the wicked would-be customer who asks in an illiterate scrawl for the price of counterfeiting tools and a "complete book of crooks' work"; to the shady sinner who wants to buy "brass knucks"; to the unfortunate dope victim begging for morphine; to the many afflicted who want sure-cure patent medicines. (Time was when patent medicines were listed in the catalogue, "but we got religion and now handle only reputable drugs.")

Requests are not always for material things. There is a heavy demand for advice and counsel and general information. "Can you give me the name of some good squire or lawyer who would be hostile to the —— company? I sent them $87.50 and they are trying to beat me out of it." "You is my merchant," writes a woman from the West, "and I want you to help me sue the government. They put me off my claim." "We want you to send some one out to expert our county records. We had some one to do it, but we lost his address." "Do you know of any babies to adopt?" "I want a good hired girl." Letters inquiring about the reliability of other mail-order houses and of other business firms are common. "Is Wanamaker's a reliable place?" "Is it safe to send money with an order to Marshall Field's?" Another type of letter asks, "How can I make my chickens lay more eggs?" and gives the company an opportunity to point out the virtue inherent in its chicken-feed.

Then, too, there are many pathetic letters. "I want you to help me find a boy who left home two years ago," and, after a detailed description of the boy, "if he orders anything from you, you must have his address. I will pay what-

ever you think is right." Again a letter will urge the mail-order house to refuse to sell a revolver or poison to a certain person. Sometimes advice as to the handling of an unruly boy, a headstrong girl, as to how to keep a husband's love, is besought. Sometimes a woman complains of her husband. Thus:

"I got your samples, also book, and am SO pleased. But if one has a husband as stingy and close as the bark on a hickory tree, what can one do? I thought sure I would get a new suit from you if Harding was elected, but I see no signs of prosperity rolling my way.

"My husband has no excuse, for he collects in rents the amount of $275 or $300 every month. It is only stingyness. As I said, I will try and get a cloak and suit out of him, but if everyone is like me they would rather do without.

"I send you this letter to explain why I have never sent after getting the catalogue and samples and perhaps there are a thousand women in the same fix."

Then there are frequent letters asking nothing at all, but pouring forth a tale of distress, evidently for the sheer relief of expression.

Sometimes a man will write his opinion of a political candidate, or, in a conversational tone, will ask: "How long do you think these high prices will last?" Sometimes a disappointed author will send a manuscript, saying that it has been refused by every magazine to which it had been sent, and offering it, free of charge, for publication in the catalogue, for the gratification, as one man put it, of seeing his work in "cold type."

A type of inquiry not uncommon is for a "hidden-treasure rod, to discover hidden treasures." Such letters are usually written in a laborious hand, and may possibly come from children. The request for a divining branch for locating water is also frequent, especially from dry, treeless areas in the West.

The demand for assistance in matrimonial ventures is heavy—several hundred letters a year, one house reports. They vary from such vague and general requests as "Can you recommend me one of the young ladies in your employ?" to the specific picking out of "the girl wearing hat number — on page 153 of your catalogue" (a real tribute to the art department!). "I want you to help me get a wife," writes a blacksmith. "I'm thirty four years old, and have inherited money. She must be good-looking and good-natured, I don't care about her reputation." Another man states specifically the number of his pigs, cows, and chickens.

The writer of the following letter specifies size and style, as if he were ordering a suit of clothes:

"Please send me a good wife. She must be a good housekeeper and able to do all household duty. She must be 5 feet 6 inches in height. Weight 150 lbs. Black hair and brown eyes, either fair or dark.

"I am 45 years old, six feet, am considered a good looking man. I have black hair and blue eyes. I own quite a lot of stock and land. I am tired of living a bachelor life and wish to lead a better life and more favorable.

"Please write and let me know what you can do for me."

The reply of the house was as follows:

"We have your letter of March 29th in which you ask us to send you a good wife. Good wives are scarce, but we do not believe that even if there were a good selection available you would be wise in choosing one by mail.

"The writer of this letter was in Oregon about two years ago and believes that if you took a trip to either Spokane, Seattle or Tacoma, you would probably be able to get some introductions to suitable ladies and could pick out your own wife. In fact, we think that is about the only satisfactory method.

"After you get the wife and you find that she needs some wearing apparel or household goods, we feel sure we could serve both you and her to good advantage.

"With best wishes.

—— ——"

Usually the requests for a mate are from the men, but occasionally a woman is willing to risk ordering a husband by mail. Thus: "This is Angeline ——. Is you white or is you colored and send your pitcher." Sometimes an attempt is made to locate an old flame. "The girl on page 89 looks like Mamie ——. Does she work for you, or do you know her address?"

On the other hand, a letter like the following tells a gloomy tale:

"I want you to take back a ring, I aint got no more use for it than a rabbit, because I bought this here ring for an engagement ring and I was drafted and went to France and when I come back my girl she had went and married a no count guy what didn't have guts enuf to go nowheres, much less war. I always did hate the guy and thats what I get for fighten for my country. To hell with war is what I says."

The above letter, however, is less common than a lyric in praise of a new suit which brought the lady round, even though a regrettable coolness had existed prior to the donning of the new raiment.

Customers frequently ask if they may pay in produce instead of in cash, and, indeed, often offer to sell to the mail-order houses butter, eggs, second-hand furniture and farm implements, and even live stock. "I have a fine dappled grey horse for sale. Will you send some one down to look him over?" writes one customer. And another: "I stand to buy four or five looms. Would you buy eight or ten pieces of fabric a week from me? I am an old customer. I still owe 22¢ but will pay it with my next order."

Men wanting to go into business often write for equipment. Thus one man asks for an electric shoe-repairing machine; another for a pop-corn machine; another, whose enterprise is less obvious, and whose request should possibly have been mentioned with the requests for stills, wants a 500-gallon iron tank. A man who says he wants to go into the undertaking business asks for coffin-handles and "plush cornerings."

To the small-town dweller, and to the more isolated farmer, the mail-order house is often not realized as an enormous impersonal institution. Even the huge size of the general catalogue, from which they order, the fact that most of their neighbors receive these catalogues, indeed even the advertised fact (of one house) that catalogues are sent to more than 8,000,000 families, do not prevent large numbers of customers from thinking of the mail-order house much as he thinks of his local merchant. "Does it sometimes happen," I asked, "that customers coming to the city for the first time stop to call?" and was told that from 250 to 300 visiting customers a day was the average. It is, of course, the policy of the mail-order houses to preserve as far as possible a personal tone in dealing with their clientèle. When a man writes: "I suppose you wonder why we haven't ordered anything from you since the fall. Well, the cow kicked my arm and broke it, and besides my wife was sick, and there was the doctor bill. But now, thank God, that is paid, and we are all well again, and we have a fine new baby boy, and please send plush bonnet number 29d8077 . . ."—when a man writes such a letter, not only is the plush bonnet sent to him, but every point in his letter is answered. The reply states that the company deeply regrets his accident, is glad to hear of his recovery, trusts his wife is quite well, congratulates him on his new son, and hopes the boy will thrive. The letter might also call attention to the anti-cow-kicker shown in the catalogue. This personal tone in the correspondence is all the more remarkable in view of the huge bulk of mail received. Sears Roebuck receives from 90,000 to 190,000 letters a day. These letters are opened by a machine, which at the same time stamps them with the date and hour of receipt, at the rate of from 4 to 600 letters per minute. In a single year (1919) 436,000,000 stamps—over $7,000,000 worth—were used, to send out letters, catalogues, and parcel-post packages. (The greater bulk of merchandise is shipped by freight and express.) In order to minimize the postage cost of distributing the big catalogues, they are sent by freight to distributing warehouses, and mailed from these.

The mailing-list is, of course, the foundation of the mail-order business. In the early days, the building up of these lists was one of the most important phases of the enterprise. Names were purchased from tax-collectors, county clerks, granges; and later from persons and companies making a business of collecting and selling names. Some years ago it was not unusual to see in a farm journal an advertisement reading "Lots of mail for ten cents." Evidently, enough

persons eager to get mail of any sort answered such advertisements to make the collecting of names a profitable business. This was in the days before the extensive use of the rural telephone, when, especially during the long and lonely winter months, any contact with the outside world, even an advertisement, was welcomed as something upon which to focus attention and interest. Even now in the country where the home library is narrowly limited, and where what books there are have been read and reread, advertisements are not dropped carelessly into the waste-basket, but are first treated as reading matter—a courtesy not so often accorded them in city homes. "I don't buy much from the catalogue," said one woman on a lonely Western homestead, "but I don't know what we'd do without it. Hardly an evening goes by in winter that some of us don't look it over. And what the children would do for paper dolls without it, I don't know. I try to keep one catalogue whole till another comes along, but as long as there's a pair of scissors in the house, it isn't safe. The girls cut out dolls and children and clothing. There are long arguments and sometimes fights as to which side of a page should be chosen for cutting. Any little girl can have an attractive and extensive paper family, an almost unlimited wardrobe, not to mention house-furnishings. The boys cut out the pictures of saddles and guns and toy airships and engines, but somehow they don't seem to get the same satisfaction from the cut-outs that the girls get. Back in the city none of us would have paid any attention to an advertisement."

Though the mailing-list business is still a thriving business in itself, the big mail-order houses have become such national institutions, and their catalogues are in such demand, that, except when they wish to "open up new territory," or to take advantage of a sudden boom in some community, they do not buy names. Indeed, in their advertising they do not urge people to send for their catalogues. The policy is rather to advertise one or two items, illustrated, described, and priced, and to state that these are samples of values which the buyer can obtain. The people who, in answer to such an advertisement, write for catalogues are people with some intent to buy. In this way much waste is avoided. The big catalogues cost the houses from sixty cents to a dollar apiece, the cost of distribution is considerable, and although any one who asks for a catalogue can obtain it, they are not scattered about recklessly. Time was when the customer was charged for the catalogues from fifteen to fifty cents. This charge, however, has long since been done away with. Sears Roebuck twice a year distributes its large catalogues to over six million families, Montgomery Ward to about three and a half million, the National Cloak and Suit Co. to three million, not to mention the large number of families receiving special catalogues. Sears Roebuck maintains its own printing-plant, with a press-room that can turn out 8,000,000 catalogue pages an hour, and which uses three and a half tons of ink and over five car-loads of paper every working day.

It is sometimes thought that only the struggling farmer, middling poor and not provided with an automobile to take him to a large shopping centre, buys by mail. By no means. To be sure, the middle-class farmer is more dependent upon the catalogue than his better-to-do neighbor; but it is not the poor man who buys by mail a ready-built house, automobile accessories, individual electric-lighting plants, grand pianos, modern plumbing. In view of the fact that nearly half the population of the United States—48.1 per cent—live in communities of 2,500 or less, it is to be expected that the mail-order houses should draw their customers from every class of rural-dweller. The most thriving small-town store—in towns much larger than 2,500!—cannot carry a wide enough assortment of styles to satisfy the present-day rural demands. "We handle many things which you would not find even in the average city grocery," said the representative of one of the houses, and, by way of example, showed shelves of cans of imported caviare and truffles.

Recently city people have begun in large numbers to buy from the mail-order houses. The richest man in America, several university presidents, the president of a large railroad, are among the

customers. New York City buys great quantities of goods by mail from Chicago.

Montgomery Ward & Co. and the National Cloak and Suit Co. maintain export departments. Among the patrons of Montgomery Ward & Co. are members of a number of royal families. The private secretary to His Highness the Shaik Saheb of Mangrol, Kathiawar, India, transmits for His Highness, on crested stationary, an order for various tools, aluminum ware, grist-mills, anvils, a hoof-trimmer, and some teapots. The secretary of Her Highness Fatima Siddika, Begum (Ruler) Saheba, Mandavar State, orders for Her Highness a mantel clock for $13, an eight-day clock for $6.25, and four curtains for $9. The secretary, in sending this order, adds: "I must not omit to mention that Her Highness Fatima Siddika is a daughter of your usual customer H. H. Shaik Saheb of Mangrol, and it is at his recommendation that Her Highness has been pleased to order the things from you."

A very different type of letter is the following, from the west coast of Africa!

"My dear Sirs:

"Oh! good morning. Will you please kindly four this six folding camp cots with my goods and send it urgent. I am very sorry to say that it is third I registered that first I see this again your catalogue; please you will find 10/. as postage please record his amount to first. I shall be expecting the goods already; send to me about the Motor and gun as soon; because I want it please I want to be as your agent here expect for discount 1/ on £1.

"I am sorry to say that I have close that first before I see this mantle; And I wish you to put it in the case for me; please send the goods already urgent;

"I remain,

Yours truly,

—— ——, Esq."

This letter, which appears to the uninitiate good cause for the calling in of Sherlock Holmes is entirely clear to the export department, after long years of experience in serving natives of the west coast of Africa.

Still another type of order came from a British chargé d'affaires, and included, among other things, white shoe-paste, two dozen pairs of white tennis shoe-laces, a polo coat, bath salts, etc., suggesting with some vividness the pleasures of foreign diplomacy. Many members of the consular and diplomatic corps are among the customers of Montgomery Ward.

A lively demand for goods from America has, of course, followed in the wake of the missionaries. From the Belgian Congo comes the order for cotton cloth to cover previously naked natives. There is a heavy traffic in Bibles. The export department tells the tale of one Bible, shipped to a man in West Africa, which started its journey on the first boat torpedoed during the war. It was picked up many weeks afterward, on the west coast of Ireland, badly soaked, but with the name "Montgomery Ward" just barely decipherable, and it is now cherished as a souvenir by this firm.

Church-bells, too, are in demand. One church-bell, going to northern India, travelled by boat to Bombay, then many miles by train, and finally by carriers to its destination. There, just as it was being hoisted to the steeple, the structure collapsed, the bell cracked, and a new bell had to be started on the same long journey.

Much of the goods going to the interior of China, India, and Africa, and indeed to many other countries, has to be specially packed for the journey. The backs of natives are almost as important a factor in transportation as steamers and trains; therefore goods going off the beaten track must be packed in crates to weigh not more than 100 pounds. Customers often request that rope handles be attached to the cases to facilitate carrying. The climate, too, must be taken into consideration. A large proportion of the cereals sent abroad are put up in one-pound tin boxes—the tin to exclude insects and moisture, the small size to prevent the goods from spoiling after the containers have been opened, and before the contents have been used up. The cost of packing such orders usually amounts to twenty per cent of the value of the goods. Of course the metric system is used in these foreign shipments. Some of the goods is sent by mail, and

some countries have even a C. O. D. service.

The bulk of Montgomery Ward's annual three-million-dollar export business is in the more ordinary articles—groceries, house-furnishings, clothing, machinery, automobile tires, etc.—and the bulk of the customers are probably American and British citizens who depend upon the mail-order house to supply them with the things they are accustomed to using at home; their neighbors, who are stimulated to buy by the purchases of the foreigners among them, and native merchants, who patronize Montgomery Ward's wholesale branch. (One merchant buys about $25,000 worth of goods a year.) A wholesale catalogue is issued in English with Spanish and French supplements for the merchants and jobbing trade in foreign countries.

It is of interest to know that more business comes from China than from any other country. The next countries in order are: the Philippines, Mexico, Cuba, Peru, and Japan. Further, in regard to China, every order must be carefully censored to see that no goods shipped were manufactured in Japan. The Chinese are now boycotting Japanese goods, and apparently the foreigners living in China sympathize with the boycott.

To an American it seems strange that any one in China should order from America a cut-glass fruit-bowl, a gold-band dinner-set, and a crumb-tray. The order for an egg-beater and a waffle-iron, on the other hand, is quite comprehensible, and conjures up a pleasant picture of the deep content of the first Sunday-morning breakfast after the shipment arrives. An order for many pounds of goose-feathers piques the curiosity, and makes one wonder that any land could lack these impudent fowl. That some one in Japan should send to an American mail-order house for monogrammed bed-linen is also of interest, considering the high esteem in which we are accustomed to hold Japanese embroidery.

In view of the fickleness of foreign exchange, I inquired about the difficulties entailed in the money side of foreign transactions. These difficulties, it appears, are negligible. Gold drafts are customarily sent. The business in Africa was adversely affected by the fall of the British exchange rate, but the difficulty did not lie in the transmission of money. Very little business, at present, comes from Central Europe, although there are a number of active customers in Switzerland.

Thus, it is not only in America, but abroad, that the mail-order house has a firm foothold. Small-town merchants may feel aggrieved at being compelled to compete with the prices which three firms who sold $45,000,000, $100,000,000, and $259,000,000 worth of goods in 1919, respectively, can afford to offer; small-town youths may argue in high-school debating societies on the ethics of buying away from the home town (and the negative will always win); but mail-order buying has become a national habit, an American institution; so much so that a country Sunday-school teacher was amused but hardly surprised when, in answer to the question "Where did Moses get the Ten Commandments?" a youngster raised his hand and said brightly: "From Sears Roebuck."

THE FIXED IDEA

By Roy Irving Murray

Illustrations by Howard V. Brown

AGATHA inclines to blame Fred Allen for everything, because it was Fred who first brought Reggie to the house to call. That was toward the end of June. Fred's introduction was perfectly good, naturally—I have known Fred Allen since he was in knickers, and Agatha has known him—well, not quite so long. Agatha is my sister.

Reggie, of course, took the lad's eye; he did that with everybody at first—witness even Agatha! The fact is, you couldn't see much else with Reggie in the offing. Within limits, no man can help his looks, and if Reggie's awareness of his profile had been a shade greater—or less—it would have ceased to be amusing. Besides, apart from his astonishing good looks, there was a spaciousness about him which charmed, an abandon in the drawing of his longest bows, a splendor of invention in the saga of his cosmopolitan adventures which made disbelief almost a crime in the face of such consummate art.

Of course it palled—more especially must it have palled on Agatha, to whom a good deal of it very soon came to be addressed. "That man," she brought out crisply, as the front door closed on Reggie's second call, "that man has too much ego in his cosmos." After which citation from her favorite *raconteur*, Agatha lapsed into weeks of puzzling silences.

What happened was mathematically inevitable—in a small society like ours, Reggie was bound to be conspicuous—the more so as an apparently complete lack of anything to do made him so socially available. Most of us in Woodhill—the men, at least—are busy; even I keep office hours of sorts, in town. But Reggie was that bonanza of suburban hostesses—a presentable youth detached. The result was that he cropped up continually. Wherever dinners were, or bridge, there was Reggie—a perfectly gotten-up certainty, animated by phonographic records of his own thrilling experiences. Nobody went behind his sudden appearance at Mrs. Mac's wholly respectable boarding-house in Olive Street; apparently nobody cared. He was, socially, a gift horse—nobody save, perhaps, for æsthetic reasons, examined his very even teeth.

Of course, eventually, there was talk; even Fred Allen began to sheer off finally. More than that, there came to be, in purely masculine society at any rate, a curious flattening away from the subject whenever Reggie Blaine's name rose to the surface of a conversation—I got to watching for that to happen in the smoker of the afternoon train out from town.

Whatever Agatha may have thought, at that period anyhow, she kept discreetly to herself. Meantime, even after it became apparent that she was being quite openly discussed, she continued more or less consistently at home to Reggie's thickening visitations. I began to fancy that there was something a shade personal in these conversational gaps in the smoking-car of the five-ten. Ed Jenkins, whom among others, I imagine, Agatha had refused the year before, even went so far as to hint, a trifle clumsily, that Reggie's background was, perhaps, just a thought vague.

"You know, Jim," he floundered—we were sitting in the club living-room late one Saturday afternoon—"he *is* coming it a bit strong. Of course, Agatha——"

"Yes," I cut in—it was pitiful to watch old Ed struggling—"of course."

Still, I worried. Anybody would, especially as the least discussion, apart from one of Agatha's introduction, might well have ended fatally. And Agatha consistently introduced nothing of the sort. Agatha has what Aunt Eunice, with the complacency of one similarly endowed, calls "the Russell hair." Neither of these ladies can wear pink. I have wished, occasionally, so far at least as Agatha is

concerned, that it might have been otherwise. As it was, I was left to guess in silence at the significance of Agatha's oddly spaced reserves.

Meantime, Aunt Eunice, coming out from town to open "Ashcroft" for her regular Christmas house-party, was instantly submerged in waves of gossip.

"I'll have that man to dinner," she elected briskly—I was making my duty call on the afternoon of her arrival. "That's the first thing—you and Agatha and Mary Westerveldt and this—this latest indiscretion. Then we'll know better how we stand. You really ought to have written me, Jim. Yes,"—she snapped the clasp of her engagement book together—"on the 21st. Before my party comes. Eight o'clock—you tell Agatha. I'll ask Ed Jenkins, too—Ed's sensible. It can't be any of the Hartly Blaines," she ruminated, "can't be Addie's youngster—he's in college. Besides, none of 'em are blond"—whence I guessed at the particularity of her information.

It was during dinner that evening, as I was in the act of passing Aunt Eunice's invitation on to Agatha, that the floodgates lifted at last on Agatha's reserve. Even then, elevated as she became—it was an apotheosis of "the hair"—Agatha vouchsafed no information. Other than that, she made herself wholly clear—so much so that, later in the evening, I gave Aunt Eunice to understand privately, by telephone, that the dinner of the 21st would be purely a waste of food. It was too late; the invitations were already in the mail—promptness being a characteristic of my paternal aunt. "Besides," she said, "it will be interesting."

It was—at least, in retrospect.

That was the day—the 21st—that Chet, my seventeen-year-old brother, came home from boarding-school—furious at not being met. The fact is, we had forgotten Chester—ours is a casual *ménage*—I, quite frankly, and Agatha under a vague notion that Chet was to spend the holidays with the youngest Davenport in Boston. It developed that, on the contrary, the youngest Davenport was to spend the holidays with us; indeed he turned up informally at tea time, having lingered in the city to replenish an already extensive wardrobe.

The two of them dined that evening in the kitchen, Aunt Eunice manifesting no invitatory enthusiasm when informed of their arrival, and Agatha's new cook finding it a convenient arrangement. The cook's suitor dined there also—a circumstance which transpired during revelations next day at breakfast.

"Wouldn't have missed it for anything," the youngest Davenport commented pleasantly. "Name of Flynn"—with a retrospective chuckle—"a policeman."

"Flynn!" Agatha instantly gave tongue—"a *policeman?*"

"Don't howl," Chet brought out inelegantly, "he didn't eat much. There wasn't much." As a matter of fact, Agatha had forgotten to order dinner. "Besides, he's head and shoulders over that yellow wop of yours, Agatha." Chet, it seems, had assisted at Agatha's departure dinnerward. "That white hat he had on—zowie!—and with evening clothes! And, anyhow," Chet manœuvred brilliantly, "you ought to be glad to have a cop friendly in the kitchen—this town's a crooks' paradise. Why, it's even in the New England papers"—this obviously by way of diverting Agatha from cook's illicit hospitality—"all about old lady Hamilton's diamond cross. It's put this town on the map—four hauls last month, Flynn told us—it's a scandal." Evidently, in the stimulating society of the youngest son of the house, cook's friend had talked. "Why don't you guys shake a leg?"—this last to my address.

Oddly enough, Reggie had made a similar suggestion at Aunt Eunice's. The thing *was* making talk, as Chet intimated. Reggie's idea had involved a sort of volunteer patrol, the details of which he elaborated characteristically. It was indeed Reggie at his highest best.

Dinner that night threatened to be tempestuous. I had just finished dressing when Chet fumed into my room in a fog of incoherent rage. The boys had spent the morning skating; the only definite statement that Walter Davenport could ever be got to make was to the effect that they had lunched, somewhere, in a dog wagon. Afterward, they went to the club for billiards. There they encoun-

The two of them dined that evening in the kitchen. . . . The cook's suitor dined there also.—Page 482.

tered Reggie. I gathered that the afternoon furnished a convincing enough commentary on whatever Chet may have heard at the rink. As I said before, Agatha *was* being discussed.

"Look here, Jim," he flung at me, "are you going to let Agatha pin a simp like that to the family tree?" Obviously, it had been a poor day's sport; there were actually tears in the boy's eyes—a tragedy at seventeen. "You ought to have heard the stuff he tried to pull this afternoon—just ask Walter!" It occurred to me suddenly that Chet was growing up; I remember presenting him with my best razor when I had finished what I had to say.

"Anyhow," he threw back from the doorway when it was over, "I'm going to spike that lizzie, you see if I don't!"

It was only when Reggie walked into the drawing-room shortly after dinner, that I remembered that Wednesday was one of his nights to call. Otherwise Chet would have been at the theatre, at my expense, and in the company of the youngest Davenport.

There was a slight tightness about Chet's mouth as Reggie came down the room; the youngest Davenport modulated deftly into the dominant and got up from the piano; the telephone was ringing—Agatha went into the hall to answer it. After all, the Realists are right—things happen so. It was the expression on Agatha's face, when she came back a

little later, which supplied the note of artistic contrast.

"Aunt Eunice—" she began jerkily.

"What!" Chet exploded—Chet is not popular at Ashcroft—"is she *here?*"

"No." Agatha had lapsed into a chair. "She just telephoned. It's grandmother's pearls!"

"Grandmother's cat's pants!"—Chet's self-control had been oozing visibly. "Well," after a second's pause, "tell us—*tell* us!" he demanded.

"Why"—Agatha laughed, a little hysterically—"they're—they're gone, that's all. She can't find them."

"Gone!" echoed Reggie. "You don't mean to say they're——"

"Yes," she said weakly, "stolen."

"Why, last night——"

"Yes, I know," Agatha interrupted. "She says she put them away herself—after we left."

"*Some* haul!" gasped Chet, "some hau——"

"Enough to make it worth while, I imagine," Reggie cut in. "You don't see many finer strings. By George, Miss Agatha"—he sat down on the couch beside Walter Davenport—"that's coming pretty near home—what? It's just as I said last night—we've simply got to make a move, Russell."

"I suppose you mean"—Chet's voice was coldly polite—"I suppose you mean what Jim was telling us about this morning?"

"I do think"—Agatha had caught up her work-bag from the table and was knitting spasmodically—"that it's about time you men here in Woodhill did *something*."

"Because if it *is*," Chet vaulted determinedly over Agatha's remark, "you're likely to get the buttons stolen off your clothes looking for the man bright enough to crook anything off Aunt Eunice."

Personal antagonisms are curiously subtile. Reggie's eyes narrowed for a second. "Possibly"—the word labored with condescension. I could see Chet's jaw set; I caught myself wondering what would happen if the boy's restraint slipped another quarter-inch. The half-smile still lingered on Reggie's face, mocking, contemptuous. There was an oddly disconcerting pause.

"I should think," Walter Davenport leaned forward and picked up Agatha's ball of yarn—"I mean," he fumbled, turning toward Reggie, "like that story, you know. About the French doctor—the one you were telling at the club this afternoon."

It was as though he had moved a stalled engine from the dead centre; the conversation started instantly ahead.

"What story?" Agatha questioned. "Thanks, Walter—I'm always dropping it."

Reggie took a cigarette from the box Agatha was holding out. "May I? Why," he went on, "it wasn't much of a story. I wrote it up afterward, I remember, for one of the Paris scientific journals. The case was rather similar, only it was bank-notes that disappeared. In one of the smaller provincial towns. I was visiting an old friend of my father's—a doctor. Rather a clever fellow, too—a good deal interested in hypnotic suggestion—a good deal of a pioneer that way, in fact. There really isn't any story. Only"—he paused to drop the ash from his cigarette into a brass bowl on the table behind the couch—"it turned out that I had a little ability along that line. Never suspected it before, I must say! Between us, though, we caught the gentleman."

Agatha leaned forward curiously. "Yes," she said, "but how?"

"Why—well, it's a little complicated. You see," he went on, "under certain conditions, a person in hypnosis becomes—what is the word—clairvoyant. Not always, of course," he put in hastily; "in fact, I believe it's rather rare. We happened to work together, that's all. My friend acted as the subject."

"I always thought," Chet interposed smoothly, "that all that stuff was fake."

"Fake!" the youngest Davenport flung back at him. "Why, don't you remember old Horse Edmunds lecturing about it, last term, in psychology?"

"*That* boob!" spat Chet. "You'd soak up anything, Walter!"

"I read the whole thing up afterward," Walter went on calmly, "in encyclopædias and things—there's one of 'em up in my trunk now. I've got it all down pat: Threshold of Consciousness, Subliminal

Self"—he ticked them off on his fingertips—"Fixed Idea. You plant it and it grows—like farming. Focus of Apperception—Motor Force of an Idea, tending to ultimate realization in unconscious functioning of the Personality, apart from Superliminal Direction——"

"Rave on, rave on!" jeered Chet. "Why don't you hire a hall?"

"All the same," Reggie's confident accents rounded Agatha's titter of amusement, "your friend, at least, seems to have some intelligent ideas."

"Meaning—?" Chet started nastily.

"Of course, Chet," Agatha hastened to cut in, "everybody knows that it *can* be done."

"Sure!" Chet agreed spitefully, "sure it can—they pay these hicks you see in vaudeville to come up on the stage and fake it. You're easy, Agatha!"

"One book said," it was the credulous Davenport again, "that a red circle came out on a man's arm three days afterward."

"Oh, yes," said Reggie easily, "a very common demonstration. Fixed Idea, it's called—you tell your subject to do a given thing at a given time—impress it on his subconscious mind, you see—and, when the time comes, he does it."

"Not knowing?" Agatha had put her knitting down.

"Not knowing consciously," Reggie amended.

"Just what I said—'apart from Superliminal Direction,'" Walter reiterated glibly.

"*All* right!" Chet's voice purred with satisfaction. "You'll have to do more than just talk about it, though, before *I* suck up any tosh like that." He stood up. "I'm from Missouri, I am—you'll have to show me!"

"Show you?" Reggie brought out lazily; it was the indulgent grown-up, humoring an interesting child.

"Yes—sure! You did it that time in France, you said"—there was just a tip of accent on the word. "Well, do it again, right here in the good old United States—do it to me. I'd like to *see* you, that's all—or anybody else."

"Well, of course—" Reggie deprecated.

"I thought so," Chet flung out, triumphantly—"nobody home but the baker, and he's loafing." He sat down, resignedly. "It's like these ghost-stories people tell; it's always an intimate friend who sees the headless lady, I notice!"

"What I started to say, if you'll allow me"—Reggie bowed ironically in the boy's direction—"was, that as a subject, you'd hardly do—at least, not in your present frame of mind."

"You mean," put in Walter Davenport, "he's out of sympathy—not receptive?"

"Receptive!" echoed Chet. "You're off your base there—I'm as receptive as a rent collector. You just try me."

"You're certainly rude enough, Chet." Agatha held her knitting to the light critically.

"Oh, come," laughed Reggie. "Look here, I'm perfectly willing to take you on, Chet. Only," he went on, "you'll have to promise me a square deal."

"I'll eat out of your hand if that's part of it. But don't horse me, will you—these are my Sunday clothes."

Reggie was dragging an armchair closer into the circle of lamplight. "There," he said, "sit down. No, don't cross your legs. Relax. Put your head back."

There was a gleam in Chet's eyes which seemed to belie his sudden blandness; the experiment was going to be interesting, obviously.

"The light hurts my eyes," he objected.

"Exactly—that's part of it. Look right at it. I'll have to take my coat off"—Reggie glanced inquiringly at Agatha; folded the coat across an arm of the couch. "Keep your eyes on that light—don't wink. Now then!"

I was conscious, for a moment, of wondering how best to put an end to the thing. The room went suddenly quiet, as though a noise had stopped; there was not even the click of Agatha's needles, her hands were folded over them in her lap; she was watching Reggie motionless behind the boy's chair. In a second the whole atmosphere—it happens so sometimes—had fused into unexpected seriousness. Reggie's long fingers moved twice across the boy's forehead; then they moved again. That was all. There was a flicker of the eyelashes—I could see

quite plainly in the strong light—then, slowly, they fell. The thing was done perfectly. Reggie stepped back, looking at Agatha; Walter Davenport leaned forward, curiously.

"Be-*au*-ti-ful corpse, ain't he!" he whispered unctuously.

Not a quiver of the lips; the boy's straight features in the glare of the shaded lamp were absolutely expressionless—it was a marvel of self-control.

"Jingo!" Walter brought out, "I'd have sworn that he was faking it!"

I fancied, for a second, that I had caught, on Reggie's face, an expression of complete surprise. It faded instantly.

"Chet!"—it was Agatha. "Chet!" she called again peremptorily.

"No good"—Reggie was putting on his coat. "Complete hypnosis—never saw a better subject. He'll stay like that."

"Didn't he hear me—at all?" Agatha questioned wonderingly.

"No." Then: "Watch. Chet!" he said sharply. "Fold your arms! Now—you can't open them. Try!"

I could see the muscles lift under the jacket sleeves.

"Right!"

"Oh—I don't like it!" Agatha said nervously.

"Shall I waken him?" Reggie stepped back in front of the boy's chair.

"Oh—*yes!*" Agatha's hand went out protectingly, touched Chet's knee. "It's—it's too awful!"

"Could Chet do it now—I mean like the French doctor?"

The man shot a quick glance in Walter Davenport's direction at the question. "I don't know," he said, after just a perceptible hesitation. "Likely not—as I said, it's rare."

"You mean—about Aunt Eunice?" Agatha's voice lifted into sudden eagerness. Something in Reggie Blaine's face seemed to crystallize into resolution. He sat down on the wide arm of the chair.

"It won't hurt him?" Agatha asked anxiously.

Apparently he had not heard her; he was staring at the boy's shut eyes. "Chet!" The head turned a fraction toward him. "Tell me"—he spoke the words slowly, firmly—"tell me—what is it—the word in my mind? Say it!"

There was a second's pause; instinctively the three of us drew closer about the table. I felt Agatha's start of surprise as the set lips parted stiffly.

"Ashtree." There was a puzzled contraction of the brows, as of effort.

"Once more. Try!" Reggie said soothingly. The cleft in the boy's forehead deepened.

"Ashtree," he said again. Then suddenly: "Ashcroft!" An expression of pleased eagerness—of relief—seemed to flit across the face. "Round things," he brought out jerkily—"on a string. Beads!" It was uncanny. Agatha's fingers shut about the paper-cutter she was fingering, white at the knuckles; the air of the room seemed to snap with strained attention. "There's some one—with a white skating-cap——"

The man made a quick movement; there was a sharp exclamation—a book fell noisily to the floor as Walter Davenport's elbow jerked across the table. There was a sense of returning to the normal, a consciousness of relief.

Reggie laughed nervously. "I thought so!" He set the book back on the table.

"Faking?" It was Walter who put the question.

"Exactly." Reggie had gone back to the couch; he was fumbling for his handkerchief.

"You're sure?" Agatha brought out incredulously.

"Absolutely." He had the handkerchief and was wiping his forehead as he said the word. "What I meant was that Chinese jar"—he pointed to the corner where the thing stood. "Chet, of course, took a chance. Then I knew; I simply led him on afterward to see what— It *was* clever, though—the first part."

"Still," Agatha began, "you stopped him. I wish— Are you sure?" She seemed curiously insistent. "I mean to say, couldn't it have been something"—she searched for the word—"something, well, behind—deeper, if that means anything—something back—in your real mind—couldn't he have jumped, perhaps, to that? Besides," she went on, "he's still—still that same way. He hasn't—well, look at him!"

"Naturally!" Reggie's smile seemed a trifle strained. "I dare say he's wonder-

ing now how to save his face. I'll show you."

He had half risen from his seat.

"No, wait, please." Agatha laid a hand on his coat sleeve. "Don't go to him."

The smile on the man's face went out; there was an odd expression in the narrowed eyes.

"Well?"

"You see," Agatha went on, almost argumentatively, "it was your stopping him just when—well, just at the point, you might say."

"You still think, then, it's genuine—I mean, that he's not shamming?" There was something obnoxious in the way he put the question.

"I'm sorry," Agatha said, "but I don't—know. You see—well—you *did* stop him."

"Of course, Chet'll deny everything," said Walter.

"Yes, Walter, that's just it—exactly!"

It occurred to me that Agatha was pushing it too far. Then suddenly it was as though, by some miracle of gesture, the fragments of the jig-saw puzzle there on the table had been clicked together into one coherent picture. Agatha had been quicker. I saw, now, what was in her mind. Across the table, under the lamplight, the boy's face, with its shut eyes, still held the mask of an utter impassivity. Suppose, after all, it *was* genuine unconsciousness—that the boy, by some weird clarity of vision, actually had looked into that other mind—the *real* mind, as Agatha had put it? Such things happened. Suppose the story of the French doctor was something other than a mere romance—that the man actually had been jeered into an awkwardly successful demonstration? Or, granting that the boy were shamming—why, then, as Agatha insisted, had he stopped him?

"Well?" with a keen glance at Agatha, oddly at variance with the bored politeness of the monosyllable.

"Of course, as it stands, there's just one way to put the kibosh on him now——"

"I know," Reggie rapped out sharply. "I thought of that."

"What do you mean, Walter?" Agatha's tone was steadily serious.

"Why," the boy explained, eagerly, "it's this way—isn't it? Either he *is* faking or—he isn't. If he is, he'll lie about it. *I* would—anybody would." He grinned reminiscently. "Go ahead and call his bluff, that's all you've got to do. Some of that posthypnotic stuff, you know"—he turned to Reggie—"pull some of that on him—something he wouldn't dare fake. You'll have to mix it pretty strong, though, or he'll bluff it through, somehow—I know Chet!"

"Yes," Agatha admitted. "That would settle it, I suppose; yes, I see that."

At that the man was on his feet; a new look of determination had wiped anything of tolerant amusement from his face. "I think"—there was an unpleasant edge in the level voice—"I think we can mix it strong enough, as you say—even for Miss Agatha." He was standing in front of Chet's chair. "Suppose," he went on, "we stick to the Ashcroft episode. That's uppermost, I fancy." He bent over the table for a moment; wrote something on a sheet of monogrammed paper that lay there. I knew, from Agatha's quick breath, that the shot had told. "Perhaps, then," he went on, "we can drop it." Then, suddenly, "Chet!" It was a command. The boy's eyelids quivered slightly; there was again that scarcely perceptible shifting of the head. The man glanced quickly at the clock on the mantel-shelf; turned again to the limp figure in the armchair, the folded paper in his hand. He looked intently into the white face.

"Chet." There was a deliberate distinctness in the slow words. "Listen! At ten o'clock, exactly, you will go to Hoyt's drug store." Then, after a second's pause: "There is a folded paper in the left-hand pocket of your coat. Hand that to a policeman—the first one you see."

Agatha's fingers shut convulsively into mine.

"Hoyt's corner," the incisive words came again. "Start at ten, exactly."

He spread the paper, open, on the table; it held a single neatly written line.

"Oh, no!" gasped Agatha. "You *can't*——"

Quick as light the man whirled. "Right!" he said sharply—"right, Chet—right!"

The boy's eyes blinked for a second; he stood up stiffly. "Well," he brought out sheepishly, "it's on me, all right, I guess. What happened? Did I— What! twenty-five minutes past *nine?*" He stared incredulously at the clock.

"You needn't strain yourself," sneered Reggie; "the show's over."

Suddenly, somewhere in the distance, a door slammed. Then, from the hallway: "It's all right, Mary!"—it was Ed Jenkins's voice—"it's all right—they're still up! We dropped in," he explained—"that is, we *will* drop in, as soon as Mary Westerveldt finishes powdering her nose—for a hand-out. *She* suggested it. Nice little party!" as the two came down the room—"even Reggie Blaine. Even Chet. Hello, Chet! school's out, eh, and teacher's dead?" Ed's big laugh rolled out infectiously.

"You don't mean to say," Mary exclaimed, "that the party's over! Look, Ed—they've even let the fire go out! Chet"—she beckoned—"come here; I want to whisper."

There were the usual banalities of greeting; a shifting readjustment of chairs; Walter Davenport laid a log across the embers—fanned it into flame with a newspaper; Chet and Mary Westerveldt tittered for a moment over their whispered consultation—it was as though nothing unusual had been happening; the conversation sprang up instantly. I caught my name at the end of another burst of Ed Jenkins's laughter.

"—Tough luck, though, Jim, about your aunt," he was saying. "You heard, I suppose, Reggie? What's she done about it—anything?"

"Oh, yes, I heard." Reggie looked across at Agatha. "We've been discussing it."

"They were yours, weren't they, Agatha—the pearls? Or would have been" —Mary drew her chair nearer the fire— "at least, I understood that. I do wish Chet would hurry!" she ended inconsequently.

"Hurry?" echoed Agatha—"Chet? Hurry *where?*"

"Why back, my dear, back! I sent him to raid the ice-box."

"Jingo! You don't suppose—" Walter Davenport left the sentence dangling.

"I said"—it was Reggie, instantly aware of what lay behind the question—"at ten o'clock."

"I wouldn't mind your all going suddenly insane," observed Mary primly, "if I had food before me. As it is——"

"That clock," cut in Agatha, "is twenty-five minutes slow."

"I thought they looked queer when we came in, Mary," Ed brought out in a loud aside. "As a matter of fact, though, Agatha, you're perfectly correct about that clock." Ed's watch snapped shut. "It's just ten-eight."

"When in doubt about the time, telephone," Mary rattled glibly. "Sounds like the three thousand thistles in Theophilus's thumb, doesn't it?" Then—"*I'm* going after Chet."

There was a stir of movement in the doorway. It all happened quickly—a start of confused surprise—the sound of a chair overturned. Something died out of the face I had been watching.

"Now, then"—it was Chet's voice; some one followed closely behind him into the lamp-lit circle—a tall man in a patrolman's uniform—"I'll take that paper you mentioned, Mr. Blaine. You see," he went on quietly, "it seems you forgot to put it in my pocket, after all."

For a moment no one stirred. The color was coming back into Reggie Blaine's face. He stepped forward suddenly; laid something white on the table. He was smiling.

"Is that it, Agatha?" Chet asked abruptly. "Read what it says."

Agatha reached out; picked up the folded paper. Then, in a wooden voice, she read slowly: "'The person who robbed Ashcroft last night is Reginald Oakes Blaine.'"

"Remember, young fellow"—it was the officer—"anything you say may be used against you."

Reggie smiled again brilliantly. "In that case," he bowed ironically to Agatha, "I think I'll just say—good night."

"Of course"—we were talking it over afterward—"when I found Flynn in the kitchen I knew I could get away with it. You see," Chet explained to Mary Westerveldt, "*I* didn't know what was on the paper."

"What gets me"—it was Ed Jenkins—"is his writing it at all."

"Why, it was simply to convince Agatha. He didn't know, even then, whether I was faking. You see, if I wasn't"—Chet's grammar yielded to his excitement—"nothing would have come of it—even if I *had* gone to Hoyt's afterward. He'd kept the paper, you see. And if I was faking—why, he'd banked on my not having nerve enough to flash the paper anyhow—granting he'd been caught juggling it and been obliged to put it in my pocket after all."

Agatha . . . picked up the folded paper. Then . . . she read slowly: "'The person who robbed Ashcroft last night is . . . .'"—Page 488.

"He certainly was quick," said Agatha.

"Yes," Ed said; "they have to be!"

"Besides," Chet went on, "Agatha had him nailed anyhow—and he knew it. If he'd only let me burble on about Ashcroft—but *he* thought, the conceited idiot, that he actually had put me to sleep, or whatever you call it."

"I see, of course," Mary put in, "that he had to do *something*. But why"—she laid a finger on the paper—"why *that* exactly?"

"Listen," Walter Davenport called out excitedly, "here it is!" He brought the book he had been fumbling closer to the light. "Listen," he said again. "I told you I had it up in my trunk. Here: 'The dominating or fixed idea tends therefore'—no, wait a second—yes, it's here—'the dominating or fixed idea tends, there-

fore, to determine the functioning of the personality as a whole, especially'— just listen to this—'especially in moments of emotional or moral crisis. This holds true even in contradiction to the strongest instincts, as, for example, that of self-preservation.' There you are—that's it—fixed idea. Like a man jumping off something high, it goes on to say—he can't help it. There's a lot more about criminal detection. You see, we'd been talking about the Ashcroft business; it was in his mind all the time anyhow, of course—'guilt-consciousness' the book calls it. That's what spilled him, really, when you come to look into it. I told you"—he shut the book—"I told you I was educated. The thing that *does* stick me, though, is why Chet didn't laugh!"

A GREEK SONG

By Clinton Scollard

When Spring sweeps over Zante
In such enchanting wise,
And o'er the Ægean the empyrean
Is blue as Daphne's eyes,
When nightingales their pæan
Lift in the ilex groves,
In their green alleys my footstep dallies,
For there sweet Daphne roves!

When Summer broods o'er Zante,
And all the waters wear,
When twilight's falling, a hue enthralling
As dusk as Daphne's hair,
When boatmen cease their calling
Across the drowsing tides,
No oars lifting, I dream a-drifting,
For there sweet Daphne bides!

When Autumn throws o'er Zante
Its rose-and-gold eclipse,
And the round pomegranate, if you but scan it,
Is red as Daphne's lips,
When clear the noon-day planet
Beams on ripe vineyard ways,
I pluck the lustre of the plump cluster,
For there sweet Daphne strays!

When Winter over Zante
Swirls with its icy dart,
And fagots glowing, though blasts be blowing,
Are warm as Daphne's heart,
When, to the zither flowing,
The low hearth song beguiles,
Content I hearken till daylight darken,
For there sweet Daphne smiles!

PLAY-ACTING

By Annette Esty

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

THE two stood on the uneven bricks of the herring-boned walk, looking up at the sagging lines of the gray-weathered cottage. The quaintness of the little dwelling had tucked itself into the teacher's heart. Never had lover more eagerly desired his bride than she this particular small shelter where, she felt, æsthetic longings and a State pension could live reconciled.

"There isn't the least chance in the world that she'll sell, is there?" she asked the real-estate agent.

A cynical gleam flickered across the shrewd eyes of the old man.

"Not if she can help it," he answered with a shrug of his bent shoulders; "and not without lashin' herself up first into one o' her furies, 's if she was deedin' away her grandmother."

"Aurelia Burdett," repeated the teacher softly, "I'd like to see you, I wish you'd show yourself."

"Old man's name was Burdett," interpolated the agent; "she's been married twice; she's Mrs. Aurelia B. Crance."

"Old, you say, and lived here all her life—then there's really no hope that I can get the place?"

"Mortgaged to the limit . . . she's awful put to it to pay her bills. Leave it to me, marm; if anybody can push the deal through, guess I can, though Aurely's one woman to handle."

For three days the teacher had yearned impatiently, forced to wait before seeing the inside of the cottage. Her first glimpse of the exterior had been coincident with the death of its owner, old Mr. Burdett.

The funeral was held on the previous day and this morning the land agent and, I might say, verbal historian of the village had, with great difficulty, persuaded Burdett's daughter to let him show the inside of the house and its furnishings with view to a possible sale. One reservation had been emphatic: he was told to understand fully that Mrs. Crance, in the retirement of deep sorrow, would on no account suffer intrusion or be interviewed. The hall chamber, over the front door, was reserved for her occupancy during their inspection of the rest of the house. The agent was to be the sole means of communication between the two women; nothing was left to the discretion of fine feeling; barriers to intercourse were sufficiently obtruded to kindle curiosity.

From top to bottom the old cottage was fascinatingly unspoiled. No bath-tub, no telephone! In the ground-floor rooms, stiff furniture of former days was set out with charm in its placing, touches of a deft hand showed in the light on a picture or a brightly colored bowl; but in the corners and around the edges of the rooms lay disorder. Prettily arranged pewter and china were covered with dust, cupboards bulged with unsightly accumulations. Up the steep stairway, curving before the massive central chimney, were slim, carved columns of beds and mirrors looking down in amazed precision on ill-smoothed covers and littered dresser-tops. The teacher's neat fingers itched to restore their heritage of primness; also she felt an increasing interest in their eccentric possessor.

"The old lady can't be deeply crushed by her father's death—you say he was over ninety," she said to the agent as, their inspection finished, they stepped onto the brick walk while he shut the heavy front door behind them.

"Crushed?" he sneered, looking up at the closed and curtained dormer-window directly over their heads. "Aurely's about as much crushed as a stone-crusher'd be if you threw a pebble at it. She's just up thar havin' an orgy o' feelin's, Aurely is. Been her life's di-version. . . . Never had no feelin's, but playin' they're

hurtin' her 's kep' her pretty busy . . . like gittin' drunk on milk."

"I don't care, it'll certainly be hard on Mrs. Crance if she has to sell her home." True sympathy sounded in the teacher's voice.

"Wouldn't have to if she'd taken the least bit of care. Old Burdett had enough—she's run through it like a sow suckin' swill."

"Didn't her husband leave her anything?"

"Leave?" retorted the agent, raising his voice so imprudently that his companion glanced uneasily toward the closed window above them where it almost seemed as if the curtains stirred.

"Leave!" he repeated, unheeding a gesture of warning. "He left her . . . her . . . Aurely . . . got out . . . departed . . . three months after the weddin'. Jim Crance was awful set but he warn't no fool. Aurely's father was plain as a pie, a sensible man . . . guess her mother was some different . . . he got her out from the city 'fore I can remember. Never heard much about her . . . she had black eyes, hard black eyes. She died producin' Aurely . . . accomplished a heap o' uncomfortableness by that! Aurely with her flashy looks and her God Almighty grand ways! I never had much trouble seein' through her. An artistic temperament! All right in a zoo, but it don't settle down well fer a domestic pet.

"'What's the use o' puttin' your finger in front o' the buzz-saw?' I use to say to Jim. 'Keep away from Aurely!'

"The Crances was always straight-minded people, stupid in everything but business. Jim never seemed to see round Aurely's curves . . . so dazzled by the light she kep' flashin' in his eyes he didn't feel the burn . . . said he never had and never would look at another woman. Jim was a good fella and, knowin' the Crance tribe like I do, I shouldn't wonder, if he's alive to-day, if he's keepin' his vow to the grave."

"Mr. Crance still alive!" exclaimed the teacher.

"Don't nobody round here really know. The very day after they was married they came back to this house. Aurely's goin' had left old Burdett alone. Any one, blind in the front of his head as in his back hair, could of seen trouble risin' from the soft pussiness Aurely was ladlin' out at that time to her pa; refused a weddin' trip in order not to leave him more'n one night alone. She advertised the matter so well I felt suspicious soon's I heard the syrupy stuff she was smearin' round, but I didn't see clean through her game till three months later . . . and Jim, poor Jim, you couldn't make clear Aurely's ways to him with the goodness and wisdom o' heaven unrolled!

"Old Burdett warn't more'n fifty when Jim married his daughter . . . had a slight shock . . . knocked him out o' business . . . sorta shaken and simple.

"Aurely didn't need her father to support her now she was married. Her fastidious tastes was continually ground upon by the old man. He couldn't do much but set round the house chewin', and scratchin'. Aurely was finicky; she hadn't an inch o' conscience or affection fer her pa . . . thought out her little play-game, clever as Mr. Shakespeare, only not quite so smart at controllin' the endin'. She built her stage on sweetiness over givin' up the honeymoon to care fer father. At first Jim thought the handsomeness o' his wife was only veneer over the loveliness bustin' within.

"She got her scene laid, like a thee-ater . . . waited till about three months after the weddin' when one day Jim, feelin' good and not overtried at the moment by the lady of his choice, turned some little innocent joke on his new father-in-law while they was at dinner. Aurely heard her cue and rose, pale with fury (only person I ever see could go white when she wanted to 'thout usin' cornstarch).

"'Begone!' she yelled at Jim, settin' with his mouth open fer the next forkful, 'go from this house! My father is my first care, even my husband shall not come between me and my duty!' . . . then a whole lot more o' flimsy stuff Jim repeated to me afterward in my office.

"Jim, old blunderer, literal to the limit, a little frayed by this time with the jerkiness of Aurely's ways, got up from table, his face flushed purple, but more grieved than angry, an innocent heart misunderstood. Right out o' this house he walked then and thar.

"Aurely had her wind knocked out . . .

Drawn by W. M. Berger.

"Mortgaged to the limit . . . she's awful put to it to pay her bills."—Page 491.

he failed to play up to his part. Expected him to rush in rage from the front door all right, but thought he'd have sense enough to sneak in by the back door when his anger'd cooled.

"Well, Jim didn't . . . no, marm, he didn't! Terribly shaken . . . couldn't understand the game. Natural he should come to me fer sympathy . . . and he got it!

"'What shall I do now?' he asked. 'Does my wife really want me to go?' His bewilderment over Aurely's ways was pitiful.

"You bet I didn't urge him none to stay after I heard his story. In fact (it's never galled my conscience neither) I speeded him on his way. 'Jim,' I says, 'leave and leave quick. That's what Aurely wants . . . no other road open to ye!' He put his business affairs in my hands . . . they was in the absolutest order . . . said he was leavin' town.

"The truth? I kep' it from him as you'd hide the revolver your closest friend was tryin' to commit suicide with. Aurely was in love with Jim all right, only she was a heap more in love with Aurely and in gittin' her own way. I see her little game plain enough even if I didn't think best to try and disclose it to Jim. She was tired o' keepin' house fer her old pa, wanted to live with Jim alone. Nicer and easier to leave a dependent parent because your husband forces you to, than to just plain desert him through selfishness. She planned to give out her husband and father couldn't get on together, then she and Jim could move to a new home and hire a caretaker fer the old man. You see, what Aurely wanted wasn't so bad, but she went about gittin' it crookeder than a cat walks through a door.

"I didn't pause to do none o' this explaining o' Aurely to Jim, just urged him to make his getaway. Never even hinted Aurely'd been in my office only the day before askin' when one o' those new flats in the Brink Building'd be ready fer occupancy. Took fer granted he'd have to go and stay . . . that was what Aurely'd want of him. Course I was young . . . can't say I'd have the courage now to take another man's happiness in my hands as I did then, but I can't say I've ever regretted so doin'. After all, it wouldn't of done any good to of tried to explain things to a Crance. Might as well of put an old rubber boot before his eyes and told him to see through it clear and rosy as a church window.

"Jim Crance took my advice . . . went out o' town that day . . . never been seen here since. He made me promise to telegraph him if old Burdett died, said he'd come back then and see if Aurelia wanted him. He and everybody else thought Burdett warn't long fer this world. That was forty-five years ago. The old man was buried yesterday. I telegraphed Jim, not knowin' whether he's alive or dead, haven't had no answer. If Aurely'd found out I had his address all these years, she'd never left me quiet s'long's a minute. It ain't likely . . . but if he's livin' now, I guess Jim Crance, havin' fer forty-odd years enjoyed the peace I helped him secure, ain't cravin' Aurely's cantankerousness at the grave's edge."

"She's lived here with only her uncouth father all these years?" questioned the teacher.

"Had to . . . no other explanation to give out fer Jim's going off but he and her father couldn't git along. After statin' she was a martyr, torn between 'em, she couldn't very well go away and leave her old pa and hope to save her face. Had to keep right on playin' her part o' tender and outraged child, like the heroine of a play if the hero skipped from the wing and never answered his cue. She's been pretty busy tryin' to deceive everybody includin' herself. Probably she's expected Jim back each hour for forty-five years. Perhaps the suspense has been wearin'. Guess the lifelong job o' carin' fer her dirty old pa's borne pretty heavy on the lady. But she's had a great time pityin' herself, and the old man, lucky, was too simple to realize that this house warn't no bower o' bliss. But I'll tell ye, marm, I can't help continually wondering if old Jim's had a peaceful life."

"In spite of what you say, I am afraid Mrs. Crance will refuse to sell her home. Old people hate to move, even from uncomfortable memories," said his listener. "The house must be stacked with

"'Begone!' she yelled at Jim, settin' with his mouth open."—Page 492.

old yearnings and broken desires . . . haunted with regrets." Her eyes strayed to where above the carved, ancient doorway two crimson ramblers met. "Yes," she continued, "all you need is to be told the place is haunted to find it irresistible!"

"Haunted!" echoed a deep, grating voice from over their heads, while as if to a magic opening word the small casement windows of the central dormer sprang apart. Dark curtains were drawn slowly aside and the head and shoulders of an old woman thrust themselves into view, scarcely ten feet above where the agent and his client were standing.

The school-teacher retreated a quick step, aghast. One word of the conversation so easily overheard! Oh, dear! Then the window, left slightly ajar, must have admitted the entire tale of the garrulous old man to Aurelia's listening ears. From her sedulously guarded privacy she had witnessed the unfolding of her own soul like soiled linen in the front yard.

Aurelia leaned her head and the upper part of her body far out of the window, as a minister looks down on a startled congregation, above her snowy and abundant hair her shrivelled arms upraised like Barbara Frietchie. From out her white face, sharp black eyes glowed under heavy brows. The selfish droop of puffy lids and deep lines of unhappiness scarred the handsome old face. A knitted red jacket pulled tightly across the sagging of her unused breasts.

"Haunted?" she screamed like a fanatic whose explosive temper suddenly ignites. "Haunted . . . by murdered soul. No drip of blood . . . no drip of

blood, but the seeping away of love, has left the stain! Not groans from an insensible body . . . the tortures of a dying spirit, the tortures of a dying spirit, shall wail eternally through these rooms!"

With this Aurelia lowered her arms and drew in her head. The woman standing below watched the slowly closing casements, fascinated, hypnotized, her nerves, always good emotional conductors, vibrating with feeling, tingling to the call of that dramatic voice.

The banging to of the sashes, like the orchestra's crash at the end of a well-acted tragedy, cut sharply through the thread of her finely aroused emotions. She turned to the old land agent. His eyes were fixed shamefacedly upon the ground, yet his dejection seemed not so much from disgrace at being caught loosening his gossip in too public a place as from masculine objection to witnessing prodigality of emotion.

"She's a hot cup o' tea!" he muttered, turning without raising his eyes and shuffling away.

His progress was interrupted by a large limousine which stopped, at that moment, by the gate at the end of the short brick walk. The chauffeur jumped down, opened the door, and helped out an elderly gentleman who was alone inside. The man's brisk step showed him little in need of aid. Erect, handsomely dressed, he bowed slightly as he passed the two, without looking at them. His face, round, healthy, unimaginative, expressed a character that fulfilled its destiny calmly, finding life neither difficult nor obscure.

He went up to the cottage, entered immediately after knocking, and abruptly closed behind him the squeaking old green door.

At sight of this man the agent's face, above his short grizzled beard, flushed crimson; his bent legs quivered in their unpressed pants.

"Jim!" he whispered; "Jim Crance, if I'm still breathin'!"

The teacher started inquiringly toward the liveried chauffeur who strolled up and down before the car, but her unspoken question was quietly answered by the monogram, "J. C.," that gleamed within a small gold circle on the shiny dark-blue paint of the automobile door.

"Will it mean . . . will it mean I can buy the cottage?" she asked the agent excitedly, after he had pulled himself from his surprise and was walking away by her side.

"Jim!" he was chuckling with every sucking in or hissing out of his astonished breath; "Jim, Jim Crance . . . pust-up quite a bit after all these years, but cool and happy-lookin'!" Then. . . . "Yes marm, yes marm," he replied to the teacher's impatience. "Don't look like there was an atom o' chance Jim Crance 'll want the place. And Aurely. . . . Lord, I know Aurely! . . . she'll be willin' to sell even her stage-settin's for a chance to ride off in that parlor car drove by that costumed monkey! I'll be helpin' you move in to-morrow, marm."

"I hope so. . . . Oh! I hope so!" exclaimed his companion. Then she paused, unwilling to let the old interloper take hold too officiously upon *her* plans. "You're always so sure just how Mrs. Crance will feel," she said. "Are you really so intimate with her that you can always guess exactly what she'll do?"

"Intimate?" he said, ignoring the sarcasm. "Well, yes, you might say I was intimate enough with her once to know her tastes pretty well. You see, marm," said the land agent, turning to the teacher, "I was Aurely's husband for a year or so, 'fore she divorced me to marry Jim Crance."

THACKERAY AND THE THEATRE

By Brander Matthews

IN the never-ending comparisons and contrasts between Thackeray and Dickens—which show no sign of abating even now when the younger of the two has been dead for half a century—one striking difference between them has often been dwelt upon—Dickens was incessantly theatrical, in his dress, in his novels, in his readings, whereas Thackeray shrank from all theatricality, in his own apparel, in his fiction, and in his lecturing. Dickens delighted in reading the most dramatic passages from his novels, actually impersonating the characters, and adjusting the lighting of his reading-desk so as to enable his hearers to see his swiftly changing expression. Thackeray's lectures were narratives enhanced in interest by anecdote and by criticism; he read them simply, seeking no surcharged effects; and he disliked his task. As he wrote to an American friend: "I shall go on my way like an old mountebank; I get more and more ashamed of my nostrums daily."

The author of "Vanity Fair" might in his preface feign that he was only a showman in a booth, and he might talk of "putting the puppets away"; but as Austin Dobson phrased it aptly in his centenary tribute:

> "These are no puppets, smartly dresst,
> But jerked by strings too manifest;
> No dummies wearing surface skin
> Without organic frame within;
> Nor do they deal in words and looks
> Found only in the story-books.
> No! For these beings use their brains,
> Have pulse and vigor in their veins;
> They move, they act, they take and give
> E'en as the master wills; they *live*—
> Live to the limit of their scope,
> Their anger, pleasure, terror, hope."

His stories are never puppet-plays and they never have the concentrated color which the theatre demands. This was not because he was not a constant playgoer, enjoying the drama in all its manifestations. Although he had no close intimacy with actor folk, such as Dickens had with Macready and later with Fechter, he was for years meeting at the weekly *Punch* dinners, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, and Tom Taylor, all of them playwrights by profession.

Nor were his novels influenced in any marked degree by the dramatists, since it was not the plays of Cervantes and Fielding and Balzac that attracted him, but their richer and more varied works of fiction. On the other hand, the novels of Dickens reveal the impress made upon him by the melodramas and by the farces which had a fleeting vogue in his early manhood; he relished the boldly melodramatic and he revelled in the broadly farcical. More especially was Dickens under the domination of Ben Jonson, whose plays were still occasionally seen on the stage when Dickens was young and impressionable. It might almost be said that Dickens transferred the method of the Comedy of Humors from the play to the novel; and it is significant that when he made his first appearance as an amateur it was to assume the superbly caricatural character of Captain Bobadil. It is perhaps because of Dickens's theatricality that he exerted a deep and wide influence upon the British playwrights from 1840 to 1870, whereas it was not until Robertson began in 1865 to deal more simply with life than any British playwright allowed himself to do, that the English writers of comedy began to profit by Thackeray's less highly colored portrayals of men and manners.

Yet Thackeray's enjoyment of the theatre was not less than Dickens's. His biographer, Mr. Lewis Melville, has recorded that Thackeray once asked a friend if he loved "the play," and when he received the qualified answer, "Ye-es, I like a good play," he retorted, "Oh, get out! You don't even understand what I mean!" Almost his first published effort as a draftsman is a series of sketches of a ballet, "Flore et Zéphire"; and toward the end of his life in 1858, he presided at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund.

In his days of arduous hack-work he

wrote half a dozen papers on the French stage. One of these essays was entitled "Dickens in France"; and in this he described with abundant gusto the gross absurdities of a Parisian perversion of "Nicholas Nickleby," produced at the Ambigu. Another is called "English History and Character on the French Stage"; and in this he has an easy task to show up the wilful disregard of veracity which taints the ingenious "Verre d'Eau" of Scribe. This essay is an admirable example of honest dramatic criticism, searching, even scorching, but not unfair and not unkind. He put his finger on the fact, pointing out that Scribe, unexcelled as a weaver of pretty little plots, lacked the sincerity and the amplitude which the loftier kind of comedy demands.

A third paper is devoted to "French Dramas and Melodramas"; and in this he begins by an unfortunate prediction, that French tragedy, the classic plays of Corneille and Racine, "in which half a dozen characters appear and spout sonorous alexandrines," was dead or dying, and that Rachel was trying in vain to revive tragedy and "to untomb Racine; but do not be alarmed, Racine will never come to life again, and cause audiences to weep as of yore. Madam Rachel can only galvanize the corpse, not revivify it. Ancient French tragedy, red-heeled, patched and beperiwigged, lies in its grave; and it is only the ghost of it that we see, which the fair Jewess has raised." Here Thackeray revealed his insularity, his inability to "penetrate French literature by an interior line." Red-heeled, patched and beperiwigged as French tragedy may be, and as it undoubtedly is in some of its aspects, it is not dead even now, more than three-quarters of a century since Thackeray preached this funeral sermon, nor is it dying. After the fiery fervor of the Romanticist revolt it may have needed the genius of Rachel to bring it back to favor; but to-day it is kept alive by the more modest talent of Bartet.

II

Before he was of age Dickens had thought seriously of becoming an actor; and he even went so far as to apply to a manager for an engagement. Not long after he wrote a farce or two; and he was responsible for the book of a little ballad-opera. Late in his career he collaborated with Wilkie Collins in writing "No Thoroughfare," an effective melodrama, compounded specifically for Charles Fechter, who acted it successfully, first in London in English and then in Paris in French (under the title of "L'Abime"). In Dickens's letters we are told of the trouble he took in getting all the details of stage-management arranged to his satisfaction. From this correspondence it is evident enough that he found these labors most congenial and that he did not doubt his possession of the intuitive qualities of the play-producer, so distinct from those of the artist in pure narrative.

Thackeray also made one or two juvenile attempts at the dramatic form. Perhaps it is safer to say that these early efforts were dramatic only in form, in their being wholly in dialogue; and there is little reason to suppose that he endeavored to have them acted. In 1840, the year in which the "Paris Sketch Book" was published, there was produced in Paris a melodrama called "L'Abbaye de Penmarque" and founded upon Southey's "Mary, the Maid of the Inn." Its authors were announced as MM. Tournemine and Thackeray; and an American translator fearlessly ascribed it to the author of the "Paris Sketch Book," finding possible justification in the catalogue of the British Museum and in the early edition of Shepard's bibliography. The ascription was erroneous; and the "nautical melodrama" (as the translator termed it) seems to have been written by a distant kinsman of the novelist otherwise unknown to fame. The explanation recalls that given by an Irish critic, who solved his doubts as to another case of disputed authorship by the opinion that "Shakspere's plays were not written by Shakspere himself, but by another man of the same name."

Once and once only did Thackeray make a serious effort to appear before the public as a playwright. In 1854, after he had established his fame by "Vanity Fair" and consolidated it by "Pendennis" and the "Newcomes," he composed a comedy in two acts, "The Wolves and the Lamb." He proffered the play to two managers in turn, Buckstone of the Hay-

market Theatre, and then to Alfred Wigan of the Olympic. They declined it, one after the other; and apparently Thackeray made no further effort to have it produced. In 1860 he utilized the plot of his play in a story "Lovel the Widower," which was never one of his attractive novels, perhaps because it was more or less deprived of spontaneity by its enforced reliance upon a plot put together for another purpose.

When he moved into his own home in Kensington in 1862, only a few months before his untimely death, he arranged an amateur performance of "The Wolves and the Lamb" as a special attraction for his housewarming. He did not undertake any part in his own play; but he appeared in the character of Bonnington just before the final fall of the curtain, and spoke a rhymed epilogue, by way of salutation to his guests:

"Our drama ends;
Our Landlord gives a greeting to his friends;
Some rich, some poor, some doubtful, some sincere,
Some tried and loved for many a faithful year.
He looks around and bids all welcome here.
And as we players unanimously say
A little speech should end a little play;
Through me he tells the friendliest of pits
He built this story with his little wits;
These built the house from garret down to hall;
These paid the bills,—at least, paid nearly all.
. . . . . .
And though it seems quite large enough already,
I here declare the Landlord's purpose steady
Before the novel-writing days are o'er
To raise in this very house one or two stories more."

As we recall the pitiful penury of the English drama in the mid-years of the nineteenth century, when the stage relied largely upon misleading adaptations of French plays, we may wonder why Buckstone and Wigan were inhospitable to "The Wolves and the Lamb." It is true that Thackeray's little piece was slight in story, devoid of novel situations, obvious in its humor, simple in its character delineation, and traditional in its methods. But both Buckstone and Wigan were willing enough at that time to risk their money on mounting other plays by authors of less authority, plays which were quite as superficial and as artificial as this. Perhaps the two managers were moved to decline it, partly because they were disappointed in that it had none of the captivating characteristics of Thackeray's major fictions. So few of these qualities did the play possess that if it had been published anonymously it might have been attributed to some unknown imitator of Thackeray, never to Thackeray himself. It revealed more of his mannerisms than of his merits.

Obviously he did not take his little comedy very seriously; he did not put his back into his work; he was content to write no better than his contemporary competitors in comedy and without their experience and their knack. It is difficult to deny that in the "Wolves and the Lamb" most of the characters are only puppets; and that therefore Thackeray was for once well advised to put them away. The real hero of the play, it may be amusing to remark, is John, the butler, who has a soul above his station and who is a sketchy anticipation of Barrie's Admirable Crichton.

Setting aside this single attempt at play making and attempting to estimate Thackeray's potentiality as a playwright, we cannot help feeling that he lacks the swift concision, the immitigable compression, imposed on the dramatist by the limitation of the traffic of the stage to two hours. Also he rarely reveals his possession of the architectonic quality, the logical and inevitable structure, which is requisite in the compacting of a plot and in the co-ordination of effective incidents. Not often in his novels does he rise to the handling of the great passionate crises of existence, which, so Stevenson tells us, are the stuff out of which the serious drama is made. He is so little theatrical that he is only infrequently dramatic, in the ordinary sense of the word. He prefers the sympathetic portrayal of our common humanity in its moments of leisurely self-revelation.

Finally, if Thackeray had made himself a dramatist, by dint of determination, he would have lost as an artist more than he gained, since he would have had perforce to forego the interpretative comment in which his narrative is perpetually bathed. In his unfolding of plot and his presentation of character, Thackeray could act as his own chorus, his own expositor, his own *raisonneur* (to borrow the

French term for the character introduced into a play not for its own sake but to serve as the mouthpiece of its author). "Thackeray," so Mr. Brownell has asserted in his sympathetic study, "enwraps and embroiders his story with his personal philosophy, charges it with his personal feeling, draws out with inexhaustible personal zest its typical suggestiveness, and deals with his material directly instead of dispassionately and disinterestedly." This is a privilege implacably denied to the playwright—even if he has abundant compensation in other ways. As Mr. Brownell also reminds us, the novel is "a picture of life, but a picture that not only portrays but shows the significance of its subject; its form is particularly, uniquely elastic, and it possesses epic advantages which it would fruitlessly forego in conforming itself to purely dramatic canons."

III

Dickens's novels were both theatrical and dramatic; they were influenced by the melodramas and farces of his youth, as has already been noted; and it was natural that they should tempt adapters to dramatize them. They abounded in robustly drawn characters, often verging into caricatures; and therefore they appealed to the actor. They had episodes of violence certain to prove attractive to the public which liked to be powerfully moved and which had little delicacy as to the passions portrayed. Dickens's sprawling serials were too straggling in story ever to make it possible to compress them into a solidly built framework of plot; but it was not difficult to disentangle a succession of situations sufficient to make an effective panorama of action, peopled with familiar figures. And of these there have been an unnumbered host.

If Thackeray's novels lend themselves less temptingly to this paste-and-scissors method of the dramatizer, they had an immediate vogue and an enduring reputation, which have allured a heterogeny of dramatizers, most of whom have confined their exertion to the singling out of a salient character and to the presentation in a play of the more important situations in which this captivating personality is involved, utilizing the other figures and the other episodes only in so far as these might be necessary to set off the chosen hero or heroine. Naturally enough it is upon "Vanity Fair" that they have laid hands most assiduously. The final monthly part of the original publication had scarcely been issued when John Brougham ventured upon a stage version of it, which he produced at Burton's Theatre in New York in 1849.

This was an attempt to dramatize the novel as a whole, although necessarily Becky Sharp held the centre of the stage. There was a revival of Brougham's adaptation a few years later; there was another attempt by George Fawcett Rowe; and then in 1893 Sir James Barrie made a one-act playlet out of the last glimpse of Becky that Thackeray affords us, when she and Jos. Sedley, Amelia and Dobbin find themselves together in the little German watering-place and when Amelia learns the truth about her dead husband's advances to Becky. Sir James has kindly informed me that he thinks that every word spoken in his little piece was Thackeray's—"but some of them were probably taken from different chapters."

A few years later two other Becky Sharp pieces were produced, one on either side of the Atlantic. The American play was adroitly prepared by Mr. Langdon Mitchell; it was called "Becky Sharp"; it was produced in 1899 and it has been revived at least once since; Mrs. Fiske was the Becky. The British play was by Messrs. Robert Hichens and Cosmo Gordon Lennox; it was originally performed in London, with Miss Marie Tempest as Becky; and she came over to the United States to present it a few times at the New Theatre in New York in 1910.

A similar method—the method of focussing the attention of the audience on a single dominating personality and of excluding all the episodes in which this personality was not supreme—was followed in more recent plays cut out of the "Newcomes" and "Pendennis." No doubt this was the only possible way of dramatizing novels of such complexity of episode. Mr. Brownell declares that the range of the "Newcomes" is extraordinary for the thread of a single story to follow. "Yet all its parts are as interdependent as they are numerous and varied. It is Thackeray's largest canvas, and it is

filled with the greatest ease and to the borders. . . . It illustrates manners with an unexampled crowd of characters, the handling of which, without repetition or confusion, without digression or discord, exhibits the control of the artist equally with the imaginative and creative faculty of the poet." A story as vast as the "Newcomes" simply defies the dramatizer; and all he can do is to build his play about a single group, or better still around a single character, relentlessly excluding all the other allied groups of personages, not less interesting in themselves. This has been the method, it may be recorded, chosen by the several French playwrights who have been moved to make dramas out of one or another of the almost equally complex novels of Balzac.

So it was that Mr. Michael Morton made a "Colonel Newcome" piece for Sir Beerbohm Tree in 1906 and Mr. Langdon Mitchell made a "Major Pendennis" piece for Mr. John Drew in 1916. So it was that Sir Francis Burnand made a "Jeames" piece for Edward Terry in 1878 out of the "Diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche." Although Edward Terry was an amusing Jeames and although Nelly Farren was an amusing Mary Ann Hoggins, the "new and original comedy" (as its adapter styled it) did not strike me as amusing in itself; it was three-quarters Burnand and barely one-quarter Thackeray—and the blending was not to my taste. As I sat through the performance patiently I came to understand the provocation which had led a gallery boy to shout down to Burnand as he took the author's curtain-call on the first night: "I say, Frank, it's a good thing Thackeray is dead, isn't it?"

As the author had provided the "History of Henry Esmond" with a unifying figure, the dramatizers have only too abundant material for a chronicle-play showing him at different periods in his long and honorable career. To make a compact play, a true drama, out of the protracted story, would be plainly impossible, yet it might not be so difficult to select salient episodes which would serve as a succinct summary of the story. But although the attempt has been made several times—once for Henry Irving—no one of the versions has ever been put up for a run in any of the principal playhouses of either New York or London. In any dramatization one scene would impose itself, the scene in which Esmond breaks his sword before the prince whom he has loyally served, the scene in which Thackeray is most truly dramatic in the noblest sense of the word. If this had been put on the stage it would have been only a rendering unto the theatre of a thing that belonged to the theatre, since Thackeray probably had it suggested to him by the corresponding scene in the opera of "La Favorite"—although the suggestion may also have come from the "Vicomte de Bragelonne" or from the later play which Dumas made out of his own story.

There remains to be mentioned only one other dramatization, that of the "Rose and the Ring," made by Mr. H. Savile Clark in 1890. From all accounts the performance of this little play, with its music by Mr. Walter Slaughter, provided a charming spectacle for children—one to which we may be sure that Thackeray would have had no objection and which indeed might have delighted his heart. Although the play was successful in London and although it has been revived there more than once, it has never been performed in New York, by some unaccountable oversight on the part of American managers.

IV

It is testimony to Thackeray's own liking for the theatre that he is continually telling us that this or that character went to the play. He also informs us that Henry Esmond was the author of "The Faithful Fool," a comedy performed by Her Majesty's Servants and published anonymously, attaining a sale of nine copies, whereupon Esmond had the whole impression destroyed. And the first of the George Warringtons wrote two plays, "Carpezan" and "Pocahontas," both of them tragedies, the first of which caught the public taste whereas the second failed to prove attractive. We are all aware that Becky Sharp took part in the private theatricals at Gaunt House, making a most impressive Clytemnestra; but we are less likely to recall the hesitating suggestion that she may have been the Madame Rebecque who failed to please when

she appeared in the "Dame Blanche" at Strasburg in 1830. It was natural enough that Becky should go on the stage, since her mother had been a ballet dancer.

Although neither Thackeray nor Dickens ever attempted to write a novel of theatrical life, each of them gave us an inside view of a provincial stock company in the earlier years of the nineteenth century. In "Nicholas Nickleby" we are introduced to the actors and actresses under the management of Mr. Crummles; and in "Pendennis" we have a less elaborate study of the actors and actresses under the management of Mr. Bingley. The group that Dickens portrays is more boldly drawn and more richly colored than the group that Thackeray sketches in with a few illuminating strokes. "What a light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon and all those poor theatrical people in that charming book," said Thackeray in his lecture on "Charity and Humor." "What a humor! And what a good humor!"

Although in these episodes neither Dickens nor Thackeray aimed at the penetrating inquisition into the histrionic temperament that we find in Henry James's "Tragic Muse" and in Howells's "Story of a Play," there is both validity and originality in Thackeray's portrait of Miss Fotheringay. In all the dozens and scores of theatrical novels that I have read, I do not recall any other attempt to show the actress who is only an instrument in the hands of a superior intelligence, a woman who has the divine gift yet who can display it only when she is taught, perhaps by one himself deficient in the mimetic faculty but possessed of interpretative imagination. Possibly Thackeray bestows overmuch stupidity on the Fotheringay; but she was not too stupid to profit by the instruction of the devoted Bows. She had beauty, voice, manner, the command of emotion, without which the tragic actor is naught; and all she lacked was the intelligence which would enable her to make the most of her native endowment.

Except when she was on the stage Mrs. Siddons was an eminently uninspired woman; and not a little of her inspiration in the theatre has been credited to the superior intellect of her brother, John Philip Kemble. Rachel was intelligent, so intelligent that she was always eager to be aided by the intelligence of others. Legouvé records that if he gave her a suggestion, she seized on it and transmuted his copper into silver. She used to confess the immensity of her debt to Samson, a little, dried-up actor of "old men"; and she said once that she did not play a part half as well as she could play it, unless she had had the counsel of Samson. Even if she was a genius she was rather a marvellous executant than a great composer; and there has been many another actress, even in our own time, who has owed a large part of her talent to the unsuspected guidance given by some one unknown to the public which pressed to applaud her.

Miss Fotheringay was not intelligent like Rachel and she was far duller than Mrs. Siddons, but she had in her the essential quality. She was teachable and Little Bows taught her. "He shrieked out in his cracked voice the parts, and his pupil learned them from him by rote. He indicated the attitudes, and set and moved those beautiful arias of hers. . . . With what indomitable patience and dulness she followed him! She knew that he made her; and she let herself be made. . . . She was not grateful, or ungrateful, or unkind, or ill-humored." She might not be grateful, but she knew very well who had made her; she said so simply enough, explaining why she had not earlier played the more important parts: "I didn't take the leading business then; I wasn't fit for it till Bows taught me."

So it was that Adrienne Lecouvreur, in the play which Scribe and Legouvé wrote for Rachel, thanked the little old prompter, Michonnet, who had taught her: "I was ungrateful in saying I had never had a teacher. There is a kind-hearted man, a sincere friend, whose counsels have always sustained me." And Legouvé tells us that at one of the rehearsals Rachel suddenly turned from Regnier, who was the Michonnet, and knelt before Samson, who was the Duc de Bouillon, and addressed this speech directly to him.

It would be interesting to know whether Thackeray ever saw "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which was produced in Paris in April, 1849, six months before "Pendennis" began to appear in monthly parts.

I LOVE those old New England houses that have been allowed to mellow undisturbed through several cultured generations, and have thus been given atmosphere and personality and the air of tranquil ease. Their mahogany secretaries, their thousand-legged tables, and their sleepy-hollow chairs have a kind of general fitness, a way of being taken for granted that comes only through years of placid association. Families who have clung to one house long enough to grow white lilacs and build bookshelves to fit their books, who have inherited the acceptance of their neighbors and so need never push nor crowd nor offer explanations, leave their unmistakable impress on their furniture. Only steadfast years and family unity can make even ugly chairs and tables seem to *belong*. I regard such houses with the attentive admiration we bestow upon the unattainable. I am not at all sure that I covet them, because I would not pay the price of freedom and adventure they entail; but I look wistfully upon their polished loveliness.

The Delight of Throwing Things Away

My ain folk come of peripatetic stock. I learned when very young to bear my part in the periodic family arguments as to whether we moved to Kansas City in ninety-six or ninety-seven, and whether our house in Council Bluffs faced east or west, and I can even remember joining valiantly in a dispute between my father and mother as to whether I was born in Toledo, Ohio, or Decatur, Illinois.

Naturally, such rolling stones gathered neither white lilac bushes nor atmosphere, nor did our habits breed reverence in the hearts of the younger members of the family for their elders' choice of household furniture and decoration. Instead of tending old mahogany and patiently darning lovely hand-made bedspreads, I learned to thrill and pant and tremble with the ever-new delight of throwing things away. Every time we moved, we got rid of something. Interested always in the new and darkly suspicious of the old, I came to love those times of change and upheaval and of casting aside.

Perhaps the stimulus of conflict added zest to these occasions, for it was not without giving battle that we rid ourselves of such cherished family treasures as the clove-apple and the wax cross, the Rogers's group, the marble-topped table, the chromo of Landseer's "Can't You Talk?" and the old, comfortable, red-plush sofa. Our family was disrupted and formed into two hostile camps when we young radicals essayed to take down and carry to the attic "Christian's Vision" and "Mercy's Dream," which, framed in funereal walnut, had graced our parlors in six or seven States. They hung at opposite ends of the square piano at which I used to sit, picking out Clementi's finger exercises with my little starfishes of hands, and I used to make up stories about them while I practised. I was really fond of them, and yet I felt undeniable satisfaction when they were taken down and carried off. It is true that an Alma-Tadema, which at that time expressed my sisters' artistic leanings, came to hang over the piano instead, and I had no more predilection for Alma-Tadema then than I have now, but he could not totally obscure the sense of pleasant vacancy that "Mercy's Dream" and "Christian's Vision" left behind.

It is this consciousness of space, this delight in breathing spells and margins that makes me enjoy getting rid of things. I love the semiyearly orgy of house cleaning, with its charming possibilities of elimination. There is the cracked teapot, last summer's parasol and hats, last year's magazines, the stamp box and cut-glass mucilage bottle that have graced my desk since Christmas, never used and now joyfully discarded; there are the gift books I cannot read, the work-bags I cannot carry, all the things that cry, "Come and use me," "Come and dust me," when I am most desirous of being left alone. I give them to the fat, black wash-lady, who receives them with effusion, and I look with vast contentment at the space they leave.

I am not maintaining that there is any consistency nor any very deep philosophy about this, and certainly there is no asceti-

cism. I am capable of sensuous delight in the things I choose to keep; but I adore the brief freedom that follows voluntary relinquishment. Diogenes throwing away his cup after he had seen a child drink from its hands, Thoreau refusing the offer of a door-mat because he felt that it was "best to avoid the beginnings of evil," these I feel kinship with and understand. I have scribbled opposite the door-mat episode in my "Walden" a legend of St. Francis: "Once a novice begged permission of St. Francis to own a psalter and teased him, but Francis answered: 'After you have a psalter, you will covet and long for a breviary, and when you have a breviary you will sit on a chair like a great prelate and say to your brother, "Fetch me my breviary." ' "

I once carried my passion for elimination so far as to throw away most of the appurtenances of conventional living and, with two others of like mind, set off on foot across the country. For a year our only home was a wagon and a seven-by-nine tent. Given even this mode of life, possessions tyrannized, and here, as never before, I experienced the deliciousness of casting things aside. When we started, among our concessions to the universal impulse to hoard were a Bible and three large packages of dog food. To these incongruities we clung for several months, packing and repacking them feverishly every time we made or broke camp. We were united as to their usefulness; for, being vegetarians, we were obviously required to provide refection for the hypothetical dog we fully expected to annex, and, knowing that no place is so fertile in argument as a camp and that most arguments sooner or later lead to the Bible, we felt that, if homicide was to be avoided on our trip, we must have at hand a copy of Holy Writ by which one antagonist or the other might prove his contentions. Eventually, we grew tired of packing even these essentials, and I remember the glorious sense of relief with which I contemplated the lovely open space in the wagon after we mailed the Bible back to Kansas City and gave the dog food to a Mennonite farmer, who, like ourselves, possessed no dog.

Not only in material ways does elimination offer satisfaction to the soul. I can still recall the terrified delight with which, at seventeen, I threw overboard the theory of creation to which I had been bred. The space thus left unoccupied was soon filled by an extraordinary mixture of Haeckel, Kant, the nebular hypothesis, and Elbert Hubbard, but still, for a brief period, I knew the exciting emptiness of complete agnosticism.

There is pain in some of this relinquishment, of course. I suffered at the first realization that Stevenson's philosophy was narrow, and though, thank heaven, Robert Louis has withstood all my intellectual reddings up, I have had to forego some of my belief in the finality of his perfection. I felt the ground rocking under me the other day when, rereading "The Egoist," for probably the seventh time, I found that, instead of the unalloyed delight it used to be, it seemed only the dreariest pretense, and I finished it almost with relief. If Meredith will not endure, in the name of eternal actuality what will?

Yet there is exhilaration about an earthquake. The shattering of old ideas always means the birth of new, and a new idea is a better thing to have than five figures in a bank-book. Possibly there is something essentially light-minded in a too facile setting aside of the time-honored, the predetermined, and the aged; but, on a whirling globe, among an impermanent people, in times that are tremendously changing, with political creeds and theories of government dying violently and giving tragic birth to new, rock-bound conservatism has no power of inspiration. The desire to stand still—to sit still, rather—and solemnly hoard the ancient, the moth-eaten, the still good enough does not harmonize with my state of mind. I find it salutary and stimulating to throw away the old and give the untried new its chance. I may be wrong, of course, but—suppose we had *never* got rid of the wax crosses and the Rogers's groups; would not our houses be even more atrocious than they are to-day?

Stomachal Gymnastics

IN the second part of Walton's "Complete Angler" Viator says to Piscator (Walton): "What will you have for breakfast?" Piscator replies: "For breakfast I never eat any . . . but, if you please to call for a glass of ale, I am for you." Viator, too, seems indifferent to breakfast other than ale. "My people know my diet," he says, "which is always a glass of ale and as soon as I am dressed."

Those who have not properly trained their digestive organ would hesitate to trail Walton when he did breakfast. In the first part of the "Angler" Piscator says: "My honest scholar, it is now five of the clock, we will fish till nine, and then go to breakfast . . . about that time we will make a breakfast with a piece of powdered beef, and a radish or two I have in my fish-basket, we shall, I warrent you, make a good, honest, wholesome hungry breakfast." Radishes for breakfast, and four hours of fishing before taking anything!

An excellent digestion Walton surely had, and I am so bold as to use the Dean of All Angling as an example of what proper stomachal exercises, such as strong ale and radishes for breakfast, will do in bringing longevity, as well as strength in old age. Walton died upward of ninety. He was eighty-six when he made a journey all the way from London to Wales to fish with his friend Cotton, and travel in those days was not lightly undertaken, even by men in their prime. Truly, a stout fender-off of infirmities was Walton, and death must have been puzzled how to aim his arrow.

In "How to Get Strong" Blakie gives us all kinds of home gymnastics, with the exception of what I myself consider by far the most important. For the human is always as strong as the stomach, and never any stronger. Many a possible victory has been a defeat, many a possible masterpiece has been only a "pot boiler," many a peak has not been scaled, many Poles—if there could be many Poles—would not be chopped down, as it were, if the internal machine has dropped a bolt. Napoleon said: "An army marches on its stomach." He might have added: "Victories are only a proof of good digestion."

We acknowledge all this. We know the folly of trusting an important undertaking to a dispeptic or the irascibility of a stomachache. If you knew that the engineman of the fast express you were travelling on was taking a swig of Jamaica ginger for an acute colic, you would be wise if you got off at the first stop. And how uncomfortable you would be as a passenger in an aeroplane if the driver were doubled up with a cramp! We all acknowledge that the stomach is the human dynamo, but very few of us—I am one of the few—understand that the human dynamo needs exercise, lots of what we call gymnastics, when we refer to the outward portions of the body.

Anatomists tell us that if we never use the left hand that the muscles of the left hand atrophy and the hand becomes unable of movement. Very little movement is almost as bad as no movement at all. So it is with every portion of the outward body. With all seriousness I ask you, why should not this be true of the stomach? I answer my own question. It is true.

Pamper a stomach, fail to give it proper gymnastics, give it no exercise but milk and toast and such silly stunts, and that stomach will rebel when you ask it to perform on such things as pork and beans. Never give a stomach reasonable exercise, and that stomach will soon be incapable of, say, a breakfast of ale and radishes, or a simple lunch of *pâté de foies gras* and Camembert cheese.

The early Yankees knew a lot about stomachal gymnastics. They discovered that cold apple pie at breakfast was one of the most efficient of internal parallel bars. Those early dwellers in New England had their faults, but no one can reproach them with weak stomachs or with stomachs that were not given abundant exercise.

So, again, with the big men and the beautiful women of Kentucky! And where can you find stronger men and more beautiful women? And hot bread and three times a day! And hot bread—beaten biscuit, soft hot muffins, corn pone—are among the most valuable of gastronomic "chinnings." So, too, is a Welsh rarebit, eaten just before bedtime, and a broiled lobster is almost as good—I mean good in the sense of gastric gymnastics.

Of course, as is the same with any other kind of exercise, you must not attempt too much at the start. The sprinter lengthens his sprint, the leaper lengthens his leap, and the weight lifter increases the weight he lifts. So if you are one of those who need, and most do need, gastric parallel bars, begin with, say, a single Napoleon for a dessert at lunch.

I hope you know what a Napoleon is; they can be bought at any pastry shop, and are simply invaluable as a simple easy stomach stunt. If you are ignorant, let me say that a Napoleon is a kind of loosely bound book of pastry, the leaves of rich flakiness, with an unctuous filling between,

rather cloying for the unpractised in below-diaphragm exercises. The roof, or cover, of a Napoleon is enamelled with either chocolate or vanilla frosting. There is nothing better to begin with for internal weight-lifting than a Napoleon.

When you find that two Napoleons daily are easily mastered, you are gaining rapidly. Next I suggest at breakfast plenty of real German coffee-cake, with no bread or toast, of course. As yet you should not attempt pie with that meal; this can come later. But daily keep up your Napoleon exercises, varied with a dessert at lunch-time of two of those pastries known as "Swedish."

If you continue your practice, soon you can master with ease a full meal of corned beef and cabbage, topped off with coffee and a hot baked-apple dumpling.

You should be persistent in your exercises. I knew a cashier of a bank who for lunch always ate "health foods"—absurd entitlement—and a glass of milk. I explained to him how I had myself acquired my own gastronomic abilities, and he became greatly interested. Under my tutorage he began, but the important thing is that he continued, a course in midday stomachal weight-liftings. He reported to me that for a time he suffered some discomfort, but he persisted. The last time I took lunch with him he "blew me off," as he put it, at the pastry counter of the Rotunda of the ancient Astor House, no better place ever known for stomachal stunts. As my memory serves me, we ate one dollar and seventy-five cents' worth—old style of exchange value of coins—of varied pastry products, beginning with éclairs and ending with jelly-rolls. We "chinned" our digestions on nothing but pastry.

It is my regret that this apt pupil died some years ago. The nature of his death precluded the longevity we both hoped for; he was killed in a railroad accident. If he could have been spared, I feel certain that no stomach balking could have killed him.

The variety of food is so great that here I can only give hints as to the proper menu for digestive gymnastics. The important thing is to select those articles that we have been taught are particularly unwholesome. And one should also constantly vary full meals, such as the conventional rare beef and baked potatoes, with full-meal exercises such as baked meat pies, fried bananas, and a rich pudding. Occasionally roast goose and apple sauce, topped with mince pie, with, of course, cheese, is an excellent full-meal series of handsprings.

If you practise constantly, the time will come when you will simply laugh when somebody suggests the unwholesomeness of certain things. And when I see a scrawny tinkerer at food munching health husks and washing down the husks with a vapid drink, I find it difficult not to order for the atrophied stomach near me some of the exercisers I have mentioned. But I dare not. A stomach is so personal an affair with its owner that only the owner's doctor is generally allowed handling it, as it were.

In closing these remarks as to a Happy Stomach and How to Get It, I wish to say that I have myself profited immeasurably by the gymnastics here suggested. And I had a grandfather who lived longer than did Walton, and who at seventy climbed Mount Washington on foot. He died of pneumonia; stomachal sprintings, gastric parallel bars, and internal weight-liftings all his lifetime would have prevented stomach balkings had he lived to one hundred and ninety-two.

In memory I behold my grandfather at one of his favorite gastronomic exercises—boiled blackberry dumplings with an abundance of sauce, both brown-sugar hard sauce and liquid syrup sauce. And my earliest remembrances of the old gentleman are of his persistent stomachal gymnastics, which, as I look back upon them, were certain to develop strength below the diaphragm unusual even among his race of stomachal gymnasts, New Englanders, and in his generation, the Early Kerosene Period. As he used to say, "The proof of a pudding is chewing even the string," and I end with him, as I began with Walton, as an example of what proper and long-continued mastery of stomachal stunts will do for any man who owns a stomach.

THE WEST IN AMERICAN PRINTS

By F. Weitenkampf
Author of "How to Appreciate Prints"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PRINTS IN THE COLLECTION OF H. T. PETERS, ESQ., AND THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

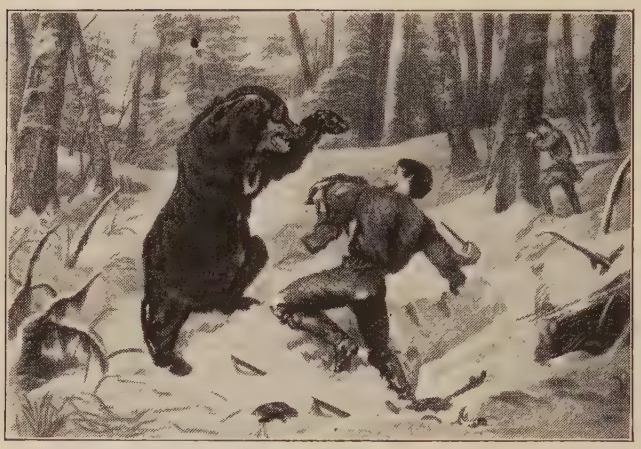
THE very name "The West" brings to mind a picturesque conglomeration of Indians, plainsmen, trappers, scouts, emigrants, gold-seekers, pony riders, "road agents," with the wide-stretching prairies and the towering Rockies as a setting, and buffalo herds, prairie-dogs, coyotes, "prairie-schooners," log cabins as part of the properties of this great national show.

There are pictures to help the memory, pictures scattered and often snapped up as they appear for sale, and yet available to him who is interested and will take a little trouble to find them. They range from the views and natural-history plates in the government reports on surveys (1853–56) for a railroad to the Pacific to the melodramatic illustrations drawn by George G. White and others for Beadle's "Half-Dime Library."

Book illustrations are numerous, for the literature of the subject is extensive. You can revel in the pictures adorning early books such as Kendall's "Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition" (1846), Josiah Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies, or The Journal of a Santa Fé Trader" (1851), J. L. McConnel's "Western Characters" (1853), illustrated by Darley, Randolph B. Marcy's "Prairie Traveler," or later ones such as Henry Inman's "Old Santa Fé Trail" (1897), illustrated by Remington, Randall Parrish's "The Great Plains" (1907), G. B. Grinnell's "Beyond the Old Prairie" (1913) and "Trail of the Pathfinders" (1911). And there is the contemporary illustrated press, with wood-engravings after Darley, W. M. Cary, Frenzeny, and others, and the work of the artist-correspondents of the *Illustrated London News*, who sent home some interesting sketches in the eighteen fifties and sixties.

Separate prints, while not so ready at hand, are to be found: steel-engravings that have strayed perchance from the books which they once graced, large plates after

Attack on Emigrant Train. Darley.
Continental Bank Note Company, New York.



The Life of a Hunter: A Tight Fix.
A lithograph by Currier & Ives, from a painting by A. F. Tait.

paintings, colored lithographs from the establishment of Currier & Ives, those indefatigable purveyors of pictorial pleasures to fit all needs and illustrate all subjects. Even theatrical posters. For there was once a melodramatic exploitation of frontier life, and old theatregoers may still recall "Davy Crockett," with Frank Mayo as the star. In that play Crockett, in a log cabin, saves a fair one from the wolves outside by thrusting his good right arm through the staples of the door in place of the missing bolt. That was illustrated in a poster by Matt Morgan, which the collector may conceivably wish to find. Or he may covet the mezzotint after J. G. Chapman's portrait of the real Crockett.

Western scenery, in the Rockies and the Yellowstone and the Yosemite regions, was painted by Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Hill, and Thomas Moran. And there were lithographs, bright in color if not too true to nature, such as F. F. Palmer's "The Mountain Pass Sierra Nevada" and "Yosemite Valley, the Bridal Veil Fall." The sameness of the boundless prairie did not noticeably attract our painters, but the thrilling suggestiveness of fire sweeping over it occupied the imagination. A. Fisher's painting "Prairie Fire" was reproduced in a little steel-engraving. Any attempt to picture the tragic occurrence in the entirety of its possible details of a frenzied animal world was pretty sure to fail. But one phase was nicely held in a colored Currier & Ives lithograph (1862), "Life on the Prairie. The Trapper's Defence, 'Fire Fight Fire.'" The plunging horses, the trappers burning out a space around them, the herd of bison fleeing in the distance, all this is described without melodramatics by the painter, A. F. Tait.

Colonel Crockett.
Engraved by C. Stuart, from the original portrait by J. G. Chapman.

The bison attracted more than one artist. Especially was the hunt pictured; for instance, by Karl Bodmer, the Swiss, who travelled here in 1832–34 with Prince Maximilian of Wied.

In a Currier & Ives print, "Life on the Prairie: The Buffalo Hunt" (1862), by A. F. Tait, two men in buckskin, red shirt, and fur cap are shooting buffalo with rifles. In the old days, when the number of bisons seemed inexhaustible, there was unrestrained killing. In

1867, it appears, Colonel W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") made a contract with the Kansas Pacific Railroad to keep its workmen supplied with buffalo meat. He killed 4,280 head. In the winter of 1871–72 Grand Duke Alexis took part in a grand buffalo chase, in charge of Buffalo Bill and Generals Sheridan and Custer. The merry slaughter went on through the years. To-day the vast herds have shrunk to a few hundred specimens in zoological gardens and reservations, and the buffalo-robe is no longer a thing that no gentleman's sleigh should be without. There was antelope hunting, as Catlin showed us, and bears were pictured in desperate battles with trappers, by Bodmer, Catlin, Darley (bank-note vignette), and particularly again by Tait, in a large Currier & Ives lithograph: "The Life of a Hunter: A Tight Fix" (1861).

Life on the Prairie. The Trapper's Defence, "Fire Fight Fire."
A lithograph by Currier & Ives, from a painting by A. F. Tait.

The wild horse of the plains is seen in lithographs by Catlin ("Wild Horses at Play") and by M. E. D. Brown; and in our day C. M. Russell, in illustration, and Solon Borglum, in sculpture, have shown the cowboy lassoing the animal. The tamed equine naturally played an important rôle in the opening of the West. Notably in the great overland mail stage line (which began about 1850 and was forced out by the Pacific Railroad) and the pony express. The drivers of these stages included Hank Monk, immortalized by Horace Greeley, Buffalo Bill, and other noted handlers of the ribbons. Most famous, perhaps, of the vehicles was the old "Deadwood coach," which in later years graced Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. The stage, we are told, reduced the months required by ox-teams to twenty-five days. The pony express, started in 1860, took letters from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, Cal., in ten days or less. With stations nine to fifteen miles apart, each rider covering three stations, an average of two hundred miles was made each day, with a charge of ten to fifteen dollars a letter. "Pony Bob" (Robert Haslam) and Buffalo Bill live in the annals of the daring souls who sped on these solitary rides. Hostile Indians and "road agents" saw to it that the route for stage and riders was full of sudden dangers, as Remington and other artists have pictured them.

Hunting the Buffalo.
From a lithograph by E. C. Biddle, Philadelphia, 1837.

The Indian needs a chapter to himself. But even if he is not given the centre of the stage, there is a most lively variety of figures who conquered and explored and made the West. With them, and in the pictorial record of their doings, we follow the shifting frontier, ever pushing toward the setting sun, with the advancing pioneer. We cross the threshold in such paintings as William Ranney's "Boone's First Visit to Kentucky," or G. C. Bingham's "Emigration of Daniel Boone." Or one may approach by ox-team as they do in Bacheller's "A Man for the Ages," or drift down the river in a flatboat with the family in Edwin White's picture "Emigrant's Sunday." The emigrant and his prairie-schooner was pictured again and again: in "Emigrants Crossing the Prairie" (Currier & Ives, 1866), or in illustrations in books such as Josiah Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies" (1851).

A cut in Albert D. Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi" (1867) records the fate of the gold enthusiast who scrawled on the canvas top of his wagon "Pike's Peak or Bust." Having lost his draft animals, he was found sitting by his wagon, another Micawber, the inscription amplified thus: "Busted, by thunder!" In 1906–1907 old Ezra Meeker, with schooner and ox-team, retraced the trail he had followed, in 1852, from Indiana to the old Oregon country, and went on to Washington to plead for an enduring monument to the builders of the West and for saving the Oregon Trail from oblivion.

The activities of the early settlers, trappers, hunters, and traders, were pictured in various paintings, some reproduced in engravings, others known to-day only by name. With the painter Charles Deas one could follow the trail of "The Trapper," "The Voyageur," and "Hunters on the Prairie." One shared the dangers in William Ranney's "The Trapper's Last Shot." G. C. Bingham takes us with "Fur-Traders Ascending the Missouri." And the makers of colored lithographs were also busy furnishing prints which to-day are interesting and often invaluable records of a life that has gone.

The Trapper's Last Shot.

A series of these, dealing with encounters between trappers and Indians, again introduces A. F. Tait: "The Prairie Hunter: One Rubbed Out" (1853), "A Check: Keep Your Distance" (1853), "The Pursuit" (1856), "The Last War-Whoop" (1856), "American Frontier Life" (1862). Mr. H. T. Peters points out the interesting details that appear in these prints—the woven lariat, the beadwork moccasins, and, in "A Parley" (1868), the diamond hitch on the horse's pack. In Louis Maurer's "A Surprise" (1858), the pursuing trapper is lassoing the fleeing Indian. Then there's a cruder lithograph, published by Haskell & Allen, Boston, depicting trappers and Indians "Trading on the Plains. The Indians in Doubt."

A lithograph by J. M. Ives summarizes, in a simple, popular way, the whole record of the "Winning of the West." Near by is a railroad-train, and houses, schools, and other outward signs of civilization. Farther off are log cabins, and still farther, stockades. Prairie-wagons are creaking their slow way into the distance, where Indians and buffalo roam the prairie, whose virgin soil is to be broken by the emigrants. The title is "Across the Continent," with that oft-quoted line of Bishop Berkeley's: "Westward the course of empire wends its way."

Mrs. Palmer drew a quite rosy picture of "The Pioneer's Home at the Western Frontier" (Currier & Ives, 1867). A path across a corduroy bridge leads to the log cabin, near by is a field of maize, and there is the prairie-schooner which brought the party to this spot. Two men are bringing in game (turkey, quail, partridge, deer). A pretty picture of peace and plenty! Later, the lonely farmer's life on the prairie offered no such elements to attract the painter or print-maker.

Across the Continent—"Westward the course of empire wends its way."
A lithograph by J. M. Ives, from a drawing by F. F. Palmer.

In gold-fever days there came an added incentive for going West. This chapter in the history of Western development was recorded pictorially both in the East and the West. So we have "Gold-Mining in California" (Currier & Ives, 1871) and "Wagon-Train between Sacramento and the Mines" (Brown & Severin).

Life in the early pioneer days was exciting and turbulent. The Indian did much to make it so, but the white man contributed his share. With qualities of self-assurance, dash, resourcefulness, and courage

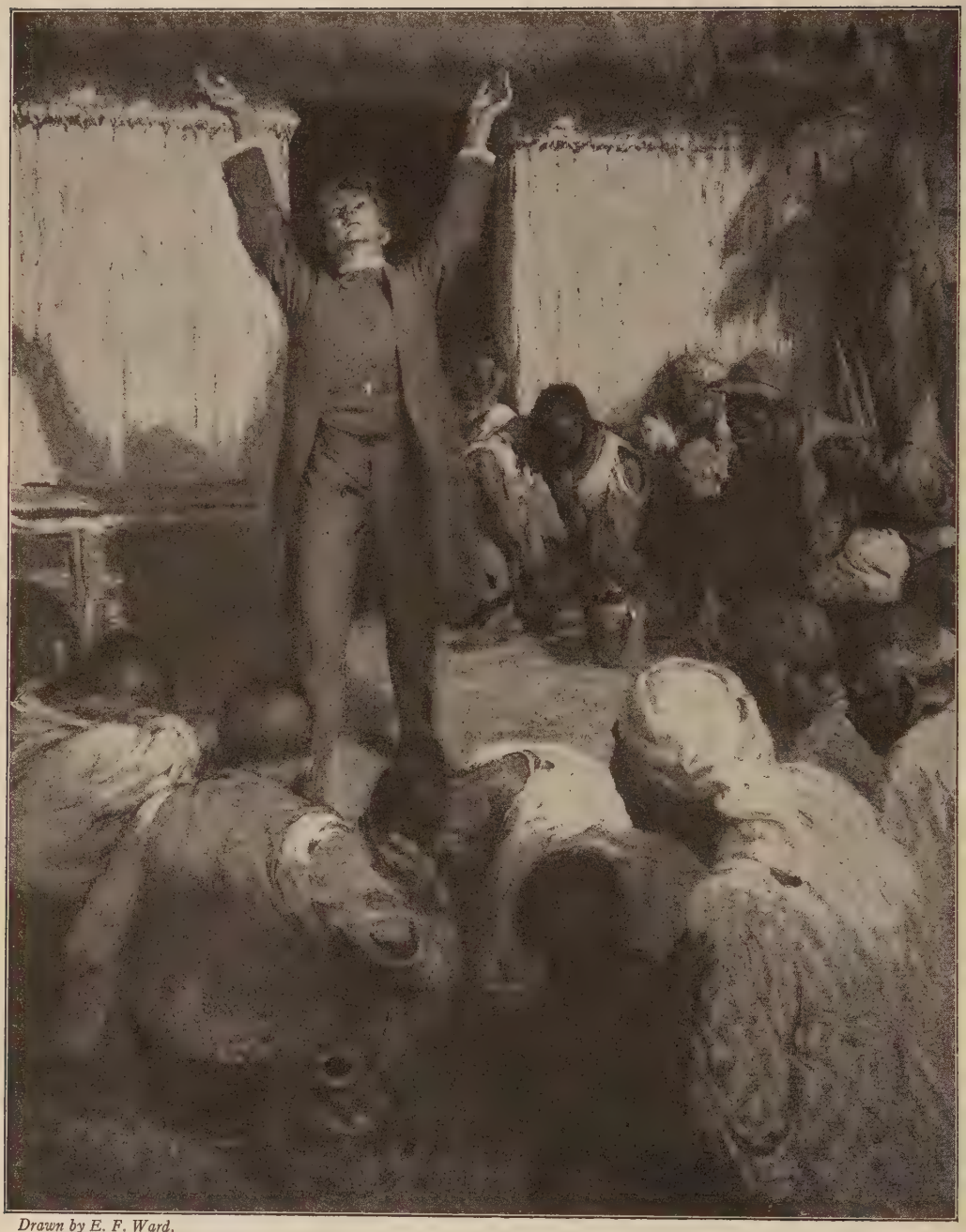
there were developed also picturesqueness in attitude, attire, and language. The cowboy cut a flamboyant figure in his chaparejos or his full-dress "pin-heel" boots. Among later artists, Remington, W. Herbert Dunton, C. M. Russell, Frank Tenny Johnson, Solon Borglum, Phimister Procter, and others immortalized him in painting, sculpture, and illustration. But with picturesqueness came lawlessness also. It came with the cupidity aroused in the gold-fever days in California, and was finally met by the stern repressive justice of the vigilantes. It came in the form of bullying desperadoes in the border towns ("Three-Fingered Pete," Billy, the Kid), who were opposed by the ready trigger-finger, actuated on the side of law and order, of such men as the noted marshal "Wild Bill." It came on the plains, whose solitudes laid the stage-coaches open to the attacks of stage-robbers —"road agents." Jesse James and other famous highwaymen have lived in sober fact and in lurid fiction. Among other figures in Western life was that of the professional gambler, who might at times fall under the ban of a "spasm of virtuous reaction," as did the engaging John Oakhurst in Bret Harte's story "The Outcasts of Poker Flat."

Communication in those early days was difficult and slow. The stage-coach and pony rider were a vast improvement on the ox-drawn prairie-schooner. The railroad changed much of the old life. But while it both bridged and tapped the vast expanse of Western territory, picturesqueness persisted. The last decisive battles with the Indians were fought in the eighteen-eighties. It took long to kill off the bison. The very boundlessness of the prairie could not be quite undone even by barb-wire fences.

To-day, the pioneer's work is done. The Indian cultivates farms, buys automobiles, and sends his boy to college. The cowboy is gradually fading away; his charges no longer roam over the plains quite as they once did and as their wild brothers, the bison, did before them. We have begun to think of the possibility of forest protection and reforestration. Even the idea of husbanding what is left of our resources is beginning to enter our heads. Care-free exploitation of a virgin soil is giving way to the theory of the rotation of crops, and of agricultural chemistry. The obvious, wild picturesqueness of the West is paling into a memory, revived luridly in the distorted and rampant gun-feast of the "movies," that animated picture-book of to-day. But its scenery is there, and the boundless extent of its plains and the character of its population. The glamour of its past is there, too, and the strength and breeziness of its present. There are still aspects for the artist to seize and to hold.

The American pony express, en route from the Missouri River to San Francisco.
From a drawing by G. H. Andrews, published in the *London Illustrated News*.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.



Drawn by E. F. Ward.

ARDORS WHICH HE HAD NEVER DREAMED OF BEGAN TO FLAME FREE OF HIS SOUL.

—"The Victim of His Vision," page 622.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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SALUTE TO THE TREES

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

MANY a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good:
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearth-stone warm;
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream;—
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts:
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open the window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

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Shadows of power: the ministers of the Susuhunan of Surakarta entering the kraton to attend a council.

THE EMERALDS OF WILHELMINA

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL
Author of "Fighting in Flanders," "The Army Behind the Army," "The New Frontiers of Freedom," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND ASSOCIATES

IN Singapore stands one of the most significant statues in the world. From the centre of its sun-scorched esplanade rises the bronze figure of a youthful, slender, clean-cut, keen-eyed man, clad in the high-collared coat and knee-breeches of a century ago, who, from his lofty pedestal, peers southward, beyond the shipping in the busy harbor, beyond the palm-fringed straits, toward those mysterious, alluring islands which ring the Java Sea. Though his name, Thomas Stamford Raffles, doubtless holds for you but scanty meaning, and though he died when only forty-five, his last years shadowed by the ingratitude of the country whose commercial supremacy in the East he had secured and to which he had offered a vast, new field for colonial expansion, he was one of the greatest architects of empire that ever lived. He combined the vision and administrative genius of Clive and Hastings with the audacity and energy of Hawkins and Drake. It was his dream, to use his own words, "to make Java the centre of an Eastern insular empire," ruled "not only without fear but without reproach"; an empire to consist of that great archipelago—Sumatra, Java, Borneo, the Celebes, New Guinea, and the lesser islands—which sweeps southward and eastward from the Asian mainland to the edges of Australasia. Though this splendid colonial structure was erected according to the plans that Raffles drew, by curious circumstance the flag that flies over it to-day is not his flag, not the flag of England, for, instead of

being governed from Westminster, as he had dreamed, it is governed from The Hague, the ruler of its fifty million brown inhabitants being the stout, rosy-cheeked young woman who dwells in the Palace of Het Loo.

Though in area Queen Wilhelmina's colonial possessions are exceeded by those of Britain and France, she is the sovereign of the second largest colonial empire, in point of population, in the world. But, because it lies beyond the beaten paths of tourist travel, because it has been so little advertised by plagues and famines and rebellions, and because it has been so admirably and unobtrusively governed, it has largely escaped public attention—a fact, I imagine, with which the Dutch are not ill-pleased. Did *you* realize, I wonder, that the Insulinde, as Netherlands India is sometimes called, is as large, or very nearly as large, as all that portion of the United States lying east of the Mississippi? Did you know that in the third largest island of the archipelago, Sumatra, the State of California could be set down and still leave a comfortable margin all around? Or that the fugitive from justice who turns the prow of his canoe westward from New Guinea must sail as far as from Vancouver to Yokohama before he finds himself beyond the shadow of the Dutch flag and the arm of Dutch law?

Until the closing years of the sixteenth century, European trade with the Far East was an absolute monopoly in the hands of Spain and Portugal. Incredible as it may seem, the two Iberian nations alone possessed the secret of the routes to the East, which they guarded with jealous care. In 1492 Columbus, bearing a letter from the King of Spain to the Khan of Tartary, whose power and wealth had become legendary in Europe through the tales of Marco Polo and other overland travellers, sailed westward from Cadiz in search of Asia, discovering the islands which came to be known as the West Indies. Five years later a Portuguese sea-adventurer, Vasco da Gama, turned the prow of his caravel south from the mouth of the Tagus, skirted the coast of Africa, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, crossed the Indian Ocean, and dropped his anchor in the harbor of Calicut—the first European to reach the beckoning East by sea. For a quarter of a century the Portuguese were the only people in Europe who knew the way to the East, and their secret gave them a monopoly of the Eastern trade. Lisbon became the richest port of Europe. Portugal was mistress of the seas. But in 1519 another Portuguese seafarer, Hernando de Maghallanes—we call him Ferdinand Magellan—who, resenting his treatment by the King of Portugal, had shifted his allegiance to Spain, sailed southwestward across the Atlantic, rounded the southern extremity of America by the straits which bear his name, crossed the unknown Pacific, and raised the flag of Spain over the islands which came in time to be called the Philippines. Spain had reached the Indies by sailing west, as Portugal had reached them by sailing east. Though the fabulous wealth of the lands thus discovered was discussed around every council table and camp-fire in Europe, the routes by which that wealth might be attained were guarded by Portugal and Spain as secrets of state. The charts showing the routes were not intrusted to the captains of vessels in the Eastern trade until the moment of departure, and they were taken up immediately upon their return; the silence of officers and crews was insured by every oath that the church could frame and every penalty that the state could devise. For more than three-quarters of a century, indeed, the two Iberian nations succeeded in keeping the secret of the sea roads to the East, their betrayal being punishable by death. In 1580, however, the English freebooter, Francis Drake, nicknamed "The Master Thief of the Unknown World," duplicated the voyage of Magellan's expedition of threescore years before, thus discovering the route to the Indies used by Spain.

At this period the Dutch, "the waggoners of the sea," possessed, as middlemen, a large interest in the spice trade, for the Portuguese, having no direct access to the markets of northern Europe, had made a practice of sending their Eastern merchandise to the Netherlands in Dutch bottoms for distribution by way of the Rhine and the Scheldt. As a result, the enormous carrying trade of Holland was wholly dependent upon Lisbon.

But when Spain unceremoniously annexed Portugal in 1580, the first act of Philip, upon becoming master of Lisbon, was to close the Tagus to the Dutch, his one-time subjects, who had revolted eight years before. As a result of the revenge thus taken by the Spanish tyrant, the Dutch were faced by the necessity of themselves going in quest of the Indies if their flag was not to disappear from the seas. Their opportunity came a dozen years later when a venturesome Hollander, Cornelius Houtman, who was risking imprisonment and even death by trading surreptitiously in the forbidden city on the Tagus, succeeded in obtaining through bribery a copy of one of the secret charts. The Spanish authorities scarcely could have been aware that he had learned a secret of such immense importance, or his silence would have been insured by the headsman. As it was, he was thrown into prison for illegal trading, where he was held for heavy ransom. But he managed to get word to Amsterdam of the priceless information which had come into his possession, whereupon the merchants of that city promptly formed a syndicate, subscribed the money for his ransom, and obtained his release. Thus it came about that shortly after his return to Holland there was organized the Company of Distant Lands, a title as vague, grandiose, and alluring as the plans of those who founded it. In 1595, then, nearly a century after da Gama had shown the way, four caravels under the command of Houtman, the banner of the Netherlands flaunting from their towering sterns, sailed grandly out of the Texel, slipped past the white chalk cliffs of Dover, sped southward before the trades, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and laid their course across the Indian Ocean for the Spice Islands. When the adventurers returned, two years later, they brought back tales of islands richer than anything of which the Dutch burghers had ever dreamed, and produced cargoes of Eastern merchandise to back their stories up.

The return of Houtman's expedition was the signal for a great outburst of commercial enterprise in the Low Countries, seekers after fortune or adventure flocking to the Indies as, centuries later, other fortune-seekers, other adventurers, flocked to the gold-diggings of the Sierras, the Yukon, and the Rand. On those distant seas, however, the adventurers were beyond the reach of any law, the same lawless conditions prevailing in the Indies at the beginning of the seventeenth century which characterized Californian life in the days of '49. The Dutch warred on the natives and on the Portuguese, and, when there was no one else to offer them resistance, they fought among themselves. By 1602 conditions had become so intolerable that the government of Holland, in order to tranquillize the Indies, and to stabilize the spice market at home, decided to amalgamate the various trading enterprises into one great corporation, the Dutch East India Company, which was authorized to exercise the functions of government in those remote seas and to prosecute the war against Spain. When Philip shut the Dutch out of Lisbon he made a formidable enemy for himself, for, though the burghers went to the East primarily in order to save their commerce from extinction, they were animated in a scarcely less degree by a determination to even their score with Spain.

The history of the Dutch East India Company is not a savory one. It was a powerful instrument for extracting the wealth of the Indies, and, so long as the wealth was forthcoming, the stockholders at home in Holland did not inquire too closely as to how the instrument was used. The story of the company from its formation in 1602 until its dissolution nearly two centuries later is a record of intrigue, cruelty, and oppression. It exercised virtually sovereign powers. It made and enforced its own laws, it maintained its own fleet and army, it negotiated treaties with Japan and China, it dethroned sultans and rajahs, it established trading-posts and factories at the Cape of Good Hope, in the Persian Gulf, on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, and in Bengal; it waged war against the Portuguese, the Spaniards, and the English in turn. When at the summit of its power, in 1669, the company possessed forty war-ships and one hundred and fifty merchantmen, maintained an army of ten thousand men, and paid a forty per cent dividend.

The volcano of Bromo, Eastern Java, in eruption.

Meanwhile a formidable rival to the Dutch Company, the English East India Company, had arisen, but the accession of a Dutchman, William, Prince of Orange, to the throne of England in 1688 turned the rivals into allies, the trade of the eastern seas being divided between them. But toward the close of the eighteenth century there came another change in the *status quo*, for the Dutch, by allying themselves with the French, became the enemies of England. By this time Great Britain had become the greatest sea power in the world, so that within a few months after the outbreak of hostilities in 1795 the British flag had replaced that of the Netherlands over Ceylon, Malacca, and other stations on

the highway to the Insulinde. When the Netherlands were annexed to the French Empire by Napoleon in 1810 the British seized the excuse thus provided to occupy Java, Thomas Stamford Raffles, the brilliant young Englishman who was then the agent of the British East India Company at Malacca, in the Malay States, being sent to Java as lieutenant-governor. Urgent as were his appeals that Java should be retained by Britain as a jewel in her crown of empire, the readjustment of the territories of the great European powers which was effected at the Congress of Vienna, in 1816, after the fall of Napoleon, resulted in the restoration to the Dutch of those islands of the Insulinde, including Java, which the British had seized. But, though Raffles ruled in Java for barely four and a half years, his spirit goes marching on, the system of colonial government which he instituted having been continued by the Dutch, in its main outlines, to this day. He won the confidence and friendship of the powerful native princes, revolutionized the entire legal system, revived the system of village or communal government, reformed the land-tenure, abolished the abominable system of forcing the natives to deliver all their crops, and gave to the Javanese a rule of honesty, justice, and wisdom with which, up to that time, they had not had even a bowing acquaintance. As a result of the lessons learned from Stamford Raffles, the Dutch possessions in the East are to-day more wisely and justly administered than those of any other European nation.

The Dutch had not seen the last of Raffles, however, for in 1817 he returned from England, where he had been knighted by the Prince Regent, to take the post of lieutenant-governor of Sumatra, to which the British did not finally relinquish their claims until half a century later. His administration of that great island was characterized by the same breadth of vision, tact, and energy which had marked his rule in Java. It was during this period that Raffles rendered his greatest service to the empire. The Dutch, upon regaining Java, attempted to obtain complete control of all the islands of the archipelago, which would have resulted in seriously hampering, if not actually ending, British trade east of Malacca. But Raffles, recognizing the menace to British interests, defeated the Dutch scheme in January, 1819, by a sudden *coup d'état*, when he seized the little island at the tip of the Malay Peninsula which commands the Malacca straits and the entrance to the China seas, and founded Singapore, thereby giving Britain control of the gateway to the Farther East and ending forever the Dutch dream of making of those waters a *mare clausum*—a Dutch lake.

The thousands of islands, islets, and atolls which comprise Netherlands India —the proper etymological name of the archipelago is Austronesia—are scattered over forty-six degrees of longitude, on both sides of the equator. Although in point of area Java holds only fifth place, Sumatra, Borneo, New Guinea, and the Celebes being much larger, it nevertheless contains three-fourths of the population and yields four-fifths of the produce of the entire archipelago. Though scarcely larger than Cuba, it has more inhabitants than all the Atlantic Coast States, from Maine to Florida, combined. This, added to the strategic importance of its situation, the richness of its soil, the variety of its products, the intelligence, activity, and civilization of its inhabitants, and the fact that it is the seat of the colonial government, makes Java by far the most important unit of the Insulinde. Because of its overwhelming importance in the matters of position, products, and population, it is administered as a distinct political entity, the other portions of the Dutch Indies being officially designated as the Outer Possessions or the Outposts.

Westernmost and by far the most important of the Outposts is Sumatra, an island four-fifths the size of France, as potentially rich in mineral and agricultural wealth as Java, but with a sparse and intractable population, certain of the tribes, notably the Achinese, who inhabit the northern districts, still defying Dutch rule in spite of the long and costly series of wars which have resulted from Holland's attempt to subjugate them. The unmapped interior of Sumatra affords an almost virgin field for the explorer, the sportsman, and the scientist. It has ninety volcanoes, twelve of which are ac-

A wayside market near Singaradja Island of Bali, Dutch East Indies.

tive (the world has not forgotten the eruption, in 1883, of Krakatu, an island volcano off the Sumatran coast, which resulted in the loss of forty thousand human lives); the jungles of the interior are roamed by elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, panthers, and occasional orang-utans, while in the scattered villages, with their straw-thatched, highly decorated houses, dwell barbarous brown men practising customs so incredibly eerie and fantastic that a sober narration of them is more likely than not to be greeted with a shrug of amused disbelief. One who has no first-hand knowledge of the Sumatran tribes finds it difficult to accept at their face value the accounts of the customs practised by the Bataks of Tapanuli, for example, who, when their relatives become too old and infirm to be of further use, give them a pious interment by eating them. When the local Doctor Oslers have decided that a man has reached the age when his place in the family dwelling is preferable to his company, the aged victim climbs a lemon-tree, beneath which his relatives stand in a circle, wailing the death-song, the weird, monotonous chant being continued until the condemned one summons the courage to

The seat of Dutch power in the Insulinde. The palace of the governor-general of the Indies at Buitenzorg, Java.

throw himself to the ground, whereupon the members of his family promptly despatch him with clubs, cut up his body, roast the meat, and eat it. Thus every stomach in the tribe becomes, in effect, a sort of family burial-plot. Then there are the Achinese, whose women frequently marry when eight years old, and are considered as well along in life when they reach their teens; and the Niassais, who are in deadly fear of albino children and who kill all twins as soon as they are born. Or the Menangkabaus, whose tribal government is a matriarchy: lands, houses, crops, and children belonging solely to the wife, who may, and sometimes does, sell her husband as a slave in order to pay her debts.

Trailing from the eastern end of Java in a twelve-hundred-mile-long chain, like the wisps of paper which form the tail of a kite, and separated by straits so narrow that artillery can fire across them, are the Lesser Sundas—Bali, noted for its superb scenery and its alluring women; Lombok, the northernmost island whose flora and fauna are Australian; Sumbawa, where the sandalwood comes from; Flores, whose inhabitants consider the earth so holy that they will not desecrate it by digging wells or cultivation; Timor, the northeastern half of which, together with Goa in India and Macao in China, forms the last remnant of Portugal's once enormous Eastern empire; Rotti, Kei, and Aroo, the great chain thus formed linking New Guinea, the largest island in the world, barring Australia, with the mainland of Asia. Of the last-named island, the entire western half belongs to Holland, the remaining half being about equally divided between British Papua, in the southeast, and in the northeast the former German colony of Kaiser Wilhelm Land, now administered by Australia under a mandate from the League of Nations. Though the population of Dutch New Guinea is estimated at a quarter of a million, the predilection of its fuzzy-haired inhabitants for human flesh has discouraged the Dutch census-takers from making an accurate enumeration, as the Papuan cannibal does not hesitate to sacrifice the needs of science to those of the cooking-pot. Though New Guinea is believed to be enormously rich in natural resources, and has many excellent harbors, the Dutch have thus far only nibbled at its edges. The secrets of its mysterious interior can only be conjectured. The natives are as degraded as any in the world; their principal vocation is hunting birds of paradise, whose plumes command high prices in the European markets; their chief avocation in recent years has been staging imitation cannibal

feasts for the benefit of motion-picture expeditions. But, unknown and unproductive as it is at present, I would stake my life that New Guinea will be a great colony some day.

To the west of New Guinea and to the south of the Philippines lie the Moluccas —Ceram, Amboin, Ternate, Halmehera, and the rest—the Spice Islands of the old-time voyagers, the scented tropic isles of which Camoens sang. Amboin, owing to the fact that Europeans have been established there for centuries on account of its trade in spices, is characterized by a much higher degree of civilization than the rest of the Moluccas, a considerable proportion of its inhabitants professing to be Christians. The flower of the colonial army is recruited from the Amboinese, who regard themselves not as vassals of the Dutch but as their allies and equals, a distinction which they emphasize by wearing shoes, all other native troops going barefoot. Beyond the Moluccas, across the Banda Sea, sprawls the Celebes, familiar from our school-days because of its fantastic outline, the plural form of its name being due to the supposition of the early explorers that it was a group of islands instead of one. And finally, crossing Makassar straits, we come to Borneo, the habitat of the head-hunter and the orang-utan. Something over three-fifths of Borneo is under the rule of the Dutch, but, as in New Guinea, they have merely scratched its surface, almost no attempt having thus far been made to exploit its enormous natural resources. The territories of the British North Borneo Company, which occupy the northern corner of the island, and of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, on the west coast, are under British protection. Though Borneo is a treasure-house for the naturalist, the botanist, and the ethnologist, it owes its chief fame, when all is said and done, to a showman from Bridgeport, Connecticut, the late Phineas T. Barnum, who made its name a household word throughout Europe and America as the home of the wild man. Thus I have arrayed for your cursory inspection the congeries of curious and colorful islands which constitute Netherlands India in order that you may comprehend the problems of civilization and administration which Holland has had to solve in those distant seas, and that you may better judge the results which she has achieved.

The Insulinde has eight times the population and sixty times the area of the mother country, from which it is

The tombs of the Kings of Goa, South Celebes. In the background a portion of the royal mosque and the palace.

separated by ten thousand miles of sea, yet the sovereignty of Queen Wilhelmina is upheld among the cannibals of New Guinea, the head-hunters of Borneo, and the savages of Achin, no less than among the docile millions of Java, by less than ten thousand European soldiers. That a territory so vast and with so enormous a population, should be so admirably administered, everything considered, by so small a number of white men, is in itself proof of the Dutch genius for ruling subject races.

From the day when Holland determined to organize her colonial empire for the benefit of the natives themselves, instead of exploiting it for the benefit of a handful of Dutch traders and settlers, as she had previously done, she has employed in her colonial service only thoroughly trained officials of proved ability and irreproachable character. The Dutch officials whom I met in Java and the Outposts impressed me, indeed, as being men of altogether exceptional capacity and attainments, better educated and qualified, as a whole, than those whom I have encountered in the British and French colonial possessions. Since the war, owing to the difficulty of obtaining men of sufficient caliber and experience to fill the minor posts, which are not particularly well paid, Holland has given employment in her colonial service to a considerable number of Germans, most of whom had been trained in colonial administration in Germany's African and Pacific possessions, but they are appointed, of course, only to posts of relative unimportance.

Every year the minister of the colonies ascertains the number of vacancies in the East Indian service, and every year the Grand Examination of Officials is held simultaneously in The Hague and in Batavia, the results of this examination determining the eligibility of candidates for admission to the colonial service and the fitness of officials already in the service for promotion. With the exception of the governor-general and two or three other high officials, who are appointed by the crown, no official can evade this examination, to pass which requires not only an intimate knowledge of East Indian languages, politics, and customs, but real scholarship as well. The names of those candidates who pass this examination are certified to the minister of the colonies, who thereupon directs them to report to the governor-general at Batavia and provides them with funds for the voyage. Upon their arrival in the Indies the governor-general appoints them to the grade of *contrôleur* and tests their capacity by sending them to difficult and trying posts in Sumatra, Borneo, the Celebes, or New Guinea, where they must conclusively prove their ability before they can hope for promotion to the grades of assistant resident and resident, and the relative comfort of official life in Java. In the Outposts they at once come face to face with innumerable difficulties and responsibilities, for the *contrôleur* is responsible, though within narrower limits than the resident, for everything: justice, police, agriculture, education, public works, the protection of the natives, and the requirements of the settlers in such matters as labor and irrigation. He is, in short, an administrator, a police official, a judge, a diplomatist, and an adviser on almost every subject connected with the government of tropical dependencies. The officials in the Outposts are given more authority and greater latitude of action than their colleagues in Java, for they have greater difficulties to cope with, while the intractability, if not the open hostility, of the natives whom they are called upon to rule demands greater tact and diplomacy than are required in Java, where the officials are inclined to become spoiled by their easy-going life and the semiroyal state which they maintain.

Though Holland demands much of those who uphold her authority in the Indies, she is generous in her rewards. The governor-general draws a salary of seventy thousand dollars together with liberal allowances for entertaining, and is provided with palaces at Batavia and Buitenzorg, while at Tjipanas, on one of the spurs of the Gedei, nearly six thousand feet above the sea, he has a country house set in a great English park. Wherever he is in residence he maintains a degree of state scarcely inferior to that of the sovereign herself. The residents are paid from five thousand dollars to nine thousand dollars according to their

grades; the assistant residents from three thousand five hundred dollars to five thousand dollars, and the *contrôleurs* from one thousand eight hundred dollars to two thousand four hundred dollars. Though officials are permitted leaves of absence only once in ten years, those who

State procession in the kraton of the Sultan of Djokjakarta.

complete twenty-five years' service in the Insulinde may retire on half pay. Even at such salaries, however, and in a land where living is cheap as compared with Europe, it is almost impossible for the officials to save money, for they are expected to entertain lavishly and to live in a fashion which will impress the natives, who would be quick to seize on any evidence of economy as a sign of weakness.*

Netherlands India is ruled by a dual system of administration—European and native. By miracles of patience, tact, and diplomacy, the Dutch have succeeded in building up in the Indies a gigantic colonial empire, which, however, they could not hope to hold by force were there to be a concerted rising of the natives. Realizing this, Holland—instead of attempting to overawe the natives by a display of military strength, as England has done in Egypt and India and France in Algeria and Morocco—has succeeded, by keeping the native princes on their thrones and according them a shadowy suzerainty, in hoodwinking the ignorant brown mass of the people into the belief that they are still governed by their own rulers. Though at first the princes, as was to be expected, bitterly resented the curtailment of their prerogatives and powers, they decided that they might better remain on their thrones, even

*For much of the information in this article relative to the political administration of the Insulinde, as well as its early history, I am indebted to "Java and the Dutch East Indies," a valuable and interesting study by A. Cabaton.

though the powers remaining to them were merely nominal, and accept the titles, honors, and generous pensions which the Dutch offered them, than to resist and be ruthlessly crushed. In pursuance of this shrewd policy, every province in the Indies has as its nominal head a native puppet ruler, known as a regent, usually a member of the house which reigned in that particular territory before the white man came. Though the regents are appointed, paid, and at need dismissed by the government, and though they are obliged to accept the advice and obey the orders of the Dutch residents, they remain the highest personages in the native world and the intermediaries through whom Holland transmits her wishes and orders to the native population. In order to lend color to the fiction that the natives are still ruled by their own princes, the regents are provided with the means to keep up considerable ceremony and pomp; they have their opera-bouffe courts, their gorgeously uniformed body-guards, their gilded carriages and golden parasols, and some of the more important ones maintain enormous households. But, though they preside at assemblies, sign decrees, and possess all the other external attributes of power, in reality they only go through the motions of governing, for always behind their gorgeous thrones sits a shrewd and silent Dutchman who pulls the strings. Though this system of dual government has the obvious disadvantages of being both cumbersome and expensive, it is, everything considered, perhaps the best that could have been devised to meet the existing conditions, for nothing is more certain than that, should the Dutch attempt to do away with the native princes, there would be a revolt which would shake the Insulinde to its foundations and would gravely imperil Dutch domination in the islands.

The most interesting examples of this system of dual administration are found in the *Vorstenlanden*, or "Lands of the Princes," of Surakarta and Djokjakarta, in Middle Java. These two principalities, which once comprised the great empire of Mataram, are nominally independent, being ostensibly ruled by their own princes: the Susuhunan of Surakarta and the Sultan of Djokjakarta, who are, however, despite their high-sounding titles and their dazzling courts, but mouthpieces for the Dutch residents. The series of episodes which culminated in the Dutch acquiring complete political ascendancy in the *Vorstenlanden* form one of the most picturesque and significant chapters in the history of Dutch rule in the East. Until the last century these territories were undivided, forming the kingdom of the Susuhunan of Surakarta, who, being threatened by a revolt of the Chinese who had settled in his dominions, called in the Dutch to aid him in suppressing it. They came promptly, helped to crush the rebellion, and so completely won the confidence of the Susuhunan that he begged their arbitration in a dispute with one of his brothers, who had launched an insurrection in an attempt to place himself on the throne. Certain historians assert, and probably with truth, that this insurrection was instigated and encouraged by the Dutch themselves, who foresaw that it would be easier to subjugate two weak states than a single strong one. In pursuance of this policy, they suggested that, in order to avoid a fratricidal and bloody war, the kingdom be divided, two-thirds of it, with Surakarta as the capital, to remain under the rule of the Susuhunan; the remaining third to be handed over to the pretender, who would assume the title of Sultan and establish his court at Djokjakarta. This settlement was reluctantly accepted by the Susuhunan because he realized that he could hope for nothing better and by his brother because he recognized that he might do much worse.

In principle, at least, the Sultan remained the vassal of the Susuhunan, in token of which he paid him public homage once each year at Ngawen, near Djokjakarta, where, in the presence of an immense concourse of natives, he was obliged to prostrate himself before the Susuhunan's throne as a public acknowledgment of his vassalage. But as the years passed the breach thus created between the Susuhunan and the Sultan showed signs of healing, which was the last thing desired by the Dutch, who believed in the maxim *Divide ut imperes.*

So, before the next ceremony of homage came around, they sent for the Sultan, pointed out to him the humiliation which he incurred in kneeling before the Susuhunan, and offered to provide him with a means of escaping this abasement. Their offer was as simple as it was ingenious—permission to wear the uniform of a Dutch official. This was by no means as empty an honor as it seemed, as the Sultan was quick to recognize, for one of the tenets of Holland's rule in the Indies is that no one who wears the Dutch uniform, whether European or native, shall impair the prestige of that uniform by kneeling in homage. The Sultan, needless to say, eagerly seized the opportunity thus offered, and, when the date for the next ceremony fell due he arrived at Ngawen arrayed in the blue and gold panoply of a Dutch official, but, instead of prostrating himself before the Susuhunan in the grovelling *dodok*, he coolly remained seated, as befitted a Dutch official and an independent prince.

The animosity thus ingeniously renewed between the princely houses lasted for many years, which was exactly what the Dutch had foreseen. But, though the Susuhunan and the Sultan had been goaded into hating each other with true Oriental fervor, they hated the Dutch even more. In order to divert this hostility toward themselves into safer channels, the Dutch evolved still another scheme, which consisted in installing at the court of the Susuhunan, as at that of the Sultan, a counter-irritant in the person of a rival prince, who, though theoretically a vassal, was in reality as independent as the titular ruler. And, as a final touch, the Dutch decreed that the cost of maintaining the elaborate establishments of these hated rivals must be defrayed from the privy purses of the Susuhunan and the Sultan. The "independent" prince at Surakarta is known as the Pangeran Adipati Mangku Negoro; the one at Djokjakarta as the Pangeran Adipati Paku Alam. Both of these princes have received military educations in Holland, hold honorary commissions in the Dutch army, and wear the Dutch uniform; their handsome palaces stand in close proximity to those of the Susuhunan and the Sultan, and both are permitted to maintain small but well-drilled private armies, armed with modern weapons and organized on European lines. The "army" of Mangku Negoro consists of about a thousand men, and is a far more efficient fighting force than the fantastically uniformed rabble maintained by his suzerain, the Susuhunan. In certain respects this arrangement resembles the plan which is followed at West Point and Annapolis, where, if the appointee fails to meet the entrance requirements, the appointment goes to an alternate, who has been designated with just such a contingency in view. Both the Susuhunan and the Sultan are perfectly aware that the first sign of disloyalty to the Dutch on their part would result in their being promptly dethroned and the "independent" princes being appointed in their stead. So, as they like their jobs, which are not onerous and are well paid—the Susuhunan receives an annual pension from the Dutch Government of some three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and has in addition one million dollars worth of revenues to waste each year—their conduct is marked by exemplary obedience and circumspection.

I do not except even the gorgeous establishments maintained by certain of the Indian princes, when I assert that nowhere in the East can be found courts so fantastic, colorful, and picturesque as those of the Susuhunan of Surakarta and the Sultan of Djokjakarta. The latter, a thin, weak-faced, but aristocratic-looking old gentleman, unusually tall for a Javanese, who has nearly reached the age of fourscore and ten, showed no signs, in his brisk walk and upright carriage, of being worried by the responsibility of supporting the three thousand wives and concubines in his harem, or of feeling the burden of the name he bears: Sultan Hamangkoe Boewoenoe Senopati Sahadin Panoto Gomo Kalif Patelah Kandjeng VII, to which he adds the titles "Ruler of the World" and "Spike of the Universe," for good measure.

Djokjakarta, or Djokja, as it is called by the Europeans, is set in the middle of a broad and wonderfully fertile plain, at the foot of the slumbering volcano of Merapi, whose occasional awakenings are marked by terrific earthquakes, which

shake the city to its foundations and usually result in wide-spread destruction and loss of life. It is a city of broad, unpaved thoroughfares, shaded by rows of majestic waringins, and lined, in the European quarter, by handsome one-story houses, with white walls, green blinds, and Doric porticos, in the Dutch colonial style, set far back in the midst of blazing gardens. There are two hotels, one an excellently kept and comfortable establishment, as hotels go in Java; a dozen or so large and moderately well-stocked European stores, and many small shops kept by Chinese; an imposing bank of stone and concrete; and one of the most beautiful race-courses that I have ever seen, the spring race meeting at Djokja being one of the most brilliant social events in Java. The busiest part of the city is the Chinese quarter, for, throughout the Insulinde, commerce, both wholesale and retail, is largely in the hands of these sober, shrewd, hard-working yellow men, of whom there are more than three three hundred thousand in Java alone and double that number in the archipelago. The control of Chinese immigration is, in fact, one of the gravest problems which the government of the Indies has to solve. Beyond the European and Chinese quarters, scattered among the palms which form a thick fringe about the town, are the *kampongs* of the Javanese themselves—frail buildings of bamboo, thatched with leaves or grass, and usually huddled together in clusters which are encircled by low mud walls. Standing well back from the street, and separated from it by a splendid sweep of green plush lawn, is the Dutch residency, a dignified building whose classic lines reminded me of the houses built by the Dutch *patroons* along the Hudson. A few hundred yards away stands Fort Vredenburg, a moated, bastioned, four-square fortification, garrisoned by half a thousand Dutch artillerymen, whose guns frown menacingly upon the native town and the palace of the Sultan. Though its walls would crumble before modern artillery in half an hour, it stands as a visible symbol of Dutch authority and as a warning to the disloyal that that authority is backed by cannon.

Between Fort Vredenburg and the Sultan's palace stretches the broad *aloun-aloun*, its sandy, sun-baked expanse broken only by a splendid pair of waringin-trees, clipped to resemble a royal *payong* or parasol. In the old days those desiring audience with the sovereign were compelled to wait under these trees, frequently for days and occasionally for weeks, until the "Spike of the Universe" graciously condescended to receive them. Here also was the place of public execution. In the bad old days before the white men came, public executions on the *aloun-aloun* provided pleasurable excitement for the people of Djokjakarta, who attended them in great numbers. The method employed was characteristic of Java: the condemned stood with his forehead against a wall, and the executioner drove the point of his *kris* between the vertebræ at the base of the neck, severing the spinal cord. But, the gallows and the rope have superseded the wall and the *kris* in Djokjakarta, just as they have superseded the age-old custom of hurling criminals from the top of a high tower in Bokhara or of having the brains of the condemned stamped out by an elephant, a method of execution which was long the fashion in Burma.

But, though certain peculiarly barbarous customs which were practised under native rule have been abolished by the Dutch, I have no intention of suggesting that life in Djokjakarta has become colorless and tame. If you will take the trouble to cross the *aloun-aloun* to the gates of the palace, your attention will be attracted by a row of iron-barred cages built against the kraton wall. Should you be so fortunate as to find yourself in Djokjakarta on the eve of a religious festival or other holiday, each of these cages will be found to contain a full-grown, snarling tiger. For tiger-baiting remains one of the favorite amusements of the native princes. Nowhere else, so far as I am aware, save only in East Africa, where the Masai warriors encircle a lion and kill it with their spears, can you witness a sport which is its equal for peril and excitement. On the day set for a tiger-baiting the *aloun-aloun* of Djokjakarta is crowded with spectators, their head-kains and sarongs of batik in

all the colors of the rainbow, while from a pavilion erected for the purpose the Sultan, surrounded by his glittering household and the women of his harem, views the dangerous sport in safety. In a cleared space before the royal pavilion several hundred half-naked Javanese, armed only with spears, stand shoulder to shoulder in a great circle, perhaps ten-score yards across, their spears pointing

Body-guard of the Sultan of Djokjakarta.

inward so as to form a human barricade fringed with steel. A cage containing a tiger, which has been trapped in the jungle for the occasion, is rolled forward to the circle's edge. At a signal from the Sultan the door of the cage is raised and the great striped cat, its yellow eyes glaring malevolently, its stiffened tail nervously sweeping the ground, slips forth and crouches expectantly in the centre of the extemporized arena. Occasionally, but very occasionally, the beast becomes intimidated at sight of the waiting spearmen and the breathless throng, but usually it is only a matter of seconds before things begin to happen. The long tail abruptly becomes rigid, the muscles bunch themselves like coiled springs beneath the tawny skin, the sullen snarling changes to a deep-throated roar, and the great beast launches itself against the levelled spears. Sometimes it tears its way through the ring of flesh and steel, leaving behind it a trail of terribly wounded spearmen, and creating consternation among the spectators, who scatter, panic-stricken, in every direction; but more often the spearmen drive it back, snarling and bleeding, whereupon, bewildered by the multitude of its enemies and maddened by the pain of its wounds, it hurls itself against another segment of the steel-tipped cordon. After a time, baffled in its attempts to escape, the tiger retreats to the centre of the circle, where it crouches, snarling. Then, at another signal from the Sultan, the spearmen begin to close in. Smaller and smaller grows the circle, closer and closer come the advancing spear-points . . . then a hoarse roar of fury, a spring too rapid for the eye to follow, a wild riot of brown bodies, glistening with sweat, and spear-hafts rising and falling above a sea of turbaned heads, as the blades are vindictively driven home . . . again . . . again . . . yet again . . . into the great black-and-yellow carcass, which now lies inanimate upon the sand in a pool of crimson.

Like all the palaces of Asiatic rulers,

the kraton of the Sultan of Djokjakarta is really a royal city in the heart of his capital. It consists of a vast congeries of palaces, barracks, stables, pagodas, temples, offices, courtyards, corridors, alleys, and bazaars, containing upward of fifteen thousand inhabitants, the whole encircled by a high wall four miles in length. Everything that the sovereign can require, every necessity and luxury of life, every adjunct of pleasure, is assembled within the kraton, which the Sultan rarely leaves save on occasions of ceremony, when he appears in state, surrounded by an Arabian Nights court, and guarded—curious contrast!—by a squadron of exceedingly businesslike-looking Dutch cavalry.

The first impression of the foreigner who succeeds in gaining admission to the inner precincts of the kraton is of tawdriness and dilapidation. Half-naked soldiers of the royal body-guard, armed with ten-foot pikes and clad only in baggy, scarlet breeches and brimless caps of black leather, shaped like inverted flowerpots, lounge beside the gateway giving access to the Sultan's quarters or snore blissfully while stretched in the shadow of the wall. The "Ruler of the World," receives his visitors—who, if they are foreigners, must always be accompanied by an official of the Dutch residency or by the resident himself—in the *pringitan*, or hall of audience, an immense, marble-floored chamber, supported by many marble columns and open on three sides, the fourth communicating with the royal apartments, to which Europeans are never admitted. At the rear of the *pringitan* are a number of ornate state beds, hung with scarlet and heavily gilded, which are evidently placed there for purposes of display, as they show no evidences of having been slept in. Close by is a large glass case containing specimens of the taxidermist's art, including a number of badly moth-eaten birds of paradise. On the walls I noticed a steel-engraving of Napoleon crossing the Alps, a number of English sporting-prints depicting coaching and hunting scenes, and three outrageously bad chromos of the Dutch royal family.

Thanks to the courtesy of the resident, who had notified the authorities of the royal household in advance of our visit, we found that a series of Javanese dances had been arranged in our honor. Now Javanese dancing is about as exciting as German grand opera, and, like the latter, one has to understand it to appreciate it. Personally, I would have preferred to wander about the kraton, but court etiquette demanded that I should sit upon a hard and exceedingly uncomfortable chair throughout a long and humid morning, with the thermometer registering one hundred degrees in the shade, and watch a number of anæmic and dissipated-looking youths, who composed the royal ballet, go through an interminable series of postures and leisurely gestures to the monotonous music of a *gamelan*, or native orchestra. Those who have gained their ideas of Javanese dancing from the performances of Ruth St. Denis and Florence O'Denishawn have disappointment in store for them when they go to Java. To tell the truth, I was far less interested in the dancers than in their audience, which consisted of several hundred women of the harem, clad in garments of the most beautiful colors, who watched the proceedings from the semiobscurity of the *pringitan*. I cannot be certain, because the light was poor and their faces were in the shadow, but I think that there were several extremely good-looking girls among them. There was one in particular that I remember—a slender, willowy thing with great quantities of blue-black hair and an apricot-colored skin. Her orange sarong was wrapped about her so tightly that she might as well have been wearing a wet silk bathing-suit. Whenever she caught my eye she smiled. I should have liked to have seen more of her. But etiquette and a sentry armed with a large scimitar prevented.

Conditions at Surakarta — usually called Solo for short—are the exact counterpart of those at Djokjakarta: the same puppet ruler, who is called Susuhunan instead of Sultan, the same sort of court life, the same fantastic costumes, a Dutch resident, a Dutch fort, and a Dutch garrison. But the kraton of the Susuhunan is far better kept than that of his fellow ruler at Djokja, and shows more evidences of Europeanization. The troopers of the royal body-guard were

smart, soldierly-looking fellows in well-cut uniforms of European pattern, to which a distinctly Eastern touch was lent, however, by their steel helmets, scimitars, shoulder-guards of chain mail, and leathern shields with brass bosses. The stables, which contained several hundred fine Australian horses and a number of beautiful Sumbawan ponies, together with a score or more gilt carriages of their teens. They wore sarongs of the most exquisite colors—purple, heliotrope, violet, rose, geranium, blue, lemon, burnt-orange, and they floated over the marble floor of the great hall like enormous butterflies. As a special mark of the Susuhunan's favor, the performance concluded with a spear dance by four princes of the royal house—blasé, decadent-looking youths, who spend their waking

Major and Mrs. Powell on the upper terrace of the temple of Boro-Boedor, Middle Java.

state, were as immaculately kept as the stables at Buckingham Palace. In the palace garage I was shown a row of powerful Fiats, gleaming with fresh varnish and polished brass, and beside them, as among equals, a member of the well-known Ford family of Detroit, proudly bearing on its panels the ornate arms of the Susuhunan. I felt as though I had encountered an old friend who had married into royalty.

As though we had not seen enough dancing at Djokja, I found that they had arranged another performance for us in the kraton at Surakarta. This time, however, the dancers were girls, most of them only ten or twelve years old and none of them more than half-way through hours, so the Dutch official who acted as my cicerone told me, in dancing, opium-smoking, and cock-fighting, virtually their only companions being the women of the harem. If the Dutch Government does not actively encourage dissipation and debauchery among the native princes, neither does it take any steps to discourage it, the idea being, I imagine, that Holland's administrative problems in the *Vorstenlanden* would be greatly simplified were the reigning families to die out. The princes, who were armed with javelins and krises, performed for our benefit a Terpsichorean version of one of the tales of Javanese mythology. The dance was characterized by the utmost deliberation of movement, the dancers holding certain

postures for several seconds at a time, reminding me, in their rigid self-consciousness, of the "living pictures," which were so popular in America twenty years ago. All of the dancers were of the blood royal and one, I was told, was in the direct line of succession. Judging from the vacuity of his expression, the Dutch will have no difficulty in maintaining their mastery in Surakarta should he come to the throne. But the Dutch officials take no chances with the intrigue-loving native princes: they keep them under close surveillance at all times. It is one of the disadvantages of Christian governments ruling peoples of alien race and religion that methods of revolt are not always visible to the naked eye, and even the Dutch Intelligence Service, efficient as it is, has no means of knowing what is going on in the forbidden quarters of the kratons. Potential disloyalty is neutralized, therefore, by a discreet display of force. Throughout the performance in the palace a Dutch trooper in field gray, bandoliers stuffed with cartridges festooned across his chest and a carbine tucked under his arm, paced slowly up and down—an ever-present symbol of Dutch power—watching the dancing princes with a sardonic eye. It is true that Holland rules in the Indies with a velvet glove, but she does not fail to let her subjects know that within the glove is a steel hand.

Taking everything into consideration, however, I should say that the outstanding characteristic of Dutch colonial rule is the extraordinary tact which the officials display in dealing with the native rulers, many of whom are sullen and suspicious if not openly hostile. In Borneo, the Celebes, Bali, Banka, and Java I had opportunities to observe the attitude of the residents and *contrôleurs* toward the regents and other native officials of their districts. In every case I was impressed by their paternal interest, their friendliness, their quiet tact, and their entire lack of haughtiness or arrogance. The best example of what can be accomplished with an unfriendly native ruler by the exercise of diplomacy came to my attention in Goa, one of the native kingdoms of the Celebes. There are no railways in the Celebes, so, some years ago, the Dutch decided to enlist the assistance of the native rulers in constructing a system of roads in order to open up the interior of the island. But they met with profound indifference when they outlined their scheme to the King of Goa, the most powerful ruler in the southern part of the island. The King had no use for roads, first, because when he had occasion to go abroad he rode on horseback or was carried in a palanquin over the narrow trails through the jungle, and secondly, because roads would inevitably bring more Europeans into his dominions. The Dutch realized that were they to attempt to build a road across Goa by forced labor a native revolt might well result, for Marshal Daendels, "the Iron Marshal," who ruled the Indies under Napoleon, made the corvee a synonym for cruelty and oppression when he utilized it in order to obtain laborers for the construction of the splendid eight-hundred-mile-long highway which extends from one end of Java to the other. Each *dessa*, or district, through which it ran was forced to construct, within an allotted period, a certain portion of the road, the natives working without pay while their crops rotted in the fields and their families starved. Daendels gave orders that if a *dessa* did not complete its section of the road within the allotted time the chiefs of the district would be hung. But the governor of the Celebes had been trained in a different school from the Iron Marshal. So, instead of attempting to build his roads by forced labor, he sent to Batavia for a fine European horse and a luxurious, gaudily painted carriage, which he presented to the King as a token of the government's esteem. Now the King of Goa, as the Dutch were perfectly aware, had about as much use for a horse and carriage in his roadless dominions as a Bedouin of the Sahara has for a sailboat. But the King did exactly what the governor anticipated that he would do: he promptly ordered his subjects to construct a highway from his capital to Makassar, on the coast, in order that he might have an opportunity to display his new possessions. After some years, however, the road began to fall into disrepair, but as the novelty of the horse and carriage had by this time worn off the King declined to take any measures toward its improvement. So the governor again had

recourse to diplomacy, this time presenting his Goanese Majesty with a motor-car, gorgeous in scarlet paint and shining brass, and, in order that the King might be brought to realize that the roads were not in a condition conducive to comfortable motoring, a Dutch official took him for his first motor ride. That ride jolted the memory as well as the body of the dusky monarch, for the next day hundreds of native laborers were summoned from their *kampongs* to put the road in good repair. And, as the King quickly acquired a taste for speeding, it has remained in good repair ever since. I relate this incident, not because it is in itself of any importance, but because it serves to illustrate the methods which the Dutch officials use in dealing with recalcitrant or stubborn native rulers. Ever since the Dipo Negoro rebellion of 1825, which was caused by the insulting behavior of an incompetent and tactless resident toward a native prince, to suppress which cost five years of warfare and the lives of fifteen thousand soldiers, the Dutch Government has come more and more to realize that most of the disaffection and revolts in their Eastern possessions have been directly traceable to tactlessness on the part of Dutch officials, who either ignored or were indifferent to the customs, traditions, and susceptibilities of the natives. It is the recognition and application of this principle that has been primarily responsible for the peace, progress, and prosperity which, in recent years, have characterized the rule of Holland in the Indies. When a nation with a quarter the area of New York State, and less than two-thirds its population, with a small army and no navy worthy of the name, can successfully rule fifty million people of alien race and religion, half the world away, and keep them loyal and contented, that nation has, it seems to me, a positive genius for colonial administration.

Some one has described the Dutch East Indies as a necklace of emeralds strung on the equator. To those who are familiar only with colder, less gorgeous lands, that simile may sound unduly fanciful, but to those who have seen these great, rich islands, festooned across four thousand miles of sea, green and scintillating under the tropic sun, the description will not appear as far-fetched as it seems. A necklace of emeralds! The more I ponder over that description the better I like it. Indeed, I think that that is what I will entitle this article—The Emeralds of Wilhelmina.

Some more strange subjects of Queen Wilhelmina.

Dyak head-hunters of Dutch Borneo visiting the Sultan of Koetei at Tenggaroeng.

TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Illustration by C. F. Peters

PART II—*Continued*

IV

IN GREEN STREET

UNCERTAIN, whether the impression that Prosper Profond was dangerous should be traced to his attempt to give Val the Mayfly filly; to a remark of Fleur's: "He's like the hosts of Midian—he prowls and prowls around"; to his preposterous inquiry of Jack Cardigan: "What's the use of keepin' fit?" or, more simply, to the fact that he was a foreigner, or alien as it was now called. Certain that Annette was looking particularly handsome, and that Soames had sold him a Gauguin and then torn up the cheque, so that Monsieur Profond himself had said: "I didn' get that small picture I bought from Mr. Forsyde."

However suspiciously regarded, he still frequented Winifred's evergreen little house in Green Street, with a good-natured obtuseness which no one mistook for naïveté; a word hardly applicable to Monsieur Prosper Profond. Winifred still found him "amusing," and would write him little notes saying: "Come and have a 'jolly' with us"—it was breath of life to her to keep up with the phrases of the day.

The mystery, with which all felt him to be surrounded, was due to his having done, seen, heard, and known everything, and found nothing in it—which was unnatural. The English type of disillusionment was familiar enough to Winifred, who had always moved in fashionable circles. It gave a certain cachet or distinction, so that one got something out of it. But to see nothing in anything, not as a pose, but because there *was* nothing in anything, was not English; and that which was not English one could not help secretly feeling dangerous, if not precisely bad form. It was like having the mood which the war had left, seated—dark, heavy, smiling, indifferent—in your Empire chair; it was like listening to that mood talking through thick pink lips above a little diabolic beard. It was, as Jack Cardigan expressed it—for the English character at large—"a bit too thick"—for if nothing was really worth getting excited about, there were always games, and one could make it so! Even Winifred, ever a Forsyte at heart, felt that there was nothing to be had out of such a mood of disillusionment, so that it ought not to be there, even though they all knew it was. Monsieur Profond, in fact, made the mood too plain, in a country which decently veiled such realities.

When Fleur, after her hurried return from Robin Hill, came down to dinner that evening, the mood was standing at the window of Winifred's little drawing-room, looking out into Green Street, with an air of seeing nothing in it. And Fleur gazed promptly into the fireplace with an air of seeing a fire which was not there.

Monsieur Profond came from the window. He was in full fig, with a white waistcoat and a white flower in his buttonhole.

"Well, Miss Forsyde," he said, "I'm awful pleased to see you. Mr. Forsyde well? I was sayin' to-day I wand to see him have some pleasure. He worries."

"You think so?" said Fleur shortly.

"Worries," repeated Monsieur Profond, burring the r's.

Fleur spun round. "Shall I tell you," she said, "what would give him pleasure?" But the words: "To hear that you had cleared out" died at the expression on his face. All his fine white teeth were showing.

"I was hearin' at the Club to-day, about his old trouble."

Fleur opened her eyes. "What do you mean?"

Monsieur Profond moved his sleek head as if to minimize his statement.

"Before you were born," he said; "that small business."

Though conscious that he had cleverly diverted her from his own share in her father's worry, Fleur was unable to withstand a rush of nervous curiosity. "Tell me what you heard?"

"Why!" murmured Monsieur Profond, "you know all that."

"I expect I do," said Fleur. "But I should like to know that you haven't heard it all wrong."

"His first wife," murmured Monsieur Profond.

Choking back the words: "He was never married before"; she said: "Well, what about her?"

"Mr. George Forsyde was tellin' me about your father's first wife marryin' his cousin Jolyon afterward. It was a small bit unpleasant, I should think. I saw their boy—nice boy!"

Fleur looked up. Monsieur Profond was swimming, heavily diabolical, before her. That—the reason! With the most heroic effort of her life so far, she managed to arrest that swimming figure. She could not tell whether he had noticed. And just then Winifred came in.

"Oh! here you both are already! Imogen and I have had the most amusing afternoon at the Babies' bazaar."

"What babies?" said Fleur mechanically.

"The 'Save the Babies.' I got such a bargain, my dear. A piece of old Armenian work—from before the flood. I want your opinion on it, Prosper."

"Auntie," whispered Fleur suddenly.

At the tone in the girl's voice Winifred closed in on her.

"What's the matter? Aren't you well?"

Monsieur Profond had withdrawn into the window, where he was practically out of hearing.

"Auntie, he told me that father has been married before. Is it true that he divorced her, and she married Jon Forsyte's father?"

Never in all the life of the mother of four little Darties had Winifred felt more seriously embarrassed. Her niece's face was so pale, her eyes so dark, her voice so whispery and strained.

"Your father didn't wish you to hear," she said, with all the aplomb she could muster. "These things will happen. I've often told him he ought to let you know."

"Oh!" said Fleur, and that was all, but it made Winifred pat her shoulder—a firm little shoulder, nice and white! She never could help an appraising eye and touch in the matter of her niece, who would have to be married, of course—though not to that boy Jon.

"We've forgotten all about it years and years ago," she said comfortably. "Come and have dinner!"

"No, Auntie. I don't feel very well. May I go up-stairs?"

"My dear!" murmured Winifred, concerned; "you're not taking this to heart? Why, you haven't properly come out yet! That boy's a child!"

"What boy? I've only got a headache. But I can't stand that man to-night."

"Well, well," said Winifred; "go and lie down. I'll send you some bromide, and I shall talk to Prosper Profond. What business had he to gossip? Though I must say I think it's much better you should know."

Fleur smiled. "Yes," she said, and slipped from the room.

She went up with her head whirling, a dry sensation in her throat, a fluttered, frightened feeling in her breast. Never in her life as yet had she suffered from even momentary fear that she would not get what she had set her heart on. The sensations of the afternoon had been full, and poignant, and this gruesome discovery coming on the top of them had really made her head ache. No wonder her father had hidden that photograph so secretly behind her own—ashamed of having kept it! But could he hate Jon's mother and yet keep her photograph? She pressed her hands over her forehead, trying to see things clearly. Had they told Jon—had her visit to Robin Hill forced them to tell him? Everything now turned on that! She knew, they all knew, except—perhaps—Jon!

She walked up and down, biting her lip and thinking desperately hard. Jon loved his mother. If they had told him, what would he do? She could not tell. But if they had not told him, should she not—could she not get him for herself—get married to him, before he knew? She searched her memories of Robin Hill. His mother's face so passive—with its dark eyes and as if powdered hair, its reserve, its smile—baffled her; and his father's—kindly, sunken, ironic. Instinctively she felt they would shrink from telling Jon, even now, shrink from hurting him—for of course it would hurt him awfully to know!

Her aunt must be made not to tell her father that she knew. So long as neither she herself nor Jon were supposed to know, there was still a chance—freedom to cover one's tracks, and get what her heart was set on. But she was almost overwhelmed by her isolation. Every one's hand was against her—every one's! It was as Jon had said—he and she just wanted to live and the past was in their way, a past they hadn't shared in, and didn't understand! Oh! What a shame! And suddenly she thought of June. Would she help them? For somehow June had left on her the impression that she would be sympathetic with their love, impatient of obstacle. Then, instinctively, she thought: 'I won't give anything away, though, even to her. I daren't! I mean to have Jon; against them all.'

Soup was brought up to her, and one of Winifred's pet headache cachets. She swallowed both. Then Winifred herself appeared. Fleur opened her campaign with the words:

"You know, Auntie, I do wish people wouldn't think I'm in love with that boy. Why, I've hardly seen him!"

Winifred, though experienced, was not '*fine!*' She accepted the remark with considerable relief. Of course, it was not pleasant for the girl to hear of the family scandal, and she set herself to minimize the matter, a task for which she was eminently qualified, raised fashionably under a comfortable mother and a father whose nerves might not be shaken, and for many years the wife of Montague Dartie. Her description was a masterpiece of understatement. Fleur's father's first wife had been very foolish. There had been a young man who had got run over, and she had left Fleur's father. Then, years after, when it might all have come right again, she had taken up with their cousin Jolyon; and, of course, her father had been obliged to have a divorce. Nobody remembered anything of it now, except just the family. And, perhaps, it had all turned out for the best; her father had Fleur; and Jolyon and Irene had been quite happy, they said, and their boy was a nice boy. "Val having Holly, too, is a sort of plaster, don't you know?" With these soothing words, Winifred patted her niece's shoulder; thought: 'She's a nice, plump little thing!' and went back to Prosper Profond, who, in spite of his indiscretion, was very "amusing" this evening.

For some minutes after her aunt had gone Fleur remained under influence of bromide material and spiritual. But then reality came back. Her aunt had left out all that mattered—all the feeling, the hate, the love, the unforgivingness of passionate hearts. She, who knew so little of life, and had touched only the fringe of love, was yet aware by instinct that words have as little relation to fact and feeling as coin to the bread it buys. "Poor Father!" she thought. "Poor me! Poor Jon! But I don't care, I mean to have him!" From the window of her darkened room she saw "that man" issue from the door below and "prowl" away. If he and her mother—how would that affect her chance? Surely it must make her father cling to her more closely, so that he would consent in the end to anything she wanted, or become reconciled the sooner to what she did without his knowledge.

She took some earth from the flower-box in the window, and with all her might flung it after that disappearing figure. It fell short, but the action did her good.

And a little puff of air came up from Green Street, smelling of petrol, not sweet.

V

PURELY FORSYTE AFFAIRS

Soames, coming up to the City, with the intention of calling in at Green Street at the end of his day and taking Fleur back home with him, suffered from rumi-

Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"I expect I do," said Fleur. "But I should like to know that you haven't heard it all wrong."—Page 533.

nation. Sleeping partner that he was, he seldom visited the City now, but he still had a room of his own at Cuthcott Kingson & Forsyte's, and one special clerk and a half assigned to the management of purely Forsyte affairs. They were somewhat in flux just now—an auspicious moment for the disposal of house property. And Soames was unloading the estates of his father and Uncle Roger, and to some extent of his uncle Nicholas. His shrewd and matter-of-course probity in all money concerns had made him something of an autocrat in connection with these trusts. If Soames thought this or thought that, one had better save oneself the bother of thinking too. He guaranteed, as it were, irresponsibility to numerous Forsytes of the third and fourth generations. His fellow trustees, such as his cousins Roger or Nicholas, his cousins-in-law Tweetyman and Spender, or his sister Cicely's husband all trusted him; he signed first, and where he signed first they signed after, and nobody was a penny the worse. Just now they were all a good many pennies the better, and Soames was beginning to see the close of certain trusts, except for distribution of the income from securities as gilt-edged as was compatible with the period.

Passing the more feverish parts of the City toward the most perfect backwater in London, he ruminated. Money was extraordinarily tight; and morality extraordinarily loose! The War had done it. Banks were not lending; people breaking contracts all over the place. There was a feeling in the air and a look on faces that he did not like. The country seemed in for a spell of gambling and bankruptcies. There was satisfaction in the thought that neither he nor his trusts had an investment which could be affected by anything less maniacal than national repudiation or a levy on capital. If Soames had faith, it was in what he called "English common sense"—or the power to have things, if not one way then another. He might—like his father James before him—say he didn't know what things were coming to, but he never in his heart believed they were. If it rested with him, they wouldn't—and, after all, he was only an Englishman like any other, so quietly tenacious of what he had that he knew he would never really part with it without something more or less equivalent in exchange. His mind was essentially equilibristic in material matters, and his way of putting the national situation difficult to refute in a world composed of human beings. Take his own case, for example! He was well off. Did that do anybody harm? He did not eat ten meals a day; he ate no more than, perhaps not so much as, a poor man. He spent no money on vice; breathed no more air, used no more water to speak of than the mechanic or the porter. He certainly had pretty things about him, but they had given employment in the making, and somebody must use them. He bought pictures, but Art must be encouraged. He was, in fact, an accidental channel through which money flowed, employing labor. What was there objectionable in that? In his charge money was in quicker and more useful flux than it would be in charge of the State and a lot of slow-fly money-sucking officials. And as to what he saved each year—it was just as much in flux as what he didn't save, going into Water Board or Council Stocks, or something sound and useful. The State paid him no salary for being trustee of his own or other people's money—*he did all that for nothing*. Therein lay the whole case against nationalization—owners of private property were unpaid, and yet had every incentive to quicken up the flux. Under nationalization—just the opposite! In a country smarting from officialism it was felt that he had a strong case.

It particularly annoyed him, entering that backwater of perfect peace, to think that a lot of unscrupulous Trusts and Combinations had been cornering the market in goods of all kinds, and keeping prices at an artificial height. Such abusers of the individualistic system were the ruffians who caused all the trouble, and it was some satisfaction to see them getting into a stew at last lest the whole thing might come down with a run—and land them in the soup.

The offices of Cuthcott Kingson & Forsyte occupied the ground and first floors of a house on the right-hand side; and, ascending to his room, Soames thought: 'Time we had a coat of paint.'

His old clerk Gradman was seated, where he always was, at a huge bureau with countless pigeonholes. Half-the-clerk stood beside him, with a broker's note recording investment of the proceeds from sale of the Bryanston Square house, in Roger Forsyte's estate. Soames took it, and said:

"Vancouver City Stock. H'm! It's down to-day!"

With a sort of grating ingratiation old Gradman answered him:

"Ye-es; but everything's down, Mr. Soames." And half-the-clerk withdrew.

Soames skewered the document onto a number of other papers and hung up his hat.

"I want to look at my Will and Marriage Settlement, Gradman."

Old Gradman, moving to the limit of his swivel chair, drew out two drafts from the bottom left-hand drawer. Recovering his body, he raised his grizzle-haired face, very red from stooping.

"Copies, Sir."

Soames took them. It struck him suddenly how like Gradman was to the stout brindled yard dog they had been wont to keep on his chain at The Shelter, till one day Fleur had come and insisted it should be let loose, so that it had at once bitten the cook and been destroyed. If you let Gradman off his chain, would he bite the cook?

Checking this frivolous fancy, Soames unfolded his Marriage Settlement. He had not looked at it for over eighteen years, not since he remade his Will when his father died and Fleur was born. He wanted to see whether the words "during coverture" were in. Yes, they were—odd expression, when you thought of it, and derived perhaps from horse-breeding! Interest on fifteen thousand pounds (which he paid her without deducting income tax) so long as she remained his wife, and afterward during widowhood "dum casta"—old-fashioned and rather pointed words, put in to insure the conduct of Fleur's mother. His Will made it up to an annuity of a thousand under the same conditions. All right! He returned the copies to Gradman, who took them without looking up, swung the chair, restored the papers to their drawer, and went on casting up.

"Gradman! I don't like the condition of the country; there are a lot of people about without any common sense. I want to find a way by which I can safeguard Miss Fleur against anything which might arise."

Gradman wrote the figure "2" on his blotting-paper.

"Ye-es," he said; "there's a nahsty spirit."

"The ordinary restraint against anticipation doesn't meet the case."

"Nao," said Gradman.

"Suppose those Labor fellows come in, or worse! It's these people with fixed ideas who are the danger. Look at Ireland!"

"Ah!" said Gradman.

"Suppose I were to make a settlement on her at once with myself as beneficiary for life, they couldn't take anything but the interest from me, unless of course they alter the law."

Gradman moved his head and smiled.

"Aoh!" he said, "they wouldn't do tha-at!"

"I don't know," muttered Soames; "I don't trust them."

"It'll take two years, Sir, to be valid against death duties."

Soames sniffed. Two years! He was only sixty-five!

"That's not the point. Draw a form of settlement that passes all my property to Miss Fleur's children in equal shares, with antecedent life-interests first to myself and then to her without power of anticipation, and add a clause that in the event of anything happening to divert her life-interest, that interest passes to the trustees, to apply for her benefit, in their absolute discretion."

Gradman grated: "Rather extreme at your age, Sir; you lose control."

"That's my business," said Soames sharply.

Gradman wrote on a piece of paper, "Life-interest—anticipation—divert interest—absolute discretion . . ."; and said:

"What trustees? There's young Mr. Kingson, he's a nice steady young fellow."

"Yes, he might do for one. I must have three. There isn't a Forsyte now who appeals to me."

"Not young Mr. Nicholas? He's at the Bar. We've given 'im briefs."

"He'll never set the Thames on fire," said Soames.

A smile oozed out on Gradman's face, greasy with countless mutton-chops, the smile of a man who sits all day.

"You can't expect it, at his age, Mr. Soames."

"Why? What is he? Forty?"

"Ye-es, quite a young fellow."

"Well, put him in; but I want somebody who'll take a personal interest. There's no one that I can see."

"What about Mr. Valerius, now he's come home?"

"Val Dartie? With that father?"

"We-ell," murmured Gradman, "he's been dead seven years—the Statute runs against him."

"No," said Soames. "I don't like the connection." He rose. Gradman said suddenly:

"If they were makin' a levy on capital, they could come on the trustees, Sir. So there you'd be just the same. I'd think it over, if I were you."

"That's true," said Soames, "I will. What have you done about that dilapidation notice in Vere Street?"

"I 'aven't served it yet. The party's very old. She won't want to go out at her age."

"I don't know. This spirit of unrest touches every one."

"Still, I'm lookin' at things broadly, Sir. She's eighty-one."

"Better serve it," said Soames, "and see what she says. Oh! and Mr. Timothy? Is everything in order in case of——"

"I've got the inventory of his estate all ready; had the furniture and pictures valued so that we know what reserves to put on. I shall be sorry when he goes, though. Dear me! It is a time since I first saw Mr. Timothy!"

"We can't live forever," said Soames, taking down his hat.

"Nao," said Gradman; "but it'll be a pity—the last of the old family! Shall I take up the matter of that nuisance in Old Compton Street? Those organs—they're nahsty things."

"Do. I must call for Miss Fleur and catch the four o'clock. Good-day, Gradman."

"Good-day, Mr. Soames. I hope Miss Fleur——"

"Well enough, but gads about too much."

"Ye-es," grated Gradman; "she's young."

Soames went out, musing: "Old Gradman! If he were younger I'd put him in the trust. There's nobody I can depend on to take a real interest."

Leaving the bilious and mathematical exactitude, the preposterous peace of that backwater, he thought suddenly: 'During coverture! Why can't they exclude fellows like Profond, instead of a lot of hard-working Germans?' and was surprised at the depth of uneasiness which could provoke so unpatriotic a thought. But there it was! One never got a moment of real peace. There was always something at the back of everything! And he made his way toward Green Street.

Two hours later by his watch, Thomas Gradman, stirring in his swivel chair, closed the last drawer of his bureau, and putting into his waistcoat pocket a bunch of keys so fat that they gave him a protuberance on the liver side, brushed his old top hat round with his sleeve, took his umbrella, and descended. Thick, short, and buttoned closely into his old frock coat, he walked toward Covent Garden market. He never missed that daily promenade to the Tube for Highgate, and seldom some critical transaction on the way in connection with vegetables and fruit. Generations might be born, and hats might change, wars be fought, and Forsytes fade away, but Thomas Gradman, faithful and grey, would take his daily walk and buy his daily vegetable. Times were not what they were, and his son had lost a leg, and they never gave him those nice little plaited baskets to carry the stuff in now, and these Tubes were convenient things—still he mustn't complain; his health was good considering his time of life, and after fifty-four years in the Law he was getting a round eight hundred a year and a little worried of late, because it was mostly collector's commission on the rents, and with all this conversion of Forsyte property going on, it looked like drying up, and the price of living still so high; but it was no good worrying—"The good God made us all"—as he was in the habit of saying; still,

house property in London—he didn't know what Mr. Roger or Mr. James would say if they could see it being sold like this—seemed to show a lack of faith; but Mr. Soames—he worried. Life and lives in being and twenty-one years after—beyond that you couldn't go; still, he kept his health wonderfully—and Miss Fleur was a pretty little thing—she was; she'd marry; but lots of people had no children nowadays—he had had his first child at twenty-two; and Mr. Jolyon, married while he was at Cambridge, had his child the same year—gracious Peter! That was back in '70, a long time before old Mr. Jolyon—fine judge of property—had taken his Will away from Mr. James—dear, yes! Those were the days when they were buyin' property right and left, and none of this khaki and fallin' over one another to get out of things; and cucumbers at twopence; and a melon—the old melons, that made your mouth water! Fifty years since he went into Mr. James' office, and Mr. James had said to him: "Now, Gradman, you're only a shaver—you pay attention, and you'll make your five hundred a year before you've done." And he had, and feared God, and served the Forsytes, and kept a vegetable diet at night. And, buying a copy of *John Bull*—not that he approved of it, an extravagant affair—he entered the Tube elevator with his mere brown-paper parcel, and was borne down into the bowels of the earth.

VI

SOAMES' PRIVATE LIFE

On his way to Green Street it occurred to Soames that he ought to go into Dumetrius' in Suffolk Street about the possibility of the Bolderby Old Crome. Almost worth while to have fought the war to have the Bolderby Old Crome, as it were, in flux! Old Bolderby had died, his son and grandson had been killed—a cousin was coming into the estate, who meant to sell it, some said because of the condition of England, others said because he had asthma.

If Dumetrius once got hold of it the price would become prohibitive; it was necessary for Soames to find out whether Dumetrius had got it, before he tried to get it himself. He therefore confined himself to discussing with Dumetrius whether Monticellis would come again now that it was the fashion for a picture to be anything except a picture; and the future of Johns, with a side-slip into Buxton Knights. It was only when leaving that he added: "So they're not selling the Bolderby Old Crome, after all?" In sheer pride of racial superiority, as he had calculated would be the case, Dumetrius replied:

"Oh! I shall get it, Mr. Forsyte, Sir."

The flutter of his eyelid fortified Soames in a resolution to write direct to the new Bolderby, suggesting that the only dignified way of dealing with an Old Crome was to avoid dealers. He therefore said: "Well, good day!" and went, leaving Dumetrius the wiser.

At Green Street he found that Fleur was out and would be all the evening; she was staying one more night in London. He cabbed on dejectedly, and caught his train.

He reached his house about six o'clock. The air was heavy, midges biting, thunder about. Taking his letters he went up to his dressing-room to cleanse himself of London.

An uninteresting post. A receipt, a bill for purchases on behalf of Fleur. A circular about an exhibition of etchings. A letter beginning:

"Sir,

"I feel it my duty——"

That would be an appeal or something unpleasant. He looked at once for the signature. There was none! Incredulously he turned the page over and examined each corner. Not being a public man, Soames had never yet had an anonymous letter, and his first impulse was to tear it up, as a dangerous thing; his second to read it, as a thing still more dangerous.

"Sir,

"I feel it my duty to inform you that having no interest in the matter your lady is carrying on with a foreigner——"

Reaching that word Soames stopped mechanically and examined the postmark. So far as he could pierce the im-

penetrable disguise in which the Post Office had wrapped it, there was something with a "sea" at the end and a "t" in it. Chelsea? No! Battersea? Perhaps! He read on.

"These foreigners are all the same. Sack the lot! This one meets your lady twice a week. I know it of my own knowledge—and to see an Englishman put on goes against the grain. You watch it and see if what I say isn't true. I shouldn't meddle if it wasn't a dirty foreigner that's in it. Yours obedient."

The sensation with which Soames dropped the letter was similar to that he would have had entering his bedroom and finding it full of black-beetles. The meanness of anonymity gave a shuddering obscenity to the moment. And the worst of it was that this shadow had been at the back of his mind ever since the Sunday evening when Fleur had pointed down at Prosper Profond strolling on the lawn, and said: "Prowling cat?" Had he not in connection therewith, this very day, perused his Will and Marriage Settlement? And now this anonymous ruffian, with nothing to gain, apparently, save the venting of his spite against foreigners, had wrenched it out of the obscurity in which he had hoped and wished it would remain. To have such knowledge forced on him, at his time of life, about Fleur's mother! He picked the letter up from the carpet, tore it across, and then, when it hung together by just the fold at the back, stopped tearing, and re-read it. He was taking at that moment one of the decisive resolutions of his life. He would *not* be forced into another scandal. No! However he decided to deal with this matter —and it required the most far-sighted and careful consideration—he would do nothing that might injure Fleur. That resolution taken, his mind answered the helm again, and he made his ablutions. His hands trembled as he dried them. Scandal he would not have, but something must be done to stop this sort of thing. He went into his wife's room and stood looking round him. The idea of searching for anything which would incriminate, and entitle him to hold a menace over her, did not even come to him. There would be nothing—she was much too practical. The idea of having her watched had been dismissed before it came—too well he remembered his previous experience of that. No! He had nothing but this torn-up letter from some anonymous ruffian, whose impudent intrusion into his private life he so violently resented. It was repugnant to him to make use of it, but he might have to. What a mercy Fleur was not at home to-night! A tap on the door broke up his painful cogitations.

"Mr. Michael Mont, Sir, is in the drawing-room. Will you see him?"

"No," said Soames; "yes. I'll come down."

Anything that would take his mind off for a few minutes!

Michael Mont in flannels stood on the verandah, smoking a cigarette. He threw it away as Soames came up, and ran his hand through his hair.

Soames' feeling toward this young man was singular. He was no doubt a rackety, irresponsible young fellow according to old standards, yet somehow likeable, with his extraordinarily cheerful way of blurting out his opinions.

"Come in," he said; "have you had tea?"

Mont came in.

"I thought Fleur would have been back, Sir; but I'm glad she isn't. The fact is, I—I'm fearfully gone on her; so fearfully gone that I thought you'd better know. It's old-fashioned, of course, coming to fathers first, but I thought you'd forgive that. I went to my own dad, and he says if I settle down he'll see me through. He rather cottons to the idea, in fact. I told him about your Goya."

"Oh!" said Soames, inexpressibly dry: "He rather cottons?"

"Yes, Sir; do you?"

Soames smiled faintly.

"You see," resumed Mont, twiddling his straw hat, while his hair, ears, eyebrows, all seemed to stand up from excitement, "when you've been through the war you can't help being in a hurry."

"To get married; and unmarried afterward," said Soames slowly.

"Not from Fleur, Sir. Imagine, if you were me!"

Soames cleared his throat. That way of putting it was forcible enough.

"Fleur's too young," he said.

"Oh! no, Sir. We're awfully old nowadays. My dad seems to me a perfect babe; his thinking apparatus hasn't turned a hair. But he's a Baronight, of course; that keeps him back."

"Baronight," repeated Soames; "what may that be?"

"Bart, Sir. I shall be a Bart some day. But I shall live it down, you know."

"Go away and live this down," said Soames.

Young Mont said imploringly: "Oh! no, Sir. I simply must hang round, or I shouldn't have a dog's chance. You'll let Fleur do what she likes, I suppose, anyway. Madame passes me."

"Indeed!" said Soames frigidly.

"You don't really bar me, do you?" and the young man looked so doleful that Soames smiled.

"You may think you're very old," he said; "but you strike me as extremely young. To rattle ahead of everything is not a proof of maturity."

"All right, Sir; I give you in our age. But to show you I mean business—I've got a job."

"Glad to hear it."

"Joined a publisher; my governor is putting up the stakes."

Soames put his hand over his mouth—he had so very nearly said: "God help the publisher." His grey eyes scrutinized the agitated young man.

"I don't dislike you, Mr. Mont, but Fleur is everything to me. Everything—do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir, I know; but so she is to me."

"That's as may be. I'm glad you've told me, however. And now I think there's nothing more to be said."

"I know it rests with her, Sir."

"It will rest with her a long time, I hope."

"You aren't cheering," said Mont suddenly.

"No," said Soames; "my experience of life has not made me anxious to couple people in a hurry. Good night, Mr. Mont. I shan't tell Fleur what you've said."

"Oh!" murmured Mont blankly; "I really could knock my brains out for want of her. She knows that perfectly well."

"I dare say," said Soames dryly, holding out his hand. A distracted squeeze, a heavy sigh, and soon after sounds from the young man's motor-cycle called up visions of flying dust and broken bones.

'The younger generation!' he thought heavily, and went out on to the lawn. The gardeners had been mowing, and there was still the smell of fresh-cut grass—the thundery air kept all scents close to earth. The sky was of a purplish hue—the poplars black. Two or three boats passed on the river, scuttling, as it were, for shelter before the storm. 'Three days fine weather,' thought Soames, 'and then a storm!' Where was Annette? With that chap, for all he knew—she was a young woman! Impressed with the queer charity of that thought, he entered the summer-house and sat down. The fact was—and he admitted it—Fleur was so much to him that his wife was very little—very little; French—had never been much more than a mistress, and he was getting indifferent to that side of things! It was odd how, with all this ingrained care for moderation and secure investment, Soames ever put his emotional eggs into one basket. First Irene—now Fleur. He was dimly conscious of it, sitting there, conscious of its odd dangerousness. It had brought him to wreck and scandal once, but now—now it should save him! He cared so much for Fleur that he would have no further scandal. If only he could get at that anonymous letter-writer, he would teach him not to meddle and stir up mud at the bottom of water which he wished should remain stagnant! . . . A distant flash, a low rumble, and large drops of rain spattered on the thatch above him. He remained indifferent, tracing a pattern with his finger on the dusty surface of a little rustic table. Fleur's future! 'I want fair sailing for her,' he thought. 'Nothing else matters at my time of life.' A lonely business—life! What you had you never could keep to yourself! As you warned one off, you let another in. One could make sure of nothing! He reached up and pulled a red rambler rose from a cluster which blocked the window. Flowers grew and dropped—Nature was a queer thing! The thunder rumbled and crashed, travel-

ling east along the river, the paling flashes flicked his eyes; the poplar tops showed sharp and dense against the sky, a heavy shower rustled and rattled and veiled in the little house wherein he sat, indifferent, thinking.

When the storm was over, he left his retreat and went down the wet path to the river bank.

Two swans had come, sheltering in among the reeds. He knew the birds well, and stood watching the dignity in the curve of those white necks and formidable snake-like heads. 'Not dignified—what I have to do!' he thought. And yet it must be tackled, lest worse befell. Annette must be back by now from wherever she had gone, for it was nearly dinner-time, and as the moment for seeing her approached, the difficulty of knowing what to say and how to say it had increased. A new and scaring thought occurred to him. Suppose she wanted her liberty to marry this fellow! Well, if she did, she couldn't have it. He had not married her for that. The image of Prosper Profond dawdled before him reassuringly. Not a marrying man! No, no! Anger replaced that momentary scare. 'He had better not come my way,' he thought. The mongrel represented—! But what did Prosper Profond represent? Nothing that mattered surely. And yet something real enough in the world—unmorality let off its chain, disillusionment on the prowl! That expression Annette had caught from him: "*Je m'en fiche!*" A fatalistic chap! A Continental—a cosmopolitan—a product of the age! If there were condemnation more complete, Soames felt that he did not know it.

The swans had turned their heads, and were looking past him into some distance of their own. One of them uttered a little hiss, wagged its tail, turned as if answering to a rudder, and swam away. The other followed. Their white bodies, their stately necks, passed out of his sight, and he went toward the house.

Annette was in the drawing-room, dressed for dinner, and he thought as he went up-stairs: "Handsome is as handsome does." Handsome! Except for remarks about the curtains in the drawing-room, and the storm, there was practically no conversation during a meal distinguished by exactitude of quantity and perfection of quality. Soames drank nothing. He followed her into the drawing-room afterward, and found her smoking a cigarette on the sofa between the two French windows. She was leaning back, almost upright, in a low black frock, with her knees crossed and her blue eyes half closed; grey-blue smoke issued from her red, rather full lips, a fillet bound her chestnut hair, she wore the thinnest silk stockings, and shoes with very high heels showing off her instep. A fine piece in any room! Soames, who held that torn letter in a hand thrust deep into the side-pocket of his dinner-jacket, said:

"I'm going to shut the window; the damp's lifting in."

He did so, and stood looking at a David Cox adorning the cream-panelled wall close by.

What was she thinking of? He had never understood a woman in his life—except Fleur—and Fleur not always! His heart beat fast. But if he meant to do it, now was the moment. Turning from the David Cox, he took out the torn letter.

"I've had this."

Her eyes widened, stared at him, and hardened.

Soames handed her the letter.

"It's torn, but you can read it." And he turned back to the David Cox—a sea-piece, of good tone—but without movement enough. 'I wonder what that chap's doing at this moment?' he thought. 'I'll astonish him yet.' Out of the corner of his eye he saw Annette holding the letter rigidly; her eyes moved from side to side under her darkened lashes and frowning darkened eyebrows. She dropped the letter, gave a little shiver, smiled, and said:

"Dirrty!"

"I quite agree," said Soames; "degrading. Is it true?"

A tooth fastened on her red lower lip. "And what if it were?"

She was brazen!

"Is that all you have to say?"

"No."

"Well, speak out!"

"What is the good of talking?"

Soames said icily: "So you admit it?"

"I admit nothing. You are a fool to ask. A man like you should not ask. It is dangerous."

Soames made a tour of the room, to subdue his rising anger.

"Do you remember," he said, halting in front of her, "what you were when I married you? Working at accounts in a restaurant."

"Do you remember that I was not half your age?"

Soames broke off the hard encounter of their eyes, and went back to the David Cox.

"I am not going to bandy words. I require you to give up this—friendship. I think of the matter entirely as it affects Fleur."

"Ah!—Fleur!"

"Yes," said Soames stubbornly; "Fleur. She is your child as well as mine."

"It is kind to admit that!"

"Are you going to do what I say?"

"I refuse to tell you."

"Then I must make you."

Annette smiled.

"No, Soames," she said. "You are helpless. Do not say things that you will regret."

Anger swelled the veins on his forehead. He opened his mouth to vent that emotion, and—could not. Annette went on:

"There shall be no more such letters, I promise you. That is enough."

Soames writhed. He had a sense of being treated like a child by this woman who had deserved he did not know what.

"When two people have married, and lived like us, Soames, they had better be quiet about each other. There are things one does not drag up into the light for people to laugh at. You will be quiet, then; not for my sake—for your own. You are getting old; I am not, yet. You have made me ver-ry practical."

Soames, who had passed through all the sensations of being choked, repeated dully:

"I require you to give up this friendship."

"And if I do not?"

"Then—then I will cut you out of my Will."

Somehow it did not seem to meet the case. Annette laughed.

"You will live a long time, Soames."

"You—you are a bad woman," said Soames suddenly.

Annette shrugged her shoulders.

"I do not think so. Living with you has killed things in me, it is true; but I am not a bad woman. I am sensible—that is all. And so will you be when you have thought it over."

"I shall see this man," said Soames sullenly, "and warn him off."

"*Mon cher*, you are funny. You do not want me, you have as much of me as you want; and you wish the rest of me to be dead. I admit nothing, but I am not going to be dead, Soames, at my age; so you had better be quiet, I tell you. I myself will make no scandal; none. Now, I am not saying any more, whatever you do."

She reached out, took a French novel off a little table, and opened it. Soames watched her, silenced by the tumult of his feelings. The thought of that man was almost making him want her, and this was a revelation of their relationship, startling to one little given to introspective philosophy. Without saying another word he went out and up to the picture-gallery. This came of marrying a Frenchwoman! And yet, without her there would have been no Fleur! She had served her purpose.

'She's right,' he thought; 'I can do nothing. I don't *know* even that there's anything in it.' The instinct of self-preservation warned him to batten down his hatches, to smother the fire with want of air. Unless one believed there was something in a thing, there wasn't.

That night he went into her room. She received him in the most matter-of-fact way, as if there had been no scene between them. And he returned to his own room with a curious sense of peace. If one didn't choose to see, one needn't. And he did not choose—in future he did not choose. There was nothing to be gained by it—nothing! Opening the drawer he took from the sachet a handkerchief, and the framed photograph of Fleur. When he had looked at it a little he slipped it down, and there was that other one—that old one of Irene. An owl hooted while he stood in his window gazing at it. The owl hooted, the red

climbing roses seemed to deepen in color, there came a scent of lime-blossom. God! That had been a different thing! Passion—Memory! Dust!

VII

JUNE TAKES A HAND

WHEN one is a sculptor, a Pole, a sometime resident in New York, an egoist, and impecunious, he is to be found of an evening in June Forsyte's studio on the bank of the Thames at Chiswick. On the evening of July 6, Boris Strumolowski—several of whose works were on show there because they were as yet too advanced to be on show anywhere else—had begun well, with that aloof and rather Christlike silence which admirably suited his youthful, round, broad-cheekboned countenance framed in bright hair banged like a girl's. June had known him three weeks, and he still seemed to her the principal embodiment of genius, and hope of the future; a sort of Star of the East which had strayed into an unappreciative West. Until that evening he had conversationally confined himself to recording his impressions of the United States, whose dust he had just shaken from off his feet—a country, in his opinion, so barbarous in every way that he had sold practically nothing there, and become an object of suspicion to the police; a country, as he said, without a race of its own, without liberty, equality, or fraternity, without principles, traditions, taste, without—in a word—a soul. He had left it for his own good, and come to the only other country where he could live well. June had dwelt unhappily on him in her lonely moments, standing before his creations—frightening, but powerful and symbolic once they had been explained! That he, haloed by bright hair like an early Italian painting, and absorbed in his genius to the exclusion of all else—the only sign of course by which real genius could be told—should still be a "lame duck" agitated her warm heart almost to the exclusion of Paul Post. And she had begun to take steps to clear her Gallery, in order to fill it with Strumolowski masterpieces. She had at once encountered trouble. Paul Post had kicked; Vospovitch had stung. With all the emphasis of a genius which she did not as yet deny them, they had demanded another six weeks at least of her Gallery. The American stream, still flowing in, would soon be flowing out. The American stream was their right, their only hope, their salvation—since nobody in this "beastly" country cared for Art. June had yielded to the demonstration. After all Boris would not mind their having the full benefit of an American stream, which he himself so violently despised.

This evening she had put that to Boris with nobody else present, except Hannah Hobdey, the mediæval black-and-whitist, and Jimmy Portugal, editor of the *Neo-Artist*. She had put it to him with that sudden confidence which continual contact with the neo-artistic world had never been able to dry up in her warm and generous nature. He had not broken his Christlike silence, however, for more than two minutes before she began to move her blue eyes from side to side, as a cat moves its tail. This—he said—was characteristic of England, the most selfish country in the world; the country which sucked the blood of other countries; destroyed the brains and hearts of Irishmen, Hindus, Egyptians, Boers, and Burmese, all the finest races in the world; bullying, hypocritical England! This was what he had expected, coming to such a country, where the climate was all fog, and the people all tradesmen perfectly blind to Art, and sunk in profiteering and the grossest materialism. Conscious that Hannah Hobdey was murmuring: "Hear, hear!" and Jimmy Portugal sniggering, June grew crimson, and suddenly rapped out:

"Then why did you ever come? We didn't ask you."

The remark was so singularly at variance with all that she had led him to expect from her, that Strumolowski stretched out his hand and took a cigarette.

"England never wants an idealist," he said.

But in June something primitively English was thoroughly upset; old Jolyon's sense of justice had risen, as it were, from bed. "You come and sponge on us," she said, "and then abuse us. If you think that's playing the game, I don't."

She now discovered that which others had discovered before her—the thickness of hide beneath which the sensibility of genius is sometimes veiled. Strumolowski's young and ingenuous face became the incarnation of a sneer.

"Sponge, one does not sponge, one takes what is owing—a tenth part of what is owing. You will repent to say that, Miss Forsyte."

"Oh, no," said June, "I shan't."

"Ah! We know very well, we artists—you take us to get what you can out of us. I want nothing from you"—and he blew out a cloud of June's smoke.

Decision rose in an icy puff from the turmoil of insulted shame within her. "Very well, then, you can take your things away."

And, almost in the same moment, she thought: 'Poor boy! He's only got a garret, and probably not a taxi fare. In front of these people, too; it's positively disgusting!'

Young Strumolowski shook his head violently; his hair, thick, smooth, close as a golden plate, did not fall off.

"I can live on nothing," he said shrilly; "I have often had to for the sake of my Art. It is you bourgeois who force us to spend money."

The words hit June like a pebble, in the ribs. After all she had done for Art, all her identification with its troubles and lame ducks. She was struggling for adequate words when the door was opened, and her Austrian murmured:

"A young lady, *gnädiges Fräulein.*"

"Where?"

"In the little meal-room."

With a glance at Boris Strumolowski, at Hannah Hobdey, at Jimmy Portugal, June said nothing, and went out, devoid of equanimity. Entering the "little meal-room," she perceived the young lady to be Fleur—looking very pretty, if pale. At this disenchanted moment a little lame duck of her own breed was welcome to June, so homœopathic by instinct.

The girl must have come, of course, because of Jon; or, if not, at least to get something out of her. And June felt just then that to assist somebody was the only bearable thing.

"So you've remembered to come," she said.

"Yes. What a jolly little duck of a house! But please don't let me bother you, if you've got people."

"Not at all," said June. "I want to let them stew in their own juice for a bit. Have you come about Jon?"

"You said you thought we ought to be told. Well, I've found out."

"Oh!" said June blankly. "Not nice, is it?"

They were standing one on each side of the little bare table at which June took her meals. A vase on it was full of Iceland poppies; the girl raised her hand and touched them with a gloved finger. To her new-fangled dress, frilly about the hips and tight below the knees, June took a sudden liking—a charming color, flax-blue.

'She makes a picture,' thought June. Her little room, with its whitewashed walls, its floor and hearth of old pink brick, its black paint, and latticed window athwart which the last of the sunlight was shining, had never looked so charming, set off by this young figure, with the creamy, slightly frowning face. She remembered with sudden vividness how nice she herself had looked in those old days when *her* heart was set on Philip Bosinney, that dead lover, who had broken from her to destroy forever Irene's allegiance to this girl's father. Did Fleur know of that, too?

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do?"

It was some seconds before Fleur answered.

"I don't want Jon to suffer. I must see him once more to put an end to it."

"You're going to put an end to it!"

"What else is there to do?"

The girl seemed to June, suddenly, intolerably spiritless.

"I suppose you're right," she muttered. "I know my father thinks so; but—I should never have done it myself. I can't take things lying down."

How poised and watchful that girl looked; how unemotional her voice sounded!

"People *will* assume that I'm in love."

"Well, aren't you?"

Fleur shrugged her shoulders. 'I might have known it,' thought June; 'she's Soames' daughter—fish! And yet—he!'

"What do you want *me* to do then?" she said with a sort of disgust.

"Could I see Jon here to-morrow on his way down to Holly's? He'd come if you sent him a line to-night. And perhaps afterward you'd let them know quietly at Robin Hill that it's all over, and that they needn't tell Jon about his mother."

"All right!" said June abruptly. "I'll write now, and you can post it. Half-past two to-morrow. I shan't be in, myself."

She sat down at the tiny bureau which filled one corner. When she looked round with the finished note Fleur was still touching the poppies with her gloved finger.

June licked a stamp. "Well, here it is. If you're not in love, of course, there's no more to be said. Jon's lucky."

Fleur took the note. "Thanks awfully!"

'Cold-blooded little baggage!' thought June. Jon, son of her father, to love, and not to be loved by the daughter of—Soames! It was humiliating!

"Is that all?"

Fleur nodded; her frills shook and trembled as she swayed toward the door.

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye! . . . Little piece of fashion!" muttered June, closing the door. "That family!" And she marched back toward her studio. Boris Strumolowski had regained his Christlike silence, and Jimmy Portugal was damning everybody, except the group in whose behalf he ran the *Neo-Artist*. Among the condemned were Eric Cobbley, and several other "lame-duck" genii who at one time or another had held first place in the repertoire of June's aid and adoration. She experienced a sense of futility and disgust, and went to the window to let the river-wind blow those squeaky words away.

But when at length Jimmy Portugal had finished, and gone with Hannah Hobdey, she sat down and mothered young Strumolowski for half an hour, promising him a month, at least, of the American stream; so that he went away with his halo in perfect order. 'In spite of all,' June thought, 'Boris *is* wonderful.'

VIII

THE BIT BETWEEN THE TEETH

To know that your hand is against everyone's is—for some natures—to experience a sense of moral release. Fleur felt no remorse when she left June's house. Reading condemnatory resentment in her little kinswoman's blue eyes—she was glad that she had fooled her, despising June because that elderly idealist had not seen what she was after.

End it, forsooth! She would soon show them all that she was only just beginning. And she smiled to herself on the top of the 'bus which carried her back to Mayfair. But the smile died, squeezed out by spasms of anticipation and anxiety. Would she be able to manage Jon? She had taken the bit between her teeth, but could she make him take it too? She knew the truth and the real danger of delay—he knew neither; therein lay all the difference in the world.

'Suppose I tell him,' she thought; 'wouldn't it really be safer?' This hideous luck had no right to spoil their love; he must see that! They could not let it! People always accepted an accomplished fact in time! From that piece of philosophy—profound enough at her age—she passed to another consideration less philosophic. If she persuaded Jon to a quick and secret marriage, and he found out afterward that she had known the truth! What then? Jon hated subterfuge. Again, then, would it not be better to tell him? But the memory of his mother's face kept intruding on that impulse. Fleur was afraid. His mother had power over him; more power perhaps than she herself. Who could tell? It was too great a risk. Deep-sunk in these instinctive calculations she was carried on past Green Street as far as the Ritz Hotel. She got down there, and walked back on the Green Park side. The storm had washed every tree; they still dripped. Heavy drops fell on to her frills, and to avoid them she crossed over under the eyes of the Iseeum Club. Chancing to look up she saw Monsieur Profond with a tall stout man in the bay window. Turning into Green Street she heard her name called, and saw "that prowler" coming up. He took off his

hat—a glossy "bowler" such as she particularly detested:

"Good evenin'! Miss Forsyde. Isn't there a small thing I can do for you?"

"Yes," said Fleur; "pass by on the other side."

"I say! Why do you dislike me?"

"Do I?"

"It looks like it."

"Well, then, because you make me feel life isn't worth living."

Monsieur Profond smiled.

"Look here, Miss Forsyde, don't worry. It'll be all right. Nothing lasts."

"Things do last," cried Fleur; "with me anyhow—especially likes and dislikes."

"Well, that makes me a bit un'appy."

"I should have thought nothing could ever make you happy or unhappy."

"I don't like to annoy other people. I'm goin' on my yacht."

Fleur looked at him, startled.

"Where?"

"Small voyage to the South Seas or somewhere," said Monsieur Profond.

Fleur suffered relief and a sense of insult. Clearly he meant to convey that he was breaking with her mother. How dared he have anything to break, and yet how dared he break it?

"Good night, Miss Forsyde! Remember me to Mrs. Dartie. I'm not so bad really. Good night!" Fleur left him standing there with his hat raised. Stealing a look round, she saw him stroll—immaculate and heavy—back toward his Club.

'He can't even love with conviction,' she thought. 'What will Mother do?'

Her dreams that night were endless and uneasy; she rose heavy and unrested, and went at once to the study of Whitaker's Almanac. A Forsyte is instinctively aware that facts are the real crux of any situation. She might conquer Jon's prejudice, but without exact machinery to complete their desperate resolve, nothing would happen. From the invaluable tome she learned that they must each be twenty-one; or some one's consent would be necessary, which of course was unobtainable; then she became lost in directions concerning licenses, certificates, notices, districts, coming finally to the word "perjury." But that was nonsense! Who would really mind their giving wrong ages in order to be married for love! She ate hardly any breakfast, and went back to Whitaker. The more she studied the less sure she became; till, idly turning the pages, she came to Scotland. People could be married there without any of this nonsense. She had only to go and stay there twenty-one days, then Jon could come, and in front of two people they could declare themselves married. And what was more—they would be! It was far the best way; and at once she ran over her schoolfellows. There was Mary Lambe who lived in Edinburgh and was "quite a sport!" She had a brother too. She could stay with Mary Lambe, who with her brother would serve for witnesses. She well knew that some girls would think all this unnecessary, and that all she and Jon need do was to go away together for a week-end and then say to their people: "We are married by Nature, we must now be married by Law." But Fleur was Forsyte enough to feel such a proceeding dubious, and to dread her father's face when he heard of it. Besides, she did not believe that Jon would do it; he had an opinion of her such as she could not bear to diminish. No! Mary Lambe was preferable, and it was just the time of year to go to Scotland. More at ease now, she packed, avoided her aunt, and took a 'bus to Chiswick. She was too early, and went on to Kew Gardens. She found no peace among its flower-beds, labelled trees, and broad green spaces, and having lunched off anchovy-paste sandwiches and coffee, returned to Chiswick and rang June's bell. The Austrian admitted her to the "little meal-room." Now that she knew what she and Jon were up against, her longing for him had increased tenfold, as if he were a toy with sharp edges or dangerous paint such as they had tried to take from her as a child. If she could not have her way, and get Jon for good and all, she felt like dying of privation. By hook or crook she must and would get him! A round dim mirror of very old glass hung over the pink brick hearth. She stood looking at herself reflected in it, pale, and rather dark under the eyes; little shudders kept passing through her nerves. Then she heard the bell ring,

and, stealing to the window, saw him standing on the doorstep smoothing his hair and lips, as if he too were trying to subdue the fluttering of his nerves.

She was sitting on one of the two rush-seated chairs, with her back to the door, when he came in, and she said at once:

"Sit down, Jon, I want to talk seriously."

Jon sat on the table by her side, and without looking at him she went on:

"If you don't want to lose me, we must get married."

Jon gasped.

"Why? Is there anything new?"

"No, but I felt it at Robin Hill, and among my people."

"But—" stammered Jon, "at Robin Hill—it was all smooth—and they've said nothing to me."

"But they mean to stop us. Your mother's face was enough. And my father's."

"Have you seen him since?"

Fleur nodded. What mattered a few supplementary lies?

"But," said Jon eagerly, "I can't see how they can feel like that after all these years."

Fleur looked up at him.

"Perhaps you don't love me enough."

"Not love you enough! Why—I——"

"Then make sure of me."

"Without telling them?"

"Not till after."

Jon was silent. How much older he looked than on that day, barely two months ago, when she first saw him—quite two years older!

"It would hurt Mother awfully," he said.

Fleur drew her hand away.

"You've got to choose."

Jon slid off the table onto his knees.

"But why not tell them? They can't really stop us, Fleur!"

"They can! I tell you, they can."

"How?"

"We're utterly dependent—by putting money pressure, and all sorts of other pressure. I'm not patient, Jon."

"But it's deceiving them."

Fleur got up.

"You can't really love me, or you wouldn't hesitate. 'He either fears his fate too much——!'"

Lifting his hands to her waist, Jon forced her to sit down again. She hurried on:

"I've planned it all out. We've only to go to Scotland. When we're married they'll soon come round. People always come round to facts. Don't you *see*, Jon?"

"But to hurt them so awfully!"

So he would rather hurt her than those people of his! "All right, then; let me go!"

Jon got up and put his back against the door.

"I expect you're right," he said slowly; "but I want to think it over."

She could see that he was seething with feelings he wanted to express; but she did not mean to help him. She hated herself at this moment, and almost hated him. Why had she to do all the work to secure their love? It wasn't fair. And then she saw his eyes, adoring and distressed.

"Don't look like that! I only don't want to lose you, Jon."

"You can't lose me so long as you want me."

"Oh, yes, I can."

Jon put his hands on her shoulders.

"Fleur, do you know anything you haven't told me?"

It was the point-blank question she had dreaded. She looked straight at him, and answered: "No." She had burnt her boats. What did it matter, if she got him? He would forgive her. And throwing her arms round his neck, she kissed him on the lips. She was winning! She felt it in the beating of his heart against her, in the closing of his eyes. "I want to make sure! I want to make sure!" she whispered. "Promise!"

Jon did not answer. His face had the stillness of extreme trouble. At last he said:

"It's like hitting them. I must think a little, Fleur. I really must."

Fleur slipped out of his arms.

"Oh! Very well!" And suddenly she burst into tears of disappointment, shame, and overstrain. Followed five minutes of acute misery. Jon's remorse and tenderness knew no bounds; but he did not promise. Despite her will to cry: "Very well, then, if you don't love me enough—good-bye!" she dared not.

From birth accustomed to her own way, this check from one so young, so tender, so devoted, baffled and surprised her. She wanted to push him away from her, to try what anger and coldness would do, and again she dared not. The knowledge that she was scheming to rush him blindfold into the irrevocable weakened everything—weakened the sincerity of pique, and the sincerity of passion; even her kisses had not the lure she wished for them. That stormy little meeting ended inconclusively.

"Will you some tea, *gnädiges Fräulein?*"

Pushing Jon from her, she cried out:

"No—no, thank you! I'm just going."

And before he could prevent her she was gone.

She went stealthily, mopping her flushed, stained cheeks, frightened, angry, very miserable. She had stirred Jon up so fearfully, yet nothing definite was promised or arranged! But the more uncertain and hazardous the future, the more "the will to have" worked its tentacles into the flesh of her heart—like some burrowing tick!

No one was at Green Street. Winifred had gone with Imogen to see a play which some said was allegorical, and others "very exciting, don't you know?" It was because of what others said that Winifred and Imogen had gone. Fleur went on to Paddington. Through the carriage the air from the brick-kilns of West Drayton and the late hay-fields fanned her still-flushed cheeks. Flowers had seemed to be had for the picking; now they were all thorned and prickled. But the golden flower within the crown of spikes was to her tenacious spirit all the fairer and more desirable.

(To be continued.)

A RETROSPECT OF RYDAL MOUNT

By Esther Cloudman Dunn

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A DRAWING AND PHOTOGRAPHS

IT seemed to me that the boundary between past and present had disappeared as I went through the gateway between Dora's Field and the gardens of Rydal Mount lying in the afternoon sunshine of a mid-April day. In the house behind these gardens Wordsworth had died seventy years before; yet his daffodils were still blooming in trim beds along the terrace, and the mauve and white rock-plants were growing upon the stone wall beside the poet's walk. Before me lay the beloved gardens of Wordsworth's own day, which he himself had arranged and in which he might now be walking and composing. Yet I knew that the cadences of his verse had not been heard here for three-quarters of a century. Although the blossoms and contours of those well-remembered days were preserved as if no seasons had rolled between, the master-spirits were gone. Even the latest occupant, who had lovingly maintained the family tradition in this place, was not alive to see the April come again. The bare window-panes would not suffer too close a scrutiny behind their curtain of vines.

As I went along the gravelled walk and stood before the front porch of the house, my gracious guide pointed out the gabled room which Wordsworth had built for his retirement when the household became too distracting for poetic meditation. He showed me, too, the level path where the beloved Dorothy, "sister of my soul," was wheeled in her chair when she could no longer stride across the hills with her brother, and aid him in turning to poetry the rugged beauty of that country. As I saw it all for the first time at a most auspicious hour and season, the inner life of

that household seemed to come back and possess its outward haunts as easily and naturally as the daffodils bloomed in the garden borders.

A contemporary account of Rydal Mount as it was in 1854 was sent home in letters to his friends and family in Philadelphia by Professor Henry Reed of the University of Pennsylvania. Four years after Wordsworth's death he had crossed from America with his sister-in-law Miss Bronson to visit Mrs. Wordsworth. His entertainment consisted of very simple events; yet it gave him an impression of distinction which no mere elaborateness could have produced.

The letters which contain the account have an interesting history. They have been lying undisturbed in family garrets from the time of Reed's visit to this day. They are written in a careful hand, though now the ink is somewhat brown. The paper has a musty smell, and sere little fragments of flowers, plucked in that long-ago summer, come crackling out unexpectedly as one turns the pages. Their story, however, is not faded nor out of date. It shows clearly the winning simplicity of the life at Rydal Mount; the effective quietness of the days; the confident reliance upon the beauty of the country and the wit of neighboring friends for entertainment. Now that I was standing beneath the very windows of the rooms where these American guests had lodged, I understood even better than before the charm and effectiveness of the life they found there.

Henry Reed was peculiarly fitted to appreciate the life of Wordsworth's household. For years before his visit to England he had been in intimate correspondence with the poet and had a sympathetic understanding of his way of life. To him also had belonged the privilege of editing the first complete American edition of Wordsworth's poetry. All his letters were preserved by Wordsworth; and when I saw how carefully they had been arranged and placed among his personal papers, I realized the mutual esteem and sympathy which had existed between the English poet and his American editor.

The story of the arrival of Mr. Reed and Miss Bronson at Rydal Mount is interesting. They had come from the station by stage-coach and alighted at the foot of the hill, where they were met by Mr. Carter (for many years Wordsworth's secretary) and James Dixon, an old family servant, who stood "with a barrow, waiting in the road to receive us—and this in quite a smart rain." It will be remembered that Wordsworth's earnest efforts kept the railways out of the lake district, and that even now there is a journey of twelve miles by stage from the nearest station into this country. But who would not drive any number of miles through drenching mountain showers for the charm of descending with one's "boxes" to find "James and a barrow" waiting at the turn of the road that leads to Rydal Mount?

James, as Mr. Reed points out, showed that combination of initiative and subordination, in nice adjustment, which makes the English servant a source of mental perplexity and material comfort to the American traveller. "He is," says the letter, "a singular specimen of humility as a domestic, and of gentlemanly refinement and delicacy of feeling. He blacks my shoes and wheels our baggage, and whenever I draw him out, talks excellently well about his master and mistress."

While James trudged behind with his barrow of luggage, the two American guests mounted the hill to be greeted by their hostess, Mrs. Wordsworth. The poet had prophesied for her

> "an old age serene and bright
> And lovely as a Lapland night."

It was thus that these two appreciative friends found her. They had "no conception of beholding so beautiful an old age," Reed wrote in his first letter. "She has been conversing with us all the evening in the most delightful manner, both as to the range of subjects and the various feelings of seriousness and pleasantry." As the story unfolds, it is plain that she was not only a practical householder but also shared the poetic idealism of her husband. "A strong, practical good sense," says Reed, "is mixed a good deal with the romantic and poetical, so that she mourns over the innovations of the times, railroads, steamboats, etc." How strange

this sounds to twentieth-century ears, and how restful!

In her house each day began with that simple devotion for which we have somehow lost the grace in these latter days. The letters tell of how Mrs. Wordsworth herself read the prayers. "You cannot imagine a more pleasing or impressive manner—touching, and without effort, like everything else she does or says. The tones of her voice were peculiarly tender when, in the prayers for the sick and afflicted, she uttered one for poor old Miss Wordsworth (Dorothy, the poet's sister). It was: 'and especially we pray for her who has been so long hindered by infirmities from joining these our prayers.'"

Remembering the intense sympathy which had existed between Wordsworth and this "dear, dear sister," the visitors must have felt keenly the pathos of her enfeebled condition. In her youth her brother had foretold that "in after years"

> "Thy mind
> Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
> Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
> For all sweet sounds and harmonies."

Now those "lovely forms" were clouded, and the poor sister was lying in a chamber above-stairs a wreck, albeit gentle and long-suffering, of her true self. Reed and Miss Bronson were taken to see her after breakfast of that first morning of their visit, and again after they had been to Blea Tarn. The peace, restraint, and simplicity of the household seem to have soothed her, even in her disordered state, for their picture of her is not unpleasant. "When," says Reed, "I told her where we had been, she said in one of the softest voices you ever listened to, 'Blea Tarn is a beautiful tarn.'" Surely some far-off

Rydal Mount.
From a photograph in the Abraham Series.

memory of that lovely lake and mountain country for which she and her brother had lived, and which has lived through them, made her voice soft and her response intelligent.

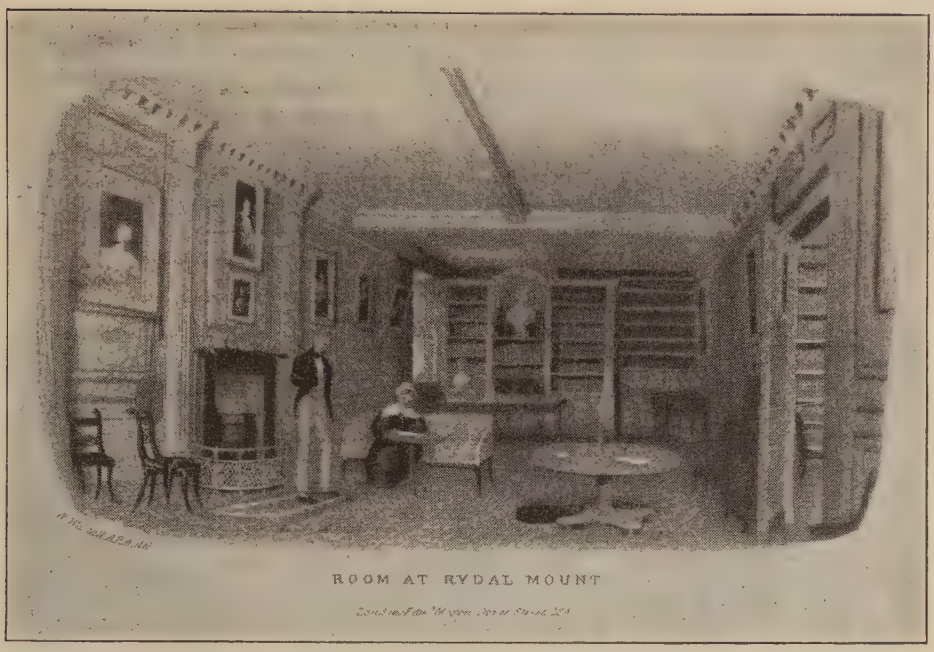
The quiet summer days passed in a round of simple entertainments for the visitors. On a sunny morning they would talking agreeably and telling us anecdotes about the literary men of the day." Mrs. Arnold, too, distinguished wife of the late Doctor Thomas Arnold of Rugby, and favored mother of Matthew Arnold, entertained these American friends at Fox How. No wonder Mr. Reed wrote home: "The fact is, we have got among a most

The entrance to Rydal Mount.

The inscription on the back reads:
"For Mrs. H. Reed. A copy of a sketch made for Mr. Reed by a friend of Mrs. Wordsworth and presented to him upon his departure from Rydal Mount. MARY WORDSWORTH, June 29, 1855."

stroll in the garden, along the poet's walk by the gray wall, or over the terrace where now no longer Dorothy was wheeled out to rest her eyes and support her spirit by the view of distant mountain and lake. There were calls to make upon neighbors: Mrs. Fletcher and her daughter Lady Richardson, wife of the distinguished Arctic explorer. Miss Bronson has preserved a pleasant picture of the latter as she stood in the door to greet them, "dressed in a deLege dress, straw hat and old gloves, all ready for a country walk." How simply she entertained them! "She took us," says Miss Bronson, "all over the grounds, which are most beautiful, fascinating set of old ladies upon whom I shall bestow my affections."

On the rainy days of their visit there were treasures to see in the library. Here for the asking was entertainment of the rarest kind, arising out of the nature of the house itself. The manuscripts of the *Prelude*, the *Recluse*, not then published, and the *Journals* kept by Dorothy and Mrs. Wordsworth during their tour on the Continent, were taken in reverent and sympathetic hands. There were also the poet's books. "I had no idea he had so much of a library," writes Mr. Reed. "There must be several thousand volumes. They are in all parts of the house,



There were also the poet's books. "They are in all parts of the house, parlors and chambers," writes Mr. Reed.—Page 552.

parlors and chambers." Among them he noticed "especially the presentation copies which are very expressive of the gratitude of many and various minds to his poetry. Among these I was struck most with a memorandum written by Alan Stevenson, the engineer, in his large volume on the Skerryvore lighthouse. It was in these words:

"'To William Wordsworth, Esq.: A humble token of admiration for his character as a man and his genius as a poet, and of grateful remembrance of the peace and consolation derived from the companionship of his writings during the author's solitude on the Skerryvore Rock.'" It is pleasant to reflect that a member of that stern, lighthouse-building family, who, several years later, would have coerced the delicate-spirited R. L. S. into the same hard life, admitted in this inscription the sensitive strain in his own nature, his susceptibility to literary and spiritual things. To be able to browse among such books must have been the best of entertainment.

As much, perhaps, as the more definite features of the visit, the trifles, recorded in passing, reveal the character of the place. Mrs. Wordsworth was often busy with knitting, and presented Miss Bronson with a pair of knitted hose. On one occasion when the two ladies were sitting together Miss Bronson admired the cap Mrs. Wordsworth was wearing. Thereupon Mrs. Wordsworth said, "at once in her sweet, pleasant way 'Mrs. Reed shall have one, and Hannah will make it by the time you come back.'" The simple kindliness of her offer is delightful. We are told, too, that when strangers asked to be admitted to the gardens, Mrs. Wordsworth refused on the ground that "she had a great dislike to its being made a *show place*." Of this place, managed so modestly, Aubrey De Vere wrote to Mr. Reed as follows:

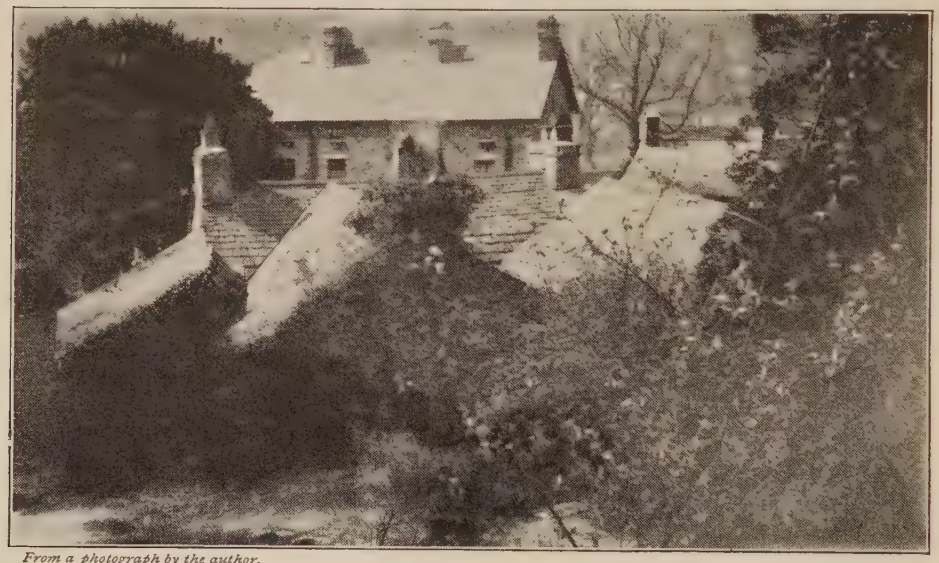
"Let me congratulate you on being at the most interesting spot in England. It is one which the lapse of years will make more and more so, for it unites whatever can belong to natural beauty with the associations of the noblest genius, directed in its highest spirit to its highest objects. What an interest it must be to you to meet Mrs. Wordsworth. I always

think of her as the most venerable woman in England. All who have fed on her husband's poetry owe a deep debt of gratitude to her, also. Will you present my best remembrances to her?"

About this "most venerable woman in England" there could be no show. She had made one of that family group who, beneath the snuggling chimney-pots of Dove Cottage in Grasmere, enjoyed a neat and comfortable within doors." The record in her diary, however, shows that the life that went on in that little cottage and garden was not small nor humble. Here are two entries, chosen at random:

"*Monday.* Sauntered a good deal in the garden, bound carpets, read *Timon of Athens*, dried linen, . . ."

"*Saturday.* A cold, dark morning.



From a photograph by the author.

"I did not stop until I was in the garden, looking down over the huddling roofs."—Page 555.

kind of life which makes the hackneyed phrase "plain living and high thinking" assume a new meaning. Dove Cottage had furnished a splendid preparation for meeting the larger responsibilities of Rydal Mount.

As I came from the cottage to the greater house that afternoon last April, this thought was borne in upon me with redoubled force. The life here had been but a graceful adaptation of the simpler ways of those early years. Though they had lived in a typical peasant cottage, with a bit of hillside behind it for garden and orchard, they had lived in the midst of greatness. "The orchard," wrote Dorothy, "is very small; but then it is delightful for its retirement and the excessive beauty of the prospect from it. Our cottage is quite large enough for us, though very small; and we have made it William chopped wood. I brought it in a basket. . . . He asked me to set down the story of Barbara Wilkinson's turtle-dove. . . ."

Mrs. Wordsworth had, of course, her full share in this remarkable life. Old Mrs. Nicholson, the postmistress, told Mr. Reed that during those early Dove Cottage days "when in sending proofs to London, it was important to secure the mail at Ambleside, Mrs. Wordsworth would sometimes cross the hills at midnight alone to post the papers." What a swelling of pride and happiness must have been in that brave, gentle heart, as she fared across the mountain paths under the starlight with the precious bundle of poems clasped tightly in her hand! How well she must have learned, amidst the privations and hardships of those early days, to distinguish and cher-

ish the essentials of life, to transplant them to the big house and keep them uppermost!

The power and influence of that cottage are irresistible. Even now, though it is a museum, an air of greatness lingers about it which makes its impress upon the casual visitor. I spent an hour in the sunshine of the orchard garden before coming on to Rydal. The official caretaker, now ninety-one years of age, was one of those fortunate villagers with whom Wordsworth was friendly. I thought it peculiarly gratifying to receive from her hand the iron key of the cottage. There was an inviting fire in the kitchen, but I did not stop until I was in the garden, looking down over the huddling roofs to the mountains beyond. There were daffodils, primroses, and flowering pears along the wall, which sent their petals drifting across the garden walks. A robin was chasing a butterfly; everywhere was sunshine and delicate shadow. The study casement, with the new green of a vine arching over it, swung open toward the garden; blue smoke was coming lazily from a picturesque chimney-pot. The illusion was complete.

Then I went on to Rydal to stand before the house where two American visitors of three generations ago had found the same quality of life in the quiet household of Mrs. Wordsworth. On the last Sunday of their stay occurred a pretty instance of the way in which the Wordsworth family made itself one with the community. "The clergyman," wrote Mr. Reed, "gave out this notice: 'the prayers of the congregation are desired for Dorothy Wordsworth and Thomas Huck.' Dorothy is that woman to whose influence the world owes so much, whose name has a place forever in English poetry; Thomas Huck was a sick servant of one of the village families."

A pleasant incident of the leave-taking of these Americans seems to hold the essence of the spirit in which this household was maintained. "The coach," wrote Mr. Reed, "was to stop at the foot of the hill, and Mrs. Wordsworth, Mr. Carter and James walked down with us; the coach came along and pulled up for us and our luggage, and the driver (a character in his way and acquainted with everybody) was, I believe, so mystified by Mrs. Wordsworth's motherly and affectionate manner to me, that, as we drove off he said to me, 'You are a Wordsworth, ain't you?'" The warm-hearted friendliness of the house was so sincerely offered that the stage-driver was sure that the guest must be a member of the family. Here was no wall against the world, no insistence upon differences. Yet the driver comprehended what it was to be a Wordsworth, and was paying his passenger the highest compliment in thus classifying him.

These two representatives of a gentle American tradition recognized the quality of this English household, felt at home in it, and recorded in their letters the choicest impressions of its beauty. Their correspondence, which came overseas in those tipsy-looking side-wheelers of the 50's, was meant only for the reading of a small circle of family and friends. Their message, however, has grown with the years till now it is the rightful property of a larger group. To-day America needs to be reminded of the value of simple, quiet living; of the happiness of days spent in the pursuit of things that are real, which do not need to be trumpeted by ostentation, nor caparisoned in magnificence. They are the things so independent of outward show, so far surpassing it, that after we have found them we turn back to them again and again, and know that they are good.

MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

COLLEGE CHUMS AND NEW-FOUND LEADERSHIP

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON
Author of "Service and Sacrifice," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FAMILY PORTRAITS

[FOURTH PAPER]

DURING the winter and summer of 1876, preceding that September when Theodore Roosevelt left his home for Harvard College, he had entered more fully into the social life of the boys and girls of his immediate acquaintance. As a very young boy, there was something of the recluse about him, although in his actual family (and that family included a number of cousins) he was always the ringleader. His delicate health and his almost abnormal literary and scientific tastes had isolated him somewhat from the hurly-burly of ordinary school life, and even ordinary vacation life; but during the winter of 1876 he had enjoyed to the full a dancing-class which my mother had organized the winter before, and that dancing-class sowed the seeds of many friendships. The Livingston, Clarkson, Potter, and Rutherfurd boys, and amongst the girls my friends Edith Carow, Grace Potter, Fannie Smith, Annie Murray, and myself, formed the nucleus in this dancing-class, and the informal "Germans" (as they were called in those days) and all the merriment connected with happy skating-parties and spring picnics in Central Park cemented relationships which lasted faithfully through later days. My brother Elliott, more naturally a *social* leader, influenced the young naturalist to greater interest in his *humankind*, and when the spring merged into happy summer at Oyster Bay, Theodore was already showing a keener pleasure in intercourse with young people of his own age.

In a letter to "Edith" early in the summer, I write of an expedition which he took across the bay to visit another girl friend. He started at five o'clock in the morning and reached the other shore at eight o'clock. Thinking it too early to pay a call, he lay down on a large rock and went to sleep, waking up to find his boat had drifted far away. When he put on his spectacles he could see the boat at a distance, but, of course, did not wish to swim with his clothes on, and decided to remove them temporarily. Having secured the boat, he forgot that it might be wise to put on his clothes before sleeping again under the dock. To his perfect horror, waking suddenly about an hour later, the boat, clothes, and all had vanished. At the same moment he heard the footsteps of his fair inamorata on the wooden planks of the dock above his head. She had walked down with a friend to greet the admirer whom she expected at about nine o'clock. His description of his feelings as he lay shivering, though not from cold, while above him they calmly discussed his probable arrival and the fact that they thought they would wait there to greet him, can probably be imagined. The girls, after a period of long waiting, walked away into the woods, and the self-conscious young man proceeded to swim down a hidden creek where he thought the tide had taken his recalcitrant boat, and where, sure enough, he found it. The sequel to this little story throws much light on masculine human nature, for he conceived an aversion to the lady who so unconsciously had put him in this

foolish position, and rowed defiantly back to Oyster Bay without paying the proposed visit!

During that summer my father, who always gave his children such delightful surprises, drilled us himself in a little play called "To Oblige Benson," in which Theodore took the part of an irascible and absent-minded farmer, and our beloved cousin John Elliott the part of an impassioned lover, while my friend Fannie Smith and I were the heroines of the adventures. My father's efforts to make Theodore into a farmer and John into a lover were commendable though not eminently successful, but all that he did for us in those ways gave to his children a certain ease in writing and speaking which were to be of great value in later years. Fannie Smith, to show how Theodore still dominated the little circle from the standpoint of intellect, writes that same July: "I have no power to write sensibly today. If I were writing to Theodore I would have to say something of this kind, 'I have enjoyed Plutarch's last essay on the philosophy of Diogenes excessively.'" In his early college days, however, he seems temporarily to put the "philosophy of Diogenes" aside, and to become a very normal, simple, pleasure-loving youth, who, however, always retained his earnest moral purpose and his realization that education was a tool for future experience, and, therefore, not to be neglected.

He writes on November 26, 1876: "I now belong to another whist club, composed of Harry Minot, Dick Saltonstall and a few others. They are very quiet fellows but also very pleasant. Harry Minot was speaking to me the other day about our making a collecting trip in the White Mountains together next summer. I think it would be good fun." The result of that collecting trip will be shown a little later in this chapter. On December 14 he writes again: "Darling Pussie: [his pet name for me] I ought to have written you long ago but I am now having examinations all the time, and am so occupied in studying for them that I have very little time for myself, and you know how long it takes me to write a letter. My only excitement lately has been the dancing class which is very pleasant. I may as well describe a few of my chief friends." He then gives an account of his specially intimate companions, and speaks as follows of one whose name has become prominent in the annals of his country's history as able financier, secretary of state, and colonel in the American Expeditionary Force—Robert Bacon: "Bob Bacon is the handsomest man in the class and is as pleasant as he is handsome. He is only sixteen, but is very large." He continues to say that he would love to bring home a few of his friends at Christmas time, and concludes: "I should like a party very much if it is *perfectly* convenient." The party proved a delightful Christmas experience, and the New York girls and Boston boys fraternized to their hearts' content. On his return to Cambridge after these Christmas holidays he writes one of his amusing, characteristic little notes, interspersed with quaint drawings. "Darling Pussie: I delivered your two notes safely and had a very pleasant journey on in the cars. To drown my grief at parting from you all, I took refuge, not in the flowing bowl, but in the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's Magazine*—not to mention squab sandwiches. A journey in the cars always renders me sufficiently degraded to enjoy even the love stories in the latter magazine. I think that if I was forced to travel across the continent, towards the end of my journey, I should read dime novels with avidity. Good-bye darling. Your loving Tedo."

This was followed by accurate representations of *Harper's Magazine*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and the squab sandwich, which he labels "my three consolations"!

A letter dated February 5, 1877, shows the Boston of those days in a very pleasant light. He begins: "Little Pussie: I have had a very pleasant time this week as, in fact, I have every week. It was cram week for 'Conic Sections' but, by using most of my days for study, I had two evenings, besides Saturday, free. On Wednesday evening, Harry Jackson gave a large sleighing party; this was great fun for there were forty girls and fellows and two matrons in two huge sleighs. We sang songs for a great part of the time for we soon left Boston and were dragged by our eight horses rapidly

through a great many of the pretty little towns which form the suburbs of Boston. One of the girls looked quite like Edith only not nearly as pretty as her ladyship. We came home from our sleigh ride about nine and then danced until after twelve. I led the German with Harry Jackson's cousin, Miss Andrews. After the party, Bob Bacon, Arthur Hooper, myself and some others, came out in a small sleigh to Cambridge, making night hideous with our songs. On Saturday I went with Minot Weld to an Assembly (a juvenile one I mean) at Brookline. This was a very swell affair, there being about sixty couples in the room. I enjoyed myself very much indeed. . . . I came home today in time for my Sunday School class; I am beginning to get very much interested in my scholars, especially in one who is a very orderly and bright little fellow—two qualities which I have not usually found combined. Thank Father for his dear letter. Your loving brother, Ted."

The above letter shows how normal a life the young man was leading, how simply and naturally he was responding to the friendly hospitality of his new Boston friends. Boston had welcomed him originally for the sake of his older sister, who, during two charming summer visits to Bar Harbor, Maine, had made many New England friends. The Sunday-school which he mentions, and to which he gave himself very faithfully, proved a big test of character, for it was a great temptation to go with the other fellows on Saturday afternoons to Chestnut Hill or Brookline or Milton, where open house was kept by the Lees, Saltonstalls, Whitneys, and other friends, and it was very hard either to refuse their invitation from the beginning or to leave the merry parties early Sunday morning and return to Cambridge to be at his post to teach the unruly little people of the slums of Cambridge. So deeply, however, had the first Theodore Roosevelt impressed his son with the necessity of giving himself and the attainments with which his superior advantages had endowed him to those less fortunate than he, that all through the first three years of his college life he only failed to appear at his Sunday-school class twice, and then he arranged to have his class taken by a friend. Truly, when *he* put his hand to the plough he never turned back.

On March 27 of his first year at college he writes again in his usual sweet way to his younger sister: "Little Pet Pussie: 95 per cent *will* help my average. I want to pet you again awfully! You cunning, pretty, little, foolish Puss. My easy chair would just hold myself and Pussie." Again on April 15: "Little Pussie: Having given Motherling an account of my doings up to yesterday, I have reserved the more frivolous part for little pet Pussie. Yesterday, in the afternoon, Minot Weld drove me over to his house and at six o'clock we sallied forth in festive attire to a matinée 'German' at Dorchester which broke up before eleven o'clock. This was quite a swell affair, there being about 100 couples. . . . I spent last night with the Welds and walked back over here to Forest Hill with Minot in the afternoon, collecting a dozen snakes and salamanders on the way." Still the natural historian, even although on pleasure bent; so snakes and salamanders hold their own in spite of "swell matinée Germans." From Forest Hill that same Sunday he writes a more serious letter to his father: "Darling Father: I am spending my Easter vacation with the Minots, who, with their usual kindness, asked me to do so. I did not go home for I knew I should never be able to study there. I have been working pretty steadily, having finished during the last five days, the first book of Horace, the sixth book of Homer, and the 'Apology of Socrates.' In the afternoon, some of the boys usually come out to see me and we spend that time in the open air, and on Saturday evening I went to a party, but during the rest of the time I have been working pretty faithfully. I spent today, Sunday, with the Welds and went to their church where, although it was a Unitarian Church, I heard a really remarkably good sermon about 'The Attributes of a Christian.' I have enjoyed all your letters very much and my conscience reproaches me greatly for not writing you before, but as you may imagine, I have had to study pretty hard to make up for lost time, and a letter with me

THE SUMMER BIRDS

OF THE ADIRONDACKS IN FRANKLIN COUNTY, N. Y.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Jr., and H. D. MINOT.

The following catalogue (written in the mountains) is based upon observations made in August, 1874, August, 1875, and June 22d to July 9th, 1877, especially about the Saint Regis Lakes, Mr. Minot having been with me, only during the last week of June. Each of us has used his initials in making a statement which the other has not verified.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Jr.

The general features of the Adirondacks, in those parts which we have examined, are the many lakes, the absence of *mountain*-brooks, the luxuriant forest-growth (the taller deciduous trees often reaching the height of a hundred feet, and the White Pines even that of a hundred and thirty), the sandy soil, the cool, invigorating air, and both a decided wildness and levelness of country as compared with the diversity of the White Mountain region.

The *avifauna* is not so rich as that of the latter country, because wanting in certain "Alleghanian" birds found there, and also in species belonging especially to the Eastern or North-eastern Canadian fauna. Nests, moreover, seem to be more commonly inaccessible, and rarely built beside roads or wood-paths, as they often are in the White Mountains. M.

1. Robin. *Turdus migratorius* (Linnæus). Moderately common. Sometimes found in the woods.

2. Hermit Thrush. *Turdus Pallasi* (Cabanis). Common. Sings until the middle of August (R.).

3. Swainson's Thrush. *Turdus Swainsoni* (Cabanis). The commonest thrush.

4. Cat-bird. *Mimus Carolinensis* (Linnæus). Observed beyond the mountains to the northward, near Malone.

5. Blue Bird. *Sialia sialis* (Linnæus). Common near Malone.

6. Golden-crowned "Wren." *Regulus satrapa* (Lichten.). Quite common; often heard singing in June.

7. Chickadee. *Parus atricapillus* (Linnæus). Rather scarce in June. Abundant in August (R.).

8. Hudsonian Chickadee. *Parus Hudsonicus* (Forster). Found in small flocks at Bay Pond in the early part of August (R.).

9. Red-bellied Nuthatch. *Sitta Canadensis* (Linnæus). Common. The White-bellied Nuthatch has not been observed here by us.

10. Brown Creeper. *Certhia familiaris* (Linnæus). Common.

11. Winter Wren. *Troglodytes hyemalis* (Vieillot). Moderately common.

Facsimile of the first page of the "Catalogue of Summer Birds," made in 1877 by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and H. D. Minot.

is very serious work. Your loving son, T. R. Jr."

On June 3, as his class day approaches, and after a visit to Cambridge on the part of my father, who had given me and my sister and friends Edith Carow and Maud Elliott the treat of accompanying him, Theodore writes: "Sweet Pussie: I enjoyed your visit so much and so did all of my friends. I am so glad you like my room, and next year I hope to have it even prettier when you all come on again." His first class day was not specially notable, but he finished his freshman year standing high in his class and having made a number of good friends, although at that period I do not think that he stood out in any marked

degree as a leader amongst the young men of the class. He was regarded more as an all-round good sport, a fellow of high ideals from which he never swerved, and one at whom his companions, who, except Harry Minot, had not very strong literary affiliations, were always more or less surprised because of the way in which their otherwise perfectly normal companion sank into complete oblivion when the magic pages of a book were unrolled before him.

That summer, shortly after class day, he and Harry Minot took their expedition to the Adirondacks with the following results, namely: a catalogue written in the mountains of "The Summer Birds of the Adirondacks in Franklin County, N. Y., by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and H. D. Minot." This catalogue was sent to me by Mr. John D. Sherman, Jr., of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. He tells me that it was originally published in 1877 and favorably mentioned soon after publication in the *Nuttall Bulletin*. Mr. Sherman thinks that the paper was "privately" published, and it was printed by Samuel E. Casino, of Salem, who, when a mere boy, started in the natural-history-book business. The catalogue shows such careful observation and such perseverance in the accumulation of data by the two young college boys that I think the first page worthy of reproduction as one of the early evidences of the careful study Theodore Roosevelt had given to the subject which always remained throughout his life one of the nearest to his heart.

His love of poetry in those days became a very living thing, and the summer following his first college year was one in which the young people of Oyster Bay turned with glad interest to the riches not only of nature but of literature as well. I find among my papers, painstakingly copied in red ink in my brother's handwriting, Swinburne's poem "The Forsaken Garden." He had sent it to me, copying it from memory when on a trip to the Maine woods. Later, on his return, we would row by moonlight to "Cooper's Bluff" (near which spot he was eventually to build his beloved home, Sagamore Hill), and there, having climbed the sandy bulwark, we would sit on the top of the ledge looking out on the shimmering waters of the Sound, and he would recite with a lilting swing in the tone of his voice which matched the rhythm of the words:

"In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
By the sea down's edge, twixt windward and lee,
Walled round by rocks like an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brush-wood and thorn encloses
The steep-scarred slope of the blossomless bed,
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses—
Now lie dead."

He always loved the rhythm of Swinburne, just as he loved later the wonderful ringing lines of Kipling, which he taught to his children and constantly repeated to himself.

In the summer of 1877 the two brothers, Elliott and Theodore, decided to row from Oyster Bay in their small boats to Whitestone, near Flushing, where my aunt Mrs. Gracie was living in an old farmhouse. Elliott was really the sailor of the family, an expert sailor, too, and loved to manage his 20-footer, with able hand, in the stormiest weather, but Theodore craved the actual effort of the arms and back, the actual sense of meeting the wave close to and not from the more sheltered angle of a sailboat: and so the two young brothers who were perfectly devoted to each other started on the more adventurous trip together. They were caught in one of the sudden storms of the Long Island Sound, and their frail boats were very nearly swamped, but the luck which later became with Theodore Roosevelt almost proverbial, was with them, and the two exhausted and bedraggled, wave-beaten boys arrived sorely in need of the care of the devoted aunt who, as much as in the days when she taught their A B C's to the children of the nursery of 20th Street, was still their guardian angel.

In September, 1877, Theodore returns as a sophomore to Cambridge and writes in October again: "Sweet Pussie: Thank you ever so much, darling, for the three, cunning, little books which I am going to call my 'Pussie Books.' They were just what I wanted. In answer to your question, I may say that it does not seem to

make the slightest difference to Brooks and Hooper that they have been dropped, although Brooks is universally called 'Freshie.' My respect for the qualities of my classmates has much increased lately, by the way, as they now no longer seem to think it necessary to confine their conversation exclusively to athletic subjects. I was especially struck by this the other night, when, after a couple of hours spent in boxing and wrestling with Arthur Hooper and Ralph Ellis, it was proposed to finish the evening by reading aloud from Tennyson and we became so interested in 'In Memoriam' that it was past one o'clock when we separated." (Evidently the lover of books was beginning to be a leader in making his associates share his love of the poets.)

In November he writes again: "I sat up last night until twelve, reading 'Poems & Poets'; some of the boys came down to my room and we had a literary coffee party. They became finally interested in Edgar Poe—probably because they could not understand him." My brother always had a great admiration for Edgar Allan Poe, and would chant "The Raven" and "Ulalume" in a strange, rather weird, monotonous tone. He especially delighted in the reference to "the Dank Tarn of Auber" and the following lines:

> "I knew not the month was October,
> I knew not the day of the year,—"

Poe's rhythm and curious, suggestive, melancholy quality of perfection affected strangely his imagination, and he placed him high in rank amongst the poets of his time. One can picture the young men, strong and vigorous, wrestling and boxing together in Theodore Roosevelt's room, and then putting aside their athletic contests, making their coffee with gay nonchalance, and settling down to a night of poetry, led in the paths of literature by the blue-eyed young "Berserker," as my mother used to call Theodore in those college days.

During the summer of 1877 my father accompanied my sister Anna to Bar Harbor on one of her annual excursions to that picturesque part of the Maine coast, where they visited Mr. George Minot and his sisters. He writes to my mother in his usual vein of delightful interest in people, books, and nature, and seems more vigorous than ever, for he describes wonderful walks over the mountains and speaks of having achieved a reputation as a mountain-climber. How little any of the family who adored him realized that already the seed of serious trouble had been sown in that splendid mechanism, and that in a few short months the vigorous and still young man of forty-six was to lay down that useful life which had been given so ardently and unselfishly for the good of his city and the joy and benefit of his family.

At this time, however, when Theodore went back to college as a sophomore, there was no apprehension about my father's health, and the first term of the college year was passed in his usual happy activities.

Shortly after the New Year my father's condition became serious, due to intestinal trouble, and the following weeks were passed in anxious nursing, the distress of which was greatly accentuated by the frightful suffering of the patient, who, however, in spite of constant agony, bore the sudden shattering of his wonderful health with magnificent courage. My brother Theodore hardly realized, as did my brother Elliott, who was at home, the serious condition of our father, for it was deemed best that he should not return from college, where difficult examinations required all his application and energy. Elliott gave unstintedly a devotion which was so tender that it was more like that of a woman, and his young strength was poured out to help his father's condition. The best physicians searched in vain for remedy for the hidden trouble, but in spite of all their efforts the first Theodore Roosevelt died, February 9, 1878, and the gay young college sophomore was recalled to a house of mourning. In spite of the sorrow, in spite of a sense of irreparable loss, there was something infinitely inspiring in the days preceding and following my father's death. When New York City knew that its benefactor lay in extreme illness, it seemed as if the whole city came to the door of his home to ask news of him. How well I remember the day before his death, when the papers had announced that there was but

little hope of his recovery. The crowd of individuals who filled 57th Street in their effort to hear the physicians' bulletin concerning his condition was huge and varied. Newsboys from the West Side Lodging House, little Italian girls from his Sunday-school class, sat for hours on the stone steps of 6 West 57th Street, our second home, waiting with anxious intensity for news of the man who meant more to them than any other human being had ever meant before, and those more fortunate ones who had known him in another way drove unceasingly up in their carriages to the door and looked with sympathetic interest at the children of the slums who shared with them such a sense of bitter bereavement and loss in the premature death of one so closely connected with all sides of his beloved native city.

Meanwhile, the family of the first Theodore Roosevelt seemed hardly able to face the blank that life meant when he left them, but they also felt that the man who had preached always that "one must live for the living" would have wished "his own" to follow out his ideal of life, and so each one of us took up, as bravely as we could, our special duties and felt that our close family tie must be made stronger rather than weaker by the loss that we had sustained.

On March 3, 1878, my brother writes from Cambridge:

"My own darling, sweet, little treasure of a Pussie: Oh! I have so longed for you at times during the last few days. Darling one, you can hardly know what an inestimable blessing to a fellow it is to have such a home as I have. Even now that our dear father has been taken away, it is such a great pleasure to look forward to a visit home; and indeed, he has only 'gone before,' and oh! what living and loving memories he has left behind him. I can *feel* his presence sometimes when I am sitting alone in the evening; I have not felt nearly as sad as I expected to feel, although, of course, there are every now and then very bitter moments. I am going to bring home some of his sweet letters to show you. I shall always keep them, if merely as talismans against evil. Kiss little mother for me, and my love to Aunt Susie and Uncle Hill. [My mother and I were staying in Philadelphia with my aunt Mrs. West.] Tell the latter, Uncle Hill, I am looking forward to spending a month of nude happiness with him next summer among the wilds of Oyster Bay.

YOUR LOVING TEDDY."

When my brother speaks of keeping my father's letters to him as "talismans against evil," he not only expressed the feeling of desire to keep near him always the actual letters written by my father, but far more the spirit with which these letters are permeated. Years afterward, when the college boy of 1878 was entering upon his duties as President of the United States, he told me frequently that he never took any serious step or made any vital decision for his country without thinking first what position his father would have taken on the question. The day that he moved into the White House happened to be September 22, the day of my father's birth, and dining with him that night in the White House for the first time, we all mentioned this fact and felt that it was a good omen for the future, and my brother said that every time he dated a letter that day he felt with a glow of tender memory the realization that it was his father's birthday, and that his father's blessing seemed specially to follow him on that first day when he made his home in the beautiful old white mansion which stands in the heart of America for all that America means to her sons and daughters.

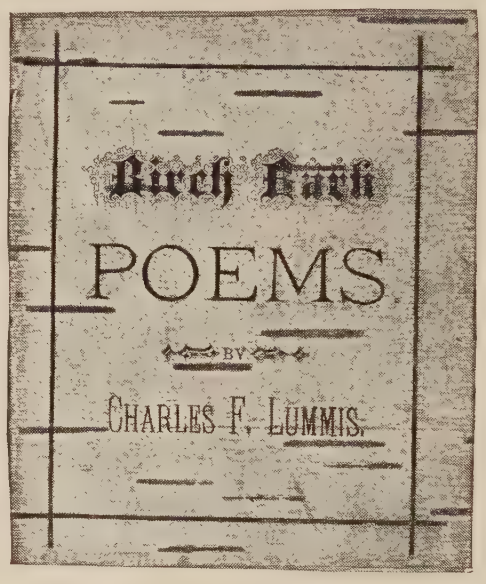
Several other equally loving letters in that March of 1878 proved how the constant thoughts of the young sophomore turned to the family at home, and also his own sense of loss in his father's death, but I think the many interests and normal surroundings brought their healing power to the boy of nineteen, and at the end of that year of his college life he had become a well-rounded character. His mind, intelligently focussed upon many intellectual subjects, had broadened in scope, and physically he was no longer the delicate, dreamy boy of earlier days. The period of his college life, although not one of as unusual interest as perhaps other periods in his life, was of inestima-

ble value in the forming of his character. Had Theodore Roosevelt continued to be abnormally developed along the scientific and intellectual side of his nature, he would never have become the "All-American" which he was destined to be. It was necessary for him to fall into more commonplace grooves; it was necessary for him to meet the young men of his age on common ground, to get the "give-and-take" of a life very different from the more or less individual life which, owing to his ill health and intellectual aspirations, he had hitherto led, and already, by the end of the second year of college, he was beginning to take a place in the circle of his friends which showed in an embryonic way the leadership which later was to be so strongly evidenced.

On October 8, 1878, returning to Cambridge as a junior, he writes to his mother: "Darling, beloved, little motherling: I have just loved your dear, funny, pathetic, little letter, and I am now going to write you the longest letter I ever write, and if it is still rather short, you must recollect that it takes Teddy-boy a long time to write. I have enjoyed Charlie Dickey's being here extremely, and I think I have been of some service to him. We always go to prayers together; for his own sake, I have not been much with him in the daytime, but every evening, we spend a good part of the time together in my room or his. He is just the same, honest, fine fellow as ever, and unless I am very much mistaken, is going to make a thorough success in every way of college. My studies do not come very well this year, as I have to work nearly as hard on Saturday as on any other day—six, seven or eight hours. Some of the studies are extremely interesting, however, especially Political Economy and Metaphysics. These are both rather hard, requiring a good deal of work, but they are even more interesting than my Natural History courses; and all the more so from the fact that I radically disagree on many points with the men whose books we are reading, (Mill and Ferrier). One of my zoological courses is rather dry, but the other I like very much, though it necessitates ten or twelve hours' work a week. My German is not very interesting, but I expect that my Italian will be when I get further on. For exercise, I have had to rely on walking, but today I have regularly begun sparring. I practice a good deal with the rifle, walking to and from the range, which is nearly three miles off; my scores have been fair, although not very good. Funnily enough, I have enjoyed quite a burst of popularity since I came back, having been elected into several different clubs. My own friends have, as usual, been perfect trumps, and I have been asked to spend Sundays with at least a half-dozen of them, but I have to come back to Cambridge Sunday mornings on account of Sunday School, which makes it more difficult to pay visits. I indulged in a luxury the other day in buying 'The Library of British Poets,' and I delight in my purchase very much, but I have been so busy that I have hardly had time to read it yet. I shall really have to have a new bookcase for I have nowhere to put my books. . . . Your loving son, T. Jr."

The above letter is of distinct interest for several reasons: first of all, because of the affectionate pains taken by the young man of now nearly twenty to keep his mother informed about all his activities, intellectual, physical, and social. So many young men of that age are careless of the great interest taken by their mothers and do not share with them the joys and difficulties of college life. All through his life, from his boyhood to the very last weeks of his busy existence, my brother Theodore was a great sharer. This is all the more unusual because, as a rule, the man of intellectual pursuits is apt to deny himself to the claims of family and friends, but not so with Theodore Roosevelt, except during the period of some specially hard task, when he would give himself to it to the exclusion of every other interest. Unless during such rare periods, no member of his family ever went to him for guidance or solace or interest without the most generous and most loving response. In the above letter he shows this response to the tender inquiries of his mother, so lately widowed, and he wishes to give her all the information that she desires. One can see that the young junior, as he now was, was coming into his own in more ways than one. He is working harder intellectually;

already metaphysics and political economy are catching up with "natural history" in his affections, and, in fact, outdistancing the latter. His individual point of view is shown by the fact that he "radically disagrees on many points with Mill and Ferrier," and he again shows the persevering determination, so largely a part of his character, in the way in which he walks to and fro the three miles to practise with his rifle at the range. The modest way in which he speaks of his "burst of popularity" is also very characteristic, for he received the unusual distinction of being invited to join several of the most popular clubs. Altogether, this letter in which he tells, although he makes no point of it, of his still faithful service at Sunday-school, no matter how much it interferes with the gay week-end visits which he so much enjoys, and the glimpse which he gives us of his love of poetry as an offset to his harder studies, seems to me to depict in a lovable and admirable light the young Harvard student.



Facsimile of the cover of the "Wee Book of Poetry" accompanying Theodore Roosevelt's letter dated Porcellian Club.

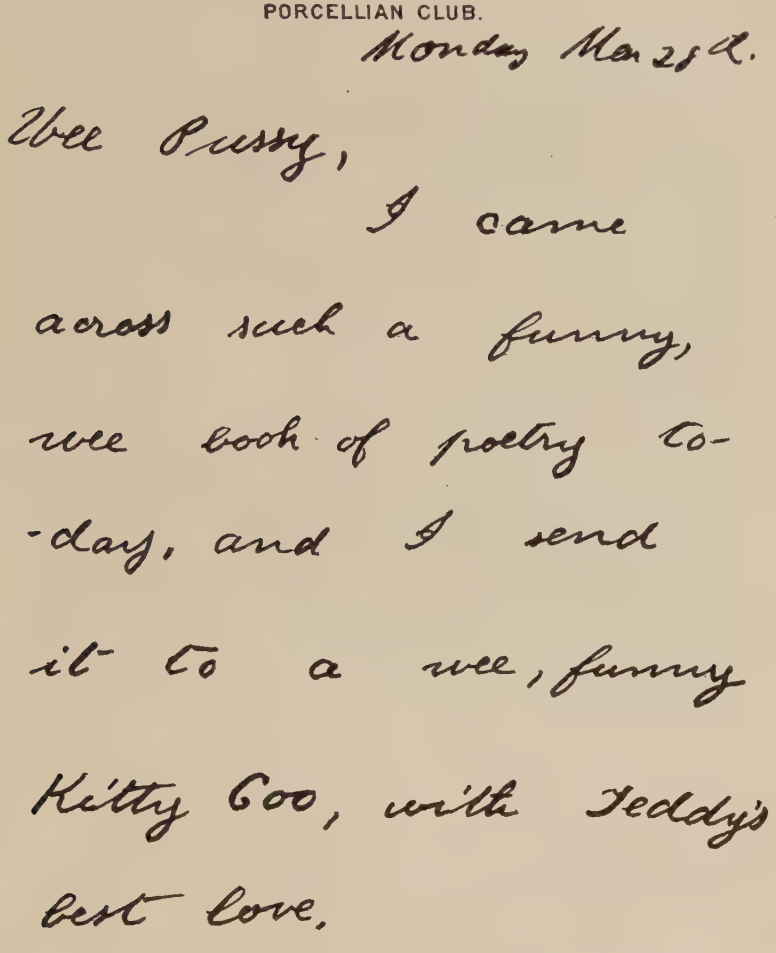
Having written in this accurate way to his mother, within a month he writes to his younger sister:

"Sweet Pussie: I am spending Sunday with Minot Weld. It is a beautiful day and this afternoon we are going to drive over to Dick Saltonstall's where we shall go out walking with Miss Rose Saltonstall and Miss Alice Lee, and drive home by moonlight after tea. I have begun studying fairly hard now, and shall keep it up until Christmas. I am afraid I shall not be able to come home for Thanksgiving; I really have my hands full, especially now that my Political Economy Professor wishes me to start a Finance Club, which would be very interesting indeed, and would do us all a great deal of good, but which will also take up a great deal of time. Of course, I spend a good deal of my spare time in the Porcellian Club which is great fun. Night before last, Harry Shaw and I gave a little supper up there, the chief items on the bill of fare were partridges and Burgundy,—I, confining myself to the partridges. I am going to cut Sunday school today for the second time this year, but when the weather is so beautiful as this, I like every now and then to spend Sunday with a friend. Harry Chapin is going to take my class for me today. Good-bye sweet one,—

Your Loving
Tedo."

Here again we see the growth of the young man, the growth of his influence in his class, for it is to him that the political-economy professor turns to start a finance club, and we see also the proportionate all-round development, for not only does he read poetry, start finance clubs, differ with Mill and Ferrier on abstract subjects, but also joins with Harry Shaw in a little supper of partridges and Burgundy—he confining himself, I would have my readers know, to the partridges! Theodore Roosevelt was growing in every way and especially becoming the more all-round man, and it was well that this growth should take place, for if the all-round man can still keep focussed ideals and strong determination to achieve in individual directions, it is because of the all-round qualities that he becomes the leader of men.

Again the happy Christmas holidays came, but this time shadowed by the great blank made by my father's loss, and in February, 1879, he writes again—now of happy coasting-parties at the uncommonly good luck in everything this year from studies to society. I enjoyed my trip to Maine very much indeed; of course, I fell behind in my studies, but by working pretty hard last week,



PORCELLIAN CLUB.

Monday March 2d.

Wee Pussy,

I came across such a funny, wee book of poetry to-day, and I send it to a wee, funny Kitty Coo, with Teddy's best love.

Letter to Corinne Roosevelt accompanying "Birch Bark Poems."

Saltonstalls', where began his intimate relationship with lovely Alice Lee, who became later his wife. One can see the merry young people flying, as he says, "like the wind" on their long toboggans, and having later the gay sport at the hospitable house of Mrs. Lee.

In March he writes: "I only came out second best in the sparring contest, but I do not care very much for I have had I succeeded in nearly catching up again." This trip to Maine cemented the great friendship between my brother and those splendid backwoodsmen, Bill Sewall and Will Dow, who were later to be partners in his ranching venture in the Far West. Bill Sewall was a strong influence in my brother's young manhood, and for him great admiration was conceived by the young city boy and, later, by the college

student. The splendid, simple, strong man of the woods, though not having had similar educational advantages, was, still, so earnest a reader and so natural a philosopher, that his attitude toward books and life had lasting influence over his young companion.

About this same time, March, 1879, my brother wrote me one of the sweetest and most characteristic of his little love-letters. It was dated from the Porcellian Club on March 28, and enclosed a diminutive birch-bark book of poetry, a facsimile of which I give, and the letter ran as follows: "Wee Pussie: I came across such a funny wee book of poetry today and I send it to a wee, funny, Kitty-Coo with Teddy's best love." The page on which the sweet words are written is yellow, but the little birch-bark book is still intact, and the great love engendered by the tender thought of, and expression of that thought to, his sister is even deeper than when the sweet words were actually written.

On May 3 he writes in a humorous vein: "Pet Pussie: At last the deed is done and I have shaved off my whiskers! The consequence, I am bound to add, is that I look like a dissolute democrat of the Fourth Ward; I send you some tintypes I had taken; the front views are pretty good, although giving me an expression of glum misery that I sincerely hope is not natural. The side views do not resemble me any more than they do Michael Angelo or John A. Weeks. The next four months are going to be one 'demnition grind' but by great good luck, I shall be able to leave here June 5th, I think." The whiskers were permanently removed and never again reappeared, except on his hunting trip the following year, and I think he felt, himself, that the lack of them added a touch of elegance to his appearance, for he writes again within a day or two: "I rode over on Saturday morning (very swell with hunting crop and beaver) to Chestnut Hill where I took lunch with the Lees." He is beginning to be quite a gentleman of fashion, and so the carefree days glide by, another summer comes, with pleasant visits, and another Maine woods excursion; but even when writing in the midst of house-parties of bewildering gayety, he adds at the end of a long letter in August, 1879, "For my birthday, among the books I most want are the complete editions of Prescott, Motley, and Carlyle," and signs himself "Your loving St. Buv.," a new pet name which he had given himself and which was a conglomerate of St. Beuve, for whose writings he had great admiration, and the brother for whom his little sister had such great admiration.

His last year at college was one of equal growth, although the development was not as marked as in his junior year, and in June, 1880, he graduated with honors, a happy, successful Harvard alumnus. A number of his New York friends went on for class day, and all made merry together, and not long after he and his brother Elliott started on a hunting trip together. Elliott, who as a young child had been the strong one, when Theodore was a delicate little boy, had, during the years of adolescence, been somewhat of an invalid and could not go to college; our father, wise as ever, decided he must have his education in another way, and he arranged for Elliott to spend several years largely in the open air. He became a splendid shot, and my brother Theodore always felt that Elliott was far the better hunter of the two. The brothers were devoted to each other, and were each the complement of the other in character. Theodore writes from Wilcox's farm, Illinois, August 22, 1880: "Darling Pussie: We have been having a lovely time so far, have shot fair quantities of game, are in good health, though our fare and accommodations are of the roughest. The shooting is great fun; you would laugh to see us start off in a wagon, in our rough, dirty, hunting-suits, not looking very different from our driver; a stub-tailed, melancholy looking pointer under the front seat, and a yellow, fool idea of a setter under the back one, which last is always getting walked on and howling dismally. We enjoy the long drives very much: the roads are smooth and lovely, and the country, a vast undulating prairie, cut up by great fields of corn and wheat with few trees. The birds are not very plentiful, but of great variety; we get prairie chickens in the stubble fields, plover in the pastures, snipe in the 'slews,'

Theodore Roosevelt
in his twenty-second year.

Elliott Roosevelt
in his twenty-first year.

Portrait taken in Chicago, July, 1880, on the way to the hunting trip of that season.

and ducks in the ponds. We hunt about an hour or two in a place, then get into our wagon and drive on, so that, though we cover a very large tract of country, we are not very tired at the end of the day, only enough to make us sleep well. The climate is simply superb, and though the scenery is not very varied, yet there is something very attractive to me in these great treeless, rolling plains, and Nellie [his pet name for Elliott] and I are great chums, and in the evening, sit and compare our adventures in 'other lands' until bedtime which is pretty early."

And again he writes a few weeks later from Chicago, in a very bantering vein:

"September 12, 1880—Darling Pussie: We have come back here after a week's hunting in Iowa. Elliott revels in the change to civilization—and epicurean pleasures. As soon as we got here he took some ale to get the dust out of his throat; then a milk punch because he was thirsty; a mint julep because it was hot; a brandy mash 'to keep the cold out of his stomach'; and then sherry and bitters to give him an appetite. He took a very simple dinner—soup, fish, salmi de grouse, sweetbread, mutton, venison, corn, macaroni, various vegetables and some puddings and pies, together with beer, later claret and in the evening, shandigaff. I confined myself to roast beef and potatoes; when I took a second help he marvelled at my appetite—and at bedtime,

wondered why in thunder *he* felt 'stuffy' and *I* didn't. The good living also reached his brain, and he tried to lure me into a discussion about the intellectual development of the Hindoos, coupled with some rather discursive and scarcely logical digressions about the Infinity of the Infinite, the Sunday school system, and the planet Mars, together with some irrelevant remarks about Texan 'Jack Rabbits' which are apparently about as large as good-sized cows. Elliott says that these remarks are incorrect and malevolent; but I say they pay him off for his last letter about my eating manners! We have had very good fun so far, in spite of a succession of untoward accidents and delays. I broke both my guns, Elliott dented his, and the shooting was not as good as we had expected; I got bitten by a snake and chucked headforemost out of the wagon.

YOUR SEEDY BROTHER, THEO."

Nothing could better exemplify the intimate, comprehending relationship of the two brothers than the above letter, in which, with exaggerated fun, Theodore "pays Elliott off" for his criticisms of the future President's eating manners! All through their lives—alas! Elliott's life was to end prematurely at the age of thirty-three—the same relationship endured between them. Each was full of rare charm, joy of life, and unselfish interest in his fellow man, and thus they had much in common always.

The hunting trip described so vividly in these two letters was, in a sense, the climax of this period of my brother's life. College days were over, the happy summer following his graduation was also on the wane, and within a brief six weeks from the time these letters were written, Theodore Roosevelt, a married man, was to go forth on the broader avenues of his life's destiny.

(To be continued.)

REBELLION

By Dorothy McPherson Farnsworth

How can it be that April, in her pride
  Of "glad light green," shall come another year—
Shall pass me softly, shy and dewy-eyed,
  And I not hear?

How can it be that, at her beckoning,
  New leaf and bloom shall break on bush and tree
Till all the world is gay with garlanding—
  And I not see?

I who have loved her so!—her garden-ways
  Smelling of goodly earth—her every weed!
How can she bring again her matchless days,
  And I not heed?

How shall I not rebel? How can it be
  That April, with her songs of bird and rill,
Riot of leaf and bloom, shall call to me
  And I lie still?

Oh, when our April comes again, so fair,
  Heart's dearest, and a laughing shower trips by,
If, blossom-soft, a zephyr kiss your hair,
  Think—that is I.

THE MYTHOLOGY AND SCIENCE OF CHARACTER ANALYSIS

By Henry Foster Adams

Associate Professor of Psychology, University of Michigan; Author of "Why We Buy," etc.

WHENEVER two human beings have worked or played together, each has tried to read the riddle of the other's personality. The desire for knowledge concerning the characteristics of persons has grown stronger with the passing years and has gained in practical importance with the complexity of modern living.

The ability to size people up is of fundamental importance from the personal standpoint, for upon the accuracy of our judgments depends a large part of our happiness. In choosing friends or those who are to occupy an even closer relationship much depends upon first impressions. If these are untenable, our self-pride is humbled, our judgment is belittled, and we suffer all the heartaches of betrayed confidences and broken friendships.

On the business side, too, getting the right person for the right position has always been exceedingly difficult. There are isolated instances of men—Pericles in Greece, Julius Cæsar in Rome, Washington and Lincoln in this country—who have had the knack of picking able subordinates. Few have this gift, however, and for years the customary method of vocational selection has been to hire at random and "fire" the unfit. One manufacturing concern, for example, found that to keep one thousand men on the pay-roll it was necessary to hire eight thousand annually. The time and money spent in training the elusive seven thousand, at about fifty dollars a person, was an economic waste. This is not an isolated instance; business literature is full of similar cases.

Nor is the employer the only one injured; hardship is inflicted upon the employee, for a considerable portion of his life may be wasted before he finds his true calling. Even more pathetic is the one who has spent years in preparing for a profession, possibly to maintain family traditions or to satisfy the whim of a parent, only to find eventually that he is a round peg in a square hole.

A vocational guide of national reputation has said that 76 per cent of persons are in the wrong occupation. To cope with this situation, two professions have developed: vocational guidance and vocational selection. In the former, emphasis is placed upon the character of the person and a job which suits this character is suggested. With vocational selection the reverse is the case, the character of the job being stressed and an individual sought to fit it. Both do much the same thing but from different angles.

Character is at least the sum of the traits which a person possesses; but, more than this, it gets its peculiar and individual coloring from the relative development and from the interplay of traits. As in a kaleidoscope, a slight twist makes a new pattern out of the old material.

Traits of character may be divided into three classes. In the first belong the purely physical characteristics, such as size, color of hair and eyes, shape of head, height of forehead, and shape of chin. In the second are placed the entirely psychical traits, such as trustworthiness, conscientiousness, honesty, perseverance, and concentration, those qualities which are not conjoined with any necessary physical sign. In the third are grouped those physico-psychical traits such as cheerfulness, sense of humor, self-control, and quickness of temper, which are indicated by a constant or frequent physical mark.

Any one who is not blind will be able to form from observation a reasonably accurate estimate of the qualities in the physical class, nor is it particularly difficult to determine those belonging to the physico-psychical. But concerning those in the psychical class, the average person is absolutely at sea unless he has oppor-

tunity to make long series of observations. Even then, he is frequently mistaken, for the same human character is capable of infinite shadings—what is called out by one person or situation is left untouched by another. Furthermore, such procedure is tedious and wasteful of time. We are forced to seek for a short-cut method which will enable us to estimate persons with respect to the traits of the psychical group.

One of the earliest attempts to do this is reported in the Bible. The Midianites were about to make war on the children of Israel. Gideon, the leader of the Israelites, had a fighting force of thirty-two thousand men; the Midianites were an uncounted horde. The Lord, having promised Gideon the victory, instructed him to send home those who were afraid or who had pressing business elsewhere. Twenty-two thousand promptly departed, leaving ten thousand behind. But this handful was still more than sufficient. Gideon was told to lead them to a stream in the neighborhood. Here some of the men stretched out at full length and drank, others knelt, a few, three hundred in number, raised a little water in their hands, lapping it like dogs as they hastened through the stream. Thus were selected those with the greatest dash and courage, the ones who could not wait to get into the fight.

This method was quite different from that usually employed in the ancient world. In Greece, Rome, Egypt, and Persia emphasis was placed upon the luck or fate of the individual rather than upon his peculiarities of character. The fortune-telling of those days consisted of auguries, divinations, utterances of Sibyls, its purpose being to determine whether the fates were propitious. Nor has the human race, after the lapse of a score of centuries, outgrown similar superstitions, as is shown by our attitude toward Friday, 13, broken mirrors, ladders, spilled salt, and a host of other signs and portents.

An even more tenacious hold upon the popular fancy was obtained by astrology and the casting of horoscopes, that is, fortune-telling by the stars. Astrology became articulate about the middle of the eighth century before Christ. Much interest had been taken in the stars previously, but about this time an exact chronology was worked out in the Babylonian world, and as a result definite knowledge about the times of appearance and disappearance of the heavenly bodies, their orbits, eclipses, and juxtapositions, was soon discovered by the primitive astronomers. As is common with savages and those who have recently emerged from a condition of savagery, the anamistic tendency led to the personification of natural objects. The stars were identified with the gods, major and minor heroes, their paths in the sky and their positions at different times were interpreted as the adventures, contests, and councils of the deities. Since the gods controlled earthly affairs, including human fate, the study of the stars as symbols of the gods revealed what was in store for the person or the nation.

Throughout the centuries the point of view gradually changed, until in the last two hundred years we have realized the fact of individual differences—one of the most puzzling phenomena of nature and one which will amply repay serious study. Personality now is the enigma; the perplexities of fate have been relegated to the background.

In the last half of the eighteenth century science was affected by a new spurt of energy. Old accepted principles were swept overboard and new ones substituted for them. During this period of rejuvenation it was discovered that different parts of the nervous system have different functions. By sticking a needle into one part of the brain a movement of the foot could be brought about, but when another region was stimulated a jerk of the arm resulted. Lacking both the patience and the technique for greater experimental refinement, Gall and Spurzheim generalized from their scanty data and arbitrarily assigned faculties to the different brain areas. Since the perplexities of personality engaged the public attention at about the same time, it was natural that the two movements should become associated. The result was phrenology.

For the present purpose, phrenology may be considered as one of the attempts to relate physical and mental traits, the

former standing as signs of the latter. The prominence of a particular part of the head was considered an index of a trait of character. For instance, a "bump" just behind the ear was supposed to indicate love of life. Since the brain is the organ of mind, it seemed at first sight reasonable to argue that unusual mental ability of a specific sort should be accompanied by greater than normal growth of a corresponding brain region. But this could not occur, said the phrenologists, without expansion of the skull governing the part developed, thus causing a "bump." On the reverse side, the lack of a mental characteristic would be indicated by a depression. Phrenology, then, developed into an alleged means of determining character in terms of the relative development of different parts of the head.

The fallacies involved in phrenology are of two kinds. The first and more obvious is the necessity for assuming that the skull fits the brain closely. The most rudimentary knowledge of physiology disproves this. Surrounding the brain and lying between it and the skull are three membranous coats, one of which is very spongy. Moreover, the different parts of the skull vary in thickness, regardless of what is underneath, so that a bump caused by a thickening of the skull frequently lies above a portion of the brain which is only normally or even less than normally developed. It would be equally plausible to argue that extranormal growth caused bumps on the inside of the brain because that structure is hollow, the cavity being filled with a liquid which is easily displaced. But by adopting this possibility phrenology would be deprived of its indispensable landmarks.

The second fallacy is found in the assumption that to each part of the brain is assigned a definite "faculty," such as memory, or honesty, or bravery. Mental traits are neither structurally nor functionally as simple as that. Experimental and pathological studies show that one does not lose a specific trait with the loss of any particular part of the brain, but that lesions result in the disappearance of definite sensory, motor, and association processes. Furthermore, we do not possess mental "faculties" such as the theory demands, but mental functions. A "faculty" is a static structure, whereas a function is a dynamic flux, seldom if ever twice exactly alike. The "faculty" of honesty, for example, would compel the individual to be equally honest in all relations, yet common sense tells us that there is an honesty for each situation in which the person finds himself. He may be honest to one sex and lie like a gentleman to the other, straightforward with his pals and deceitful to those in authority over him, square at poker and a cheat at solitaire, truthful to his wife and his own worst enemy. There is not any one honesty, but as many kinds as there are relations into which a person may enter. Consequently, phrenology is unfitted for the task which it has imposed upon itself. It may be an interesting parlor game, like palmistry, but should not be taken too seriously.

A somewhat different attempt to relate physical and mental traits is physiognomy: reading character from the face. This pseudo-science may be regarded from two standpoints: first, by a consideration of the skeletal structures of the face; second, by a study of the muscular development and the resulting lines, creases, wrinkles, and expressions. That physiognomy has imposed more upon the credulity of the present generation than phrenology is indicated by its serious use in modern descriptive fiction. Such expressions as "the fighting chin," "the nose of the executive," "the high, narrow forehead of the ascetic," and dozens of others are examples. In fact, the physical appearance of characters in fiction and upon the stage has become standardized and stereotyped. We are vaguely troubled by such a villain as was portrayed by Anthony Hope in "Rupert of Hentzau," or by Hornung in "Raffles," for all well-ordered rascals in stories are physically unpleasant. The expression of eyes and mouth, the way the ears grow, the carriage, the exaggeration of the mode in dress and ornament are all typical signs. Much of the originality of Locke is attributable to his selection of heroes and heroines whose physical appearance is against tradition.

The reasons for the vogue of physiog-

nomy shed considerable light upon its lack of validity. In the first place, credence frequently results from physical resemblance. Two persons, one of whom we already know, look alike. The stranger is then judged to be like the acquaintance. A child resembles the mother; therefore is assumed to have the character of the mother. Second, there is the tendency for persons to remind us of animals or plants; hence we endow them with the qualities possessed by the lower forms of life. The fishy eye, the clammy hands, the willowy grace, the feline tread, the bull neck, the foxy nose are examples. So firmly rooted have these prejudices become that they are essential factors in our judgments of persons.

From the muscular development of the face much may be gleaned. One can usually determine from his expression whether a person is cheerful or the reverse. Lines, wrinkles, complexion, and a host of other markings offer clews to the Sherlock Holmes, but by the less skilful are either unnoticed entirely or are subject to misinterpretation. Perpendicular wrinkles above the nose, for instance, may indicate bad temper, short-sightedness, astigmatism, age, a tendency to worry, or numerous other characteristics.

By observing the changing expressions called out by different situations much can be learned about a person. But here, as elsewhere, it is unsafe to generalize from insufficient data. Assuming for the sake of argument that all students are round-shouldered, it does not follow necessarily that all round-shouldered persons are students, for the slouchy carriage may be brought about by any occupation that demands constant stooping over desk or table, and the observer would be very likely to confuse sewing-machine operators, cutters, and engravers with students.

Concerning skeletal physiognomy little need be said, for it is simply a development of phrenology. When the face is strictly in repose, the tense muscles relaxed, and the wrinkles smoothed away, little of significance appears. Modern photography is capable of working all these miracles. If character can be read from the face, it should be possible to size up a person from his picture.

Several experiments have been carried on to test this point. The real character of each person in a selected group was assumed to be the averaged ratings of a number of his intimates together with his own self-grading. Their photographs were then passed to a second group, unacquainted with the members of the first, and each person was asked to indicate the photograph of the one whom he believed to be the most honest, the second in honesty, until the whole group had been arranged in order of merit with respect to the desired trait. Separate ratings were made for each of the qualities under consideration. Averages were again compiled, showing the combined judgment of the members of the second group.

With the physical characteristics, such as beauty and neatness, there was a close agreement between the two rankings; but with all psychical traits, such as trustworthiness, honesty, loyalty, there was wide divergence. If the picture produced a good general impression, it was ranked high in all desirable traits, while an unfavorable general impression resulted in a low grading in the better qualities. That this has practical application is shown by the importance of a "front" in the business and social worlds.

Recently a new and more scientific method of character analysis has developed, fathered by the brilliant British mathematician Karl Pearson. It has sought to avoid the fallacies of phrenology and physiognomy and to avail itself of an exact scientific procedure. In the previous methods, a source of weakness which was at the same time convincing was found in the numerous examples illustrating each conclusion, all, however, being favorable to the desired end. In place of such a method, Pearson's is truly inductive, for by it each member of a large group is measured with respect to two or more traits and the total number who possess both qualities, A and B, who possess neither, who possess either without the other, is determined. In this way, all cases are considered, not favorable examples only.

Naturally, the question of intelligence has been of more value to the schoolmasters who have done the investigating than other qualities which are of more interest to the general public. The earliest re-

searches have been confined then to a search for physical signs to stand as symptoms of the general intelligence or brightness of pupils.

Concerning visible signs of intelligence, there are practically none which can be used with certainty or even probability. Size of head, shape, height, and breadth of head, height of forehead, color of hair and eyes, straightness and curliness of hair have all been suggested, and each in turn has been found to be wanting. Because of these unsatisfactory findings, this line of investigation has been abandoned and others substituted for it.

Springing from a chance observation of Francis Galton in 1883, the mental or general intelligence tests have germinated, reproduced, spawned, hatched, and multiplied until they have formed an almost impassable jungle in the psychological literature. The first systematic research in this direction, though a hint had come from Germany, was recorded in 1890 in an article by Cattell: "Mental Tests and Measurements." Other work was practically confined to this country during the next eleven years. Then the French also took it up, as did other European scholars. It is an interesting fact that the name of Binet, whose tests are probably the best known of any, does not appear in the literature until 1895, twelve years after the original suggestion and after several other men had cleared away much of the impeding underbrush. Since that time so much work has been done that the mention of the names of the investigators would sound like the reading of a telephone directory.

Abandoning the chronological order for the logical, the first step in their development was the selection of tests which would be at the same time simple yet searching, which would measure some phase of intelligence but not the effects of special training. An inspection of the earlier and, to a certain extent, the later tests shows that it is usually impossible to determine what mental functions are tested by them. Following the publication of the tests, a violent war of criticism and counter-criticism ensued. Committees were appointed to standardize the tests and a belligerent peace followed.

The second step was testing the tests; in this three considerations were involved. First, it was necessary that the tests when tried on two or more similar groups of persons should give results which were similar. Second, it was desirable that the interrelations between the results obtained by using different tests should be established. Third, it was essential, if the tests were to be of any value at all, that their results be compared with the data obtained from already accepted measurements of intelligence. If the various methods yielded results which were practically identical, the mental tests could be substituted for the other more cumbersome and tedious methods. That such resemblance has been found is indicated by the fact that several of the universities in this country are discussing the substitution of general intelligence tests for entrance examinations.

Once these three conditions had been satisfied, progress was much more rapid. The tests were employed for the determination of mental as opposed to chronological age, and as by-products have included investigations concerning age differences, sex differences, race differences, and culture differences, to mention only a few.

In recent years mental tests and their derivatives have been used in vocational selection. With the tests proper, two somewhat different methods have been followed. One has been to examine mentally large numbers of children and youths who were leaving school to begin work. As a result of this examination, the position of each one in a group of the same age and sex was determined. The youth then began work, and after a number of years of service, his success in his particular vocation or vocations was ascertained. The records of his mental tests were then consulted to see whether they offered any clew to his success or failure in work. When enough cases have been thus examined, it is hoped that subsequent individuals can be wisely directed into certain lines of work because of evidence derived from the tests.

The second method may be varied in a number of ways, but usage has followed either of two main lines. One is to have all the employees in a certain line of work examined mentally in a group of random

tests. The results from each test are then compared with the efficiency and value to the concern of the worker. If some one or more of the test results are harmonious with the efficiency rankings of the employees, these tests are used subsequently for the selection of workers for that task.

The other variant is to have a group of the most skilled and another of the most unsuccessful employees mingle with the new applicants and have the whole group tested mentally. It frequently happens that in some two or three tests the best workers excel and the poorest ones fail miserably. Among the new applicants those who do well in these tests are hired and the others dismissed.

There is no doubt that the application of mental tests to employment problems has been of some benefit—an improvement on the hire-and-fire procedure. But the method is purely empirical; its success or its failure depends to too great a degree upon chance. Furthermore, it should be kept in mind that such mental tests measure only mental alertness and capacity and give no information about the moral and volitional characteristics and qualities which are of untold value for business success.

Consequently, a still different type of test has developed, this time more truly a vocational test. Here the endeavor has been to seek for tests which shall isolate and measure with reasonable accuracy some definite trait or quality. On the physical side they have succeeded admirably. Brief, simple examinations with physiological and psychological instruments will disclose strength, speed and accuracy of movement, acuity and keenness of sense-organs, and powers of discrimination. Similarly, powers of observation, memory for different kinds of observed facts, and reasoning ability can be determined in a comparatively short time. But when it comes to the more subtle and psychical qualities, much greater difficulties are encountered. It is obviously difficult to devise a test which shall measure a person's courage or honesty or perseverance in a host of situations. However, Münsterberg and his followers have succeeded in devising a series of tests which measure in a fairly satisfactory way such qualities as presence of mind in certain complex and critical situations. The future of applied psychology will be rich in such developments.

What really is a branch off the same tree is a method newly developed to measure traits and the interrelations of traits. It rests upon an experimental and mathematical foundation, indulging in what is known technically as coefficients of correlation. As the shifting in a kaleidoscope can be foretold by mathematical theory, so the patterns which in their changing and rearranging make up human character can be prophesied with considerable probability.

This new correlation method proceeds as follows: Have some person graded with respect to certain traits by two or more of his intimates; the more the better. Other persons are similarly graded until enough results are obtained to represent fairly the class of individuals or society which is under consideration. Then tables of observations are prepared, indicating the correspondence between the amount of the two qualities possessed by the persons who have been graded. The degree of correspondence is called technically the coefficient of correlation. Numerically, it varies from + 1.00, the highest possible direct correspondence, to − 1.00, the highest possible inverse correspondence. When a series of such correlations has been established, it is possible to determine, almost at a glance, the relationship and correspondence not only between any pair of traits which have been included in the list but also the relationship between the mental and the volitional, or between the social and the moral, or between any of the others.

A very complete and final check and at the same time supplement to this method is to be found in the studies of biographies of famous men. From this source can be obtained the list of qualities which were found to go together in the same individual, and when they are found together in different persons sufficiently often we are justified in prophesying that a certain pair of traits is found together always, or nine times out of ten, or five times out of ten, or two times out of ten, as the case may be. Information derived from these two sources will be of very

great value both practically and theoretically. It will enable us to know much more about character and to know it much more certainly than ever before; it will be a great aid individually, socially, vocationally, and educationally.

From the data which have already been collected, certain important conclusions have been suggested. Spearman, as a result of mathematical considerations evolving from the tables of correlations obtained from the mental tests, has suggested the existence of some general intellective factor—something corresponding to the efficiency of a machine, which may be termed provisionally intellectual energy. Other work by Webb supports Spearman's contention and suggests a second general factor, volitional in its nature and distinct from the previous one. It seems to be related most closely to persistence of motives. "For the persistence of motives in consciousness and their power of appearing in consciousness at any time seems quite reasonably to be at the base of moral qualities. Trustworthiness, conscientiousness, kindness on principle, fair play, reliability in friendship, etc., are lessons derived from social education. These lessons will be learnt more effectively in proportion as they persist long and recur readily."

Moreover, other experiments suggest that native excess or lack of persistence may be overcome and that "man can make something of himself, in spite of what nature and inheritance have endowed him with."

The practical applications which will result from the new method of character analysis are so manifold that only a few will be mentioned. As a complex geometrical figure is determined by few points, so this method will show that character can be inferred and anticipated from a very few known qualities. Knowing these few, the others will necessarily follow. On the vocational side, knowing the characteristics which are required for a certain position, we will be able at least to narrow the field of applicants materially and probably confine the selection to the two or three most promising candidates, or even possibly limit the field to one.

Vocational guidance will become a much simpler matter, for we will have something more to start on than the person's own unsupported opinion, which we already know to be too high in regard to his more desirable traits and too low where his less impressive qualities are concerned. In the matter of personal friends and acquaintances, a more prompt and accurate diagnosis will be possible, thus saving much hitherto wasted time.

Nor do the applications stop here. They will be of tremendous services in literary criticism, especially where characterization is concerned. The probability of certain combinations of traits will be put upon a statistical basis, showing how many chances in a thousand it has of occurring, and certain weird combinations will be carefully guarded against. For the budding author, it will be of service for the same reasons. For the social worker, the moralist, the politician, the service which such knowledge can do is beyond our wildest present conjectures.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY ADAMS

By J. Laurence Laughlin

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

I

TO those who did not know him it is not easy to give a true impression of Henry Adams' personality. No photograph of him exists in the possession of the public. When asked for one he said, with a quizzical laugh, he never had had any. Nor was his portrait ever painted. He himself left express directions that no portrait should appear in the "Education." He had pre-eminently the physical characteristics of his ancestors. At the time when I was a Harvard undergraduate, examinations were held in Lower Massachusetts Hall, then hung with the college portraits. In the intervals of writing, when I looked up, I was struck by the likeness of Henry Adams to the full-length portrait of John Quincy Adams on the eastern wall. Henry was small, short, bald, with a pointed clipped beard, a striking brow, but he was not as stout as his grandfather. There was in both the same air of self-contained strength. In the younger the pugnacity was genial. His nature was positive, not negative. His smile had in it fellowship, welcome, and heartiness; but his laugh was infectious, preceded by a sibilant intake of his breath, with a gay twinkle of humor in his eyes and in the wrinkles at their corners. It might often be ironical, of course, but always good-humored. He might show anger, but never lost his temper. His manner was animated and brusque, but kindly. Although short in stature and unconventional in manner, he never lacked dignity.

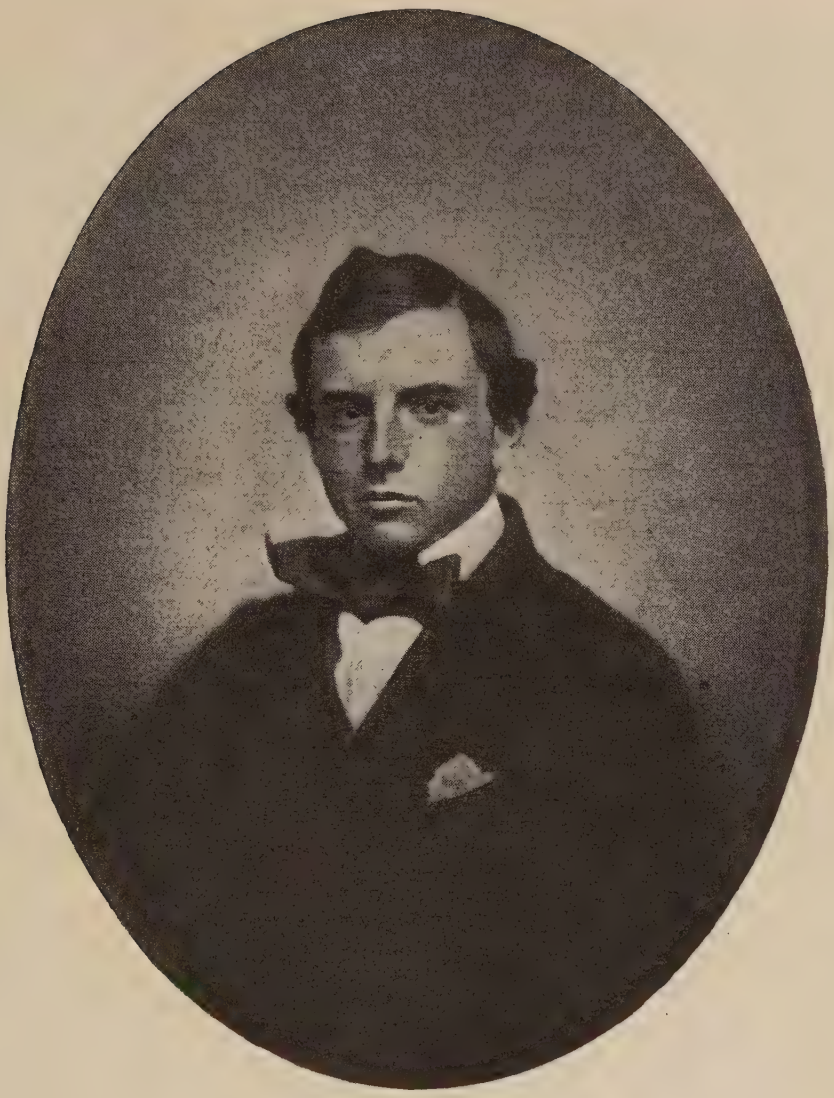
II

HIS voice was not mellow; it was resonant and a bit harsh. One could not well imagine him as a political orator. He had none of the tricks of the performer who shows by his expression of mirth or gravity just what response the hearer is expected to make. Like most men who write well he was a forceful but not ready speaker, depending on his content rather than on his manner. Yet men have succeeded in public life without eloquence. Why not Henry Adams? In his earlier years he would have been glad to have served his country as had his father and his forebears. That he was exceptionally well fitted for public or diplomatic life by inheritance, training, and political knowledge goes without saying. Men like John Hay and Thomas Nelson Page had been eminently successful; but Henry Adams was passed by. Some have supposed that he had a desire for public life; but this was far from the truth, certainly in his later years.

Phillips Brooks once remarked of the non-success of a young Harvard man that he had the disadvantage of being rich. It cut him off from the seasoning of fibre when necessity prohibits self-indulgence. But to this disadvantage for Henry Adams must be added, as well, that of having social position. The charge of aristocracy is hard to meet with those who believe it makes sympathy with the common lot impossible. For these two reasons we may imagine we have found the explanation, and can join Aldrich in singing:

"A man should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad."

But the goddess of popular favor in our democracy is not to be courted in this way. Men who are rich and have social position have won high place in the game of politics; but they have usually succeeded by bending their convictions to suit the need of party expediency, and by using their wealth or that of others without too much scruple in supporting a political machine. But to Adams such



From a photograph of Henry Adams taken at the time of his graduation at Harvard, 1858. [The date above is the date of his birth.]

things were inconceivable. One could not imagine his having made a large contribution to the campaign expenses of a presidential candidate in return for appointment to a high office at home or abroad. Not only was he unconsciously incorruptible, but his intellectual independence was his most marked characteristic. And yet one wonders why, after all, he was not called upon.

In his "Education" he has made clear that his self-respect made it impossible for him to solicit office. But he really had no political ambition. "In fifty years that he knew Washington, no one would have been more surprised than himself had any President ever asked him to perform so much of a service as to cross the square." Office was regarded as a *quid pro quo*—for some political service. Later, he dreaded the miasmatic infection of office on his friends. Of all the young men who gathered in Washington with him in Grant's day none had gained in reputation by politics. When Hay was called to be secretary of state, Adams recorded his opinion that office "killed—body and soul—physically and socially," bringing a poison of the will, "the distortion of sight—the warping of mind—the degradation of tissue—the coarsening of taste—the narrowing of sympathy." He strove to have an influence as a publicist. His real ambitions were literary.

To those who did not know him well he might have appeared violently iconoclastic and heterodox regarding many topics of general discussion. To some he might have seemed unbalanced and lacking in sound judgment. But in reality he was satirical, heterodox, and sweeping in his comments at times (as in his "Education," in several places) chiefly from a sense of humor, a desire to shake up established complacency, to start others to think, to bring out new points of view, and to get at the scrap of truth at the bottom of the question at issue. He applied Evarts's advice to him that "the quickest way to clear one's mind is to discuss." It was easy because he was disputatious by family inheritance. He abhorred the commonplace and hunted for what was fresh and original. But our democracy worships the commonplace; it is something it can understand. Obviously these qualities in Adams, just described, did not work for popular acclaim.

Moreover, there was something else in his nature and environment that produced a sort of aloofness from the mind of the "man in the street." He was, it is true, fond of ridiculing the rigidity of attitude in the usual New England representative, "who tiptoed down the aisles of Congress with his nose forty-five degrees in the air," while the policy of the country was really being guided by men of the West who had "guts." And yet one wonders whether Adams ever really understood what was going on in the minds of men outside of those classes in which he was brought up. He attributed Cameron's political strength to the fact that "he understood his own class, who were always a majority; and knew how to deal with them as no New Englander could." May this not be the reason why we have Presidents of the McKinley and Harding type? In Roosevelt's case, it was not wealth, nor social position, nor brains which made him a great politician, but his phenomenal instinct for knowing what was going on in the mind of the average citizen and what spring to touch to make him respond to his, Roosevelt's, purpose. Adams was entirely lacking in such an instinct. His efforts were exerted in quite a different direction.

III

Adams's training in politics and constitutional history, his teaching, and all that would form a preparation for public life, were unique. Most scholars gain much from the instruction of others. In his "Education," the chapter (XX) covering his period of teaching (1871–1877) is headed "Failure," and tells us very little of his life at Harvard. It is to the record of this period that I may add something.

He was in the department of history when I first came in contact with him. The leading spirit in it at that time was the gracious, genial, and scholarly Dean Gurney (Adams's brother-in-law), probably the best-read man in the country, as well as a tactful and discriminating administrator. It was he who when met on Brattle Street, looking abjectly miserable,

and asked if he was ill, said: "Oh, P——, you don't know what a bad lecture I gave this morning!" It was he who was considered for the presidency at Harvard at the time when Charles W. Eliot was chosen. He would have been a human and wise president, but he might not have been successful in getting large material gains. Phillips Brooks said of Harvard that it had flourished on the supply of monomaniacs who were willing to slave without recompense because of their absorption in some specialty.

While Gurney had the insight into human nature to tell a shy student that he might have a career in history, Adams had a genius for starting men to think. He stirred up a stagnant mind. In the classroom Adams was original, unexpected, and even explosive. His unconvential manner and his sense of humor attracted the students. When asked what exactly "transubstantiation" was, he exploded with: "Good Heavens! how should I know! Look it up." He was the first man in college to awake in me a real interest in learning. Later, when we were working more intimately in the seminar with him, he reverted to our examinations in his undergraduate courses, saying: "I could never understand how you fellows got such high marks. I know I couldn't myself have got sixty per cent on my own examination papers." He was so stimulating, even in the history of institutions, that he conveyed to one unconsciously the true concept of education as the power to think in a subject. That was something of a miracle, too, in a field where precise information has so long been worshipped as the only true education. However much he cast jocose ridicule on Harvard education in his own day, it was a virile education that he meted out to his students in our day. If Henry James was right in saying that education is a "point of view," Adams brought very much to the work of teaching, because of his challenge to the accepted points of view in education. At least he forced a reappraisal of them.

Throughout his career he constantly insisted that history had to be treated as an evolution. Without training in science he was early captivated by the geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, and thereafter we heard much of the *pteraspis* in Siluria, and the first beginnings of things. There was in his mind an *a priori* assumption that the actions of men followed certain laws, and if Adams could not state these laws or trace the expected evolution, he was unhappy. In the very face of the variety and multiplicity of men's acts, this pursuit was obviously destined to fall short of his anticipations. There could be no analysis and classification until enough facts had been collected; but facts bored Adams. And when he essayed to bring magnets, Venus, and X-rays into line with the *pteraspis* of Wenlock Abbey, the effect was not convincing to the literal-minded. Indeed, when it was not imaginative guesses at solutions, it became largely rhetorical decoration.

Since his death, he has been spoken of as a subtle or mysterious spirit. What might have given rise to this opinion was that he had a liking for unusual and tentative explanations of puzzling problems. But a robust and virile, rather than a subtle, mind was most prominent to us. Intellectual curiosity was ever in evidence. New points of view, new methods and originality appealed to him. His method of attack was direct, not subtle; as he himself described the American mind as one which "likes to walk straight up to its object and assert or deny something that it takes for a fact."

IV

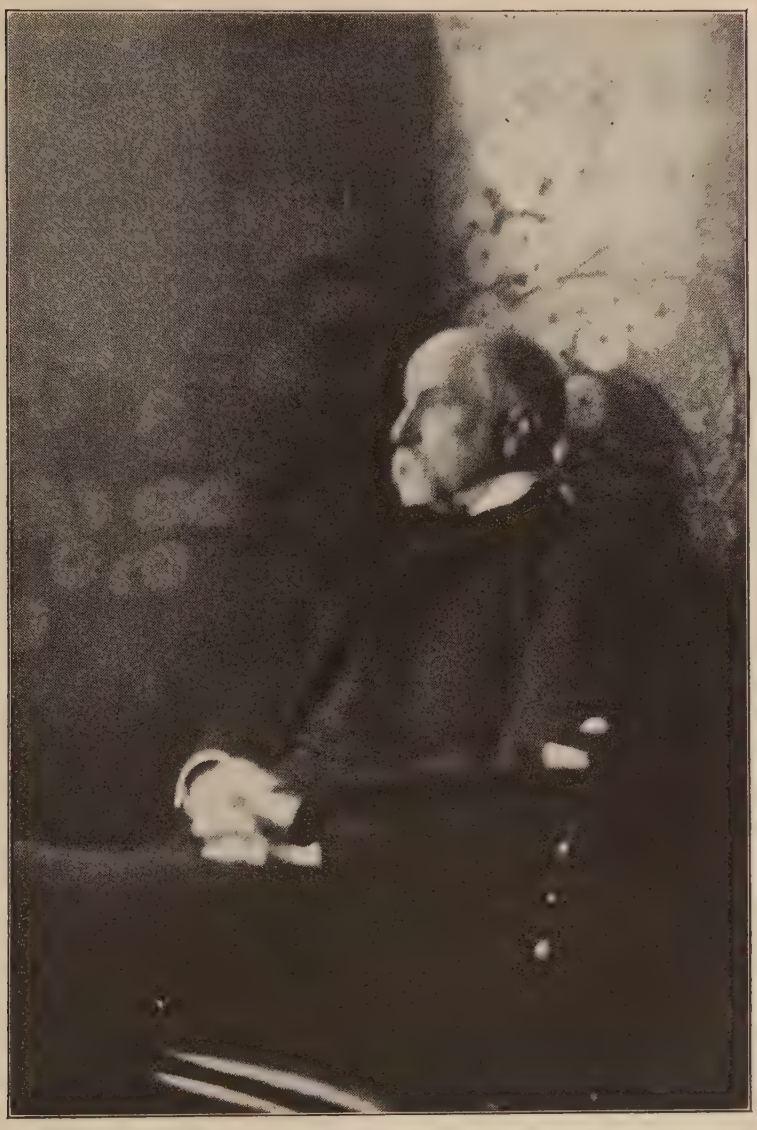
It is much to be doubted if he has ever received proper credit for the initiation of research and seminar work in this country. At Harvard the graduate school had no real existence at that time. The degree of Ph.D. was a novelty. If my memory is correct the first winners of this degree were Professor Byerly and C. L. B. Whitney. But when Adams was in the preparatory stages of his "History of the United States," he was ploughing deeply in new ground. He went exhaustively into the study of early German, Norman, and Anglo-Saxon institutions. Into this new field he drew his few graduate students, Henry Cabot Lodge, now Senator from Massachusetts, Ernest Young, later professor of history at Harvard, and my-

self. This was undoubtedly the first true seminar in this country. Those were busy but halcyon days when we dined at Adams's house on the Back Bay (91 Marlboro Street), and held our seminar meetings in his well-walled library with its open fire. We searched the early German codes of the Visigoths, Burgundians, and Salian Franks for the first glimmerings of the institutions which through the Normans and Anglo-Saxons formed the basis of English and, of course, of American legal development. The primitive communal holdings of the early Teutons turned up, persisting even through the feudal system, in our towns of Boston, Nantucket, or Salem. In this work each one of us was left very much to himself; but it was rather exciting at an occasional round-up to find out how our results would be appraised. As usual, however, each soon got so deep into his own subject that no other was competent to judge him. While we obtained our doctorates in 1876 for the contributions to "Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law" (published by Little, Brown & Co.), we had learned a lesson in scholarship never to be forgotten. Besides the early codes and the writings of Weitz, von Maurer, Sohm, and other Germans, we read and searched many times the whole collection of Anglo-Saxon laws, and ploughed through twenty-five thousand pages of charters and capitularies in mediæval Latin. Later, when once calling on Sir Henry Maine in Downing Street with Henry Adams, the former lamented that he could not expect English students to use German. In these days, led by the example of Haldane and others this is probably no longer true. Throughout all this adventure in research Adams was like a colt in tall clover. He was fattening himself for the next move on English constitutional history on the way to his important work on the "History of the United States."

After he had reaped the fruits of English institutional study, he turned these courses at Harvard over to Ernest Young and others, and assumed those in American colonial history, thus gradually approaching his large historical task. He was in close touch with John G. Palfrey, the historian of New England, then living on Oxford Street in Cambridge. Very soon, he must have felt that he was gaining little for his objective in further university work, so that he turned the colonial courses over to Cabot Lodge (who, it appeared, had some difficulty for a time in keeping a few jumps ahead of his class). While he was editor at this time of the *North American Review*, the memorial number of 1876 was a distinguished one, if only for Professor Dunbar's study on "Economic Science in America, 1776–1876." Yet Adams affected to belittle his work as editor. But this work of his was really good. His low opinion of it was due to the inevitable limitations of a heavy quarterly in reaching and influencing the thinking of Americans.

Having gone to Europe again and ransacked Spanish and other libraries for American material, he settled down in Washington to the actual writing of his "History of the United States" (1801–1817). To whet his style he said he had been reading Macaulay afresh; but certainly his own style was far different from that of Macaulay. While the introduction to his history (vol. I, chaps. I–VI) is an almost unequalled piece of masterly historical writing, the rest of the nine volumes was written in a style crammed too full of meaty thought to make it interesting reading. But for its period it will always remain authoritative. The history displays his genius for narration, besides being marked with many portraits of characters as perfect as miniatures. It came within an ace of being one of the great histories; but one is at a loss to say what it is that it lacks. From his own point of view, "he insisted on a relation of sequence," and if the facts in American history were so varied that they were not "rigorously consequent," it may be that his history suffered from the nature of his assumptions.

The care and patience shown in his methods of preparing his history are, I believe, unparalleled. There was the amazing excursion, already referred to, into the remotest origins of our institutions among the primitive Teutons. Then, also, when the manuscript of the whole nine volumes was completed, he set up two volumes in type, printed them with wide margins, and sent them out to



From a photograph of Henry Adams taken by himself in his study in Washington about 1903.
In the possession of Mrs. Ward Thoron.

a selected list of historians for criticisms and comments. When these copies were gathered in, he then rewrote them before final publication (during the years 1881–1891). No wonder he felt he could do no more and went off to the South Pacific with LaFarge, leaving the history to its own fate.

The "Education of Henry Adams," was treated in the same manner. It was privately printed with large margins in folio form, as is well known; but he wrote me in 1908 it was his intention to call in the copies with the comments of his friends on the margins, rewrite it, and reduce it to three-fourths its size. Fortunately, its piquancy was never destroyed by that process. I suppose others must have felt as I did, that a team of wild horses could not extract it from their

possession. I used to read from it years ago to my advanced students in Chicago, to show what a life of cultivation and charm was possible to a scholar.

V

During this period Adams, after 1877, had an interesting environment while living in the houses in Washington, giving south on Lafayette Square—first in the old yellow Corcoran mansion and later in the house of his own building. It was suffused with the influence created by Mrs. Adams. She told me she had once stirred Henry into a spasm of work by reporting to him the number of candles Mr. Bancroft consumed while writing before breakfast. Also, she told me, when they were searching the archives in Europe, that, being a woman, she could make requests for permission which Henry was, she jestingly added, too shy to make.

As a *raconteur* Mrs. Adams was distinguished. She had charm, intelligence, vivacity, tact, readiness, and a keen mind. For a time it was reported in Washington that it was she who had written the anonymous novel "Democracy." She read with her husband Greek or Spanish in large daily quotas, and did it with gayety. In her daily intercourse with the world she showed a marked sense of humor. Before starting for Europe she had been given many cordial letters of introduction. These, she said afterward, were too flattering ever to be presented; but when she wished to cheer herself up she could lock her door, start a wood-fire, take out these letters and, before the cheerful blaze, read what a glorified being she really was. Certainly her Washington dinner-table was the most delightful one could find anywhere. At that table I have seen Adams in uproarious laughter, waving his napkin up and down, at the stories told him by a clever woman (then unmarried) who recounted her experiences on a ranch as a "sloper" (on the Pacific slope). When Mr. Bryce was in New York at that time, on expressing to Godkin and Schurz a wish to see the inside of the political machine in Washington, he was put into the hands of this same young woman (as well as of the Camerons). His satisfaction was such that he said it was worth crossing the Atlantic to meet such a woman.

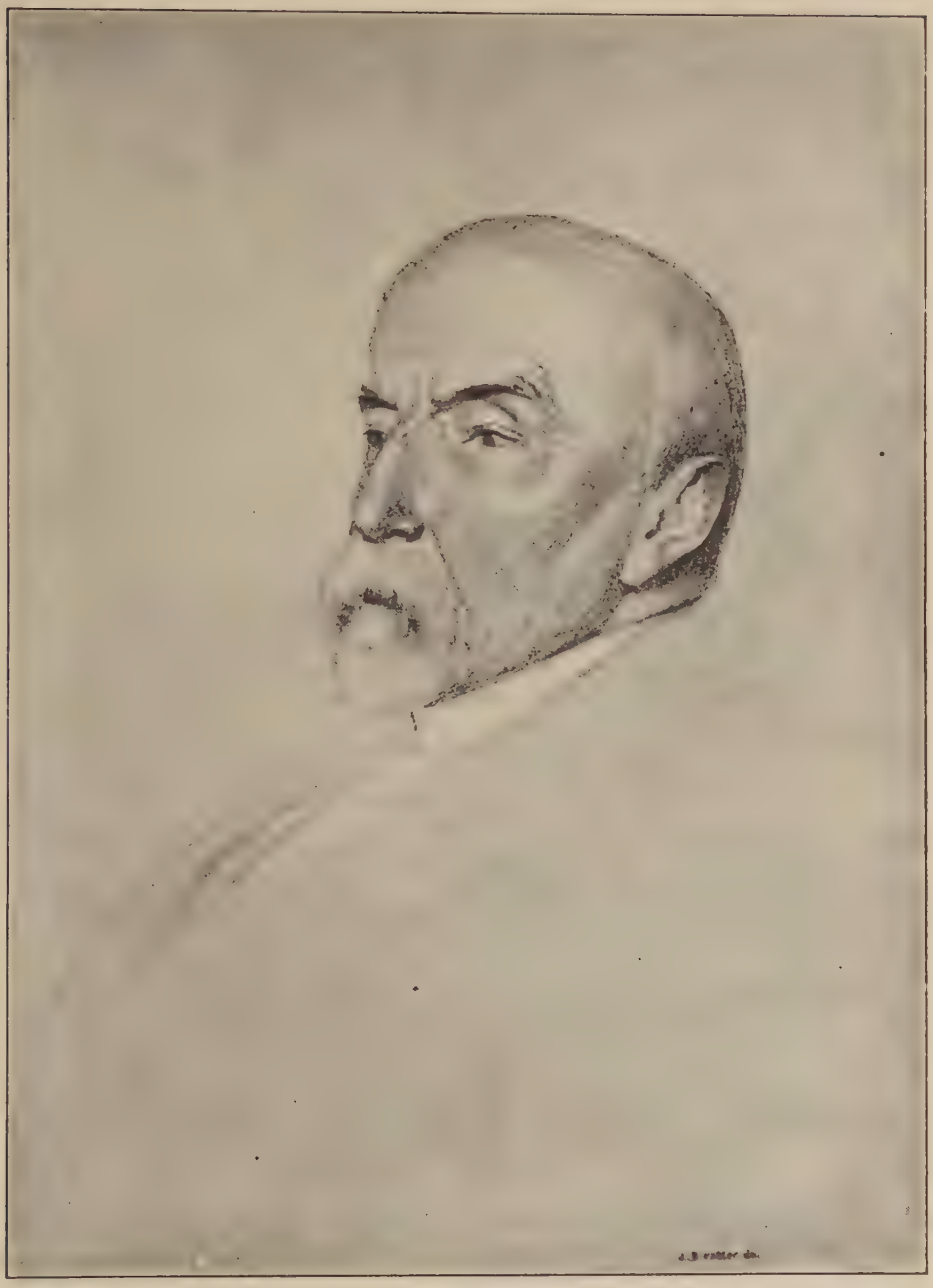
The country house in Beverly had a peculiar charm. The air of happiness, congeniality, and comradeship was infectious. The "Hunting of the Snark" had not long been out, and the hairy little Scotch terrier was known as "Boojum." The love of animals was spontaneous. Henry Adams's discipline in reducing "Boojum Adams" to abject submission after a heinous crime was a chapter in comedy.

Just back from Europe they conveyed their experiences in art and literature to their friends. Arthur Hugh Clough's "Bothie of Tubernavuolich" was much discussed just then, when his promise was thought to be so great and before his star had begun to decline. The influence of Morris, too, on furniture and papers showed in a practical way, when Mrs. Adams induced a local cabinetmaker to manufacture pieces from new designs and obtained many orders for him. At that time—in the early seventies—it was the first movement toward an artistic development of interior decoration in this country. It was fitting that her memory should be associated with Saint Gaudens's greatest inspiration in the monument at Rock Creek.

VI

That Adams was deep and sensitive in his affections, and shy about their expression, has been evident in what he omitted from his chapter of "Twenty Years After," in his "Education." In this, his happy period, he did his "Life of Albert Gallatin" and his "History of the United States," the works likely to have a permanent value. After the loss of his wife he was seemingly a different man within. His latent tendencies became more pronounced. His pessimism had early shown itself, but rather as a pose and as a part of his love of paradox; but later "he was kept alive by irritation at finding his life so thin and fruitless," and was "convinced that the clew of religion led to nothing." In reality he was lonely and restless.

His shyness in this respect was not inconsistent with an attitude of confidence, or even of audacity, in his relations with the world. It was impossible that he should not have been unconsciously in-



Henry Adams.

Drawn from life by John Briggs Potter, 1914.

fluenced by being a member of a very distinguished family. He delighted in privately abusing its members, as a way of showing that they were above abuse. When Germany appeared, however, as "a grizzly terror," frightening England into America's arms, which "effected what Adamses had tried for two hundred years in vain . . . he could feel only the sense of satisfaction at seeing the diplomatic triumph of all his family, since the breed existed."

His disposition to try out all possible points of view led him to say extravagant and fantastic things which in others might have been regarded as preposterous and conceited. Many times his whimsical theorizing had no more than imaginative values. When he finds it his task to translate X-rays into faith, and relate it to the force of the Virgin felt at Lourdes one may regard it as a gesture of eccentricity. Yet, although condescending to be amused at "philosophy, which consists chiefly in suggesting unintelligible answers to insoluble problems," he was not to be taken too seriously; although Santayana's destructive criticism of German philosophy might have justified his position.

VII

Some of his best work was done in economics in his earlier years. His paper on the "Gold Conspiracy" in the days of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk was pointed and effective. So was the one on "Legal Tender," based on F. A. Walker's notes, and later printed in "Chapters of Erie." But, unless carefully trained in economics —as Adams was not—it is easy to fall into error. His disposition to drop into paradox served him poorly when trying to deal with the intricacies of credit in the panic of 1893. When "suspended over the edge of bankruptcy" and reasoning that "he had the banks in his power," if he did not pay up, it was diverting and very entertaining fooling about banking. Banks can foreclose on the assets of borrowers.

When he confessed that Cameron had made a deep impression on him on the question of silver, and when he actually believed that the support of the gold standard was "a submission to capitalism," he must be regarded as merely toying with a topic that excited his curiosity. He may have been influenced also by the arguments of the dilettante Moreton Frewen, but more likely by those of his brother, Brooks Adams. Being in this group may also account for Lodge's aberration on silver. Adams thought curiously enough that the country would make its decision solely according to interests. I myself happened to be in the midst of the silver fight at that time in the West. Bryan had tried to make the issue one of selfish interests, but he failed ingloriously. It was the moral appeal to the electorate that won the day; it was the disclosure of the cheating to be brought about by a change of standards that prevented Bryan from being elected President. It was not accurate to suggest that the bankers were loading the dice. They had in fact very little share in bringing about the defeat of silver.

One finds some sort of explanation for this position in Adams's preconceptions on socialism. He admitted he "could frame no sort of satisfactory answer to the constructive doctrines of Adam Smith, or to the destructive criticisms of Karl Marx." "He had studied Karl Marx and his doctrines of history with profound attention." To set off Adam Smith, however, against Karl Marx was like setting off a potato-digger against a stone-crusher: they were at work on entirely different fields. His adventure into socialism was no doubt prompted by curiosity, and did not go deep. Indeed, his dread of capitalism, because of financial experiences in the panic of 1893, was largely the usual point of view of the debtor in a crisis. But it is easy to make too much of these matters which never struck deep into Adams's thinking.

His economic diversions are the more interesting, because "with nobody did Adams form closer or longer relations than with Abram S. Hewitt," whom he regarded as "the most useful public man in Washington," and one who was "always wielding influence second to none." And yet, discussion with Hewitt should have been a quick corrective for all the fallacies of silver and socialism. He had a mind exceptionally fitted for economic analysis. Moreover, his knowledge of the electoral struggle of 1876 between Tilden and Hayes, Roosevelt's mayoralty

campaign, and that of Cleveland for President was unequalled, for he was a large influence in them all. After acting as a university delegate to Woodrow Wilson's coronation at Princeton, I spent the week-end with Hewitt at Ringwood, his country-place near Tuxedo. He poured out to me the whole inside history of those critical days in 1876, and how General Sherman saved us from a *coup d'état*. Hewitt said Sherman announced that the army would obey Congress. In the papers of some Washington correspondent of that day (possibly George Alfred Townsend) will be found an account drawn up by Hewitt. If ever recovered, it would be unique.

VIII

Adams's Washington house was the resort of many men in public life. The following incident is the more interesting as illustrating Adams's own sizzling indictment of the corruption of our civil service in his day. After Garfield's death I happened to drop in on Adams, when he recounted to me what Wayne MacVeagh had reported of Garfield's Cabinet history. In its early meetings, the question of a certain nomination by Blaine (secretary of state) to the collectorship at Bangor came up as a test of civil-service reform. The incumbent was a highly satisfactory official, and the nominee was a poor type of the political henchman. So violent had been the attack on the nomination in New England that it had been hung up in the Senate. On the afternoon when MacVeagh had stopped at Adams's house for a cup of tea, he had just come from a stormy meeting of the Cabinet. The withdrawal of the Bangor nomination was raised, and quite to their surprise the reformers in the Cabinet (James, Lincoln, McCreary, Windom, etc.) discovered they were in a majority. They won against Blaine. Then, like good strategists, they pushed their victory by bringing in a resolution for the establishment of civil-service rules in all the departments of the government. A violent struggle ensued. It almost broke up the Cabinet. Blaine fought like a tiger; but he was beaten. Civil-service reform was achieved then and there.

The next day, according to the same authority, Blaine brought to Garfield a long list of nominations worse than any yet proposed, and the President nominated the whole of them. On the following morning, it was Blaine who rode to the Potomac station with Garfield, and entered arm in arm with the President when he was shot by Guiteau. By a mockery of fate, civil-service reform was lost by the assassin's bullet of a disappointed office-seeker.

IX

My recollections, of course, were mainly of Adams's earlier years, and I make no attempt here to give an exhaustive study of his long and active career (February 16, 1838–March 27, 1918). In his later years, however, I had visited him in his Washington library. There he had reverted to the one field which had most attracted him, the twelfth century, out of which had come his study on "Mont Saint Michel and Chartres." There is no doubt that in his own mind he believed he had here come upon the greatest work of his life. He wanted to measure progress in the science of history by a unit of motion from some fixed point. That point was the century, 1150–1250, "when man held the highest idea of himself." "Setting himself to the task, he began a volume which he mentally knew as 'Mont Saint Michel and Chartres: a study of thirteenth-century unity.' From that point he proposed to fix a position for himself which he could label: 'The Education of Henry Adams: a study of twentieth-century multiplicity.'" Thus in his mind these two works were connected as parts of a greater whole. In the later years of his life, with the aid of a younger and intimate friend, he went still deeper into the documents of the period of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, such as the manuscripts of Guillaume and Saint James. With these results he would have much modified his "Saint Michel" had he rewritten it. On these subjects his mind was dwelling in the later years when I occasionally visited him in Washington.

When I last saw Adams in Dublin only a few summers ago (1915), in spite of a previous stroke, he was as charming, genial, and alert as ever. On parting, as I said, "Good-by, magister," he retorted: "Here! here! no calling names!"

SMELTED FROM THE SAME ORE

By Caleb Wrath

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe

THE lack-lustre light of a raw morning had already overspread the roofs and chimney-pots of the old city and was beginning to filter through the dusty panes of the *tabatières*—the little windows that open out like the lids of snuff-boxes on to the sloping roofs—when there came a knock at the door of Rupert Crocker's *grenier*.

In the half-light within the little garret all was silent, motionless confusion. An easel tilted drunkenly in one corner, and over the plain board table, the two chairs, the carpetless floor were strewn indifferently canvases, books, articles of clothing, with here and there a palette or a tumbler bristling paint-brushes.

Rap—rap—rap. . . . The knocking at the door came louder. This time the covers on the bed heaved slowly and a sensitive, dim-eyed young face emerged from beneath their edge. Shivering, the youth slipped from the bed, and in his pajamas tiptoed across the cold floor to the door.

It was the *concierge*.

"*Une dépêche, monsieur,*" she said, handing him the blue form. "*Elle vient d'arriver.*"

"*Merci, madame.*"

He closed the door and leaped back to the warmth of his bed.

"Who in thunder should be sending me a telegram?" he mused, for all his acquaintances lodged in the *quartier* bounded by the river and the Boulevard Montparnasse, by the Rue des Saints Pères and the Halle-aux-Vins—that is to say, within fifteen minutes of him.

"Rupert Crocker 19 Rue Valette Paris: Father seriously ill Please return: Mother"

Hm—a cablegram! . . . From home. . . .

For the first time in months his thoughts flew back to the crude little Pennsylvania mill town of his birth. He saw his father and the iron-foundry. It was impossible to think of them separately—his father's life had gone into "the works." So the old man was ill. . . . That was odd: square-shouldered and square-jawed, a great, deep-chested man of bone and muscle, he had always seemed as sturdy as a stallion. Suddenly the boy's nostrils dilated; his sensitive face grew hard, and the old passion of resentment toward his father blazed up in him again.

It was something he never had quite understood. He had never felt so toward his mother—*they* had understood each other. Yet, as a little boy, he had particularly craved the affection of his father. It was as if the blunt, rough-grained old manufacturer, himself insensible to the boy's more delicate nature, had scorned his "softness" and gruffly had withheld the affection that his son demanded. Rupert remembered bitterly that day when he was five years old and his father had taken him into the foundry at pouring-time. The molten metal had splashed headlong from the great vat to the sand moulds; and as the whimpering child had shrunk back terror-stricken, his disgusted father had cried out: "Stand up! By God, if ye had more of that iron in yer composition, we could make a man of ye!"

Rupert saw his father, too, as he had appeared on the occasion of that last scene between them. With gray eyes piercing, thick neck out-thrust, his coarse-skinned cheeks so red that even the little purple veins stood out in them and along the sides of his high nose, John Crocker's strong, blunt-fingered hands had tapped emphasis as he shouted:

"Whatever business ye take up, ye will not succeed in it without a period of apprenticeship. If yer mind is set on bein' an artist and ye think ye must go to Paris to study for it, I will not prevent ye, but

will pay yer passage and give ye some money for a start. But if—as I have always hoped ye would—ye come into 'the works' with me, ye need not think ye will avoid the hard work either. I'll give ye six months' trainin' in the machine-shop and six months in the foundry. That will be less in all than I have spent in each of them; but I'm thinkin' it will be enough to show if ye are good for somethin' or are worthless. Now ye must make yer own decision."

Rupert had decided. Iron-founding and machinery were not for him. During adolescence his resentment of his father had come to include all that seemed most characteristic of the man: his iron-foundry; the drab, uncouth industrial town; its crass materialism. In a spirit of revolt against all this the boy had turned to art, and two years ago had come hopefully to Paris. He had worked desperately, spurred on not only by a love of painting, but by a desire to vindicate himself. Above all else, it was his father's scorn that goaded him to effort. He had achieved one small success—the interior of an iron-foundry, a picture born of boyhood recollections. The painting had attracted some attention in the *Salon*, and afterward he had sold it to a dealer.

The cablegram fell from Rupert's hand and he began to trace nervous little patterns in the dust upon the sloping wall above him. He did not want to go back to America. He was only beginning to make good; and at home he would find nothing but discouragement. He could imagine his father's cool contempt when he learned that his son had almost starved and that two years' work had netted him one insignificant success. He would ask how much Rupert had sold the picture for.—"Six hundred francs? . . . Eh, fine! That would be about the price of a ton of pig iron, wouldn't it? And for two years' work! Aye, boy, ye're doin' fine!"

With a shudder Rupert got out of bed and stood staring down into the fireplace. It yawned black and empty at him. He looked around for wood. There was none. His eye fell upon one of his old canvases. . . . Well, why not? He could not very well refuse to go home; and, if he were going, he would not take the pictures with him. They were of no value—apprentice work, at best. Savagely he wrenched the canvas from the wooden frame and stuffed it into the fireplace. The frame followed; then another and another. Soon two years' work began to roar behind the down-drawn fender; and Rupert, crouching on the hearth in his pajamas, lighted a cigarette and planned despondently for his return. —First, the steamship office; then he would send a cable to say when he was sailing. . . .

II

THE French Line steamer on which he secured passage had not yet left Le Havre before Rupert began almost to regret his decision to return. Just as, for two years, he had found in the art and Bohemianism of the Latin Quarter a complete escape from the things that mortified him in his father, so now, by the Americans on shipboard, he was reminded of them.

There were a lot of buyers on board returning from Paris with spring styles, and as he watched them promenading along the decks, he reflected scornfully: "America again—too little sense of art to create clothes for itself, so it comes to copy what Paris has created." Up and down the decks paced American business men, most of them berating France and interminably discussing exports, imports, dividends, and dollars. "That is what my father would be doing, if he were here," thought Rupert bitterly. After the first day, he shunned the other passengers and sought solitude behind a lifeboat on the upper deck.

One night after dinner he went into the smoking-room to sip a *liqueur* with his coffee. The place was filled with his loud-voiced countrymen bent on a final, inglorious orgy before they reached the land of prohibition. One cocktail after another they tossed off, drinking boastfully, provincially, like overgrown boys trying to be smart. Rupert remembered similar bouts in which his father had engaged. He never came there again.

At last, early one morning, they reached New York. On deck all was bustle and excitement: attendants carrying cabin baggage and passengers clus-

tered ecstatically along the rail. Beside Rupert stood a heavy-jowled old gentleman, with blue, clean-shaven gills—apparently a business man of consequence. As the Statue of Liberty came in sight, the gentleman cleared his throat.

"God's own country, eh?" he wheezed. "The dear old U. S. A.!"

And he looked complacently at Rupert for approval.

"That's just what my father would say, sir," returned Rupert as he moved away.

An hour later, he was through the customs-house and seated, with his baggage, in a taxi. As he looked along the river front, he thought of the quiet *quais* beside the Seine where leisurely canal-boats drifted by and one could pore for hours over the contents of old bookstalls. But on either side of him New York's great office-buildings soon towered up, coldly splendid monuments to the commercial life of the nation. It was with a sigh of relief that he at last sank into a seat by the window in the train that was to bear him home. But even here an interminable succession of bill-boards harassed him. Between an announcement of silk hosiery and one of liver pills, he beheld a great sign-board proclaiming the single slogan, "God is Love."

"So they create a vogue for even their religion by national advertising campaigns," thought Rupert. The "they" was unconscious, for mentally he disassociated himself from America and thought of it as if he had been a foreigner. But if only he had known it, this pitiless notation of everything that was banal, soulless, or materialistic in America was but an unconscious effort to justify his estrangement from his father. For all these things he criticised in America, found, in his mind, their epitome in the life and character of his father. It was John Crocker's gruff rejection of the boy's early affection that had led Rupert, years ago, to repress his affection for his father and to resent all that suggested his father's cold, uncouth materialism.

Rupert changed trains once, and as he got nearer home, his thoughts turned toward it. He wondered what he would do when he got there. Likely enough he would find his father well again and back at work. He had half expected a telegram on his arrival in New York, but there had been none. Probably it had not occurred to his mother that she could send one to the boat. He began to think about her.

She was a slight, housewifely little body whose prevailing temper was one of mildly submissive sweetness. From her Rupert had inherited his small stature, the fine texture of his skin and hair, and his love of beauty. In her relations with him she had been thoroughly dominated by her husband; and Rupert knew in advance that her only means of welcoming him would be to prepare and timidly set before him all the dishes that as a child he had been fondest of. Poor, simple-minded mother: she could not realize that he no longer regarded the privilege of stuffing himself with ginger cookies as the highest attainable delight!

At last he reached his destination and got out. At the station he left orders for his baggage to be delivered, and set out on foot. The town was as he had remembered it: raw, unspeakably ugly with its dingy rows of workmen's houses and its factories belching smoke.

From the top of a little hill he looked down and saw the plant of "John Crocker & Company, Iron Founders and Machinists" sprawled over half a dozen acres. Smoke was rising from the chimneys, and through one of the great doors he caught the red glow from a stream of molten metal and knew that it was running into the sand moulds. That was the plant into which, year after year, the turbulent life of his father also had been poured, to become at last hard, like iron, and patterned to the needs of industry. What would his own life be, he wondered? Could he stick it out despite his father's disapproval—this long struggle for success in art? He turned abruptly and walked on.

On the outskirts of the town stood the Crocker house, three stories of stark brick, set back a little from the road. A woman who was looking out of an upper window noticed him and turned back into the room. Almost at once the front door opened and his mother came out onto the porch to meet him. She had a round, delicate face, with a patient, receding

Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

Soon two years' work began to roar behind the down-drawn fender.—Page 587.

mouth; and he noticed as he came toward her that she was pale and that there were bluish rings beneath her dark eyes. The next instant her arms were about him.

"Oh, Rupert, Rupert," she sobbed. "Yesterday—yesterday morning—your father died."

III

The first shock of bad news, like the first shock of a heavy blow, rarely does more than stun. It is only afterward that one realizes the full disturbance it has caused. So, after a first, quick glance into his mother's face, Rupert had pressed his cheek against hers and held it there. Somehow he did not want to look into her eyes. For several minutes they remained so, Rupert with his arms about his mother while he stared blindly, dazedly out over her shoulder. After a while he realized that he was looking at something and saw that it was a neighbor's fat, gray hen that was wandering across their lawn, its head bobbing inquisitively as it foraged for food.

"Come, mother," he said simply at last, and silently followed her into the house.

The woman whom he had seen at the window met them in the hall. She had on her hat.

"Mrs. Crocker," she announced sympathetically, "I guess I'll not stay any longer, seein' as you've got your son home now. But I'll be over first thing in the mornin' to see if there's anything I can do for you."

"All right, Mrs. Doyle, thank you," returned his mother. "You've been very kind to come and stay with me."

The woman turned to Rupert and spoke gravely:

"'Tis a sad homecomin' you have, young man; and it's sorry I am for you to be losin' so fine a father." For the fraction of a second she paused; then she took his hand in a clasp that was firm, and in a lower voice she added: "Maybe you'll be needin' him some day."

When he had closed the door after her he stood with his hand upon the knob.

"You remember Mrs. Doyle, don't you, Rupert?" asked his mother. "She's lived next door since—since long before you went away."

"Yes, mother," he answered dully. He was wondering what she had meant by "Maybe you'll be needin' him some day." Did all the town think, with his father, that he was a weakling?

There followed an account of his father's illness and some queries about his own health. Then mother and son grew silent. They had strangely little to say to each other. . . . At last she announced that his room was ready for him and that she would go get supper. Silently he left her and went up-stairs.

His parents' room was on the second floor. Now the door to it was closed—significantly. He did not go in.

His own room was on the third floor. It had been his ever since he was old enough to sleep alone, and as he went up to it now he remembered how, in the mornings, his father had used to call him from the bottom of the stairs. Sometimes he had lain still, hoping vainly that he would be allowed to sleep; but when the second call had come he had answered. Somehow it seemed impossible that his father would never again call him from the bottom of the stairs. "Ho-o, son!" was what he had always called.

Supper was a dreary affair. His mother had made corn-muffins, which she knew he liked; and he choked forlornly over them while she, with food almost untasted, sat self-consciously across from him. When the meal was over he helped her carry the dishes into the kitchen. They had never had a maid; and, although the time was years past when financial considerations would have prevented them from doing so, Rachel Crocker preferred to do her own work, and in her house to rule as her husband ruled at "the works"—with none to contradict her. While she prepared the water for the dishes Rupert stood awkwardly by; and he was relieved when she turned to him and said:

"Rupert, I wonder if you would mind looking for a paper that ought to be in your father's desk. It is the title to the family lot at the cemetery. The undertaker was asking about it this morning."

He went to the little reading-room that had been his father's; and as he opened the door and switched on the light, the

familiar objects in it seemed to leap at him, arousing memories that had been long forgotten. Everything was so suggestive of his father: it was the one room in the house his mother never tried to rearrange. There was the worn, old leather-cushioned chair before the desk—he could almost see his father sitting in it now—and upon the mantelpiece his father's battered corn-cob pipe. The clock upon the mantelpiece had run down; and he remembered that it had always been his father who had wound it.

As he opened the drawer of the desk he caught his breath. Inside everything was arranged with clumsy system and everything bespoke his father. There was a lot of fishing-tackle—and Rupert's mind leaped back to the Saturday afternoons when, as a boy, he had accompanied his father on fishing-trips into the country. That had been before their estrangement.

Then, there were a lot of letters, tied securely, but with masculine awkwardness, into a great bundle. He looked curiously at them. They were addressed to his father in his mother's handwriting; and as he glanced at the dates on some of the envelopes he calculated swiftly; they must have been written before his parents had been married! For the first time Rupert thought of his father's life before his own coming into the world, and of his parents' long comradeship. Aggressive, domineering, impatient of delay, his father had blustered and stormed among men—and he had treated his son as a man. Only with his wife—so calm and outwardly submissive—had he been clumsily and wonderingly tender. He had never understood her sensitive reserve; and for the same reason, perhaps, he had never quite understood his son. Grown men and iron and steel were more in his line!

Beneath the letters Rupert found a flat package wrapped in tissue-paper. Some vague half-memory made him open it. It contained a little sketch that he had done himself when he was scarcely eight years old. Now he recalled how he had borne it proudly home from school and presented it to his father for a birthday present. "Father," he had announced, "I'm going to be an artist. My picture was the best of anybody's in the class. . . . If you could be the best person in the world at anything, father, what would you like to be best at—the best shot, the best horseback rider, the best artist . . . ?" There had been a twinkle in his father's blue-gray eyes as he had critically held the childish sketch at arm's length. "I guess, son," he had replied, "that I'd like to be the best father." Then he had scowled furiously as if in disapproval of his own sudden and unprecedented display of sentiment. "But ye want to be an artist, eh?" he had added gruffly. "Well, we cannot make ye one; but we can give ye a chance."

Rupert realized with a little pang that his father had kept that promise.

At length he found the paper he was looking for and took it to his mother. She had not slept the night before and was worn out with a long period of nursing. The funeral was to be the next day.

When she kissed him good night, he thought she was going to say something to him; but she did not. The barrier of reserve was still between them and he was surprised to see how little she relied upon him. Instead she seemed to shrink back into herself and to her memories of the man who, for more than thirty years, had been her companion. After all, Rupert thought, he had been only an episode in that comradeship—like the young bird that is born, grows up, and flies away; his parents' comradeship had been before and had endured after him. But as he went up to his own room he wondered if his father had spoken of him before he died.

He lay awake a long time thinking about his father.

The next morning his mother did not call him, and it was late when he awoke. He dressed hurriedly and came downstairs to find her in the hall. She was just receiving a great floral design wrapped in wax-paper; and as she closed the door she turned to him. He noticed that her eyes were brimming.

"From the men at 'the works,'" she said. "Two of them just brought it. They asked if they could come sometime before the service to see your father. I

told them any time after noon. You know the service isn't till three."

She stood as if waiting for him to say something. Then, indicating the floral offering, she asked:

"I wonder if you would arrange it? You know so much better about that than I. The undertaker's men have already been here and brought him down-stairs. Everything is ready in the parlor."

Rupert took the package and went into the room. He was surprised at the great masses of flowers that were already there. They must have come that morning from friends and relatives; but there were so many that it seemed as if every one in the town must have sent some. He went up to the casket and looked down into it. A long time he stood there as if he were striving indelibly to impress upon his mind the image of his father. The firm jaw, the bull-like neck, the bristling gray hair were as he had remembered them; only the laughing eyes were closed and the cheeks that had always been so ruddy now were white. He was surprised at the unfamiliar emotion that surged up in him, and he struggled against it. At length he turned to the floral design and began to remove its wrappings.

It was a huge abomination—a thing in wretched taste—of glass beads and gates of paradise ajar. Over the gates, in golden beadwork, was the word "Welcome."

A burst of indignant rage and he was about to hurl the thing out. Then it occurred to him that he might hide it behind the other flowers. His eye fell on a card attached to the design by a white ribbon; it bore the inscription: "John Crocker. From his men." Rupert hesitated, stayed by some impulse that was stronger than his sense of art. Then slowly, scarcely knowing why he did so, he placed the offending design conspicuously beside the casket.

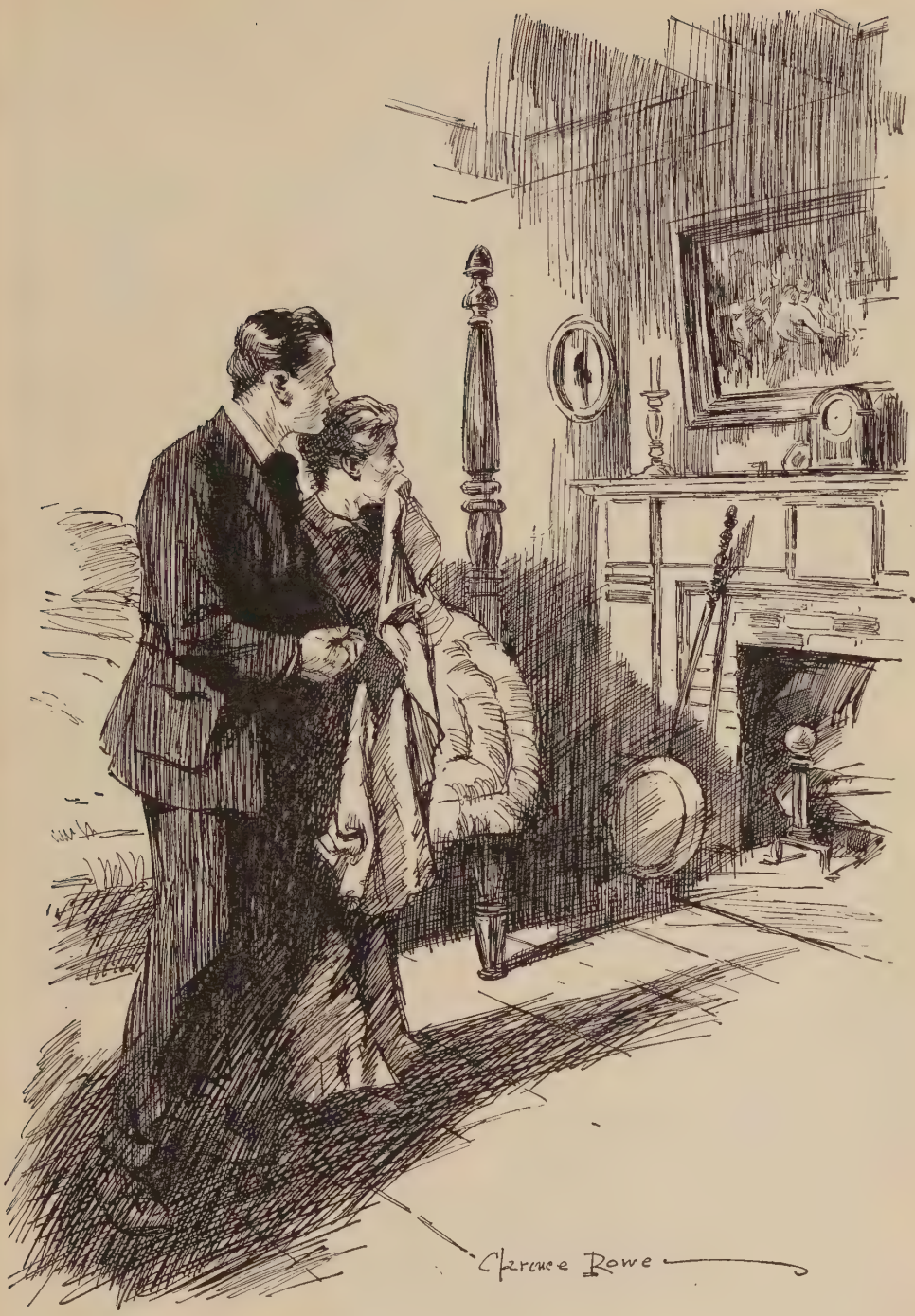
IV

That day, for the first week-day in many years, "the works" were silent.

That day, too, almost a thousand of John Crocker's employees came to file solemnly past his casket. Of their own will they came, dressed awkwardly in their Sunday best. A little after twelve they began to arrive in groups of two or three, then in larger groups, until finally there was a constant stream of them coming in at the little gate, sedulously scraping their feet upon the mat, and with hats in hand walking gravely past the casket of the man whom many of them had known since childhood.

In his father's room up-stairs Rupert stood alone and listened to the muffled shuffling of their feet. He remembered that during the twenty years that his father had been superintendent of the firm there had been no strikes there. Labor troubles there had been; but the men had come to John Crocker frankly to present their grievances. Sometimes—for he had been a working man himself and had a sense of rough-and-ready justice—their demands had been granted. Sometimes he had refused, and then even the clerks in the outer office had quaked as his deep voice rang out in argument and his burly fists set the ink-wells on his desk to dancing. But it had been his father's proudest boast that, while strikes and lockouts had been frequent at other plants and the State constabulary had more than once been called out, he and his men had settled their own disputes in open argument and to their mutual satisfaction. Rupert pondered this as he listened to the muffled shuffling in the hall below. Would the procession never cease? American and Lithuanian, Russian and Pole, all had come with a single purpose—to honor the memory of the man they had worked for and respected.

The funeral service was short; and when the minister announced as his text, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," Rupert had no feeling that it was inappropriate. All the little things about his father that he had so resented seemed now to dwindle into petty insignificance. He was acquiring a new vision, and, as the steady modulations of the minister's voice rose and fell, Rupert began to block in, as best he could, the gaunt outlines of his father's life. He saw in retrospect the long struggle that had been his father's. A mechanic of some ability, John Crocker



Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

His mother's words came slowly and with difficulty.—Page 594.

had fought his way to success by unrelenting effort, shrewd common sense, and his unflinching honesty. Rupert recalled his sense of allegiance to business associates, his even-handed justice to the men who worked for him. He thought of his father's enduring love for one woman; and he realized the long years of hard work that had preceded the attainment of a position of importance in the industrial life of the community—and the responsibility that had come after. Viewed so, there was a rude dignity about his father's life—an element of rugged Americanism he had not realized before.

Still dry-eyed, Rupert drove with his mother to the cemetery. There, in a plot overlooking the plant that had been his life-work, the remains of John Crocker were laid to rest. Afterward mother and son returned to the house; and when their relatives and friends had gone sat silently together. After a while Rupert put his arm around her waist. He was wondering miserably if his father had spoken of him before he died; and the sense of their estrangement had become a crushing weight upon him.

At last his mother turned to him.

"Rupert," she said.

"Yes, mother?"

"There is something I have to tell you —about your father.

"The night before he died, I stayed with him till very late. Then, because he seemed to be sleeping comfortably, I went into the spare room to lie down. I slept longer than I meant to, for when I woke up it was getting light; and, Rupert—do you remember how your father used to call you? How, from the bottom of the stairs, he called you every morning—during all the years you lived here? . . . Well, that was what had wakened me. He had called you—'Ho-o, son!'—the way he used to; and I went out to find him standing in his nightshirt just as he had gotten out of bed. He was looking up the stairs as if he were waiting for you to answer. . . . 'But Rupert isn't there, John,' I said. He didn't seem quite to understand, for as I led him back he said: 'I only wanted to tell him about his picture. . . .'"

A sudden tightening in his throat, and Rupert looked up. Tears flooded his eyes and ran burning down his cheeks. His mother had risen and, with a sign for him to follow, she went into her own room. There on the wall, opposite his parents' bed, hung the picture he had done in Paris—the one picture that had been a success.

His mother's words came slowly and with difficulty:

"He saw a reproduction of it in some industrial magazine and wouldn't rest till he had bought the original. At first it hung over his desk at 'the works'; but when he was taken ill he ordered it brought here. He never talked about it; he just lay in bed and stared at it for hours at a time. . . . When I led him back to bed he seemed to draw himself together. 'Rachel,' he said, 'that's a great picture. Aye—and it would take John Crocker's son to paint it. Look at it, though: at the hot iron pourin' from the furnace and the puddlers stripped naked to the waist! Can ye not fairly *feel* the heat of it? Can ye not *smell* the sweat that's streamin' down their backs? Can ye not *hear* the clankin' of the cranes above and the din of the trip-hammer through it all? . . . Rachel, tell him—tell him I'm proud of him. He was finer metal than I thought —as fine metal as his father. Aye, we were smelted from the same ore; but the Founder cast us in different moulds.'"

LORD DUNSANY—MYTH-MAKER

By Odell Shepard
Author of "The Paradox of Thoreau," etc.

FOR all practical American purposes, Irishmen may be divided into three sorts: policemen, politicians, and poets. One reason, apparently, why the present population of the island assays so large a proportion of poets is that the policemen and politicians mostly emigrate to America, while the poets remain at home. The chief bond of union in this third group is a vigorous detestation of the other two. Were it not for this common antipathy, there would scarcely exist anything recognizable as an Irish School. For there are Irish poets who, in defiance of Matthew Arnold, are not mystics and have no "natural magic"; there are others without a glint of humor; there are even some who do not affect a wilful obscurity; but there are few, if any, without an inborn horror of the hustings and the court. By their hates ye shall know them.

The reasons for this are obvious enough. From Hadrian to Viscount French, the Celts of the British Isles have been policed and governed and regulated to the verge of utter despair. Volatile, imaginative, ill-organized, they have fallen under the sway of a more phlegmatic race—a race clear-eyed, hard-hitting, and devoted to routine. Their history for these thousand years has been one of almost continuous flight, into the Highlands of Scotland, into the mountains of Wales, into Brittany, and across the Irish Channel. But they have never quite escaped from "those strong feet that followed, followed after." And now that there is no geographical refuge left, what can they do but take to the "viewless wings of poesy"? Now that these wild birds are finally caged, what can they do but sing? This is what has brought about the Neo-Celtic Revival. In order to understand an Irish poet, one should hold in mind the visual image of a pursuing policeman. To understand Irish poetry, one should see it as a tapestry woven by many hands to hide the gaunt outlines of the gallows and the jail. Erin's Harp, although it is already a most appropriate national emblem, might be significantly quartered with a shillelah.

The poetry of Ireland has always been a "poetry of escape." Even without the Romantic Movement it would have been that. But Romanticism is precisely that mood or frame of mind which is always seeking new and untried avenues of escape from the familiar into the unknown. Here, then, are two lines of force moving out of quite different sources but converging in the same direction. When these two impulses are brought to bear on one and the same individual, we may expect a noteworthy result. Lord Dunsany is such a result. Because the traits drawn from one line of his mental ancestry are so strongly corroborated by those drawn from the other, one may think of him either as the most Irish of Irish poets or as the most audaciously romantic of Romanticists. Perhaps he may be both.

Lord Dunsany has had a glimpse over one shoulder of two terrifying giants whose names are Here and Now. He does not stop, like Wordsworth and other greater poets, and try to convert them from cannibalism. He does not even stand, like Carlyle or Leopardi, and revile them from a distance. He simply runs away. And although it may be said without any disparagement of Irish courage that this is a very Irish thing to do, yet certainly no other of Erin's thousand poets has escaped so completely from these fearsome twins as Lord Dunsany, or built so impregnable a fortress against them. He leaves behind him both modern and ancient Ireland, and even that enchanted region of Old Irish legend in which so many of his fellows have lingered. He would not deny that some fine gold of fancy may be found there, but he thinks it too much cumbered with the

baser metals of fact. The archæologist's pickaxe may any day unearth the palace of Conchobar or go crashing through the actual skull of Cuchullinn. As for Ossian and Fingal, are they not already half historic? Learning a sad wisdom from the experience of his people, he is determined to flee far enough, to gather miles and meridians enough about him, so as to be free for a lifetime from politicians and policemen and pedants, from bill-boards and yellow journalism and all the spreading stain of commercialized ugliness. There is one lobe of his brain that has known the muck and roil of modern life, and has brought him somehow through the stench and squalor of two great wars; but whenever he is free to choose his way he strides rapidly backward through history past Cæsar and Agamemnon, past Karnak and Heliopolis, to a still place behind the years "older than Always." The excellence of his plays and tales varies inversely as the square of their distance from anything he has ever known in the world of every-day. He seems to live for the most part in a glimmering land where only he has ever been, where all the wars were fought out long ago, where all the shadowy peoples dwell in peace together under the benignant tyranny of his imagination. Something like this is what Irish poets have always wanted. Lord Dunsany is the most Irish of them all.

As for the Romantic tradition, Lord Dunsany seems to close a vista there also. Delight in solitude, love of the remote in time and space, the "devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow"—these are some main characteristics of the romantic poet which he illustrates and illumines. Pushing the frontiers of fancy always before it, the romantic imagination long ago exhausted available time and space. To the Elizabethan romanticists of action, mere voyages of discovery were sufficient. Richard Hakluyt was the Dunsany of their day. But now Lieutenant Peary and Captain Scott have reduced the dreams of Frobisher and Drake to prose. Coleridge's caravel of dreams came to earth in Xanadu, a place one could locate within a thousand miles on any good map. Since the explorations of Sir Francis Younghusband no poet goes there any more. Shelley discovered the sky for poetry and Keats the undersea. They lived before the aeroplane and the submarine. And so science has gone on crowding a certain kind of poetry off the edge of the world, not because the intrusion of fact need really be hostile to poetry but because a certain type of poet thinks it is. His habitual feeling is stated forever in Keats's words:

> "There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
> We know her woof, her texture; she is given
> In the dull catalogue of common things."

Like the Irish poet, the Romanticist has been for a long time in retreat, not so much from Anglo-Saxons as from Philistines everywhere and from all that they mean by "modern improvements." And this is why Lord Dunsany is perhaps the most typical, as he is certainly the most extreme, of all Romanticists. He has done more successfully than any other what they have all tried to do, escaping beyond any pursuit into a land of his own dreaming where he can be forever alone and forever free.

In one way of looking at it, there are only two great classes of authors: those who help us to a clearer and fuller knowledge of the world we live in and those who lead us away from that world. Lord Dunsany belongs to the latter class. He has dreamed a complete cosmology of his own. Mighty mountain ranges are stretched along the borders of his dream and vast rivers are shining here and there within it, rolling down to perilous seas forlorn. Successive pantheons have conquered and ruled and been forgotten there, and there are many men and many idols. His dream is completely furnished with strange birds, trees, metals, flowers, and with jewels of incredible beauty and impossibly delectable names. Strange beasts prowl through its jungles—Tharagavverug with the heart of bronze, Wong Bongerok of the scorpion tail, and "dragons, griffins, hippogriffins, and the different species of gargoyle." It is not the strangeness or the beauty of the visions which astonishes so much as the profusion. The fancy of their creator seems as prolific as a tropical jungle. He has an inexhaustible and tireless invention.

He strikes out forms and images with the cheerful ease and abandon of a young god in the experimental stages of creation. Ignoring the opinion of all the savants that the work of myth-making is ended forever and that it can be done only by the concerted and protracted effort of entire races, he sets about to people the forgotten past and the empty sky in just the serene and care-free way of the most ancient dreamers. He is, in fact, the foremost modern myth-maker, with Shelley as his nearest but far-away rival.

In the safe and sensible way of all the makers of myth, he stages his stories in the Long, Long Ago. So old are the cities and gods and men of which he writes that only he has ever dreamed of them, and even he "may not be sure that his dreams are true." The marble towers of Babbulkund have rested quietly under the drums and tramplings of many a conquest, and the wonderful sword of Welleran has long been rust. He deals with time as Milton did with starry space, moving freely in those boundless reaches of the past which only children and poets know. The most thrilling and significant figure in his tales is that of Time, destined devourer of worlds and gods—even of dreams. It is because this sinister protagonist is so constantly present to his mind that nearly all his plays and stories are tragedies. He is obsessed, like all the Romanticists, by the thought of evanescence and decay. Most of what he has written is a magical expansion of the thought and mood expressed in Nashe's magical lines:

> "Brightness falls from the air;
> Queens have died young and fair;
> Dust hath filled Helen's eye;
> I am sick, I must die—
> Lord, have mercy on us!"

For the description of his dream-world Lord Dunsany has struck out an art form and a style for which it is hard to find suitable names because they have so few analogues in literature. Maurice de Guérin's *Centaure*, the prose-poems of Turgenev, De Quincey's *Dream Fugues*, or such a thing as Poe's *Silence* may possibly have suggested the form, but only in the vaguest way. Dunsany's prose tales are not short stories and they are not fables, but something between. The basis of their technic lies in the psychology of dreams. The faults of that technic are lack of structure and cohesion and a too frequent failure in climax—and these, so to speak, are the technical faults of dreams also. But though the origins of his form and style may be obscure, the effects aimed at and secured in both his plays and his tales were clearly prophesied and foreshadowed in one of the most brilliant of all English critical essays, *The Decay of Lying*. One can imagine how Oscar Wilde would have gloried in the audacious mendacity of this last of the æsthetes. Lord Dunsany agrees with Wilde's assertion that "the only beautiful things are the things which do not concern us." He agrees that art should be "a veil rather than a mirror," and that its chief aim should be a sort of gorgeous prevarication.

In plays and tales which, on the side of form, are almost the latest literary novelty, Dunsany draws his readers and audiences back with him to the most ancient times. This is not solely due to his preference for the prehistoric in his choice of materials proper to myth-making but also to the fact that he centres attention upon the most primitive and fundamental emotions. Like a true ancient, he gives no exaggerated importance to the theme of love, and he treats it, if at all, in a way which seems to most readers cold and distant. Compassion is not to be found in his world, or any of the other altruistic emotions which owe their modern development chiefly to Christianity. His most characteristic effects are almost always connected in some way with the oldest emotion of all, which has been strangely neglected by modern poets. Fear, the most trenchant and overwhelming of the emotions, comes at last into its own in his prose-poems and plays. He brings before us the nightmare of Pestilence which prowls in darkness about the homes of men and then, growing bolder, snaps at their throats as they pass in broad daylight, until it has grown strong enough to leap into the air and bring down flying birds in its poisonous claws. He can suggest measureless deeps of horror by a single image: "Heavy two-footed creatures pad through the night

on paws." He can terrify the imagination by a single word: "Sometimes some monster of the river *coughed*." Nearly always these effects are made by suggestion rather than by delineation, and he knows to a nicety the expressiveness of silence. When Leothric gazed for the first time upon the hostile fortress of Gaznak, there looked out at him from the windows, the poet says, "things of which I shall not speak."

But the pure and unsophisticated note of the primitive is a thing excessively rare which we need not expect to find even in an Irish poet. What we get from Dunsany is not the simple and naïve faith of the ancient myth-makers but something which, although it may be less satisfying, is certainly more interesting because more subtle and complex than that. The ancient dreamer used myth to explain the world about him, but this modern one uses it for escape from that world or as ironic comment upon it. Dunsany's myths are made by a mind half-way between asleep and awake, by a dreamer who can no longer be sure that his dreams are true. Thus the doubts and hesitations and scepticisms of the modern mind are thrown up very clearly against their background of childlike faith, making a total effect of exceptional richness and complexity for which the closest analogue is to be found, perhaps, in the writings of Lucian, who also stood "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born."

Aside from this complexity and scepticism, however, Dunsany makes almost entirely the effect of an ancient. It is not because one wishes to imply any equality of merit but because there is no modern writer like him that one must speak of him in connection with some of the most broadly simple writers of the earliest times. Although it is obviously a comparison of small things with great to say so, yet it is true that his fancies have the grandiose simplicity of Egyptian sculpture, that his irony and his view of Fate are Æschylean, and that Herodotus and the author of the Book of the Preacher are his nearest artistic congeners and contemporaries. Perhaps the most significant phase of what modernity he has is seen in his scorn of modern things. He exhibits in a virulent form the modern disease of agoraphobia, an intense hatred of great cities and all their works. In all the Land of Dunsany there is not one business man or bill-board or office-building, but "very small are all its pleasant cities, and the people thereof bless one another by name as they pass in the streets." In short, Lord Dunsany seems to turn history upside down, and his mind is that of an ancient poet with glints of modernity here and there showing through. His irony and his antipathy toward the hypercivilized are not ancient, but they show no preference in favor of the modern. Even his humor has always a slightly archaic flavor. In one of the most leisurely of his meandering tales he asks a dream sentinel why all the dwellers in a certain dream city are asleep, and receives the answer: "None may ask questions in this gate for fear they may wake the people of the city. For when the people of the city wake, the gods will die. And when the gods die, men may dream no more." In this beautifully vicious circle there is something Hibernian, to be sure, but the sarcasm is one of which Lucian himself might have been proud.

Although we live in an age of prose, it is probably a higher distinction nowadays to be the master of an excellent prose than it is to be able to write good verse. And it may be seen some day as Lord Dunsany's chief distinction that he has revived in a time of prose proletarians the aristocratic traditions of Landor and De Quincey. He writes a style which is at once unique and perfectly natural, idiosyncratic but not eccentric.

The most striking feature of Lord Dunsany's prose is its extremely subtle use of rhythm. His prose cadences are comparable only with the *cursus* of ancient orators and of the Roman Catholic ritual, but they have the advantage of seeming, if not of being, entirely instinctive and spontaneous. No patient analysis of the rhythms of Isocrates or Cicero or Jeremy Taylor ever gave the clew to such delicate verbal cadences as this: "And he commended my soul to the care of his own gods, to his little lesser gods, the humble ones, to the gods that bless Belzoond." When one has read these words three or four times, particularly if he reads them aloud, he has woven a charm about him-

self from which he will not soon escape, for they will live in his memory, like a theme of Schumann's, long after their context is forgotten. There is a perfection of form, apparently casual and unsought, in this series of sounds, and an artistic triumph also, comparable to that which Swinburne achieved in one or two of his invented stanzas—say that of the "Garden of Proserpine." These prose rhythms often circle into eddies of scannable metre, as in the passage: "And apart from the things that were done there, the trees themselves were a warning, and did not wear the wholesome look of those that we plant ourselves." This sort of thing, of course, may easily be overdone, as Blackmore overdid it in *Lorna Doone*. There are some whole pages in Dunsany's later books which read as fairly regular hexameter. Usually, however, the metrical passage is so short as not to disturb the even flow of the prose, which loops smoothly out again into the current of slightly stressed rhythms. Many magical effects are secured by this mixture of plain prose, mere *sermo pedestris*, with rhythmed prose and with metre. All three are combined in the following passage, which is, however, one rhythmic unit: "When spring has fallen upon the days of summer, I carry away with mournful joy at night petal by petal the rhododendron's bloom. No lit procession of purple kings is nigh so fair as that. No beautiful death of well-beloved men hath such a glory of forlornness."

It is open to any pedant or purist who so pleases to assert that English speakers and English writers will do well to stop their ears against such Siren music as this, and one would understand very readily what he meant. There is indeed something exotic, something foreign to the best English tradition, possibly something a trifle meretricious in these cadences. The fact remains, however, that this music is, in its possibly poisonous way, supreme. There is little danger, either, of its becoming too prevalent in the writing of other men. Its defect in the writings of Dunsany is solely in its excess, and even this excess may have a beneficial effect upon the prose of the day, which can certainly not be said to err on the side of an undue attention to the musical potentialities of the language. Besides this, it may be said that Lord Dunsany's rhythms at their best show scarcely any excess whatever and are in harmony with the movement of the soundest English prose of the last two centuries and a half. One is as much delighted by the simplicity as by the richness in overtones of a passage such as this: "With a sound like tinkling bells, far off in a land of shepherds hidden by some hill, the waters of many fountains turned again home."

Probably we are far enough away from the æsthetes to make it safe to say that the poets who lead us away from reality belong to an order below that of those who help us to face and master life. The criticism which is to decide Lord Dunsany's exact position in that lower rank must keep in mind a certain monotony of total effect which is almost always felt when one reads several of his plays or tales in close succession. This monotony may be due to the narrow emotional range of his work—to that concentration upon fear and awe and terror and the consequent exclusion of the gentler emotions which has made him nearly incomprehensible to many women. No fair and even-handed criticism should ever fail to point out, however, that his greatest difficulty has been a sort of *embarras de richesse*, a temptation to load every rift with ore which comes directly from the great wealth of his fancy. However low his final position may be, it will be clear that few men of his time were given the chance to misuse such powers as his. It will be clear also that no other man of our day ever dreamt such dreams or did so much to bring about that renaissance of wonder in which, according to the prophecy of Oscar Wilde, "dragons will wander about the waste places and the phœnix will soar from her bed of fire." As though he saw in a vision the Land of Dunsany itself, the prophet goes on to say that in that day "we shall lay our hands upon the basilisk, and see the jewel in the toad's head. Champing his gilded oats, the Hippogriff will stand in our stalls, and over our heads will float the Bluebird singing of beautiful impossible things, of things that are lovely and that never happen, of things that are not and that should be."

THE BETHANY STAGE

By Emma Lee Walton

Illustrations by J. Rumsey Micks

OUR village is unbelievably tiny, for we were left behind by the railroad years ago because Judge Pomeroy wouldn't yield on a point he claimed under the law, and we have all our communication with the outside world through the stage that makes six trips a day to Wolcott, where the railroad station is. I rather like the isolation myself, and was considerably dismayed when the city folks discovered us and bought up our old farms, and put fancy names on the new stone gate-posts. They called us "natives," and they insisted on an automobile fire-engine and a water system to be used in place of the old pump, but on the whole they were not so much of a nuisance as we had feared they might be. Of course, they did bother us some, trying to buy our old furniture and acting high and mighty about "old antiques," but we had some quiet laughs among ourselves about it and did not mind.

We are mighty choice about our old things though we say nothing, but in our village we can't understand why outsiders named Donnahue or Peggenstein want to snap up the old mahogany that has been owned for generations by Huntingtons or Leffingwells or Slocums, any more than they'd want our old shoes. Perhaps Millie Lane was the most tempted of any of us to sell. She used to come over—it's just across the street—and get what she called "backbone" put into her by my telling her that the old secretary in her living-room was the one her mother used to sit at when she wrote to Millie's father over in France on a scientific mission for the government, and where her grandmother's wedding certificate was signed the day she was married to Judge Blake. Probably, too, it was on the very lid of it that her great-grandfather Ennis wrote out his will that disinherited his own daughter Nancy because she ran off with the miller's son. Millie Lane though did need the money, land knows, and maybe we'd have forgiven her if she had given in and taken their tainted dollars.

Millie's father being brainy, with his head in the clouds, left nothing at all for his slip of a wife to live on when he died, and it was desperately hard sledding for years. When she died, tired out, she felt well content, however, because Millie was engaged to Sam Lane and thought he had an assured future, if there is such a thing in these uncertain times. He was a plausible young man who made friends, but that's about all that could be said for him. His father, over in Marlboro, had been that amphibious thing known as "a moderate drinker," and so when I found Sam Lane asleep on his own door-step in the early morning of a June day, I knew with a sinking heart that the end was coming. Millie excused him fiercely as we struggled to hurry him inside before the neighbors were up, but her incoherent remarks about overwork and nervousness would have been funny at any other time. We don't have nervous prostration in Bethany.

The old story worked out the usual way after that, and I noticed more than once that Millie was doing a washing. Millie's father, received in all the best homes of Europe, a lecturer in foreign colleges, honored by his country—and Millie taking in rich folks' washings because her silly husband chose to be what is known as a "good fellow"! Millie was so desperate in her defense that she felt Sam almost justified when she found that Mr. Slater had dismissed him from his place as cashier, it being such a shock to a man to lose his position that he's held for years. I don't think she said much to Sam himself about it, because she told me she thought most people used too many words about things, but she did her best to straighten Sam up and yet be gentle as she ought.

I think it was Mr. Slater who got the job of stage-driver for Sam, though he didn't appear in it just then. It happened that the city folks didn't like Hal Done, because he did horseshoeing, and sometimes they had to wait for their mail or to get to town, and they complained to Washington to get him laid off for good. We felt it a good deal because we quite liked to stand around talking to Patty Done while Hal fed the chickens or fixed hinges for somebody, but the city folks they wanted their mail on the dot, and when they did take the stage, which was almost never on account of having automobiles, they didn't want to pay fifty cents and wait five minutes. Furtunately Hal and Patty fell heir to the old Grant farm that her father Dan Sampson left, and the place was ready for Sam Lane without any long legal fights such as we don't like in Bethany and don't have.

Perhaps Sam was the only man who could take it, because there aren't many in our village that will take a thing so uncertain without having a business to run along with it, the government being a master that gives the cold shoulder to anybody at the slightest complaint. Naturally I kept a still tongue about Sam's habits, and Colonel Slater was in Barton and he wouldn't have told anyhow. Six trips a day and the mail bags to keep track of might make a man of Sam if he had the making. All he had to do was to drive down to Wolcott and leave a sack of mail at Blake's Crossing on his way back, passengers, of course, were C. O. D. and interesting.

Millie seemed quite heartened up for a while, but business slacked up in the fall and Sam, morose and irritable, did not make a pleasant impression. The city folks stayed late that year because it was warm so long, and it was one of them that did the mischief just as he was packing up to go to the city. Some letters were late and Sam had missed three trains that month, and it did look pretty bad, so it wasn't surprising the complaint was heeded at Washington. Anyhow that night Doctor Leffingwell came after me to come over to Millie's, and I knew what had happened soon's I saw his face. It's the cowards like Sam Lane that make a mess of life and then slip away leaving everything in a mix-up. Doctor Leffingwell said he hated to bother me, but he was at his wits' end not knowing what to make of Millie's being so apathetic and quiet. The way it always does upset a doctor when folks don't act according to diagnosis and schedule! I knew it was all because she was reproaching herself that she was not broken-hearted, but I had sense enough not to tell him, and to help Millie keep it from the rest who wouldn't understand that a woman may not love or respect a man just because he happens to be her husband whether he's done anything to be loved for or not.

Well, I took her over to live with me and shut up the house across the way, and we looked for something for her to do. A needle in a haystack it was for easy finding in a village like Bethany where my maid Serepta and the minister's and judge's and off and on the doctor's are the only ones in town, folks doing everything themselves and having done so for generations. Then there came a letter from Washington offering Millie the driving of the stage, the neighbors having asked for her.

"Isn't Bethany dear?" she asked me with tears in her voice. "You can suffer here and you can sometimes rebel, but there's always a heart in our village that shows itself and makes you ashamed that you had hard thoughts."

Nevertheless, she shrank at first from taking the stage because of the curious stares of the passengers and the city folks going to Wolcott to shop, which they sometimes did. She had so much pride and she had had to humble herself so often that there were moments when this seemed just another bitter drop in her cup, but she took it though she seemed to change her very nature when she took the reins in her hands that first day. She sat up straight and haughty and drove with a dash that might have been the envy of the city folks, but her lips were compressed into a straight line and her eyes were bright with a fire undimmed by the color in her cheeks. Molly Winsted expressed it when she said "Millie Lane made up her mind she'd drive that stage if it killed her," and you knew that was true when you sat behind her and looked

at the lines of her back. It wasn't that she was cross, because Millie never was, it was only that she was different, and I understood it only when I remembered her great-aunt Sarah, who was the sort of a queen-like woman that could have taken in back stairs to scrub and not lowered herself an atom, just setting her teeth and going to work.

It seemed to me, watching the weather so closely those days, that all the disagreeable times came at once, just as Millie Lane began to drive the Bethany stage. If it did not rain the wind blew up a dust-storm that inflamed one's eyes and made one feel very humanly irritated no matter how angelic one's usual temper, and then the snow came. It is one thing to sit in a warm steam-heated apartment in a city where the authorities shovel the snow out of sight and memory as though it were some evil or repulsive scourge, and another to try to drive a team through the deep drifts that the hill winds blow up in our valleys. From the sunny kitchen window the sparkling snow on a frosty morning is a very beautiful sight unless you know that you must beat a path to the barn where the hungry creatures await you, or unless you are forced to drive out in the teeth of a biting wind six times a day, sympathizing with your tired horses all the way as they struggle to stand on the slippery ice underneath the waist-deep snow. Morning after morning I saw Millie Lane go forth bundled to the neck in her old ulster topped by a fur collar I made her accept, her hands incased in three pairs of gloves, her knees well covered with robes and steamer rugs, yet feeling in every bone the penetrating chill of our bitter wind. She drove when a man would have stayed indoors, feeling that she must not fail because she was a woman and frail. One night she had to spend with Mrs. Slater in Wolcott because the snow was over the fences and there was no way to be sure of the road, but she afterward hated to speak of it, as if she had failed the government some way and was ashamed of her weakness.

It was some time in the fore part of February, just at our blizzard time, that Millie Lane brought across the first passenger she had happened upon for several days. I was busily intent working on a counterpane when Serepta, my little maid, called to me excitedly that the stage was stopping at my door. The wind was whirling great masses of snow against the windows, whistling shrilly as it passed my house and flew down the lane toward old Mrs. Dwiggins's cottage on King's Road, and I could scarcely believe that I had heard aright over the noise. When I saw a man step from the stage, suitcase in hand, my first thought was that my son had come over from New York, but it did not take a moment to show me that this man was a bit the older and rather heavier built. Serepta, wondering frankly, opened the door to his knock.

When he came in he seemed to fill my small old room, he was so tall, and I liked that and the way he bowed and looked so content and glad to be in.

"This is rather an unceremonious way to blow in, literally, my dear lady," he laughed pleasantly, companionably, "but your son is in part to blame. I have a letter asking you to take me in for the night since there are no hotels within hailing distance."

That was the way he came, my boy's old friend, but the way he stayed was stranger. He had planned to look up some of his own people on the records in Wolcott, and he thought it might not take more than a day or two.

"You may be bored to extinction by hearing about ancestors," he said that evening. "But mine mean a great deal to me and have since the days when they used to stand me up in the middle of the 'parlor,' and try to puzzle out where I got my brown eyes and from what forebear I inherited a most mortifying cowlick. I don't expect to find governors or major-generals in my stock, but I should like, you see, to know their names and what they were like."

So, in spite of the cold, John Draper went to Wolcott in the stage the next morning carrying with him a record book with its pages blank except for a few in the front where he had written all that he already knew of his people. He was gone all day, and when he came back he was thoughtful and quiet for a long time. Finally, as we sat by the fire in the living-

She drove when a man would have stayed indoors, feeling that she must not fail because she was a woman and frail.—Page 602.

room and he was a little thawed out, he laughed softly to himself and told me what I was waiting to hear.

"I suppose when you've been away from New England for a couple of generations you get out of the way of things," he said. "You don't understand people as you would if you had stayed among them and had learned to make allowances. You did not tell me that the driver of the stage was such a chilly proposition as she is."

"I warned you she did not like men and I said I did not blame her."

"They talk about a big city being lonesome," he went on. "But where I live the people are at least human. If you are alone in a car with any one when anything of interest happens you will not be thought impertinent if you remark about it. It seems to be different here."

"I'm sorry," I said sincerely. "But Millie Lane thinks of herself as a machine in the employ of the government, and does not care for conversation."

"You see I feel as if I had come back home," he said boyishly. "And I just remarked that I understood that she descended from the Ennis family just as I do."

"What did she say?"

"She thought, she said, that descended was exactly the right word to use."

"That was very rude of her," I said severely. "You were silent then, I suppose?"

"Why no," he confessed sheepishly. "I told her quite a lot, but she was as silent as the tomb all the rest of the way. Jove, I never felt such a deep silence!"

That evening Millie Lane slipped around to my back door and up to my room where Serepta told her I was. She looked thoroughly indignant.

"That man who's staying with you is trying to be masterful," she burst out. "He lorded it over me telling me we're cousins, and I just politely informed him that everybody in New England is cousin to everybody else except the scum of Europe that swarms over here."

"That wasn't exactly the way I heard about it."

"Well, those weren't my words, of course," she acknowledged. "But that was the sense of it."

"Oh," I said calmly. "I'm glad to hear there was sense to it."

It took longer than he thought to find some of his people, so, of course, I asked John Draper to stay with me for at least the week, not entirely an unselfish invitation as his company was very welcome those long cold evenings, and he accepted with a whimsical smile that I could not then interpret.

"I'd love to stay," he said. "But you must let me pay my board here as I should do at a hotel. Ah, yes," he interrupted my protest. "You can give it to the heathen if you like. I should like to feel I were helping some romantic Hottentot to buy a nose-ring for his bride, so that is settled, and I may stay a bit longer? Thank you a thousand times, my lady."

I looked forward to the evenings with pleasure then, for, though I am no longer young, I do not go to bed early, and the hours had often dragged for me. We had interesting bits of conversation always.

"I have found some entertaining data," he said one evening. "But I may as well be honest with you and say that it is not on account of my ancestors that I want to stay in Bethany."

"I am glad you like us as well as that," I smiled. "We have been called quite dull."

"I am certain of one who is not," he said with a short laugh. "I wish my doctor would prescribe a trip an hour in the Bethany stage."

In the dim firelight I could see he was smiling gently to himself, gazing into the coals, but it was a full minute before I caught my breath and realized what he had said.

"You see I told you she was different," he went on in a low voice. "Why, I have never seen any one like her. I have seen her swing those heavy bags she scorns to be helped with as if she were a man almost, and I have seen her face harden when she answered that impertinent woman down at the pump, but I did not know just what she was until to-day when she stopped to pick up a free passenger, a little girl who was floundering in the roadway. I never saw a face change as hers did, and I never heard a voice so sweet."

"You speak like a poet," I said gently. "But Millie Lane is worth the loving, and she has had little of happiness all her days."

"I think I know that from watching her so far," he said quietly. "I have seen her with a tired child to comfort, and I understand."

Of course the townsfolk commented on his presence, but we are not ill-natured in Bethany, and it grew to be nothing to marvel at that John Draper should take several trips a day on the stage. Molly Winsted was the only one who seemed to keep her curiosity alive.

"Man acts like he was half cracked is all I can say," she declared. "What sort of a creature is he to spend at least a half-hour of good time just chattering with the barber, Jim Hicks, who never had a sensible idea in his head that anybody ever heard of. He laughs, too, at the things Jim says, though everybody knows Jim has foolish notions. Folks that act so sort of general are up to something. Most men want something to do even if it ain't nothing but knocking a poor little ball round a yard."

He was so eager to help Millie financially that he made the mistake of taking too many trips on the stage and sending any number of useless boxes to me at all hours of the day. Of course, Millie protested through me.

"He evidently thinks I am so poor he has to help me," she sputtered. "He sends you frozen French vegetables that Mr. Slater condemns and a lot of things that smell spoiled as well as all that fancy good stuff you can't use. Hereafter he's got to hire wagons to haul his stuff, for I'm not going to take things just to put money in my own pocket. Besides, he takes a lot of unnecessary trips, you know he does, to give me extra fares. I'll haul him up and down, but you must tell him he's got to take an automobile if he wants extra trips. He talks too much, anyhow, taking it for granted I'm interested in him and his old ancestors."

When I told John Draper, he was much annoyed with himself. "I just overdid it, like an idiot," he exclaimed. "And I was feeling so glad to know she's been able to buy herself some fur-lined gloves. How in the world can a mere man do anything for a woman, anyhow? Have I got to stand by and watch her suffer for the actual necessities of life when I've got so much? Why, I spend more on records for my phonograph than she does on her clothes and her table combined, lots more. If I asked her to marry me now she'd just laugh or make out she didn't hear, the way she does when I talk to her ordinarily."

It is hard being entertaining in an open stage with a high wind and a low thermometer, but if any one could be so it would be John Draper I am sure. I never held to the old-fashioned notion that a man can win a woman by just everlastingly sticking to it, because some people get on your nerves being always underfoot, but I must acknowledge that even if I could bring myself to hate a man like John Draper I should never get a mite tired listening to his voice. Yet he wasn't such a paragon that he was a trial, for he forgot sometimes to wipe off his shoes when he came in covered with snow, and he was very apt to fall to whistling if he woke up in the night and couldn't sleep.

The bitter cold got more and more penetrating. Such poor folks as we have in Bethany we moved to rooms over the town hall, and the Ladies' Aid kept busy looking after them. It wasn't the best way, but when people are freezing you can't wait to write to the Carnegie Institute to find out whether it's according to the latest discoveries or not. Millie Lane got grimmer and grimmer those awful days, and I knew that though she was not one to complain such a winter was almost more than flesh and blood could stand.

"It's enough to break your heart," John Draper said frantically. "Here I've gotten chilled just taking one trip, and she had to get in and out a dozen times while I sat cosey in the robes. My heavens, what a big difference there is in women!"

So things went till the day of the great storm. Folks still speak that way of it to-day. Millie Lane made two trips and then came over to my house and stood looking out from a scraped place on my frosted window.

"Seems almost as though one could stay home to-day," she said wistfully. "Peter Winsted says Washington will understand because they have a storm of their own."

So it didn't take much urging to get her to sit and have a cup of tea with me, while she kept one ear open to hear if the storm abated any. Then we got a telephone message relayed from Wolcott through Barton, and I was just answering that the stage wouldn't run that day when Millie took the phone herself and said she'd be in Wolcott as fast as she could get there.

"It isn't like anything ordinary," she defended herself. "It's little Dottie Winsted. She's gotten that far and is crying for homesickness. They telegraphed down for her to come right off on account of her mother being not expected to live through to-night. Do you think I can stay here and drink tea when that child's dying mother wants to see her and her father separated from them? You don't know me, that's all. Isn't this sheepskin coat the warmest thing, though!"

So she went out of my house wrapped up to her eyes in everything I could make her take, but coughing a bit with a cold she had picked up in spite of all my oversight. She took the extra covers I offered for the use of the child coming back, and smiled bravely to me over the high pile of them on her arm.

John Draper told me about it that

night as we sat by the fire and watched the embers, wondering what the dawn would bring—and dreading it.

He had been standing in Slater's store talking to Fred Done, when, to his astonishment, a team drove up pretty well winded, and Millie Lane came in asking for Dottie Winsted, ignoring them all as if they had been mere pictures on the wall.

"It isn't rude from her," he said drolly. "And it is mighty effective. I don't think she saw me at all until I took the reins away from her when I got in the stage. She fought my driving, but I told her that I was through being bullied once for all, and I intended to drive that stage if she was to kill me for it. What was more she was to sit on the floor close to the back seat and wrap herself and the child in the rugs. It was as well she gave in," he added calmly. "Or we should never have reached here."

At Blake's Crossing they picked up Kurt Winsted waiting at the post-office door when she threw in the sack of mail, and his sigh of relief as he climbed in the front seat showed the strain he had been under for fear they might not come.

"Kurt's monologue was harder to bear than the storm," John Draper said with a sigh. "But I can tell you I was glad I had him when the straps broke at the top of Huntington Hill. Kurt's a cobbler and a wizard with leather, but even so we had to stop a dozen times and take turns bracing that harness. Once the stage nearly overturned and a minute later the bay horse fell. It was a regular nightmare standing in that wind getting him up again, especially when it began to get dark. I never saw such a darkness as fell out there on those hills. The horses were brave, but what could a mere horse do when he couldn't see the holes that tripped him and the snow was like needles in his eyes? And all the time Kurt kept talking, reproaching himself like a flagellant——"

"When people get married they don't know the patience they're going to need," Kurt had said over and over. "It was all my fault and God knows I have suffered hell. What a woman has to stand from a man it's no wonder she gets impatient and speaks sharp, but I got mad and quit. I went down to Wolcott to sort of hide, but there wasn't a day but what Millie Lane would drive by and stop at my door and speak a good word to me. I just couldn't drink when I knew what liquor did for her, could I? and then, too, she brought me cobbling from all around, and I couldn't fail to keep the promises she made to folks about having them done certain days. Then when my Abby got sick Millie Lane she told me how she was getting along, which wasn't at all. Do you think, sir, that God ever gives a man another chance and let's him start over? Do you think I'm going to be too late to see her now? Oh, maybe she won't even look at me and I don't blame her. Why, I've even kept the child away from her, and now she's dying—Abby, Abby!"

So through the darkness and the stinging wind they came to my door, the old bay horse drawing his breath with painful effort, his sides heaving, his mouth dripping icicles, while the little horse shivered in a chill, discouraged and broken. Kurt Winsted seized his child the instant they stopped and was off at once, but we had to carry Millie Lane in and lay her on the sofa.

John Draper gave her one look as I took off the heavy cap, and then he sprang to the telephone. He was calling desperately for Doctor Leffingwell's number when I touched his shoulder and reminded him the wires were down. He was out of the door like a shot declaring the team must take one more struggling journey before they were warmed and fed. Doctor Leffingwell would be hard to find when so many were sick.

The doctor did not leave my house all night. From time to time as the fierce storm abated John Draper would try to telephone, and along toward morning he succeeded in getting a message through to Wolcott with four relays. He offered a hundred dollars to the man who would get a professional nurse through to my door before noon, and he would have raised the offer if it had not been taken. He walked the floor until he knew they were under way and then he sat in front of my fire with his hands clasping the big arms of the chair so tightly that his muscles stood out like great cords.

Six horses drawing the town plough went ahead of the sleigh to which they

Millie Lane came in asking for Dottie Winsted, ignoring them all as if they had been mere pictures on the wall.—Page 606.

had hitched four of the most powerful horses in Wolcott, so they came through inch by inch as it were. It was a strange sight and I never forgot the tribute it was to training and knowledge. Five men on the snow-plough and two in the sleigh, with ten horses for the two vehicles, all to bring to my house a slip of a woman in a blue and white dress, and the funny little cap that means so much. Although we knew that Millie Lane lay in the valley of the shadow with pneumonia, we felt comforted and strengthened when we caught sight of that bit of blue gown. Doctor Leffingwell packed his small bag again and, stopping only long enough for another cup of coffee, went out in haste to watch at the bedside of Abby Winsted with Kurt, the prodigal.

John Draper went out to the kitchen where Serepta was serving a breakfast to the seven men, holding in his hand a slip of paper still wet with the ink it takes to write out one hundred dollars, hesitating a little as to which man to give it to. Finally Eli Dwiggins held out his hand for it, and took it curiously in his big red grasp.

"Pay to Bearer?" he said slowly. "Guess I'll collect it for myself. Well, here goes, anyhow."

And with a quick motion he tore the check across and laid the pieces calmly on the edge of his saucer. John Draper looked at him a moment, and there was a something sufficiently commanding in his silence, as their eyes met, to cause Eli to vouchsafe a partial explanation that put John Draper sharply in his place as a rank outsider.

"You mean all right, sir," Eli Dwiggins said. "But we didn't do it for you, stranger. Millie Lane's ours hereabouts, and it's about time some man did something for her that isn't on the wrong side of the slate. We're obliged to you but there's things you can't take money for and this here is one of them."

The first few days of the grim waiting were the hardest to bear, but as the weeks wore on John Draper did not get used to the strain. Doctor Leffingwell said it all depended on whether Millie wanted to live, and he pointed to Abby Winsted's convalescence as evidence of his theory, but I told him that Millie was the niece of her great-aunt Sarah, and he knew as well as I did that that meant she would live. He was an understanding soul but he shook his head, not having known Great-aunt Sarah.

From the first John Draper was absent a good deal, but I did not give it a thought since he seemed always at hand when I needed him, and I did not question his disappearances until one morning when I saw him drive by in the stage holding the reins himself.

"Of course I took the stage," he answered me. "What else could I do? There isn't a person here and I know of no one in Wolcott who could take it as a substitute this way. I know a few people in Washington and it didn't take many telegrams to get it for me. Don't tell her, though, it would only trouble her."

"I don't like secrets," I protested. "And I am sure you can't stand driving that cold stage."

"Uncle Sam won't steam-heat it just for me," he laughed. "Don't you think I look bewitching in this great coat? I bought it at Slater's. He said he'd about given up selling it after having had it in stock six years, so he was glad I took it. By the way," he added seriously. "I've sent for a specialist and he'll be down this afternoon, but don't let her know."

He talked bravely, but I knew there was a gnawing fear at his heart that was worse than the bitter wind he drove through six times a day, even though that did freeze his ears and stiffen his legs pitifully. There was nothing we could do for her, and that was hard to bear. The two nurses we had then kept a close quarantine and left nothing for us noncombatants but a restricted area and a painful anxiety. Looking at the haggard line in John Draper's face I knew that if some change did not come he could not stand the strain much longer, and I prayed the more earnestly every hour.

The snow was beginning to melt in the sunny places when Millie Lane was pronounced out of danger, and I was allowed to look in at the door and smile to her as she lay, whiter than the pillow, too weak to move. Then little by little they let me in as though I were a great noise that must not break too sharply on a sensitive

"You mean all right, sir, . . . But we didn't do it for you, stranger."—Page 608.

ear, and I well remember the day I entered boldly without having to consider the consequences. Day after day we spoke more and more of things that had happened, but not one word did she say of the stage she had left so long before. Filled with gratitude and marvelling at the patience of John Draper I resented such indifference, and I tried in various ways in vain to lead her to speak of it. It was a conversation I had with John Draper that decided me to be bolder.

"To-morrow I am going back," he said as he stood pulling on his gloves. "My last trip to Wolcott will be to-night, and then I am going to hand it all over to that young clerk at Slater's who's anxious to try it. Tell her her salary's all deposited in the Loftis Bank in Wolcott. I shall let her pay Doctor Leffingwell because I think she'd rather, but the nurses and the specialist I called and so I have paid them. It wouldn't be fair to bother her any more, and I could not see her again without saying what she doesn't want to hear."

"You are a very foolish man."

"Maybe," he said smiling whimsically. "But you have been very patient with me, and I thank you."

So when I went up to Millie's room with her tray of milk toast and beef broth, I was grim with a determination to speak out. She looked so sweet and young in her light blue dressing-gown, her braids over her shoulders, that my heart almost failed me, but as I fed her the third spoonful I began my assault.

"It is almost spring," I said. "The snow is beginning to run off Huntington Hill and eight-mile creek is very high."

"I knew it by those crocuses," she said. "They are so sweet."

"Yes," I said fiercely. "Hothouse flowers at several dollars a petal. And you haven't the decency to ask about the man who sent them. Not one word about the stage either, though anybody else would have worried her head off about the work."

"Well, the very first minute I knew anything and the nurse was out of the room I looked at the stage," Millie said triumphantly. "I crept to the window and I saw a man go by driving it, and I thought it was one of the Dwiggins boys. The night nurse scolded the day nurse because my temperature was high that night."

"Dwiggins boy nothing!" I exclaimed. "He is the only man who would have had the courage to run it all winter and you know it."

Millie Lane raised herself on her elbow and I had to grab the tray to prevent a catastrophe.

"Do you mean—?" she gasped. "Do you mean he——?"

"He certainly did, and he's leaving to-night," I told her. "Your salary is piled in the bank, and he is going to slip away so as not to bother you. I'll take the tray down before those dishes get smashed."

I left her alone for a good half-hour and even then she had to ring the little tea-bell several times before I'd go in.

"Listen!" she burst out. "Did he really, in the sleet and the snow and the wind—that awful, awful wind? Every day? He couldn't trust anybody else for fear I'd lose the contract. Was that it?"

"Very much it. To-morrow he goes home."

"I wonder," she said, sitting up suddenly. "I wonder if you'll send him up here when he comes in, will you?"

It was harder to get him to go than I thought. "I told you I could not," he said patiently. "And I can't. I have bothered her enough."

But he went. She was sitting in the great-grandmother's chair with the "ears," and she smiled and lifted her hand from the blue and pink comfort that rested on her knees, but he stopped just within the door and waited.

"I don't believe I can find words to thank you," she said gently. "But I know you must understand. Yet you were going away without giving me a chance to say how sorry I am that I was so cross to you when you first came to town."

"You—you weren't cross," he said with a sort of gasp. "I was quite horrid, that's all, and I hope you'll forgive me."

"Forgive you?" she repeated. "With all these flowers and the nurses and the specialist—you didn't know I saw, did you?" she laughed softly. "He was such a big man, too! And you weren't going to give me a chance to thank you!"

"I don't want to be thanked," he said fiercely. "I didn't do it because I wanted to be thanked."

"I know why you did it," she said softly, a light shining in her eyes that made me turn my back and look out of the window, unseeingly "But you see I was afraid—afraid to look at things straight after—after what had happened. I knew how it was going to end for me and I—I couldn't tell whether you were real. How could I?"

She ended with a little laugh that broke in the middle, and there was a quick movement from John Draper that made me turn about almost in alarm. Around the little figure in the great chair he had thrown his arms as he knelt before her, his head bowed against her knee, while she laid her thin white hand on his hair, murmuring little inarticulate things too sacred for my ears. Softly, forgetful of my duties as a nurse on watch, I turned with tear-dimmed eyes and left them.

THE VICTIM OF HIS VISION

By Gerald Chittenden

Illustration (Frontispiece) by E. F. Ward

"THERE'S no doubt about it," said the hardware drummer with the pock-pitted cheeks. He seemed glad that there was no doubt—smacked his lips over it and went on. "Obeah—that's black magic; and voodoo—that's snake-worship. The island is rotten with 'em—rotten with 'em."

He looked sidelong over his empty glass at the Reverend Arthur Simpson. Many human things were foreign to the clergyman: he was uneasy about being in the *Arequipa's* smoke-room at all, for instance, and especially uneasy about sitting there with the drummer.

"But—human sacrifice!" he protested. "You spoke of human sacrifice."

"And cannibalism. *La chèvre sans cornes*—the goat without horns—that means an unblemished child less than three years old. It's frequently done. They string it up by its heels, cut its throat, and drink the blood. Then they eat it. Regular ceremony—the *mamaloi* officiates."

"Who officiates?"

"The *mamaloi*—the priestess."

Simpson jerked himself out of his chair and went on deck. Occasionally his imagination worked loose from control and tormented him as it was doing now. There was a grizzly vividness in the drummer's description. It was well toward morning before Simpson grasped again his usual certainty of purpose and grew able to thank God that he had been born into a very wicked world. There was much for a missionary to do in Hayti—he saw that before the night grew thin, and was glad.

Between dawn and daylight the land leaped out of the sea, all clear blues and purples, incomparably fresh and incomparably wistful in that one golden hour of the tropic day before the sun has risen very high—the disembodied spirit of an island. It lay, vague as hope at first, in a jewel-tinted sea; the ship steamed toward it as through the mists of creation's third morning, and all good things seemed possible. Thus had Simpson, reared in an unfriendly land, imagined it, for beneath the dour Puritanism that had lapped him in its armor there still stirred the power of wonder and surprise that has so often through the ages changed Puritans to poets. That glimpse of Hayti would remain with him, he thought, yet within the hour he was striving desperately to hold it. For soon the ruffle of the breeze died from off the sea, and it became gray glass, through which the anchor sank almost without a sound and was lost.

"Sweet place, isn't it, Mr. Simpson?"

said Bunsen, the purser, pausing on his way to the gangway.

"So that," Simpson rejoined slowly—and because it was a port of his desire his voice shook on the words—"is Port au Prince!"

"That," Bunsen spat into the sea, "is Port au Prince."

He moved away. A dirty little launch full of uniforms was coming alongside. Until the yellow flag—a polite symbol in that port—should be hauled down Simpson would be left alone. The uniforms had climbed to the deck and were chattering in a bastard patois behind him; now and then the smell of the town struck across the smells of the sea and the bush like the flick of a snake's tail. Simpson covered his eyes for a moment, and immediately the vision of the island as he had seen it at dawn swam in his mind. But he could not keep his eyes forever shut—there was the necessity of living and of doing his work in the world to be remembered always. He removed his hand. A bumboat was made fast below the well of the deck, and a boy with an obscenely twisted body and a twisted black face was selling pineapples to the sailors. Simpson watched him for a while, and because his education had been far too closely specialized he quoted the inevitable:

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

The verse uplifted him unreasonably. He went below to pack his baggage. He said good-by to the officers, painfully conscious that they were grinning behind his back, and was rowed ashore by the deformed boy.

The boy said something in abominable French. He repeated it — Simpson guessed at his meaning.

"I shall stay a long time," he answered in the same language. "I am a minister of the gospel—a missionary."

The cripple, bent revoltingly over his oar, suddenly broke out into laughter, soullesss, without meaning. Simpson, stung sharply in his stiff-necked pride, sprang up and took one step forward, his fist raised. The boy dropped the oars and writhed to starboard, his neck askew at an eldritch angle, his eyes glaring upward. But he did not raise a hand to ward off the blow that he feared, and that was more uncanny still.

The blow never fell. Simpson's hand unclinched and shame reddened in his face.

"Give me the oars," he said. "*Pauvre garçon*—did you think that I would strike you?"

The boy surrendered the oars and sidled aft like a crab, his eyes still rolling at his passenger.

"Why should the maimed row the sound?" said Simpson.

He rowed awkwardly. The boy watched him for a moment, then grinned uncertainly; presently he lolled back in the stern-sheets, personating dignity. A white man was doing his work—it was splendid, as it should be, and comic in the extreme. He threw back his head and cackled at the hot sky.

"Stop that!" Simpson, his nerves raw, spoke in English, but the laughter jarred to a blunt end. The boy huddled farther away from him, watching him with unwinking eyes which showed white all around the pupil. Simpson laboring with the clumsy oars, tried to forget him. It was hot—hotter than it had seemed at first; sweat ran into his eyes and he grew a little dizzy. The quarantine launch with its load of uniforms, among which the purser's white was conspicuous, passed, giving them its wake; there was no sound from it, only a blaze of teeth and eyeballs. Simpson glanced over his shoulder at it. The purser was standing in the stern, clear of the awning, his head quizzically on one side and a cigarette in his fingers.

The rowboat came abreast of a worm-eaten jetty.

"*Ici*," said the cripple.

Simpson, inexpert, bumped into it bow on, and sculled the stern around. The cripple, hideously agile, scrambled out and held the boat; Simpson gathered up his bag and followed.

A Roman priest, black as the top of a stove, strode down the jetty toward them.

"You—you!" he shouted to the cripple when he was yet ten strides away. His voice rose as he approached. "You let the m'sieu' row you ashore! You—" A square, heavy boot shot out from beneath his cassock into the boy's stomach.

"*Cochon!*" said the priest, turning to Simpson. His manner became suddenly suave, grandiose. "These swine!" he said. "One keeps them in their place. I am Father Antoine. And you?"

"Simpson—Arthur Simpson." He said his own name slowly as thought there was magic in it, magic that would keep him in touch with his beginnings.

"Simpson?" The priest gave it the French sound; suspicion struggled for expression on his black mask; his eyes took in the high-cut waistcoat, the unmistakable clerical look. "You were sent?"

"By the board of foreign missions."

"I do not know it. Not by the archbishop?"

"There is no archbishop in my church."

"In your church?" Father Antoine's eyes sprang wide—wide as they had been when he kicked the boatman. "In your church? You are not of the true faith, then?"

Pride of race, unchastened because he had not till that moment been conscious that it existed in him, swelled in Simpson.

"Are you?" he asked.

Father Antoine stared at him, not as an angry white man stares, but with head thrown back and mouth partly open, in the manner of his race. Then, with the unreasoned impetuousness of a charging bull, he turned and flung shoreward down the pier. The cripple, groaning still, crawled to Simpson's feet and sat there.

"*Pauvre garçon!*" repeated Simpson dully. "*Pauvre garçon!*"

Suddenly, the boy stopped groaning, swung Simpson's kit-bag on his shoulder, and sidled up the pier. His right leg bent outward at the knee, and his left inward; his head, inclined away from his burden, seemed curiously detached from his body; his gait was a halting sort of shuffle; yet he got along with unexpected speed. Simpson, still dazed, followed him into the Grand Rue—a street of smells and piled filth, where gorged buzzards, reeking of the tomb, flapped upward under his nose from the garbage and offal of their feast. Simpson paused for a moment at the market-stalls, where negroes of all shades looked out at him in a silence that seemed devoid of curiosity. The cripple beckoned him and he hurried on. On the steps of the cathedral he saw Father Antoine, but, although the priest must have seen him, he gave no sign as he passed. He kept to what shade there was. Presently his guide turned down a narrow alley, opened a dilapidated picket gate, and stood waiting.

"*Maman!*" he called. "*Ohé! Maman!*"

Simpson, his curiosity faintly stirring, accepted the invitation of the open gate, and stepped into an untidy yard, where three or four pigs and a dozen chickens rooted and scratched among the bayonets of yucca that clustered without regularity on both sides of the path. The house had some pretensions; there were two stories, and, although the blue and red paint had mostly flaked away, the boarding looked sound. In the yard there was less fetor than there had been outside.

"*Maman!*" called the boy again.

A pot-lid clashed inside the house, and a tall negress, dressed in a blue-striped Mother Hubbard came to the door. She stared at Simpson and at the boy.

"*Qui?*" was all she said.

The boy sidled nearer her and dropped the bag on the threshold.

"*Qui?*" she said again.

Simpson waited in silence. His affairs had got beyond him somehow, and he seemed to himself but the tool of circumstance. It did occur to him, though dimly, that he was being introduced to native life rather quickly.

The cripple, squatting with his back against the bag, launched into a stream of patois, of which Simpson could not understand a word. Gestures explained somewhat; he was re-enacting the scenes of the last half-hour. When he had finished, the negress, not so hostile as she had been but by no means friendly, turned to Simpson and looked at him a long time without speaking. He had all he could do not to fidget under her gaze; finally, she stood aside from the door and said, without enthusiasm:

"*B'en venu. C'est vo' masson.*"

Simpson entered automatically. The kitchen, with its hard, earth floor and the sunlight drifting in through the bamboo sides, was not unclean, and a savory smell came from the stew-pot on the ramshackle stove. In one of the bars of sunlight a mango-colored child of two

years or so was playing with his toes—he was surprisingly clean and perfectly formed.

"*Aha, mon petit!*" exclaimed Simpson. He loved children. "He is handsome," he added, addressing the woman.

"Mine!" She turned the baby gently with her foot; he caught at the hem of her dress, laughing. But she did not laugh. "Neither spot nor blemish," she said, and then: "He is not yet three years old."

Simpson shuddered, recalling the pock-marked drummer on the *Arequipa*. That was momentary—a coincidence, he told himself. The woman was looking down at the child, her eyes softer than they had been, and the child was lying on its back and playing with her Mother Hubbard.

The woman lifted the lid from the pot and peered into it through the sun-shot steam.

"It is ready," she said. She lifted it from the stove and set it on the earthen floor. The cripple placed a handful of knives and spoons on the table and three tin plates; he thrust a long fork and a long spoon into the pot and stood aside.

"Seat yourself," said the woman without looking at Simpson, "and eat."

She explored the pot with the fork, and stabbed it firmly—there was a suggestion of ruthlessness about her action that made Simpson shudder again—into a slab of meat, which she dropped on a plate, using a callous thumb to disengage it from the tines. She covered it with gravy and began to eat without further ceremony. The cripple followed her example, slobbering the gravy noisily; some of it ran down his chin. Neither of them paid any attention to Simpson.

He took the remaining plate from the table and stood irresolute, with it in his hand. He was hungry, but his essential Puritan fastidiousness, combined with that pride of race which he knew to be unchristian, rendered him reluctant to dip into the common pot or to eat on equal terms with these people. Besides, the sun and his amazing introduction to the island had given him a raging headache: he could not think clearly, nor rid himself of the sinister suggestion of the town, of the house, of its three occupants in particular.

The child touched a finger to the hot lip of the pot, burned itself, and began to cry.

"*Taise,*" said the woman. Her voice was low but curt, and she did not raise her eyes from her plate. The child, its finger in its mouth, stopped crying at once.

Simpson shook himself; his normal point of view was beginning to assert itself. He must not—must not hold himself superior to the people he expected to convert; nothing, he insisted to himself, was to be gained, and much might be lost by a refusal to meet the people "on their own ground." Chance—he did not call it chance—had favored him incredibly thus far, and if he failed to follow the guidance that had been vouchsafed him he would prove himself but an unworthy vessel. He took up the long fork—it chattered against the pot as he seized it—and, overcoming a momentary and inexplicable nausea, impaled the first piece of meat that rolled to the surface. There were yams also and a sort of dumpling made of manioc. When he had filled his plate he rose and turned suddenly; the woman and the cripple had stopped eating and were watching him. They did not take their eyes away at once but gave him stare for stare. He sat down; without a word they began to eat once again.

The stew was good, and once he had begun Simpson ate heartily of it. The tacit devilry fell away from his surroundings as his hunger grew less, and his companions became no more than a middle-aged negress in a turban, a black boy pitifully deformed, and a beautiful child. He looked at his watch—he had not thought of the time for hours—and found that it was a little after noon. It was time that he bestirred himself and found lodgings.

"Is there a hotel?" he asked cheerfully. He had noticed that the islanders understood legitimate French, though they could not speak it.

"There is one," said the woman. She pushed away her plate and became suddenly dourly communicative. "But I doubt if the *propriétaire* would find room for m'sieu'."

"Has he so many guests, then?"

"But no. M'sieu' has forgotten the priest."

"The priest? What has he to do with it?"

"My son tells me that m'sieu' offended him, and the *propriétaire* is a good Catholic. He will close his house to you." She shaved a splinter to a point with a table knife and picked her teeth with it, both elbows on the table and her eyes on Simpson. "There is nowhere else to stay," she said. "Unless—here."

"I should prefer that," said Simpson—quickly, for reluctance and distrust were rising in him again. "But have you a room?"

She jerked a thumb over her shoulder at a door behind her.

"There," she said. Simpson waited for her to move, saw that she had no intention of doing so, and opened the door himself.

The room was fairly large, with two windows, screened but unglazed; a canvas cot stood in one corner, a packing-box table and a decrepit chair in another. Like the kitchen it was surprisingly clean. He returned to his hostess, who showed no anxiety about his intentions.

"How much by the week?" he asked.

"Eight *gourdes*."

"And you will feed me for how much?"

"Fifteen *gourdes*."

"I will take it." He forced himself to decision again; had he hesitated he knew he would have gone elsewhere. The price also—less than four dollars gold—attracted him, and he could doubtless buy some furniture in the town. Moreover, experienced missionaries who had talked before the board had always emphasized the value of living among the natives.

"*B'en*," said the negress. She rose and emptied the remains from her plate into a tin pail, sponging the plate with a piece of bread.

"I have a trunk on the steamer," said Simpson. "The boy—can he——"

"He will go with you," the negress interrupted.

The cripple slid from his chair, scraped his plate and Simpson's, put on his battered straw hat and shambled into the yard. Simpson followed.

He turned at the gate and looked back. The child had toddled to the door and was standing there, holding on to the door-post. Inside, the shadow of the woman flickered across the close bars of bamboo.

II

BUNSEN was standing on the jetty when they reached it, talking excitedly with a tall, bowed man of fifty or so, whose complexion showed the stippled pallor of long residence in the tropics.

"Here he is now!" Bunsen exclaimed as Simpson approached. "I was just getting anxious about you. Stopped at the hotel—you hadn't been there, they said. Port au Prince is a bad place to get lost in. Oh—this gentleman is our consul. Mr. Witherbee—Mr. Simpson."

Simpson shook hands. Witherbee's face was just a pair of dull eyes behind a ragged mustache, but there was unusual vigor in his grip.

"I'll see a lot of you, if you stay long," he said. He looked at Simpson more closely. "At least, I hope so. But where have you been? I was getting as anxious as Mr. Bunsen—afraid you'd been sacrificed to the snake, or something."

Simpson raised a clerical hand, protesting. His amazing morning swept before his mind like a moving-picture film; there were so many things he could not explain even to himself, much less to these two Gentiles.

"I found lodgings," he said.

"Lodgings?" Witherbee and Bunsen chorussed the word. "Where, for heaven's sake?"

"I don't know the name of the street," Simpson admitted. "I don't even know the name of my hostess. That"—indicating the cripple—"is her son."

"Good God!" Witherbee exclaimed. "Madame Picard! The *mamaloi!*"

"The—the what?" But Simpson had heard well enough.

"The *mamaloi*—the *mamaloi*—high priestess of voodoo."

"Her house is fairly clean," Simpson said. He was hardly aware of his own inconsequence. It was his instinct to defend any one who was attacked on moral grounds, whether they deserved the attack or not.

"Ye-es," Witherbee drawled. "I dare say it is. It's her company that's unsavory. Especially for a parson. Eh? What's the matter now?"

Simpson had flared up at his last words. His mouth set and his eyes burned suddenly. Bunsen, watching him coolly, wondered that he could kindle so; until that moment he had seemed but half-alive. When he spoke his words came hurriedly—were almost unintelligible; yet there was some quality in his voice that compelled attention, affecting the senses more than the mind.

"Unsavory company? That's best for a parson. 'I come not to bring the righteous but sinners to repentance.' And who are you to brand the woman as common or unclean? If she is a heathen priestess, yet she worships a god of some sort. Do you?" He stopped suddenly; the humility which men hated in him again blanketed his fanaticism. "It is my task to give her a better god—the only true God—Christ."

Bunsen, his legs wide apart, kept his eyes on the sea, for he did not want to let Simpson see him smiling, and he was smiling. Witherbee, who had no emotions of any sort, pulled his mustache farther down and looked at the clergyman as though he were under glass—a curiosity.

"So you're going to convert the whole island?" he said.

"I hope to make a beginning in the Lord's vineyard."

"Humph! The devil's game-preserve, you mean," Bunsen suddenly broke in.

"The devil's game-preserve, then!" Simpson was defiant.

"The ship calls here every other Saturday," was all Bunsen said to that. "You may need to know. I'll send your trunk ashore."

He stepped into the cripple's boat and started for the ship. Witherbee did not speak; Simpson, still raging, left him, strode to the end of the pier, and stood there, leaning on a pile.

His gust of emotion had left him; a not unfamiliar feeling of exaltation had taken its place. It is often so with the extreme Puritan type; control relaxed for however brief a moment sends their slow blood whirling, and leaves them light-headed as those who breathe thin air. From boyhood Simpson had been practised in control, until repression had become a prime tenet of his faith. The cheerful and generally innocent excursions of other men assumed in his mind the proportions of crime, of sin against the stern disciplining of the soul which he conceived to be the goal of life. Probably he had never in all his days been so shocked as once when a young pagan had scorned certain views of his, saying: "There's more education—soul education, if you will have it—in five minutes of sheer joy than in a century of sorrow." It was an appalling statement, that—more appalling because he had tried to contradict it and had been unable to do so. He himself had been too eager to find his work in life—his preordained work—ever to discover the deep truths that light-heartedness only can reveal; even when he heard his call to foreign missions—to Hayti, in particular—he felt no such felicity as a man should feel who has climbed to his place in the scheme of things. His was rather the sombre fury of the Covenanters—an intense conviction that his way was the only way of grace—a conviction that transcended reason and took flight into the realm of overmastering emotion—the only overmastering emotion, by the way, that he had ever experienced.

His choice, therefore, was in itself a loss of control and a dangerous one, for nothing is more perilous to sanity than the certainty that most other people in the world are wrong. Such conviction leads to a Jesuitical contempt of means; in cases where the Puritan shell has grown to be impregnable from the outside it sets up an internal ferment which sometimes bursts shell and man and all into disastrous fragments. Until old age kills them, the passions and emotions never die in man; suppress them how we will, we can never ignore them; they rise again to mock us when we think we are done with them forever. And the man of Simpson's type suffers from them most of all, for he dams against them all normal channels of expression.

Simpson, standing at the pier-end, was suffering from them now. His exaltation—a thing of a moment, as his fervor had been—had gone out of him, leaving him limp, uncertain of his own powers, of his own calling, even—the prey to the discouragement that precedes action, which

is the deepest discouragement of all. Except for himself and Witherbee the pier was deserted; behind him the filthy town slept in its filth. Four buzzards wheeled above it, gorged and slow; the harbor lay before him like a green mirror, so still that the ship was reflected in it down to the last rope-yarn. Over all, the sun, colorless and furnace-hot, burned in a sky of steel. There was insolence in the scorched slopes that shouldered up from the bay, a threatening permanence in the saw-edged sky-line. The indifference of it all, its rock-ribbed impenetrability to human influence, laid a crushing weight on Simpson's soul, so that he almost sank to his knees in sheer oppression of spirit.

"Do you know much about Hayti?" asked Witherbee, coming up behind him.

"As much as I could learn from books." Simpson wanted to be angry at the consul —why he could not tell—but Witherbee's voice was so carefully courteous that he yielded perforce to its persuasion and swung around, facing him. Suddenly, because he was measuring himself against man and not against nature, his weakness left him, and confidence in himself and his mission flooded back upon him. "As much as I could get from books." He paused. "You have lived here long?"

"Long enough," Witherbee answered. "Five years."

"You know the natives, then?"

"Can't help knowing them. There are quite a lot of them, you see, and there's almost no one else. Do you know negroes at all?"

"Very little."

"You'd better study them a bit before you—before you do anything you have it in mind to do—the Haytian negro in particular. They're not like white men, you know."

"Like children, you mean?"

"Like some children. I'd hate to have them for nephews and nieces."

"Why?"

"We-ell"—Witherbee, looking sidelong at Simpson, bit off the end of a cigar—"a number of reasons. They're superstitious, treacherous, savage, cruel; and—worst of all—emotional. They've gone back. They've been going back for a hundred years. The West Coast—I've been there —is not so bad as Hayti. It's never been anything else than what it is now, you see, and if it moves at all it must move forward. There's nothing awful about savagery when people have never known anything else. Hayti has. You know what the island used to be before Dessalines."

"I've read. But just what do you mean by West Coast savagery—here?"

"Snake-worship. Voodoo." Witherbee lit the cigar. "Human sacrifice."

"And the Roman church does nothing!" There was exultation in Simpson's voice. His distrust of the Roman church had been aggravated by his encounter with the black priest that morning.

"The Roman church does what it can. It's been unfortunate in its instruments. Especially unfortunate now."

"Father Antoine?"

"Father Antoine. You met him?"

"This morning. A brute, and nothing more."

"Just that." Witherbee let a mouthful of smoke drift into the motionless air. "It's curious," he said.

"What is?".

"Father Antoine will make it unpleasant for you. He may try to have you knifed, or something."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all. Human life is worth nothing here. No wonder—it's not really worth living. But you're safe enough, and that's the curious thing."

"Why am I safe?"

"Because your landlady is who she is." Witherbee glanced over his shoulder, and, although they were the only people on the pier, from force of habit he dropped his voice. "The *mamaloi* has more power than the church." He straightened and looked out toward the ship. "Here's her idiot with your trunk. My office is the first house on the left after you leave the pier. Don't forget that."

He turned quickly and was gone before the cripple's boat had reached the landing.

III

The town, just stirring out of its siesta as Simpson followed the cripple through the streets, somehow reassured him. Men like Bunsen and Witherbee, who smiled at his opinions and remained cold to his

rhapsodies, always oppressed him with a sense of ineffectuality. He knew them of old—knew them superficially, of course, for, since he was incapable of talking impersonally about religion, he had never had the chance to listen to the cool and yet often strangely mystical opinions which such men hold about it. He knew, in a dim sort of way, that men not clergymen sometimes speculated about religious matters, seeking light from each other in long, fragmentary conversations. He knew that much, and disapproved of it—almost resented it. It seemed to him wrong to discuss God without becoming angry, and very wrong for laymen to discuss God at all. When circumstances trapped him into talk with them about things divine, he felt baffled by their silences and their reserves, seemed to himself to be scrabbling for entrance to their souls through some sort of a slippery, impenetrable casing; he never tried to enter through their minds, where the door stood always open. The trouble was that he wanted to teach and be listened to; wherefore he was subtly more at home among the ignorant and in such streets as he was now traversing than with educated men. He had been born a few decades too late; here in Hayti he had stepped back a century or so into the age of credulity. Credulity, he believed, was a good thing, almost a divine thing, if it were properly used; he did not carry his processes far enough to realize that credulity could never become fixed—that it was always open to conviction. A receptive and not an inquiring mind seemed to him the prerequisite for a convert. And black people, he had heard, were peculiarly receptive.

The question was, then, where and how to start his work. Hayti differed from most mission fields, for, so far as he knew, no one had ever worked in it before him. The first step was to cultivate the intimacy of the people, and that he found difficult in the extreme. He had one obvious channel of approach to them; when buying necessary things for his room, he could enter into conversation with the shopkeepers and the market-women, but this he found it difficult to do. They did not want to talk to him, even seemed reluctant to sell him anything; and when he left their shops or stalls, did not answer his "Au revoir." He wondered how much the priest had to do with their attitude. They had little also that he wanted—he shopped for a week before he found a gaudy pitcher and basin and a strip of matting for his floor. Chairs, bureaus, bookcases, and tables did not exist. He said as much to Madame Picard, and gathered from her growled response that he must find a carpenter. The cripple, his constant companion in his first days on the island, took him to one—a gray old negro who wore on a shoe-string about his neck a pouch which Simpson thought at first to be a scapular, and whom age and his profession had made approachable. He was garrulous even; he ceased working when at length he understood what Simpson wanted, sat in his doorway with his head in the sun and his feet in the shade, and lit a pipe made out of a tiny cocoanut. Yes—he could build chairs, tables, anything m'sieu' wanted. There was wood also—black palm for drawer-knobs and cedar and mahogany and rosewood, but especially mahogany. An excellent wood, pleasant to work in and suave to the touch. Did they use it in the United States, he wondered?

"A great deal," answered Simpson. "And the San Domingo wood is the best, I believe."

"San Domingo—but yes," the carpenter said; "the Haytian also—that is excellent. Look!"

He led Simpson to the yard at the rear of his house and showed him half a dozen boards, their grain showing where the broad axe had hewed them smooth. Was it not a beautiful wood? And what furniture did m'sieu' desire?

Simpson had some little skill with his pencil—a real love for drawing was one of the instincts which his austere obsessions had crushed out of him. He revolved several styles in his mind, decided at length on the simplest, and drew his designs on a ragged scrap of wrapping-paper, while the carpenter, leaning down from his chair by the door, watched him, smoking, and now and then fingering the leather pouch about his neck. Simpson, looking up occasionally to see that his sketch was understood, could not keep

his eyes away from the pouch—whatever it was, it was not a scapular. He did not ask about it, though he wanted to; curiosity, he had heard, should be repressed when one is dealing with barbarians. But he knew that that was not his real reason for not asking.

"But it is easy," said the carpenter, picking up the paper and examining it. "And the seats of the chairs shall be of white hide, is it not?"

Simpson assented. He did not leave the shop at once, but remained seated on the threshold, following his usual policy of picking up acquaintances where he could.

"M'sieu' is a priest?" the old man asked, squinting at him as he filled the cocoanut pipe again and thrust it between his ragged yellow teeth.

"Not a priest. A minister of the gospel."

"*Quoi?*" said the carpenter.

Simpson saw that he must explain. It was difficult. He had on the one hand to avoid suggesting that the Roman church was insufficient—that denunciation he intended to arrive at when he had gained firmer ground with the people—and on the other to refrain from hinting that Haytian civilization stood in crying need of uplift. That also could come later. He wallowed a little in his explanation, and then put the whole matter on a personal basis.

"I think I have a message—something new to say to you about Christ. But I have been here a week now and have found none to listen to me."

"Something new?" the carpenter rejoined. "But that is easy if it is something new. In Hayti we like new things."

"No one will listen to me," Simpson repeated.

The carpenter reflected for a moment, or seemed to be doing so.

"Many men come here about sunset," he said. "We sit and drink a little rum before dark; it is good against the fever."

"I will come also," said Simpson, rising. "It is every evening?"

"Every evening." The carpenter's right hand rose to the pouch which was not a scapular and he caressed it.

"Au revoir," said Simpson suddenly.

"'Voir," the carpenter replied, still immobile in his chair by the door.

Up to now a walk through the streets had been a nightmare to Simpson, for the squalor of them excited to protest every New England nerve in his body, and the evident hostility of the people constantly threatened his success with them. He had felt very small and lonely, like a man who has undertaken to combat a natural force; he did not like to feel small and lonely, and he did not want to believe in natural forces. Chosen vessel as he believed himself to be, thus far the island had successfully defied him, and he had feared more than once that it would do so to the end. He had compelled himself to frequent the markets, hoping always that he would find in them the key to the door that was closed against him; he had not found it, and, although he recognized that three weeks was but a fractional moment of eternity, and comforted himself by quoting things about the "mills of God," he could not approach satisfaction with what he had accomplished so far.

His interview with the carpenter had changed all that, and on his way home he trod the Grand Rue more lightly than he had ever done. Even the cathedral, even the company of half-starved conscripts that straggled past him in the tail of three generals, dismayed him no longer, for the cathedral was but the symbol of a frozen Christianity which he need no longer fear, and the conscripts were his people—his—or soon would be. All that he had wanted was a start; he had it now, though he deplored the rum which would be drunk at his first meeting with the natives. One must begin where one could.

Witherbee, sitting in the window of the consulate, called twice before Simpson heard him.

"You look pretty cheerful," he said. "Things going well?"

"They've just begun to, I think—I think I've found the way to reach these people."

"Ah?" The monosyllable was incredulous, though polite. "How's that?"

"I've just been ordering some furniture from a carpenter," Simpson answered. It was the first time since the day of his

arrival that he had seen Witherbee to speak to, and he found it a relief to speak in his own language and without calculating the result of his words.

"A carpenter? Vieux Michaud, I suppose?"

"That's his name. You know him?"

"Very well." The consul tipped back his chair and tapped his lips with a pencil. "Very well. He's a clever workman. He'll follow any design you give him, and the woods, of course, are excellent."

"Yes. He showed me some. But he's more than a carpenter to me. He's more —receptive—than most of the natives, and it seems that his shop is a gathering-place—a centre. He asked me to come in the evenings."

"And drink rum?" Witherbee could not resist that.

"Ye-es. He said they drank rum. I shan't do that, of course, but one must begin where one can."

"I suppose so," Witherbee answered slowly. The office was darkened to just above reading-light, and the consul's face was in the shadow. Evidently he had more to say, but he allowed a long silence to intervene before he went on. Simpson, imaging wholesale conversions, sat quietly; he was hardly aware of his surroundings.

"Don't misunderstand what I'm going to say," the consul began at length. Simpson straightened, on his guard at once. "It may be of use to you—in your work," he added quickly. "It's this. Somehow—by chance perhaps, though I don't think so—you've fallen into strange company—stranger than any white man I've ever known."

"I am not afraid of voodoo," said Simpson rather scornfully.

"It would be better if you were a little afraid of it. I am—and I know what I'm talking about. Look what's happened to you. There's the Picard woman—she's the one who had President Simon Sam under her thumb. Did you know he carried the symbols of voodoo next his heart? And now Michaud, who's her right hand and has been for years. Looks like deep water to me."

"I must not fear for my own body."

"That's not what I mean exactly, though I wish you were a little more afraid for it. It might save me trouble—possibly save our government trouble—in the end. But the consequences of letting voodoo acquire any more power than it has may be far-reaching."

"I am not here to give it more power." Simpson, thoroughly angry, rose to go. "It is my business to defeat it—to root it out."

"Godspeed to you in that"—Witherbee's voice was ironical. "But remember what I tell you. The Picard woman is subtle, and Michaud is subtle." Simpson had crossed the theshold, and only half heard the consul's next remark. "Voodoo is more subtle than both of them together. Look out for it."

Witherbee's warning did no more than make Simpson angry; he attributed it to wrong motives—to jealousy perhaps, to hostility certainly, and neither jealousy nor hostility could speak true words. In spite of all that he had heard, he could not believe that voodoo was so powerful in the island; this was the twentieth century, he insisted, and the most enlightened country in the world was less than fifteen hundred miles away; he forgot that opinions and not figures number the centuries, and refused to see that distance had nothing to do with the case. These were a people groping through the dark; when they saw the light they could not help but welcome it, he thought. The idea that they preferred their own way of life and their own religion, that they would not embrace civilization till they were forced to do so at the point of benevolent bayonets, never entered his head. His own way of life was so obviously superior. He resolved to have nothing more to do with Witherbee.

When he returned to the carpenter's house at about six that evening he entered the council of elders that he found there with the determination to place himself on an equality with them. It was to his credit that he accomplished this feat, but it was not surprising, for the humility of his mind at least was genuine. He joined in their conversation, somewhat stiffly at first, but perhaps no more so than became a stranger. Presently, because he saw that he could not refuse without offending his host, he conquered prejudice and took a little rum and sugar

and water. It went to his head without his knowing it, as rum has a habit of doing; he became cheerfully familiar with the old men and made long strides into their friendship—or thought he did. He did not once mention religion to them at that first meeting, though he had to exercise considerable self-restraint to prevent himself from doing so.

On his way home he met Father Antoine not far from Michaud's door. The priest would have passed with his usual surly look if Simpson had not stopped him.

"Well?" Antoine demanded.

"Why should we quarrel—you and I?" Simpson asked. "Can we not work together for these people of yours?"

"Your friends are not my people, heretic!" Father Antoine retorted. "Rot in hell with them!"

He plunged past Simpson and was gone down the darkling alley.

"You are late, m'sieu'," remarked Madame Picard as he came into the kitchen and sat down in a chair near the cripple. Her manner was less rough than usual.

"I've been at Michaud's," he answered.

"Ah? But you were there this morning."

"He asked me to come this evening, when his friends came, madame. There were several there."

"They are often there," she answered. There was nothing significant in her tone, but Simpson had an uneasy feeling that she had known all the time of his visit to the carpenter.

"I met Father Antoine on the way home," he said.

"A bad man!" She flamed into sudden violence. "A bad man!"

"I had thought so." Her loquacity this evening was amazing. Simpson thought he saw an opening to her confidence and plunged in. "And he is a priest. It is bad, that. Here are sheep without a shepherd."

"*Quoi?*"

"Here are many people—all good Christians." Simpson, eager and hopeful, leaned forward in his chair. His gaunt face with the down-drawn mouth and the hungry eyes—grown more hungry in the last three weeks—glowed, took on fervor; his hand shot out expressive fingers. The woman raised her head slowly, staring at him; more slowly still she seated herself at the table that stood between them. She rested her arms on it, and narrowed her eyelids as he spoke till her eyes glittered through the slits of them.

"All good Christians," Simpson went on; "and there is none to lead them save a black—" He slurred the word just in time. The woman's eyes flashed open and narrowed again. "Save a renegade priest," Simpson concluded. "It is wrong, is it not? And I knew it was wrong, though I live far away and came—was led—here to you." His voice, though it had not been loud, left the room echoing. "It was a real call." He whispered that.

"You are a Catholic?" asked Madame Picard.

"Yes. Of the English Catholic church." He suspected that the qualifying adjective meant nothing to her, but let the ambiguity rest.

"I was not sure," she said slowly, "though you told the boy." Her eyes, velvet-black in the shadow upcast by the lamp, opened slowly. "There has been much trouble with Father Antoine, and now small numbers go to mass or confession." Her voice had the effect of shrillness, though it remained low; her hands flew out, grasping the table-edge at arms' length with an oddly masculine gesture. "He deserved that! To tell his *canaille* that I—that we—! He dared! But now—now—we shall see!"

Her voice rasped in a subdued sort of a shriek; she sprang up from her chair, and stood for the fraction of a second with her hands raised and her fists clinched. Simpson, puzzled, amazed, and a little scared at last, had barely time to notice the position before it dissolved. The child, frightened, screamed from the floor. "*Taisez-vous—taisez-vous, mon enfant. Le temps vient.*"

She was silent a long time after that. Simpson sat wondering what she would do next, aware of an uncanny fascination that emanated from her. It seemed to him as though there were subterranean fires in the ground that he walked on.

"You shall teach us," she said in her usual monotone. "You shall teach us—

preach to many people. No house will hold them all." She leaned down and caressed the child. "*Le temps vient, mon petit. Le temps vient.*"

Under Simpson's sudden horror quivered an eerie thrill. He mistook it for joy at the promised fulfilment of his dreams. He stepped to his own doorway and hesitated there with his hand on the latch.

"To many people? Sometime, I hope."

"Soon." She looked up from the child; there was a snakiness in the angle of her head and neck. "Soon."

He opened the door, slammed it behind him, and dropped on tense knees beside his bed. In the kitchen the cripple laughed—laughed for a long time. Simpson's tightly pressed palms could not keep the sound from his ears.

IV

EACH night the gathering at Vieux Michaud's became larger; it grew too large for the house, and presently overflowed into the yard behind, where Michaud kept his lumber. Generally thirty or forty natives collected between six and seven in the evening, roosting on the piled boards or sitting on the dusty ground in little groups, their cigarettes puncturing the blue darkness that clung close to the earth under the young moon. There were few women among them at first and fewer young men; Simpson, who knew that youth ought to be more hospitable to new ideas than age, thought this a little strange and spoke to Michaud about it.

"But they are my friends, m'sieu'," answered Michaud.

The statement might have been true of the smaller group that Simpson had first encountered at the carpenter's house; it was not true of the additions to it, for he was evidently not on intimate terms with them. Nor did he supply rum for all of them; many brought their own. That was odd also, if Simpson had only known it; the many *cantinas* offered attractions which the carpenter's house did not. That fact occurred to him at length.

"They have heard of you, m'sieu'—and that you have something new to say to them. We Haytians like new things."

Thus, very quietly, almost as though it had been a natural growth of interest, did Simpson's ministry begin. He stepped one evening to the platform that overhung the carpenter's back yard, and began to talk. Long study had placed the missionary method at his utter command, and he began with parables and simple tales which they heard eagerly. Purposely, he eschewed anything striking or startling in this his first sermon. It was an attempt to establish a sympathetic understanding between himself and his audience, and not altogether an unsuccessful one, for his motives were still unmixed. He felt that he had started well; when he was through speaking small groups gathered around him as children might have done, and told him inconsequent, wandering tales of their own—tales which were rather fables, folklore transplanted from another hemisphere and strangely crossed with Christianity. He was happy; if it had not been that most of them wore about their necks the leather pouches that were not scapulars he would have been happier than any man has a right to be. One of these pouches, showing through the ragged shirt of an old man with thin lips and a squint, was ripped at the edge, and the unmistakable sheen of a snake's scale glistened in the seam. Simpson could not keep his eyes from it.

He dared to be more formal after that, and on the next night preached from a text—the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." That sermon also was effective: toward the end of it two or three women were weeping a little, and the sight of their tears warmed him with the sense of power. In that warmth certain of his prejudices and inhibitions began to melt away; the display of feelings and sensibilities could not be wicked or even undesirable if it prepared the way for the gospel by softening the heart. He began to dabble in emotion himself, and that was a dangerous matter, for he knew nothing whatever about it save that, if he felt strongly, he could arouse strong feeling in others. Day by day he unwittingly became less sure of the moral beauty of restraint, and ardors which he had never dreamed of began to flame free of his soul.

He wondered now and then why Madame Picard, who almost from the first

had been a constant attendant at his meetings, watched him so closely, so secretly—both when he sat with her and the cripple at meals and at the carpenter's house, where he was never unconscious of her eyes. He wondered also why she brought her baby with her, and why all who came fondled it so much and so respectfully. He did not wonder at the deference, almost the fear, which all men showed her—that seemed somehow her due. She had shed her taciturnity and was even voluble at times. But behind her volubility lurked always an inexplicable intensity of purpose whose cause Simpson could never fathom and was afraid to seek for. It was there, however—a nervous determination, not altogether alien to his own, which he associated with religion and with nothing else in the world. Religiosity, he called it—and he was not far wrong.

Soon after his first sermon, he began little by little to introduce ritual into the meetings at Michaud's, so that they became decorous; rum-drinking was postponed till after the concluding prayer, and that in itself was a triumph. He began to feel the need of hymns, and, since he could find in French none that had associations for himself, he set about translating some of the more familiar ones, mostly those of a militant nature. Some of them, especially "The Son of God goes forth to war," leaped into immediate popularity and were sung two or three times in a single service. He liked that repetition; he thought it laid the groundwork for the enthusiasm which he aroused more and more as time went on, and which he took more pains to arouse. Nevertheless, the first time that his feverish eloquence brought tears and incoherent shoutings from the audience, he became suddenly fearful before the ecstasies which he had touched to life; he faltered, and brought his discourse to an abrupt end. As the crowd slowly quieted and reluctantly began to drift away there flashed on him with blinding suddenness the realization that his excitement had been as great as their own; for a moment he wondered if such passion were godly. Only for a moment, however; of course it was godly, as any rapture informed by religion must be. He was sorry he had lost courage and stopped so soon. These were an emotional and not an intellectual people—if they were to be reached at all, it must be through the channels of their emotions. Thus far he thought clearly, and that was as far as he did think, for he was discovering in himself a capacity for religious excitement that was only in part a reflex of the crowd's fervor, and the discovery quickened and adorned the memory of the few great moments of his life. Thus had he felt when he resolved to take orders; thus, although in a less degree, because he had been doubtful and afraid, had he felt when he heard the Macedonian cry from this West Indian island. He had swayed the crowd also, as he had always believed that he could sway crowds if only the spirit would burn in him brightly enough; he had no doubt that he could sway them again, govern them completely perhaps. That possibility was cause for prayerful and lonely consideration, for meditation among the hills, whence he might draw strength. He hired a pony forthwith and set out for a few days in the hinterland.

It was the most perilous thing he could have done. There is neither sanctity nor holy calm in the tropic jungle, nothing of the hallowed quietude that, in northern forests, clears the mind of life's muddle and leads the soul to God. There lurks instead a poisonous anodyne in the heavy, scented air—a drug that lulls the spirit to an evil repose, counterfeiting the peacefulness whence alone high thoughts can spring. In the north nature displays a certain restraint even in her most flamboyant moods: the green fires of spring temper their sensuousness in chill winds, and autumn is rich in suggestion not of love, but of gracious age, having the aloof beauty of age and its true estimates of life. The perception of its loveliness is impersonal and leaves the line between the æsthetic and the sensuous clearly marked. Beneath a straighter sun, the line is blurred and sometimes vanishes: no orchid-musk, no azure and distant hill, no tinted bay but accosts the senses, confusing one with another, mingling all the emotions in a single cup, persuading man that he knows good from evil as little as though he lived still in Eden. From such stealthy influences the man of rigid con-

victions is often in more danger than the man of no convictions at all, for rigid convictions rather often indicate inexperience and imperfect observation; experience, therefore—especially emotional experience—sometimes warps them into strange and hideous shapes.

Simpson did not find in the bush the enlightenment that he had hoped for. He did, however, anæsthetize his mind into the belief that he had found it. Returning, he approached Port au Prince by a route new to him. A well-beaten trail aroused his curiosity, and he followed it into a grove of ceiba and mahogany. It was clear under foot, as no tropic grove uncared for by man can be clear; in the middle of it lay the ashes of a great fire, and three minaca-palm huts in good repair huddled almost invisible under the vast trees. The ground, bare of grass, was trodden hard, as though a multitude had stamped it down—danced it down, perhaps—and kept it bare by frequent use.

"What a place for a camp-meeting!" thought Simpson as he turned to leave it. "God's cathedral aisles, and roofed by God's blue sky."

His pony shied and whirled around; a long snake—a fer-de-lance—flowed across the path.

The desire to hold his services in the grove remained in his mind; the only reason he did not transfer them there at once was that he was not yet quite sure of his people. They came eagerly to hear him, they reflected his enthusiasm at his behest, they wept and praised God. Yet, underneath all his hopes and all his pride in what he had done ran a cold current of doubt, an undefined and indefinable fear of something devilish and malign that might thwart him in the end.

He thrust it resolutely out of his mind.

V

"I HAVE told your people—your *canaille*," said Father Antoine, "that I shall excommunicate them all."

The priest had been graver than his wont—more dignified, less volcanic, as though he was but the mouthpiece of authority, having none of it himself.

"They are better out of your church than in it," Simpson answered.

Father Antoine trembled a little; it was the first sign he had given that his violent personality was still alive under the perplexing new power that had covered it.

"You are determined?" Simpson nodded with compressed lips. "Their damnation be on your head, then."

The priest stood aside. Simpson squeezed by him on the narrow sidewalk; as he did so, Antoine drew aside the skirts of his cassock.

From the beginning Simpson had preached more of hell than of heaven; he could not help doing so, for he held eternal punishment to be more imminent than eternal joy, and thought it a finer thing to scare people into heaven than to attract them thither. He took an inverted pleasure also in dwelling on the tortures of the damned, and had combed the minor prophets and Revelation for threatening texts to hurl at his congregation. Such devil-worship, furthermore, gave him greater opportunity for oratory, greater immediate results also; he had used it sometimes against his better judgment, and was not so far gone that he did not sometimes tremble at the possible consequences of its use. His encounter with the priest, however, had driven all doubts from his mind, and that evening he did what he had never done before—he openly attacked the Roman church.

"What has it done for you?" he shouted, and his voice rang in the rafters of the warehouse where a hundred or so negroes had gathered to hear him. "What has it done for you? You cultivate your ground, and its tithes take the food from the mouths of your children. Does the priest tell you of salvation, which is without money and without price, for all—for all—for all? Does he live among you as I do? Does he minister to your bodies? Or your souls?"

There was a stir at the door, and the eyes of the congregation turned from the platform.

"Father Antoine!" shrieked a voice. It was Madame Picard's; Simpson could see her in the gloom at the far end of the hall and could see the child astride of her hip. "Father Antoine! He is here!"

In response to the whip of her voice there was a roar like the roar of a train in a tunnel. It died away; the crowd

eddied back upon the platform. Father Antoine—he was robed, and there were two acolytes with him, one with a bell and the other with a candle—began to read in a voice as thundering as Simpson's own.

"*Excommunicabo*——"

The Latin rolled on, sonorous, menacing. It ceased; the candle-flame snuffed out, the bell tinkled, there was the flash of a cope in the doorway, and the priest was gone.

"He has excommunicated you!" Simpson shouted, almost shrieked. "Thank God for that, my people!"

They faced him again; ecstatic, beside himself, he flung at them incoherent words. But the Latin, mysterious as magic, fateful as a charm, had frightened them, and they did not yield to Simpson immediately. Perhaps they would not have yielded to him at all if it had not been for Madame Picard.

From her corner rose an eerie chant in broken minors; it swelled louder, and down the lane her people made for her she came dancing. Her turban was off, her dress torn open to the breasts; she held the child horizontally and above her in both hands. Her body swayed rhythmically, but she just did not take up the swing of the votive African dance that is as old as Africa. Up to the foot of the platform she wavered, and there the cripple joined her, laughing as always. Together they shuffled first to the right and then to the left, their feet marking the earth floor in prints that overlapped like scales. She laid the baby on the platform, sinking slowly to her knees as she did so; as though at a signal, the wordless chant rumbled upward from the entire building, rolled over the platform like a wave, engulfing the white man in its flood.

"Symbolism! Sacrifice!" Simpson yelled. "She offers all to God!"

He bent and raised the child at arm's length above his head. Instantly the chanting ceased.

"To the grove!" screamed the *mamaloi*. She leaped to the platform, almost from her knees it seemed, and snatched the child. "To the grove!"

The crowd took up the cry; it swelled till Simpson's ears ached under the impact of it.

"To the grove!"

Doubt assailed him as his mind—a white man's mind—rebelled.

"This is wrong,"—he said dully; "wrong."

Madame Picard's fingers gripped his arm. Except for the spasms of the talons which were her fingers, she seemed calm.

"No, m'sieu'," she said. "You have them now. Atonement—atonement, m'sieu'. You have many times spoken of atonement. But they do not understand what they cannot see. They are behind you—you cannot leave them now."

"But—the child?"

"The child shall show them—a child shall lead them, m'sieu'. They must see a *théâtre* of atonement—then they will believe. Come."

Protesting, he was swept into the crowd and forward—forward to the van of it, into the Grand Rue. Always the thunderous rumble of the mob continued; high shrieks flickered like lightning above it; the name of Christ dinned into his ears from foul throats. On one side of him the cripple appeared; on the other strode the *mamaloi*—the child, screaming with fear, on her hip. A hymn-tune stirred under the tumult—rose above it.

"Le fils de Dieu se va t'en guerre
Son drapeau rouge comme sang."

Wild quavers adorned the tune obscenely; the mob marched to it, falling into step. Torches came, flaming high at the edges of the crowd, flaming wan and lurid on hundreds of black faces.

"Il va pour gagner sa couronne
Qui est-ce que suit dans son train?"

"A crusade!" Simpson suddenly shouted. "It is a crusade!"

Yells answered him. Somewhere a drum began, reverberating as though unfixed in space, now before them, now behind, now, it seemed, in the air. The sound was maddening. A swaying began in the crowd that took on cadence, became a dance. Simpson, his brain drugged, his senses perfervid, marched on in exultation. These were his people at last.

The drum thundered more loudly, became unbearable. They were clear of the

town and in the bush at last; huge fires gleamed through the trees, and the mob spilled into the grove. The cripple and the *mamaloi* were beside him still.

In the grove, with the drums—more than one of them now—palpitating unceasingly, the dancing became wilder, more savage. In the light of the fire, the *mamaloi* swayed, holding the screaming child, and close to the flames crouched the cripple. The hymn had given place to the formless chant, through which the minors quivered like the wails of lost souls.

The scales fell from Simpson's eyes. He rose to his full height and stretched out his arm, demanding silence; there was some vague hope in him that even now he might guide them. His only answer was a louder yell than ever.

It took form. Vieux Michaud sprang from the circle into the full firelight, feet stamping, eyes glaring.

"La chèvre!" he yelled. "La chèvre sans cornes!"

The drums rolled in menacing crescendo, the fire licked higher. All sounds melted into one.

"La chèvre sans cornes!"

The *mamaloi* tore the child from her neck and held it high by one leg. Simpson, seeing clearly as men do before they die, flung himself toward her.

The cripple's knife, thrust from below, went home between his ribs just as the *mamaloi's* blade crossed the throat of the sacrifice.

"So I signed the death-certificate," Witherbee concluded. "'Death at the hands of persons unknown.'"

"And they'll call him a martyr," said Bunsen.

"Who knows?" the consul responded gravely. "Perhaps he was one."

IN IRISH RAIN

By Martha Haskell Clark

The great world stretched its arms to me and held me to its breast,
They say I've song-birds in my throat, and give me of their best;
But sure, not all their gold can buy, can take me back again
To little Mag o' Monagan's a-singing in the rain.

The silver-slanting Irish rain, all warm and sweet that fills
The little brackened lowland pools, and drifts across the hills;
That turns the hill-grass cool and wet to dusty childish feet,
And hangs above the valley-roofs, filmed blue with burning peat.

And oh the kindly neighbor-folk that called the young ones in,
Down fragrant yellow-tapered paths that thread the prickly whin;
The hot, sweet smell of oaten-cake, the kettle purring soft,
The dear-remembered Irish speech—they call to me how oft!

They mind me just a slip o' girl in tattered kirtle blue,
But oh they loved me for myself, and not for what I do!
And never one but had a joy to pass the time of day
With little Mag o' Monagan's a-laughing down the way.

There's fifty roofs to shelter me where one was set before,
But make me free of that again—I'll not be wanting more.
But sure I know not tears nor gold can turn the years again
To little Mag o' Monagan's a-singing in the rain.

REINTERPRETED BYGONES

By Richard F. Cleveland

THE fortunes of international enterprise have brought England and America into a vis-à-vis relationship which demands a far deeper and more active understanding than was ever required for the vague friendliness of pre-war days. Hitherto we have made shift to be pleasant on informal occasion, and to talk the high words of officialdom when we have encountered each other via the Washington-Dover Street route; but now the choice is no longer with either one of us, for we have been through too much of soul-welding struggle to permit the sharpest reaction to sever the combination. It is accordingly opportune that we examine our national store-houses, and observe what materials exist for a conscious effort to build soundly, not only for passive toleration, but for constructive co-operation in the years ahead. We need to get at the bottom of the business, for on the surface there are infinite petty misconceptions which tax the patience if given attention.

If generalization were possible, it would be strictly true that the original rift in the Anglo-American alliance comes from class differentiation. And this comes nearer to a universal application than is at first apparent. In England a man is born into one of three general social categories, he is a laborer, a middle-class social mediocrity, or a gentleman. He may improve his position inside his own class, but barring the intervention of the ballot, or other fickle manifestation of fate, ambition is a stranger to him, and he must settle down to the drab proposition of being one of the millions of inert Britons, loyal subjects to his gracious majesty, morally orthodox, universally uninteresting. In America on the other hand, we resent the merest implication that an American as such, all other things being equal, may not rise to the commanding top of whatever endeavor he has chosen. Our national ideal expressed in three words would be, I take it, improvement of position, and does not altogether cease with those in highest seats. Our pride thrives on the multitude of men in public life, in business, and in the professions who have said to the trials that beset them, "I'll get you," and have forthwith proceeded to "get" them. We likewise repudiate with democratic ardor the proposition that one can be born a gentleman; we never fail to act on the theory that only the man who so acts is entitled to the respect due a gentleman. This vital difference in social valuations cannot be overestimated; it explains nearly all our little troubles with the Britisher, and if rightly regarded is the point of departure for a mutual increase of respect. Too often citizens of both nations have passed rapid judgment, none too fair or flattering, because we do not measure up to each other's standards. We are so much alike that we both want to make the whole lot fit into the same gauge, and finding it impossible, have damned each other straight to the depths of undesirability, all because the rules of the game are different, and neither would give in to the other.

This matter of rules is at the heart of English civilization. I recently heard English life likened to cricket, a game most shocking to our sensibilities, but possessing virtues of a sort, and in the abstract most admirable. The match must proceed in orderly fashion, quite calmly above all things, for a period of two or three days before completion. A player's impulse to smite fiercely at a tempting ball is stayed by the necessity of conserving energy for the hours ahead. When a batter is put out the game rests for several minutes until the new batter can buckle on his pads and saunter casually on the field—whereupon fielders again get on their feet and play is resumed. An American at a cricket match is fairly entertained for a few hours at the novelty of it, and is intrigued by the apathy of the spectators, but soon chafes

at delays and painstaking casualness, and, as soon as may politely be, dashes abruptly off with anguish at his heart, longing to scream aloud and do all manner of execution with bass drums and variable fanfare. But when it came to walking into destruction behind a slow creeping barrage, cricket and other crisis-worshipping sports served the British army from Tommy to Marshal, as well, I fancy, as sport served any other troops to be observed on the battle-fields of the continent.

Rules, moreover, are the heart of the social antics of England. If you are one of us, and if you have been presented in due form and technically correct, we will be glad to do our unreserved utmost to make you enjoy yourself; or if you are obviously not one of us, we will of course step down and help you, as that is expected—but if you are just a person, and presume to establish human relationships with us, God help you, we won't. When an American takes that attitude, which he may occasionally in a fit of forgetfulness do, hot words are sure to follow—for we acknowledge no divine or natural right to gentility. On every side the Briton is protected by compartments into which he may withdraw whenever the world is too much with him; but I venture to say that the American would be largely educated to look into those retreats, and find them full of the most selfless devotion to friends and family, unimpeachable honor in private and public affairs, and deep culture, intensive culture, which our universities dreamt of but faintly, and now on all sides repudiate. This same degree of difference may otherwise be illustrated by that familiar household adjunct, the trick dog, who sees exhibited before him the morsel destined to be the reward and goal of a superior rehearsal of his repertoire. Our American dog would see no reason why he might not have the prize straight off and thus an end to ceremony, while the English animal prides himself on the deliberateness of the performance of well-learned capers, and eventually takes the biscuit with possibly great inward palpitation, but admirable outward unconcern.

In us Americans the danger is that we see only the dull side of the picture, and have not the patience—for that it requires—to see the virtues of our man. We expect him to be measured by our tape, and he above all nationals on earth takes pains to be as unpleasant as possible under examination. When we cease to look for a Britisher to act as we do, we shall have gone a long way toward the established reign of good feeling. When by the same token our friends across the Atlantic shall honor us by appreciating how universal are our talents, and how free our sympathies and interests to go wherever they are called by the exigency of the moment, then they will know that there are some "nice Americans." In going to work of a morning, I like to speak in the same tone to the newsboy, the clerk in the outer office, and the prosperous president in his sanctum; while the Englishman under the same circumstances would have a different mode of address for each one of them. With me it is not lack of dignity which permits discussion of the new administration with the newsboy, and it is not snobbishness that forbids it to the Englishman.

The backbone of the British system is maintained by the training the "gentlemen" receive; the lower orders realize that their place is secondary, and without any rancor, rearrange into a vacuous microcosm the crumbs from their masters' tables. A gentleman is a graduate of either Oxford or Cambridge, going up from a large public school, for which he is orginally primed at a preparatory institution. Sent from home at the tender, inoffensive age of nine or eleven years he is irrevocably weaned from dependence on his parents, and is gradually formed into that indescribable complexity and perfection, the English gentleman. When he leaves Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or what-not public school, he is supposed to have assimilated the written and unwritten rules of the game; to wit, the correct air to assume in any sort of drawing-room at tea, the correct way of folding trousers, holding a cricket bat, speaking to servants, disregarding hardship, drinking, meeting strangers, dancing—the opinion of American girls to the contrary notwithstanding—and God knows what all infinitesimal "don'ts" and "do's," that are the perplexity and embarrass-

ment of the American who sallies forth among them armed only with natural courtesy and exuberant good-will, of which the exuberance is specifically unwelcome. At the university of his forefathers our student reads himself into a large store of culture, performing prodigies with "greats" and "tripos," which, once the A. B. hood donned, become a pleasant memory, the excuse for much well-considered conversation over a comfortable cup of tea or mug of sturdy ale. Unless he join the brotherhood of wandering clerics, he is fitted for nothing else specific, only to take his place in the allotted niche for gentlemen, a place he adorns thereafter with more grace than we see in one out of fifty of our own college graduates. Of all the things he learns, I judge humbly that the greatest of these is the use of leisure. He makes of it a veritable art, and as material he must set aside each day enough leisure to fashion—from which nothing can prevent him, nor business, nor battles, nor any other creature. Look well at this fellow, you may not approve of him, as I do not, but he is a type with whom we will have much dealing in the future, and we must admire him for the beautiful institution he is.

For our part, we insist that education shall, as far as it is pursued, fit us for a useful, vigorous part in the nation's activities. Some false prophets would eliminate from our training any but vocational studies, crying out in a loud voice that colleges ruin youngsters for business—that they must be taught all over again once graduated. While this is an extreme view, we nevertheless know that our place under heaven is maintained by our power within, by no artificial aristocracy to which we are attached willy-nilly by the fortune of birth. Starting in a local high school, an American youth presses on to a preparatory school, bound by regulations in all cases less rigid than is the fate of an English lad. If he is indeed fortunate, and guided by wise and trusting parents, he tastes the life of his country reproduced at a school for reliance like Exeter or Andover. Thence, or straight from high school, he is popped into college, and follows the bent of his aptitude for four years, coming out trained, theoretically at least, to turn his hand to self-supporting occupation. We must own that education sits light on American youth, and often does him no great strokes beyond providing lifelong associates and friends, and a sense of executive responsibility from the editorship of some campus publication or similar weighty enterprise. The majority, however, profit even more than they know, and though it be unconsciously, have before them steadily the strong desire to improve their position as soon as may be.

Catch an Englishman out of familiar circumstances, and heaven help you if he does not act strangely and rudely in all probability; in some cases he will not act at all. He really is shy with strangers —surely shyness is a charitable conclusion, for of all men who travel, next to the German the Briton is the most boorish. I have often been moved to a desire for violence at the indifference of them in all classes of society. I have been many times forced almost bodily from a judiciously selected seat in a coach, and I know of ladies who have stood for hours in the seated presence of well-fed, able-bodied Englishmen, who forsooth had paid for their seats and did not know the lady. Had they known her, no one could have been more civil and solicitous than they. Shyness I have called it, but I am mindful of many compatriots less charitable, and whatever it is, it annoys us. The easy informality that comes second nature to us on such occasions, and makes us share the comforts of travel with any stranger, is repulsive to the Briton, bound fast by convention and dehydrating canons of respectability. This is all very strange to us, but it is not a serious cause for international dislike.

The peerage and the court of His Majesty seem to us a totally silly and illogical system. We could not much love any one who spoke of "my subjects," however graciously. The spectacle of a few hundred affable ladies and gentlemen consciously dominating the country socially by the right of birth alone moves us to contempt. It is too obvious that in America no such distinction could fairly be made, but with England it is highly salutary. Distinction carries with it

recognized responsibilities; the principle of *noblesse oblige* rules England. It is a waste of time to try to have us come together on these things, for two theories so divergent cannot be reconciled. One may fish for brook trout with worms or with a fly, but not even a "city feller" would want to put a worm on a fly-hook.

Common sense and tolerance are the chief requisites to a friendly era between the two English-speaking nations such as has never before existed. Americans must stop trying to solve the Irish problem. It is easy for Irish-American journals on this side to rant about the oppression of Ireland, for the average American has no conception of the infinite intricacies that make the problem well-nigh insoluble, granted all the good-will in the world toward Ireland. The press is not very helpful. The London *Times* is the sole sheet in that country which seems to make any effort to give its readers a clear sight into American affairs and difficulties. Other dailies print the most palpable rot about moving-picture actresses and spectacular murder cases, appearing to regard us more as a source of freak news than a grown-up international entity in trousers. The average Englishman (if there is any average man anywhere) does not for instance understand that an American president may not negotiate a treaty as independent plenipotentiary—so that our part of the Versailles débâcle is still a mystery to him, which he bears rather politely under the circumstances.

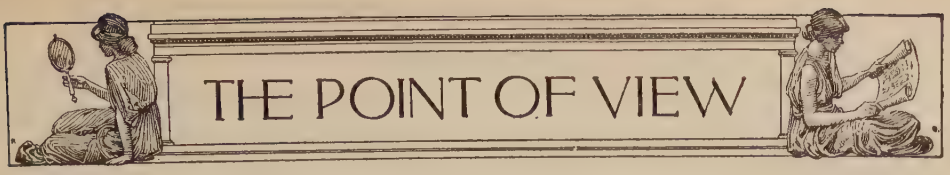
As individuals the British are self-conscious, we are naïve. Examine what has here been said and all available data about the Englishman; watch all his movements, through them his thoughts, and see if every act is not rounded out by conscious, forehanded speculation. It keeps him from uncertain venture, it makes him stolid and legalistic; he has no buoyant response; no care-free pagan exultation or luxurious despair is possible to him. Self-consciousness explains him to us. Now look at us Americans, unconventional, ritual-smashing band; see how innocent we are of incidental calculations—we drive ahead with blinders on, and if we see an emotion going in our direction, we hop on and enjoy the ride. We are young and they are mature, even their landscape is minutely detailed, while our hills and fields and woods are a blurred impressionistic mass —Messonier to the moderns.

We are two separate and distinct nationalities, and between us difference of opinion may plausibly exist, but there is no longer room for misunderstanding.

THE TOLL-GATE HOUSE

By John Drinkwater

THE toll-gate's gone, but still stands lone,
In the dip of the hill, the house of stone,
And over the roof in the branching pine
The great owl sits in the white moonshine.
An old man lives, and lonely, there,
His windows yet on the cross-roads stare,
And on Michaelmas night in all the years
A galloping far and faint he hears. . . .
His casement open wide he flings
With "Who goes there," and a lantern swings. . . .
But never more in the dim moonbeam
Than a cloak and a plume and the silver gleam
Of passing spurs in the night can he see,
For the toll-gate's gone and the road is free.



I DON'T know whether or not the Gentle Reader is addicted to back numbers of magazines. I am. I like them because I can skip the timely articles and consider only those of a more permanent interest. So it was that I happened the other day on a back number containing an essay with the startling suggestion that language is going out of fashion. The writer explained that by language he meant "the total body of arbitrary signs employed by a people in its spoken, written, and printed discourse." He asserted that in most of our magazines and newspapers the printed matter "is subsiding into a sort of gloss (more or less superfluous) on the illustrations." He called attention to the increasing importance of action, gesture, and facial expression in our modern theatre with its picture-frame stage. And he triumphantly pointed to the moving picture, "wherein language survives much as the vermiform appendix survives in the human body."

Is Language Useless?

After defining a scientist "as a man who thinks with things instead of words," and who therefore employs signs and symbols of his own, the militant essayist turned to the language of every-day life; and even in this "we talk, not by words, but by the light in the eye, the expression of the face, the tone of the voice, the gestures of the hand, yes, the movements of the whole body." And he ventured to ask whether the art of music is not "a protest against language, an attempt to evolve a higher mode of expression"? All these heretical opinions were brought together most ingeniously to buttress the assertion that language "is being abolished," and that its abolition is going on around us "with increasing rapidity." Pushing this whimsical contention still further, the linguistic iconoclast asserted that "this is a paradox only for prosaic minds"; and who of us all is willing to admit that his mind is prosaic?

The paper struck me as ingenious and amusing, but—well, it would be a waste of effort to break a paradox on the wheel. Language is in no peril, and music is not a higher mode of expression; our periodicals are not really transforming themselves into picture-books, and the drama is not less dependent on language than it was. None the less the reading of this essay suggested a question: Is language able to do the work for which it has been developed? Now it is a fact that language, written and spoken, is more or less insufficient, and that this was discovered long ago by artists in words, who had struggled vainly with the vocabulary, and who could not count on making it convey exactly the message they were trying to deliver. In one of Hawthorne's "American Note-Books" he had a petulant outbreak which testified to his own verbal difficulties: "Language—human language—is, after all, but little better than croak or cackle of fowls and other utterances of brute nature—sometimes not so adequate." And Professor Shaler, in his stimulating study of "The Individual," told us that language affords at best an imperfect means of communication; "for words are but signs that depend for their significance on the interpretation that each out of his own experience gives them. Shape them into phrase as we may, so that the separate units help to the fuller thought, they remain inadequate to convey more than a part of the meaning we would have them bear. The more individual the feeling we seek to express, the greater the difficulty of transmission." But although language may not be an instrument of precision even when used by the most expert of our literary artists, it is now nearer to this state of perfection than it ever was in the past.

LANGUAGE serves three purposes, sometimes intermingled and sometimes separate. It serves to convey information, to express emotion, and to clothe thought; and it is necessary only to the last of these three. We cannot clothe thought without words; but we can convey information by signs, and we can express emotion by sounds, by all manner of inarticulate ejaculation. The researches of the anthropologists have made it fairly certain that when

Where Language Is Necessary

our probably arboreal ancestor let himself down from the family-tree by the aid of the prehensile tail he was soon to lose, he was able to manifest his sentiments and to inform his family about the few things they needed to be informed before he had attained to articulate speech.

The sign-language of the American Indian is admirably adapted to its purpose; and, strictly speaking, it is not a language at all, since its signs represent not the names of things, but the things themselves, both objects and actions. In his account of his voyage to the islands of the Pacific, Stevenson recorded the ability of the natives of the Marquesas to communicate at short distances "with conventional whistling"; and no doubt these signals were as completely sufficient for their purpose as are the tootings of the steam-craft in New York harbor according to a code arbitrarily agreed upon as a means of avoiding collision.

But because the tug-boat captains of the Hudson River, the naked islanders of the South Seas, and the untutored savages who once roamed the Western wilds could convey information without the aid of actual words, we are not justified in concluding that these three human groups are agreed in abolishing language. Certainly the tug-boat captain, at the very moment when he is signalling most emphatically, feels the need of speech to relieve his superheated feelings; he insists on using words, articulate and damnatory.

These fiery utterances need not be articulate, however. The irate master of the towboat may dance on the deck of his vessel, shaking his fists and emitting shrieks of rage, thereby relieving pent-up feelings even more emphatically than he could by the aid of oral objurgation. He can use either mode of expression or even employ both at once. And the Indians of the plains can talk, even though they cannot write, and therefore have to make use of their ingenious code of symbols when they are called upon to convey information to their distant friends.

The writer of the article in the back number shrewdly remarked that "the soul of intercourse in the intimacies of life is much more a matter of motion and of music than it is of language. The parents glance across the table at each other—and suddenly the daughter's face becomes crimson. The brother's eye turns by an insuperable degree—and presto! the sister passes him the salt. The baby's under-lip begins to go down, and like a flash the mother has leaped into the breach." But he went too far when he said that the soul of intercourse is much more a matter of motion and of music than it is of language; sometimes, no doubt, it may be a matter of motion and of music, but is generally a matter of language. And he went altogether too far when he implied or asserted that there is any evidence of increasing disuse of language, of an impending atrophy. There is nothing novel in the expression of emotion by motion and music, since that means of expression must have preceded the development of articulate speech.

Yet the paradoxical paper was a useful reminder of a fact often overlooked—that the invention of an improvement does not prevent the use of the method employed before the new invention had established itself. The broad highway was later than the footpath, as that was later than the blazed trail, and the railroad is the latest of the four, which all continue to exist side by side, each of them satisfactory for its special purpose. So language followed the use of signs and groans and glances and gestures; but it did not cause them to fall into innocuous desuetude. It was the superior implement, no doubt—and it served the loftier occasions of life. But glances and gestures did not cease to be useful, and they survived the evolution of language and accompanied and illustrated talk to intensify it, and sometimes even to make it clearer.

And the loftier the occasion the more do we rely upon language unaccompanied by the earlier and more primitive implements, the gesture and the groan. These may be more or less adequate for the conveying of the simplest information or for the expression of superficial emotion. To transmit thought we need all the resources of the vocabulary if we wish to be completely understood; and when we are essaying this feat, we cannot profit by any of the ruder devices which were sufficient for primitive man, whose cogitations were probably as primitive as he was himself. The caveman did not woo his bride with soft words; he seized her and slung her over his shoulder and bore her away to his cavern, regardless

of her protests in motion and in music. But Demosthenes and Cicero, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln, when they sought to persuade and to convince, relied upon the appeal of their words.

The Monotony of Teaching"

A CERTAIN editor recently remarked of a contributor: "She varies the monotony of teaching by writing articles for our magazine." A fine bit of irony! Writing articles for the magazines may be monotonous, but teaching school is a three-ring circus—you can never keep up with the whole show.

Superintendents warn teachers not to "get into ruts." I long for a chance to get into ruts. When I leaned over the desk at the Alfalfa Female Seminary, the stars in my hair were seven; I taught Latin, French, physics, geology (which I had never studied), elocution, piano, and penmanship. The next year I taught something else. Every year since either the place or the subject or the text-book has changed. Twice a year now my pupils change, because they are promoted; and in the desperate struggle to get something out of my head into theirs, my methods shift like glass in a kaleidoscope.

Three years ago in the "English" high school, I *fitted* boys and girls for college. (I had some of the fits.) To-day we are, if you please, the "High School of Commerce." The click-click of typewriters replaces the drone of Latin declensions, a bank and a museum have been installed, salesmanship and advertising do for Milton and Chaucer. I am teaching, at present, commercial arithmetic, with a key, and the History of Our Own State, without a text-book. (I am writing one as I go along.) For the last half-year I have directed a physical drill for the first three minutes of each period, because the school committee passed a law that we must have twenty minutes of exercise daily, and this is the only way we can get it in.

Twice a year a hundred new personalities arrive before I have sized up the others. How do I know what the newcomers will do? Some flocks of girls celebrate freak-day by piling up their hair and powdering it, some by hanging it in pigtails down their backs. Some boys smoke cigarettes in the basement and some fasten cats to the roof. Some let mice loose in the schoolroom; some, june-bugs; so that I must find out quickly whether to tuck my feet up in my chair or to throw a dust-cloth over my head. Some freshman classes bring lollypops and expect me to join them in sucking; some bring the solemnity of Solomon and are shocked at my jokes.

When the rascals turn from sport to work they still entertain me. Their very spelling is full of pleasant surprises. The farmer raises *veghitibles;* Ulysses turned his boat and *roared* to shore; Balboa waved a sword in one hand and a *banana* in the other (it was a banner); the pilgrim fathers re-embarked and *cursed* up and down the coast!

The mistakes in recitation fill me with secret delight. I like to hear that the Lady of Shalott froze to death, that the Ancient Mariner wore the albatross around his neck as a souvenir, that Burns wrote "spirituous" poems. (I don't know a more spirituous poem than "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.") There is an agreeable shock to me in the statements that Tennyson lived in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and that Roger Williams went to school with Addison and Thackeray. I am told that Julius Cæsar was a Catholic, and I find in the text-book that he "gave attention to the *masses*." I am informed that "we get our best germs from Egypt," and I discover, on page 14, that they were "germs of civilization." When I "correct" a batch of compositions, life for me, as for Stevenson, is full of a number of things: When the heroine smiles, she shows two *sets* of pearly teeth; John succeeds in *smuggling* the fire; women are now *illegible* to vote; *hospitables* for all sorts of diseases are built. Examinations give me many an "enjoyful" hour: An abbess is the wife of an abbot; a suffragette is a woman who is suffering for the want to vote; Achilles and Briseis became belovers; Chapman reformed Homer; her "midnight hair" is "hair not combed."

To prevent monotony, a teacher should be a little weak in discipline, in order that pupils may develop personality. Make them good and you'll be happy, but you'll miss lots of fun. And they come out just as well in the end without your interference. Watch this gawky freshman who cleans his finger-nails with a lead-pencil and changes his collar on Sunday. Within two years he has discovered girls, and wears necktie and

hose that match, turning up his trousers so the purple symphony may be heard. I take no credit for this. When my worst little devil turns angel for my colleague, I feel a chastened interest in his improvement, but I liked him better before. He was less monotonous.

A teacher is kept humble in unexpected ways. Benny slouches in, late, every day, and never knows where the lesson is. I hurl sarcasm at him. In a private conference I assure him that he is preparing for a worthless existence. The next day he brings a Stradivarius to school and plays to us in the hall like Kreisler—plays beautiful things, of his own composition, which have been published. We listen with moist eyes. He promises to compose music for the songs of Burns we are studying, and soon he fills our classroom with a wild, proud, heart-broken melody that means "McPherson's Farewell."

Benny is a genius, but every pupil can do something I can't do. My aim in life is to discover what it is. Daisy, who never can answer a question, teaches dancing; Caroline, who passes not one of my mild examinations, has played Little Eva, with Uncle Tom, on the real stage; Myrtle, the whisperer, leads our basket-ball team to victory. Giggling Annette remembers the dates of all the kings and all the battles on one reading, while I, for the tenth time, have to peep into my book to make sure. A boy in short trousers describes a toy airship he has built, and I can't even understand how he got it together. A slip of a girl does the cooking for a family of six.

With my young people I have adventures in friendship. In walks a young man of twenty-five, a Russian fugitive, to join our fifteen-year olds in the study of Macaulay. He has lost an arm, but he makes up for it in mind. He wants to be a lawyer. His stammering eloquence, his conquest of Macaulay's long words, his brave story of persecution, of bold flight, of misfortunes patiently met in America give me faith in his ambition.

Sometimes a tragedy stirs me. A stunted Jewish boy, with intelligent dark eyes, chooses me for his confidante. His father, a rag-man, his mother illiterate, to use his own word, have no sympathy with his longing to learn. He keeps on at school against their wishes, but, to relieve them of the burden of his support, works in a junk shop afternoons and eats as little as may be. His scanty food is salted with their taunts. If he can only win the composition medal to show to them, they may respect him. But he misses the medal, and in his despair he swallows poison. His life is saved, and his parents are remorseful; but the boy has lost his spirit and leaves school. And I can't help.

Emilia, on the contrary, brings me joy. When I ask hopelessly in sophomore English if anybody has ever heard a skylark, brown eyes sparkle and a soft voice answers: "In Italy. My father and I were in a field together, and he pointed up to the sky, where some birds were singing. He told me to look, because they were skylarks." In the senior year Emilia finds that she wants college, but she is not prepared. For a while she is dejected, but comes eagerly one day to ask whether the college will accept Italian instead of French. All winter she has been reading Dante in the original with her father. Now I often meet Emilia on College Hill, radiant.

I am glad that I teach in a public school; a private school might be monotonous. I am glad that I know the children of the people, for so I come nearer to understanding the people themselves. Perhaps Jo's reason is mine. Jo was the fastest runner in the school league, a tall, rangy fellow with an honest pug-nose. Wishing the class in Roman history to feel the difference between patrician and plebeian, I asked Jo, as it happened, which he had rather be. He thought a little, and then, to my surprise, said: "A plebeian." "Why?" I asked. He thought some more, and smiled at me. "I suppose because I always have been," he said.

He was right. It is for us plebeians that life climbs forever up and on.

Mural decoration, "Diana of the White Horse," by Arthur Crisp.

THE FUTURE OF MURAL PAINTING IN AMERICA

By Ernest Peixotto

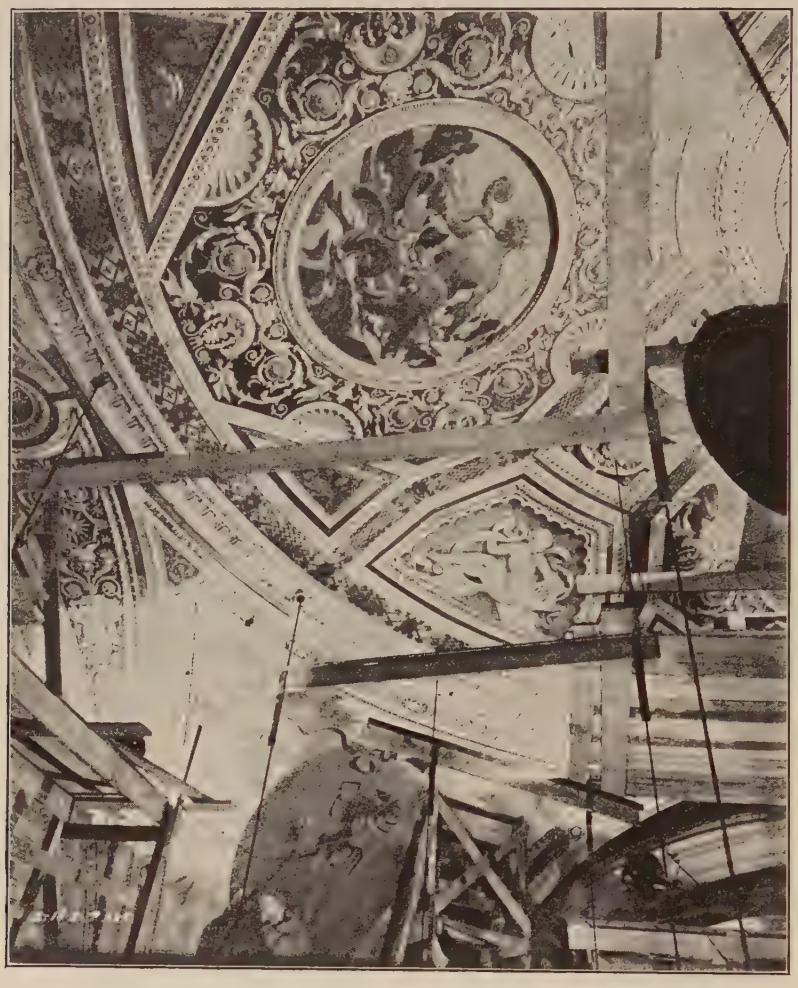
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM EXAMPLES OF RECENT WORK

MURAL painting in America, it would seem to me, has come to a parting of the ways. Our mural painters of the passing generation were chiefly concerned with the decoration of public edifices —state-houses, court-houses, exposition buildings, city halls, and the like—or of semi-public buildings like hotels and theatres. They planned their canvases on a large scale, and for this scale chose serene and well-balanced compositions, adapted to great surfaces, either allegorical in character, with cold figures moving in a formal, unreal world, or historical pictures whose figures were posed in realistic backgrounds. This type of mural painting will, of course, persist (and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will persist), but many of our younger architects have, I fear, tired of it, and have ceased to count it among the necessities in the decoration of their buildings.

In its place there are now definitely springing into existence other forms of mural decoration, more amusing, more

stimulating, more imaginative and romantic in character, decorative panels that are designed to find place in our living-rooms, in our business buildings and small assembly-halls—to become, in short, a part of our intimate daily life.

rooms decorated with fanciful landscapes, romantic and appealing, filled with castles and quaint old ships, with ruins and high-arched bridges, and all the varied detail dear to Vernet and Zuccarelli. And this sort of decoration is particularly in accord



Cunard Building—A section of the dome showing the work in progress, by Ezra Winter.

And this, I think, is quite as it should be. We have heard too much of mural painting spoken of in hushed whispers and raised to a dignity that has placed it above the reach and the comprehension of most people. When we think of the delightful little Italian villas that have inspired so many of our best architects of to-day in the designing of our country houses, we recall also the charming little painted rooms within them, with the Italianate or Hispanic type of American house and with the furniture that goes in it. I know that tapestries have been used to gain these effects of harmony of color and romantic design, but tapestries seldom exactly fit the spaces in which they hang, and are, besides, becoming more and more difficult to find. Their places may very well be taken by panels designed after the tradition of Hubert Robert, whose beau-

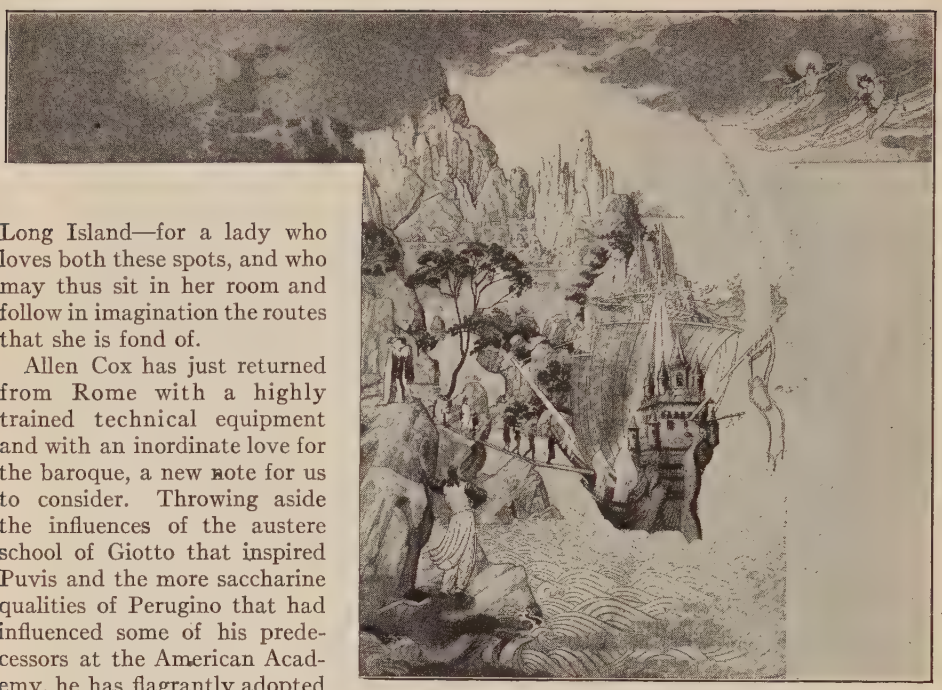
tifully balanced compositions marry so well with their architectural surroundings. Such panels, too, form admirable overdoors and overmantels in rooms of French character. We have become accustomed to pay exorbitant prices for old decorative paintings of

has admirably solved this sort of problem, basing his designs on motives that are reminiscent of beautiful Persian miniatures with their gilded cloud forms, their fantastic and highly elaborated distances, and the quaint personages with which they are

Cunard Building—One of the pendentives of the dome, by Ezra Winter.

this description, and yet I am sure that, with a little encouragement, our painters could produce modern compositions of equal charm and even better suited to rooms of to-day and to the spaces in them that they are to occupy.

Several rooms that I recall have been embellished with paintings of this character. Barry Faulkner, in a room that he painted for the E. O. Holter house at Mount Kisco, peopled. This is frankly a painted room, all the spaces between and around its doors and windows being decorated. Jules Guerin, on the other hand, in a room that he has painted for Mr. Philip Goodwin, has used a series of formal panels on which to depict, in his well-known style and coloring, eight or ten views of the châteaux of France. Barry Faulkner is now painting two decorative maps—one of Bermuda and one of



The Tempest, by Barry Faulkner.
Decoration in the house of E. O. Holter, Esq., Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Long Island—for a lady who loves both these spots, and who may thus sit in her room and follow in imagination the routes that she is fond of.

Allen Cox has just returned from Rome with a highly trained technical equipment and with an inordinate love for the baroque, a new note for us to consider. Throwing aside the influences of the austere school of Giotto that inspired Puvis and the more saccharine qualities of Perugino that had influenced some of his predecessors at the American Academy, he has flagrantly adopted a style inspired by the full pagan exuberances of the Carracci and of Tiepolo, a style, by the way, that may be made to fit into the rich schemes of some of our more ornate American homes.

There is another group of our younger painters who are turning their attention to decorations intended for more practical uses. These men believe that the attractiveness of our shops and banks can be greatly enhanced by means of pictures, and their point of view has met with very real success.

Arthur Covey, for example, has painted a series of decorative panels for one of the most exclusive of the Fifth Avenue department stores—panels that depict the various activities connected with its trade: the weaving of rugs in the Orient, the making of its silks and woollens, the ships that transport its merchandise across the seas, and a variety of other subjects. Blond and delicate as they are, these panels harmonize perfectly with the travertine walls on which they are placed. Mr. Covey is at present working on a larger group of paintings, much more brilliant in color, for a store in Boston, pictures with figures over life size, depicting the history of dress in America, as well as on sketches for a Crippled Children's Ward in an Orthopedic Hospital—paintings to be done directly upon the wall and covering its entire surface, depicting animals both wild and tame moving in a springlike landscape, gay and light in color and naïve and simple in drawing. It may thus be seen that Mr. Covey is intensely interested in widening the sphere for mural work and in creating new fields for his activities. For the Wichita Public Library he has painted a frieze in which he has utilized more realistic motives, welding together various Western types, such as farm-workers, pioneers, and the cattlemen of the prairies, to form Brangwynesque compositions that are rich and powerful both in color and design.

Another man who has worked along similar lines is Fred Dana Marsh, who has made a specialty of painting industrial workers: the man in the mills, the brawny riveter poised in mid-air on a steel girder, or the sweating fireman laboring half-naked at the forges. Henry Reuterdahl has also painted some fine panels of this description, but usually with ships and docks as their backgrounds.

Of all our younger mural painters, Arthur Crisp has probably the greatest quantity of work to his credit. His earlier efforts, such as his panels for the Belasco Theatre and his lunettes in the Playhouse, were painted in a pictorial manner that he afterward forsook and for which he has substituted a flatness of effect, with the third dimension almost eliminated, that is more in accord with the prevailing idea of mural painting. In this style are his charming decorations in the auditorium of Greenwich Settlement House, painted in gay colors directly upon the plaster walls. In this manner also, and influenced more or less by Persian designs, are the batik hangings that he has made for the Hotel Dupont in Wilmington and for Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

Panel in the Greenwich Settlement House, by Arthur Crisp.

But the fine flower of Mr. Crisp's work thus far was the beautiful "Diana of the White Horse" that was to be exhibited last year at the Architectural League, but which, unfortunately, was burned, with a great many other things, in the fire that took place just before that exhibition opened. For this great panel he received the League's Medal of Honor, a fine recompense surely, but a meagre compensation for all that he had lost. He is at present engaged upon six large panels for the Commons Reading-Room in the new Canadian Houses of Parliament.

Two of the young men who have recently returned from the American Academy in Rome, Eugene F. Savage and Ezra Winter, have already done some very noteworthy work. The work of both is distinguished by an elegance of design, a finish and a science of craftsmanship that bid fair to make them of particular value to the development of mural painting in America.

Ezra Winter, at the present writing, is busily engaged upon quite the largest commission that, as far as I know, has been awarded in recent years in this country, and certainly the most important that has ever been given by a commercial enterprise: the dome and ceilings for the new Cunard Building in lower Broadway, New York. Within the limits of the present article I can no more than hint at the scope of this great undertaking or at the beauty of its designs and ornament, all of which are painted *a secco* direct upon the plaster surfaces, but I can safely say, from the cartoons and the completed portions of the work that I have seen, that these decorations are bound to make a deep impression and mark an epoch in the history of mural painting in this country. There is a unity established between the architecture, the sculptured ornament, and the paintings that is particularly worthy of notice, for all of the work above the main cornice line was left by the architect entirely in Mr. Winter's hands, so that, as in the Stanze of Raphael or the Borgia Apartments, he has been able to employ his own draftsmen, modellers, and painters to execute his frescos and his moulded and painted ornament.

And so I might mention a number of

Mural panel, "Fruition," by Arthur Covey.
Wichita City Library.

other men who have been trained in the American Academy in Rome, in the ateliers of Paris, and in the excellent schools of our own country, and who stand ready and eager to execute commissions in mural decoration. With their interest kindled in their art and their varied influences at work, it would seem as if we could enter upon a real renaissance, a new phase of the art of mural painting in this country.

The dark and windowless Riccardi Chapel was lighted with the fancy of Gozzoli's genius and made a joy for future generations; the corridors of the Farnesina have served many an artist as models. No room or hallway is too mean, no shop too prosaic, to be enhanced by the decorator's art. For one success there may be, as there always have been, a number of failures or half-successes, but it is only by trying themselves out on large surfaces that our younger painters can develop the technical assurance, the knowledge requisite to produce worthy wall-paintings. There has already been a gap, and a wide one, between the work that was done by the artists of the passing generation who were producing a decade or more ago and their younger comrades. Let us hope that this gulf will not be widened, for, if it is, our seriously minded young men who might contribute their effort to the growth of mural painting in America will be forced into other more lucrative and more commercialized fields, and all the encouraging progress made will have gone for naught.

If our architects would give the matter their serious attention and help, wherever and whenever possible, our painters, as they have done our sculptors, by putting commissions in their hands or influencing their clients to do so, excellent results, I feel sure, would follow, and our painters, I am certain, would co-operate by basing their remuneration on a scale that would permit a more general use of their work.

With our genius for building and for creating cities, we have now more white walls than ever before were at the disposal of the painters of any country. Wall-papers, at best, look cheap; putty-colored walls are "safe" and have a certain charm; tapestries are becoming very great luxuries; let our rooms and our buildings be enlivened once more by the painter's brush.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

From a drawing by O. F. Howard.

"CAN'T YOU SUGGEST *SOMETHING?*"

—"Laninii," page 711.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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THE PARIS TAXI-DRIVER CONSIDERED AS AN ARTIST

By Alexander Woollcott

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

IT was not so very long ago —ten years perhaps—that E. V. Lucas, one of the most affectionate and understanding of all the latter-day pilgrims to the city of cities, dwelling fondly on the gay old *cochers* who used to add such color, zest, and even hazard to travel in the streets of Paris, dismissed as a negligibly remote nightmare the day when automobiles would, to any considerable extent, replace the carriages. There were, he admitted, such distant objectives as Barbizon, say, or Sannois, for which motor traffic would be convenient. But, though other cities might rank convenience above charm, in Paris, at least, there would always survive those languid victorias which the English novelists like to call *fiacres* and which the perverse Parisians persist in calling *sapins*. (Though how a word of such funereal connotation ever became attached, behind the Academy's back, to so festive a vehicle passes all comprehension.)

Regretfully, then, must Parigot report that the past year has seen the rapid disappearance of nearly all those delightful survivals of a lost leisure. Paris, besieged, contained enough of them for all impractical purposes. Then there were plenty of them still standing groggingly about for the melting armies of 1919 to roll around in. But since then their number has greatly and conspicuously diminished.

The greater hustle and bustle, the pressing, almost panicky, sense of lost time which has visibly quickened the very street scenes of England and France —that may have had something to do with it. And the wholesale demobilization of motors certainly did. The poor old carriages were crowded out. What became of them all? Did they journey in lonesome solemnity to Père Lachaise, and vanish forever within its portals? Did the *sapins* finally crumble to dust and the horses lie down and die in the streets? I suspect so. Those I knew were always threatening to do just that, even in the tonic air of the Champs Elysées.

But while the *sapins* are almost all gone, many of the *cochers* linger. The greater part of them have, it is true, reluctantly discarded the costumes which made them look as though they had been cut out of old sporting prints. But they are still recognizable, sitting bored and disdainful at the wheel of many a taxi, and, what is more important, the fine tradition of the *cochers* persists in all the taxi-stands within the fortifications. The adventurous spirit, the imaginative driving, the *esprit de corps*, manifested always in the unflagging hostility which regarded all presumptive patrons rather as presumptuous—that remains. Mr. Lucas of little faith might have known that even the taxis would be personal and picturesque in Paris. In Paris, and in Paris alone, taxi-driving is already a mellowed art. It would be so.

To consider the Parisian taxi-driver as an artist, it is only necessary to accept, without a struggle, the definition of an

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artist as one whose chief interest in his own work extends beyond any mere aspect of its advantage, assured or putative, financial or otherwise, to himself, and centres on the rôle of that work in the world. Of every job an artist undertakes, whether it be writing a novel or planting a bush, he asks: "What is this for?" rather than "What will this bring me?" By this standard your Parisian taxi-driver is indeed an artist, and it is only those zanies who do not know this that are forever becoming embroiled with him.

The gay old *cochers* who used to add such color, zest, and even hazard to travel.—Page 643.

If you wish him to transport you, it is well not to rely on a mere display of wealth, either in your own habiliments or, more pointedly, by brandishing many notes of large denomination. He may be in communistic mood at the time. Watch that driver there, who seems so utterly indifferent to the frantic gestures of an imposing *Sénateur*, yet who not only accepts as his fare an old market-woman but affably and ostentatiously assists her to stock his cab with enough panniers of vegetables to make it take on for a time the aspect of a huckster's cart.

Also, if you yourself happen to be a fat, wealthy, and rather offensive American tourist, remember of a Frenchman that his mere occupation and contentment with what may seem to you a menial task is no evidence that he is not a far more seasoned and cultivated gentleman than you are. I recall once asking a seedy driver if he knew, somewhere in the vicinity of the Trocadéro, a street called the Rue du Tasse. "I know his verse, sir, but not his street," was the reply, which alternately stimulated and depressed me the rest of the day.

Then keep in mind that your driver may have been one of those who bore the reinforcements from the threatened city in the first battle of the Marne. At a recent reunion of them, one complained gayly that his meter had registered 675 francs when that great job was done, but that he had never been paid—complained gayly, mind you.

Above all, remember he is an artist. That is not to say that he is not often a very bad artist. Indeed, most of the Parisian drivers are execrable chauffeurs, moody, abstracted, fitful. They prefer a breakneck pace.

Once in pre-war days, when curiously bonneted women drivers were familiar sights at the taxi-wheels, I cried out to one in my dismay: "Is there no speed limit in this mad city?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur," she answered sweetly over her shoulder, "but no one has ever succeeded in reaching it."

There is a legend that there are never any accidents, that the drivers proceed

Utterly indifferent to the frantic gestures of an imposing *Sénateur*.—Page 644.

wildly through the swirl of traffic, grazing pedestrians on the Place Vendôme, taking the Rivoli corner on one wheel, and careening toward the river, always coming within a hair's breadth of disaster, but always miraculously escaping. The legend is baseless. There are frequent crashes. If they are overlooked—as they certainly are in every chronicle of our time—it is, I think, because of the disarming glamour of human interest with which the drivers succeed in investing them.

Not long ago I saw two taxis collide at the right-bank end of the Pont Neuf, resulting in agitation and slight injury to the occupant of one of them, a stout matron whose false front somehow fitted in well with her jetty reticule, her shiny black valise, her three hat-boxes, and her Pekinese dog. These and she, all somewhat battered, adjourned with the floridly gesticulating drivers to the nearest *terrasse* for restoratives, and there they were soon surrounded by eleven policemen, most of them taking notes on the testimony. (I remember their exact number because it considerably embarrassed the waiter who was engaged at the time in illegally serving me cognac and coffee out of hours. Of course he went on serving it just the same, but it embarrassed him.) The discussion, which started with a warm controversy over this collision in particular and soon progressed to an experience meeting on collisions in general, then passed on to conversation on street-paving, automobile manufacture, and the venality and incompetence of government, especially the present one. In this conference, the warring drivers, after exhausting the interest afforded by the spectacle of the swooning and slightly bloody lady, joined heartily, and for as much as an hour forewent their gainful occupation for its sake, while the original

"I know his verse, sir, but not his street."—Page 644.

accident—its causes and its responsibility—was permanently forgotten.

These policemen were merely carrying on the tradition that traffic court should be held at once on the spot. Once when my taxi was hit by another with such violence that the chance companion sitting on the driver's seat of the offending cab was pitched out into the Place de la Concorde, I was greatly diverted to see him melt into the crowd and then, when court was held, emerge as a disinterested spectator who had just happened to witness the accident. His glib and imaginatively circumstantial testimony handsomely exonerated both drivers, and, though a natural desire to have justice on the offending driver burned within *my* driver's heart, he was struck dumb with admiration for the style and ingenuity of the perjured witness. Oh, yes, all chroniclers to the contrary notwithstanding, they do have traffic disasters in the streets of Paris, but somehow the participants manage to make them more amusing and charming than anything else.

Bad artists, then, they often are, but artists always. So, if you want them to trundle you about in times of stress, you must try to interest them in the purpose of your expedition. Remember that it is not possible to make a machine out of a Frenchman merely by putting him in one.

This key to the taxi-drivers of the boulevards has risen in value in a year that has severely strained the relations between them and the general public. Such strain would be inevitable in a time when petrol is so scarce, when *essence* is as costly as nectar. Then it has been greatly aggravated by the disappearance of all small silver from circulation, what with the steady trickle of coins across the frontier and their inevitable concentration in the *chausettes* of a distrustful peasantry. The little packets of stamps, done up in paraffin paper and marked "1fr." or "2fr.," may circulate smoothly enough at the cafés and kiosks, even after some one has thought to depreciate the currency still further by extracting the contents of some of them. But they are poor things to brandish before a driver who is far from his own garage, who has very little gas left, who received no tip from his last customer, who is in pessimistic mood, and who is not really eager to take any one anywhere anyway.

Then the hostility has been sharpened by the memories of two skirmishes. There was the strike of the drivers against the employing companies, which led, after much sarcasm, to a doubled tariff and was promptly followed by a popular boycott of the taxis, so that, for once in a way, the stands were always full. The sulky public, without visible or audible propaganda, declined to ride and for days persisted in their heroic refusal, days long to be remembered by those who actually saw the Parisian drivers gazing imploringly at pedestrian passers-by. This really happened in several authenticated instances. It was a tremendous concession.

If you would know my hero at his best, you should hear the jovial Wythe Williams recount his adventures with him during the strike. That brief war emptied the streets except for the few driver-owned cabs, which cruised about the city enjoying not merely the opportunity for charging famine prices but also the innumerable chances of spurning uninteresting patrons. It was during such a conflict and on a night of fine drizzle which made the streets slippery, and set all the gay river lights a-blinking, that Mr. and Mrs. Williams set forth after an early dinner at their apartment in the Rue Val du Grace, over by the observatoire. Theirs was the forlorn hope of being transported to the opera, a bad three miles away. They looked for a taxi, although the search for a magic carpet seemed just as feasible. They waved their umbrella at each of the few passing vehicles, only to be ignored.

One lone cab, its driver swathed in oil-skins, his flag hooded, was loitering along the Boul' Miche', seemingly for the purpose of irritating whole sidewalks full of signalling pedestrians. One anxious native leaped on his running-board. "How much," he asked, "to the Gare d'Orsay?" "A hundred francs," replied the driver with mischievous gravity and then chuckled delightedly at the fellow's collapse.

Suddenly he beheld the forlorn Williamses, clad for the opera, and huddled pathetically at the curb under the family

A stout matron whose false front somehow fitted in well with her jetty reticule, . . . her three hat-boxes, and her Pekinese dog.—Page 645.

umbrella. Something smote him. He circled over to within hailing distance.

"Where do you want to go?" he roared.

"To the opera," they replied miserably.

"To the opera itself?" They nodded assent.

"My God, sir!" he cried, "it's 'Samson' to-night, with a ballet afterward—one of those double bills, very long. It will begin early. Don't you know you'll be late?" They admitted that it seemed dismally probable.

"Well, well," he went on impatiently, and with no descent to barter, though the opportunity was rich, "jump in, jump in! There's no time to lose."

Through the deserted streets they rocked and skidded, crossed the river like one streak, skirted the Louvre in death-defying fashion, and swept along the streaming avenue, just as the clock there at the Boulevard des Italiens pointed to 7.45. "Thank God," he wheezed as they piled out, "we are in time for the overture."

I don't know how much Williams paid him. Enough, I hope, to add appreciably to the sum he is surely saving to buy up a certain morsel of land in his own *pays*, where he will grow his own *haricots verts*, eat them, and live to be a hundred and two.

It is comparatively easy to negotiate for a brief trip along the boulevards. It requires no art to engage a taxi from the Madeleine, say, to the showy office of the *Matin*. But my precepts become valuable when you aspire to some distant goal. You need all your wiles and a good

"My God, sir! . . . it's 'Samson' to-night, . . . Don't you know you'll be late?"

So we sat in silence . . . while he drained a glass to his bitter-sweet memories.—Page 650.

deal of currency, for instance, to be taken to the Butte de Montmartre, the peak of that solitary hill whose strangely Byzantine cathedral, opalescent at sundown, greets from afar the eyes of all pilgrims whose feet are turned toward Paris. In the crazy old houses clustered like beggars around its gates some of the best cooks in France practise their art. Soufflées of singular delicacy and unforgetable ragouts reward the wise men who make the ascent. But it IS a fearful ascent and the taxis avoid it, even when insulted with extraordinary bribes. Usually a *pourboire* of exceptional and specified proportions is not enough to take you past the foot of the asthmatic *funiculaire* which, for a small consideration, will attend to the rest.

That is why I was surprised once when I appealed to a sad-eyed, bewhiskered driver to take me to the Butte—all the way to the Butte, to the very edge of Turtle Square, I explained—and he neither fainted nor roared with laughter as all others had done. He merely looked at me with a curiously troubled and wistful expression in his eyes.

"Turtle Square?" he repeated nervously.

"It's not so very far," I lied urgently.

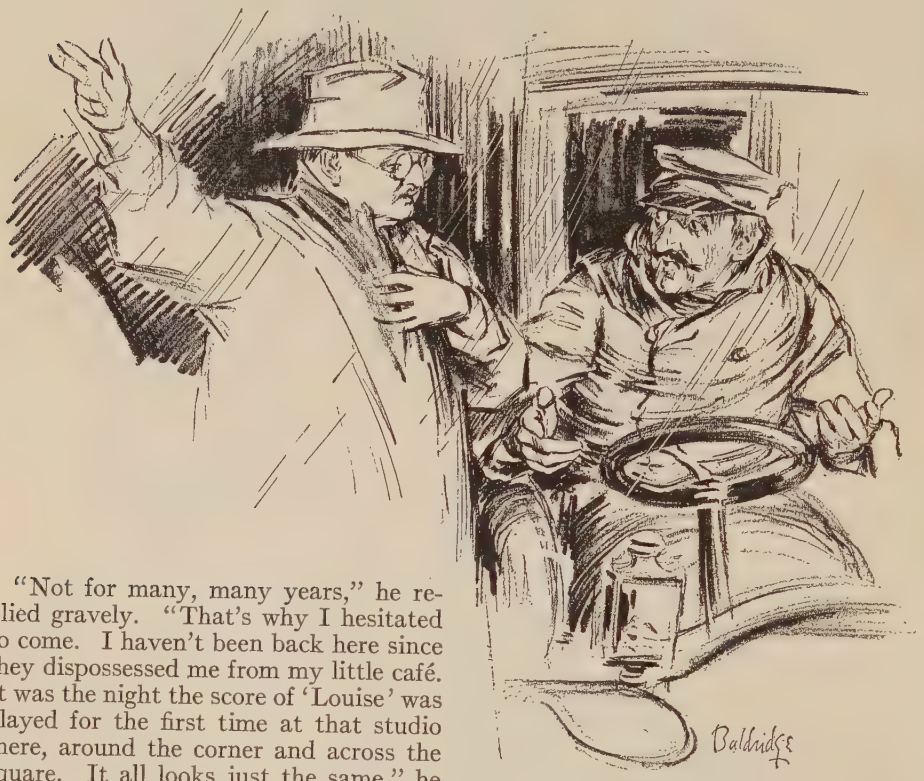
"Oh," he replied at once, "it's not that. Jump in."

So away we rattled, the engine protesting raucously every foot of the way.

Once arrived at the Café of the Happy Mill (the soiled one opposite the entrance to old St. Pierre), and I had paid him, he

made no move to go but just sat and stared and stared. I felt guiltily that he thought of me as having tricked him into a difficult and unprofitable journey.

"Haven't you ever been here before?" I asked loftily in what I fondly imagined were the accents of a born Parisian.



"What, . . . would take you to such a place at such an hour?"—Page 651

"Not for many, many years," he replied gravely. "That's why I hesitated to come. I haven't been back here since they dispossessed me from my little café. It was the night the score of 'Louise' was played for the first time at that studio there, around the corner and across the square. It all looks just the same," he concluded, and eyed me appealingly as if he hoped that in some way I could show him it had all changed for the worse.

"Will you have an *apéritif*, my friend?" I ventured, and so we sat in silence at the nearest table while he drained a glass to his bitter-sweet memories. Then he wiped his eyes of two unabashed tears, cranked up his dilapidated car, waved to me in mute farewell, and drove off down toward the boulevards, without once turning his head.

But the driver who taught me most was the one from whom I first learned the trick (since practised with unvarying success) of being transported at the legal rates to my hotel on the Île de Cité. That hotel is called the City Hotel, and for various reasons, not all of them financial, I like to stop there. LeRoy Baldridge, the artist, discovered it first. I think he just dropped in to ask the *patronne* why she had not called it the Commercial House, and installed a sample room while she was about it, but during the ensuing banter he became sufficiently interested in the place to move in. It is several hundred years old and has only one bathtub, but, as I never knew this to be used by any other guest, the illusion of a private bath was almost perfect. I liked my old room there because, from its balcony, I could throw my cigarette-butts into the Seine, a thrilling privilege, I should think, for any one with an atom of historical sense.

The hotel stands at the tip of that island which was the beginning of Paris, just where it bisects the Pont Neuf, so

that its windows look down on the bridge, and give a heartening view of Henri Quatre as he sits astride his bronze horse across the roadway.

Among its other advantages it may be said of this hotel that no one under any circumstances knows where it is. Its obscure street-number means nothing in the lives of Parisian chauffeurs. Thus it happened that one stormy night—it was really one stormy morning—when I approached a taxi by the Étoile in an effort to be carried home, I merely said to the driver: "Will you take me to the middle of the Pont Neuf?" I suppose my inner conviction that he would do nothing of the kind tinged my voice with melancholy. He looked at me with sudden and vivid interest.

"What," he asked in a sort of stage-whisper, "would take you to such a place at such an hour? The middle of the Pont Neuf at two in the morning! My God!"

Instantly I realized that he had forgotten all about the island which the Pont Neuf crosses, forgotten entirely the few buildings which abut upon its footway. I could see that he pictured me as poised, sad but resolute, in the middle of the bridge on a night of storm. The prospect excited him enormously. He repeated his question in tones even more sombre. "What errand takes you there?"

I choked back my rising laughter, and in accents as tragic as his own replied: "That, my old one, is my business. Drive on."

And, still under the spell of this drama, he lifted his hands to high heaven, forgot all about any stipulation as to fare, waved for me to get in, and drove off at a speed which seemed nicely to compromise between the urgency of his curiosity and his instinct for an appropriately funereal pace. I shall carry to my grave, which I trust will be no watery one after all, the memory of his startled face as I hopped cheerfully out in the middle of the bridge and bent under the light of his wet lamp to count out his three francs. His glance, as it took in the dim outline of the hotel on the forgotten island, was one of mingled incredulity and indignation. He was both chuckling and cursing as he drove off hurriedly toward the right bank—a bloodthirsty fellow, a bit of a brigand, I suppose, but for all that a fellow liberal, an individualist, and an artist.

LONG WOLF

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT

MY interest in Mr. Cunninghame Graham's writings was first aroused through reading the dedication in Mr. W. H. Hudson's delightful collection of short stories, gathered under the title "El Ombu." It runs as follows:

To My Friend

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

("*Singularisimo Escritor Ingles*")

Who has lived with and knows (even to the marrow as they would themselves say) the horsemen of the Pampas, and who alone of European writers has rendered something of the vanishing color of that remote life.

My father had been for many years an eager reader of all that Mr. Cunninghame Graham wrote, and I well remember his appreciation of the following letter which he received from him shortly after Buffalo Bill's death:

"March 27th, 1917.

"Cartagena de Indias,
Colombia.

"The Honorable,
Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

"*Dear Colonel Roosevelt:*

"I saw by chance today in *Harper's Magazine* that a national monument is to be raised to my old friend Colonel Cody; that is to take the form of a statue of himself on horseback (I hope the horse

will be old Buckskin Joe) that he is to be looking out over the North Platte, and that you have kindly consented to receive subscriptions for it.

"When Cody and I were both young I met him at the Horsehead Crossing, in or about the year 1880, and subsequently saw him next year with the first germs of his great show in San Antonio de Bejar, Texas (God bless Western Texas, as we used to say in those days—it is a thirsty land.)

"Cody was a picturesque character, a good fellow, (I hope the story of his game of poker on his death bed is not apocryphal,) and a delightful figure on horseback. How well I can see him on his beautiful grey horse in the show.

"Every American child should learn at school the history of the conquest of the West.

"The names of Kit Carson, of General Custer and of Colonel Cody, should be as household words to them. These men as truly helped to form an empire as did the Spanish Conquistadores.

"Nor should Sitting Bull, the Short Wolf, Crazy Horses and Rain-in-the-Face be forgotten.

"They too, were Americans, and showed the same heroic qualities as did their conquerors.

"I would not have Captain Jim of the Modocs fall into oblivion either.

"All of these men, and they were men of the clearest grit, as no one knows better than yourself, were actors in a tremendous drama, set in such surroundings as the world never saw before, or will see again.

"*Anch' io son pittore,* that is to say, I too knew the buffalo, the Apaches, and the other tribes of the Rio Grande.

"May I then trouble you with my obolus, a cheque for £20. towards the national monument to Buffalo Bill.

"I envy him his burial place.

"May the statue long stand looking out over the North Platte.

"If in another world there is any riding, and God forbid that I should go to any Heaven in which there are no horses, I can not but think that there will be a soft swishing as of the foot steps of some invisible horse heard occasionally on the familiar trails over which the equestrian statue is to look.

"Believe me, dear Colonel Roosevelt
Yours most sincerely,
R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

"P. S. I congratulate you most heartily on the force which you are raising. It is like you, and if I had been blindfolded and asked who was raising such a force, I should have answered unanimously, Teddy Roosevelt.

"After eleven months in the Argentine, buying horses for the British Government, I am at present at Colombia on a mission connected with cattle on the same account.

R. B. C. G."

I thought at the time that here was the writer that could make Buffalo Bill and his era live and speak and act for our children and our children's children. After the Armistice I made the suggestion, and it was at first favorably received, but upon thinking it over Mr. Cunninghame Graham decided that, since his roaming in North America and participation in our frontier life had been largely confined to our Southwest and to Mexico, he did not feel inclined to take up a work which would necessarily deal largely with the bleak frozen winters of the Northwest, to which he was a stranger.

Accompanying his final decision, as a graceful earnest of his interest, and appreciation of the West, he sent the following sketch, which, instead of reconciling us to the decision, can only serve to make us regret it the more.

Kermit Roosevelt.

LONG WOLF

In a lone corner of a crowded London cemetery, just at the end of a smoke-stained, Greco-Roman colonnade, under a poplar-tree, nestles a neglected grave.

The English climate has done its worst upon it. Smoke, rain, and then more smoke, and still more rain, the fetid breath of millions, the fumes of factories, the reek of petrol rising from little Stygian pools on the wood pavements, the frost, the sun, the decimating winds of spring, have honeycombed the head-

stone, leaving it pitted as if with smallpox, or an old piece of parchment that has long moulded in a chest.

Upon the stone is cut the name of Long Wolf and an inscription setting forth he died in 1892 in Colonel Cody's Show. Years he had numbered fifty-nine. The legend says he was chief—I think a chief of the Ogallala, Sioux, if memory does not play me false.

In high relief upon the cross, our emblem of salvation, a wolf is sculptured, the emblem of the tutelary beast he probably chose for himself in youth, during his medicine fast. It may have been that the name grew from some exploit or some incident in early life. Most probably the long wolf meant more to him than did the cross that Colonel Cody has erected over his dead friend and comrade in the wild life they understood so well. If the Long Wolf resents it, they can discuss the matter where they now ride, for that they ride, perhaps some Bronco Pegasus, I feel certain, as Heaven would be no Heaven to them if they were doomed to walk.

From whence the Long Wolf came so far, to lay his bones in the quiet corner of the Brompton Cemetery where now he sleeps, that is to me unknown, as absolutely as the fair field where the fledged bird had flown, was to the poet. All that I know is that the bird was fledged, flew for some nine and fifty years, and now rests quietly in his forgotten grave.

The tombstones stand up, white in marble, gray in granite, and smoke-defiled when cut in common stone. They stand like soldiers, all in serried rows. The occupiers of the graves beneath them sleep on undisturbed by railway whistle or motor horn, by blasts of steam, by factory sirens, or the continuous rumble of our Babylon. These were familiar sounds to them in life. If they could wake and should not hear them, their ears would pine for what had filled them all their lives. Upon each stone is set the name and age and virtues of its occupant. A pious text informs the world that a devoted wife and mother died in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. All charitable folk will hope her faith has been rewarded in the Empyrean that she now inhabits, just as her virtue was rewarded here on earth, for to be forty years a devoted wife and mother is its own reward.

A little farther off, a general, his battles over, reposes in his warrior's cloak. He needs it, for the white marble makes a chilly couch in our high latitude. A champion sculler, with his marble boat and broken sculls, has gained his prize. A pugilist is cut in stone in fighting attitude, and farther off there sleeps a publican.

Men, women, children, gentle and simple, poets and statesmen, soldiers, sailors, and solid merchants, once held in honor upon Change, young girls, wives, husbands, mothers, fathers, and representatives of every age and class of man, take their repose under the dingy grass. Their very multitude surely must give them some protection, and a sense of fellowship . . . for they all died in the same faith, with common speech and aspiration, in their own fatherland.

Under the poplar-tree, its leaves just falling, golden in the autumn frost, there lies a wilding. No one is near with whom in the long nights of rain and winter he can exchange a word.

The prosperous citizens, in their well-cared-for tombs, with their trim beds above them often gay with flowers, even in death appear to look askance at the new Christian, with his wolf above the cross. No one to place even a bunch of violets on his grave, although the pious hand that buried him, perhaps in foresight of the loneliness certain to overtake the Long Wolf, lost in the thick ranks of palefaces, has placed in two glass cases (one of them is cracked) some artificial pansies—perhaps for thought, perhaps for recollection—all is one, for thought and recollection fade into one another almost insensibly.

On what forgotten creek, in what lost corner of the Dakotas, where once his race lorded it over buffalo and mustang, the Long Wolf first saw light, I have as little knowledge as of the composition of the mysterious thing that gave him life, accompanied him throughout his days, and then departed into the nothingness from whence it came.

I see the teepees set by the river's side, with the thin smoke that rises from the

Indians' parsimonious fire curling out through the poles. The wolfish-looking dogs lie sleeping at the lee side of them; children play in the sun the strange and quiet games that Indian children play. Out on the prairie feed the horses under guard. Amongst these quiet children Long Wolf must have played, lassoed the dogs, or shot his little arrows at the birds. From his youth upward he must have been a rider patient and painstaking as the Indians are with horses, without the dash and fire that characterizes the Western men and Mexicans.

At seventeen or eighteen, when he had assumed the name that now so strangely differentiates him from all those with whom he lies, he must have taken part in many a war-party. Upon the trail, strung out in a long line, he must have ridden with the other braves, silent and watchful, holding the horsehair bridle with the high, light touch that every Indian has by nature and so few Europeans can acquire. He must have suffered hunger, thirst, fatigue, and all the dangers incidental to the life of those days on the plains long ere the railroad crossed them and when the buffalo migrated annually, in countless thousands, followed by the attendant packs of wolves. What his adventures were, how many scalps he took, and what atrocities he saw committed, only he himself could tell, and Indians keep no diaries except in memory.

Little by little, as the West was day by day invaded by the whites, the buffalo grew scarcer and the game was difficult to kill, he and the tribe would find their means of livelihood filched from them and their position insecure. Whether the chief took part in the great fight upon the Little Big Horn, or later joined the Ghost Dancers in their pathetic struggle, is a sealed book to all but him who brought the Long Wolf over in his company, and he has joined the chief on the last trail.

It is best perhaps we should know nothing, for, after all, what most concerns those who pass by his grave, rendered more lonely than if it had been dug out on the prairie, by the crowd of monuments of alien folk who crowd about it, is that he lies there, waiting for the last war-whoop, uncared for and alone.

Whether his children, if he had any, talk of his death in the strange city, buried in fog and gloom, so vast and noisy, with its life so circumscribed by customs and by laws, remains a problem never to be solved. How and of what disease he died is long forgotten by the men who pass his tombstone so unheedingly. His spirit may have returned to the region of the Red Pipestone Quarry, or ride in some wild heaven, where buffalo are ever plentiful, grass green, and water ever running, that the Creator of the Indians must have prepared for them, as he is all-wise and merciful.

It may be that it still haunts hovering above the grave under the poplar-tree. I like to think when all is hushed in the fine summer nights, and even London sleeps, that the wolf carved on the tomb takes life upon itself, and in the air resounds the melancholy wild cry from which the sleeper took his name.

'Twould be mere justice; but as justice is so scarce on earth, that it may well be rare even in heaven, 'twere better ears attuned to the light footfall of the unshod cayuse and the soft swishing of the lodge-poles through the grass behind the travois-pony should never open.

The long-drawn cry would only break the sleeper's rest, and wake him to a world unknown and unfamiliar, where he would find no friends except the sculptured wolf.

Let him sleep on.

PSYCHOLOGY GOLDBRICKS

MEMORY SYSTEMS—TRAINING THE WILL

BY HENRY FOSTER ADAMS

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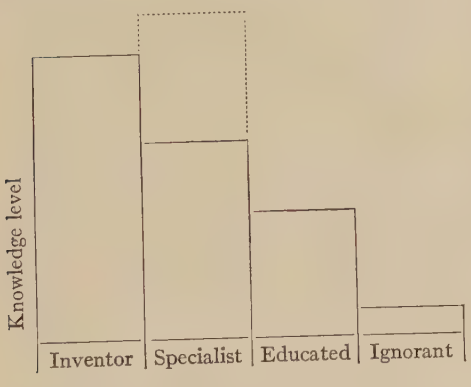
[FIRST PAPER]

ODDLY enough, the goldbricking profession is a direct by-product of progress. When we study the history of civilization we notice that to each advancement is attached the name of some one man. Stephenson and the steam-engine, Ericsson and the *Monitor*, Marconi and the wireless, Curie and radium, Peary and the North Pole are examples. Such a man as any of these knows more about his own specialty than does any one else. Other specialists arise in the same line. They soon approximate or even surpass him. The educated get a knowledge of the basic principles involved, the illiterate realize that such a thing exists but know little of its principles. This condition may be represented graphically as follows:



Thanks to newspapers and magazines the new wisdom, which is a part of this progress, is in part gradually absorbed. Much of it, however, on account of professional ethics, never appears in such widely circulated mediums but remains hidden from public view in technical journals.

To illustrate: Quite recently we have been educated about pyorrhœa, its symptoms and its effects upon our bodies. Twenty years ago we knew nothing about it. Even its name was different. But gradually dentists and physicians taught us how harmful it is to health, and our minds were soon saturated with the name of the disease and its dread consequences. We now recognize it as a condition to be remedied, though the exact corrective method is a mystery to be solved only by the dental specialist. And we "just naturally hate dentists." This ignorance and this attitude combine to make us fit victims for the pyorrhœa goldbricker.

From this one typical example it is obvious that the scientifically unenlightened are never aware of their own lack of knowledge until their attention is called to it. Ignorance is the big gap in their defense; the only sure protection is knowledge. Since psychology goldbricks have been rampant for ages and are now showing the abnormal development of the parasite which fattens unhindered at the expense of healthy and useful life, this article is written to tell the truth about psychology, what it can do, what it cannot do, and to point out the objectionable features in certain popular "movements" of the present day.

Psychology is not alone in possessing this parasitical offspring. Many professions have had to deal with a similar situation, sometimes being forced even to change their names to escape the odium. Thus, the ancient astrologers have become astronomers, the alchemists have transmuted themselves into chemists. Occasionally the goldbrickers have been forced out of the profession, as is the case with various "quacks" and "shysters," but too many professions are still un-

healthily burdened with them for society's general good.

The psychology goldbrick comprises rather a large number of elements, which, due to a general lack of popular taste for the scientific text-books where they are truthfully portrayed, have to date succeeded in misinterpreting the term "psychology," in netting the dollars of thousands of gullible men and, in general, returning to their victims dross for perfectly good coin.

The particular movements here criticised will include systems for training memory and the will; systems of analyzing character from the features, the head, and other physical structures, and rampant systems of so-called "applied psychology," which profess to teach everything from curing gall-stones to the secret of perpetual happiness, fame, and prosperity.

I

MEMORY SYSTEMS

THE date of the first "memory system" is undoubtedly prehistoric. At any rate it is lost in the mists of antiquity. There is evidence that in the Rome of the Cæsars such systems had attained a high development. The probable activities of some ambitious disciple of Cicero who sought political and social fame by a victory in the verbal arena would be somewhat as follows. Calling his tutor, the young patrician would explain the situation to him in detail. The tutor would then seek out a well-educated Greek slave. This Greek slave, with several satellites, would read through the books of the master's library, looking for facts which had bearing on the points at issue. Other slaves would saunter on the concourses of the city or through the byways, chatting with their friends, and bring back with them the collected gossip. From the material thus obtained the tutor would write the speech. Since convention at this time forbade the use of manuscripts and notes, the difficult part of oratory lay in learning the speech by heart.

The following method was frequently adopted. The speech was outlined, divided up into heads and subheads, and literally cut to pieces. Each bit, upon which was written one point or paragraph, was attached to an ornament or article of furniture. The introduction, for instance, would be placed upon a statue opposite the front door. The subheads would be attached to various other articles of furniture, and throughout there would be a noticeable relation between the idea contained in that part of the oration and the character of the object to which it was attached.

Another popular method was to divide each of the four walls of the room into the form of the letter M. The first point in the speech would keep the position of the object at the upper extremity of the left-hand side of the letter, the next the lower left-hand corner, the third the apex or middle, the fourth the upper right-hand corner, and the fifth the lower right-hand corner. Since the orator was familiar with the appearance of his own house, it was an easy task for him to make a mental trip through his dwelling and, as he recalled the familiar pictures, statues, chairs, and couches, the point which had been associated with each would come automatically to his mind.

That the moderns have broken no records is proved by the story of one Roman who habitually attended auctions and was able at the end of the day to recount from memory each article sold, the price paid for it, the person who bought it, and where it was delivered—an average total of some three thousand different facts.

It is said that Mark Twain used a similar method. Before giving an after-dinner speech, he would suddenly fall silent, look vacantly into space, fingering the different spoons, cups, and glasses which were near him. He really was outlining his speech point by point and forming associations between each topic and some article of table furniture.

Some memory systems have been handed down to us. Sometimes they have been popular; sometimes they have gained but little attention. The most striking fact is the slight amount of improvement which has been made in them through two thousand five hundred years. They have, to meet popular demand, been made easier and more interesting, thus following the conventional tendencies of modern education.

The question is, to say nothing about their worth as salable merchandise, are they worth while?

Ordinarily, a "system" means that you must first undergo laborious work in memorizing the system itself, and then must apply it to every detail which presents itself for learning. The enormous waste of time and energy is apparent, to say nothing of the tragedy should one of these artificial integers fail on some important occasion.

Psychologically speaking, the best possible way to cultivate a good memory is to get an understanding of the fundamentals of memory, such as attention, association, retention, etc., and then to cultivate a few simple good habits. The contrast between the two is obvious—the "goldbrick" method is artificial; the psychological method is natural.

This does not necessarily insinuate that these memory-training systems are wholly bad. Their advertisers emphasize, and rightly, the very great importance of good memory for business and social success. The trouble is, they advertise the hardest and most expensive method for cultivating it.

Some of their arguments are as follows:

(*a*) There is not so much difference in the speed of the express and the local train *when they are running;* the local takes more time to cover the same distance because of the delay during the stops. Thus, saving the time formerly lost in looking up forgotten details enables one to do more in the course of a day; more ground can be covered because there are fewer halts.

(*b*) They correctly emphasize memory as essential for soundness of judgment. Judgment means the weighing and evaluating of facts in relation to each other. Memory furnishes these data, and when essentials are forgotten wrong decisions result.

(*c*) Foresight is another direct result of good memory in that it is only anticipating what is to come, in terms of what has happened in the past. This knowledge of the past is again supplied by memory.

(*d*) Good memory, likewise, enables one to dominate and control those with poor memories, for the one who has facts and figures on his tongue's end advances more valuable opinions and wastes less time ruminating.

(*e*) The greater monetary reward which comes from increased efficiency, improved judgment, augmented foresight, and greater power of handling others is by no means the least of their advertising appeals. And justly so.

(*f*) The advertisements do not stop here, however, for they assert that good memory is a social as well as a business asset. Increased popularity follows improved memory, for good memories are comparatively rare at the present time. The one who is skilled in memorizing may make a performing parlor poodle of himself and be in great social demand. Likewise, remembering names, faces, tastes, preferences, habits, and the number of children in the family and their birthdays will certainly be an asset to any social climber and to any politician. Instances are given of men who, before taking the courses advertised, were hesitating in speech, and remembered hours afterward what they should have said in response to some sally. After studying that particular system, however, anecdotes, facts, jokes, stories, and opinions tripped lightly from their facile tongues.

Now, according to the advertisements, there is always some "secret" involved in such phenomena, the knowledge of which results in a decided improvement in memory. Incidentally, it is probably the very use of the term "secret" which stimulates the public thirst into pouring out its dollars to be quenched. On the other hand, reliable psychologists claim no "secret" or mystical analysis of the memory problem, and consequently are passed by in the rush for the transforming "knowledge" of the popular advertisement.

Any act of memory can be analyzed into four parts—impression or learning, retention, recall, and recognition. Each of these four is essential for good memory. Learning is, technically speaking, forming associations; retention is keeping the association pathways which have been formed in the brain; recall is using again the associations which have been formed, thereby awakening old ideas; recognition is locating recalled events or putting them into their proper setting in our past experience.

Learning new material easily, retaining it adequately, recalling it promptly and accurately at the time needed, and recognizing it instantly, these are the fundamentals of a good memory.

Let us consider the psychological aspect. Man is a conglomerate of skin, bone, muscles, sense-organs, nerves, and brain. Whenever he has experiences it is because the physical energy coming from the outside world affects one or more of his sense-organs, viz., sight, taste, touch. In the sense-organ the physical energy is changed to physiological energy and is then propagated from place to place in the nervous system. When the nerve current leaves the sense-organ and goes through the sensory nerves it produces a conscious result only when it reaches the cerebrum, or the big brain, where it is attended by the arousal of an idea which represents the external object. But even after the idea is aroused, the nerve current keeps on going until it is forced to its final dissipation in a muscle, where its energy is transformed into a muscular contraction. In addition to arousing ideas the nerve current, however, produces—as is true of any form of physical energy flowing through a physical medium—changes or modifications in the nerve substance through which it passes. These changes or modifications are usually referred to as pathways. These pathways in the nervous system are by all odds its most important features. Their complexities and intercommunications determine the extent and trend of our memories, our characters; in fact, our entire mental contours. All our habits, good or bad, are nothing more than an initial response to some stimulus, and consequently the establishing of some nervous pathways plus a sufficient number of similar responses to make the pathway automatically traversed.

Without the nervous system in which these pathways can be formed, without these pathways, without the nerve current, without the sense-organ, memory is impossible.

Learning, therefore, is the physical work necessary to make such pathways. Retention, also a physical process, is the ability of the nerves to maintain these pathways, and is analogous to the ability of cloth or paper to hold a crease. If the nerve substance is too soft, the pathways are about as permanent as writing in water; or if the substance is too hard, learning becomes as difficult as inscribing a word on engraver's steel. The most essential factors in learning are: first, good attention; second, sufficient repetitions to stamp in the pathway.

There is a natural tendency for these neural channels to become choked in the process of time. One way to keep them open and clear—to have serviceable memories—is by the process of constant reviewing.

In one of the Sherlock Holmes stories Conan Doyle puts into the mouth of his hero a statement concerning memories. Holmes says that he learns only those things which are of practical value to him because the mind is like an attic. It can hold only so much, and when it is full, crowding something in means, lamentably enough, crowding something else out. While we are in no danger of running out of brain room, this theory, nevertheless, emphasizes the fact that we should limit our memories to those things which are important professionally, socially, politically, and religiously; to those things, namely, which we have occasion and time frequently to review.

Memorizing, then, is doing physical, though usually unconscious, work, making modifications in a physical brain. The amount of work one unit of energy will do depends upon the plasticity of the substance in which it works. Similarly, the duration of the modification, that is, the length of time that we can remember anything, is a function of the brain's plasticity. And in no way can we affect the plasticity of our own brains or those of others except by attempting to form and strengthen good mental habits of close attention and careful analysis whenever possible.

Any memory system must depend upon one or more of these following methods, which have been called scientific or mechanical, and judicious or ingenious.

In the mechanical or rote memory things are learned by heart by the aid of numerous repetitions of the material. In logical or judicious memory one learns ideas instead of words. This latter type

depends upon having already a certain amount of information about the topic, and then by the operation of classification, comparison, systemization, linking a new idea into the scheme which has been made up from a number of old ones. It follows logically, therefore, that all first learning is rote learning.

The schemes used in ingenious memory systems are many and varied. A method frequently employed is to list the words in the order in which they are to be learned, then find other words beginning with the same letters which, in their proper order, make a bit of doggerel which one remembers easily. It is probable that every American child who knows anything about music will recognize "Every good boy does finely" as the key given him for identifying the notes on the lines in the musical staff. And the majority of medical students have learned "On old Olympus' towering top, a Finn and German picked some hops," to aid their recall of the names of the cranial nerves in the proper order. Another instance is the familiar stanza,

> "Thirty days hath September,
> April, June, and November."

On the scientific side it is sometimes possible to make one unit of energy do more work than it does at other times. This is accomplished by taking advantage of the physical principle of inertia which may be supposed to manifest itself in the brain, as in other physical structures. Similarly it is possible to use the work which has previously been done in forming associations and employ it in learning something new.

Practically all of the memory systems in vogue to-day are based upon the ingenious associative method, a scheme in use long before the beginning of the Christian era. If you wish to connect two ideas in memory so that one will call up the other inevitably, all you have to do is to work out a chain of associations between then, AND THEN REMEMBER THE CHAIN!

A few years ago I had occasion to connect the two nonsense syllables Jes and Tau. Perfectly easy! I knew a man whose last name was James, who for obvious reasons was called Jess. The first step in the association was from Jess to James. The next was from James to his height, six feet and six inches. The next step was to another man of the same Gothic design who lived in Philadelphia, a city which is also the seat of the Tau chapter of my fraternity. Perfectly easy, IF I remember all the steps between.

By a variation of the same system the student is asked to work out in his mind's eye a cinema sketch in which the words to be remembered are featured in the acting. If you wish to learn the words tree, velocipede, brick, robin, potato—picture to yourself a boy standing under a *tree*, who left his *velocipede* to throw a *brick* at a *robin* and hit a *potato* instead. Here it is certainly apparent that a few simple repetitions clearly attended to would form a much more normal and probably more durable association chain. And yet how many people are there who prefer to spend their money for the first scheme?

Another memory aid, as taught by some systems, is a method of remembering numbers such as addresses, telephone numbers, and prices. Here it is necessary to learn by heart a table like the following one, then translate the numbers into a word containing the consonants in the corresponding columns!

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
t	n	m	r	l	sh	g	f	b	s
d					j	k	v	p	c
					ch	c			z
					g	qu			

The velocity of sound, 1,142 feet per second, can be remembered by the two words "tight run," for the significant letters, t, t, r, n, have the corresponding values of 1, 1, 4, 2. Similarly, 1,054 might be represented by the words "does leer." The price of a chair, $14.98, might become "tree puf." If this method seems easy, try a few examples!

In passing should be emphasized that there is no one memory, but just as many different kinds of memory as there are different classes of objects or events that we try to recall. Furthermore, there is a memory for each sense. Good memory through one sense for a certain kind of material is often conjoined with a poor

memory for facts obtained through some other sense. For example, it has been shown experimentally in the psychological laboratories that facility in remembering prose selections which are read is an extremely good symptom of a poor visual memory for numbers, whereas a good memory for nonsense syllables presented audibly will indicate a good memory for words presented visually.

The training of memory is quite comparable to training a good all-round athlete so that he will excel in all branches of sport at the same time. It is undoubtedly possible to train one form of memory so that it will be much better than it was before. After this training one may take some other form of memory and train that until it is much better than it was before. However, it must be understood finally and decisively that there exists a fixed upper limit of memory beyond which improvement is impossible.

If we were to take one thousand people and test their memory for faces, the result, when plotted, would show a certain form of curve. If we train these people for three months to remember faces and put them through the entire test, we would find in the plotted curve that the points were higher but that the original curve ran parallel to it. There is, then, absolute gain but no relative gain, a condition which leaves each individual in the same respective position which he held before he trained his memory. The advertisement, therefore, which heralds forth indiscriminately to the public that any one who takes a certain course can develop a better or even supernormal memory fails to reckon honestly with innate individual capacity, and as a rule substitutes only a time-consuming artifice instead of honest fundamentals.

II

TRAINING THE WILL

Other popular systems which deserve inclusion among the goldbricks are those for training THE WILL. Their advertisements suggest that, because exercise makes the arms grow stronger, mental exercise has a similar effect on THE WILL. They maintain that after a brief "course" we shall no longer vacillate; our knowledge will always control our actions; we shall always do that which is right—in short, the millennium will be here.

In addition to the points brought out by advertisements of memory training, these "will" advertisements emphasize a further truth, namely, that without doing, correct remembering and thinking are, from the practical standpoint, useless.

Similarly, in these advertisements, some "secret" is usually referred to, the knowledge of which will enable the man who has been a failure for fifty-seven years to possess a successful business in fifty-seven days. By the end of the third year his net profit will be anywhere from $10,000 to $50,000 a year. He is represented as suddenly abandoning the balky attitude of years, to become not only a self-starter but a self-runner as well. It is to be feared that such testimonials are carefully selected cases; that returns from the entire 100 per cent of enrolments in such courses would show lamentable cases of quitting and of failure.

The search for this "secret" of will-power will lead us again through some of the main highways of psychological sciences.

Many years ago the idea of a separate entity, a discrete mental structure known as THE WILL, was abandoned by psychologists. There exists no little manikin that sits up in our brain with his hand on the tiller steering our thoughts and actions, for the manikin in turn would necessitate another of similar kind but of greatly reduced size to control the thoughts in the head of the first; the second would demand a third; the third a fourth; and so forth, *ad infinitum*.

Such a hierarchy suggests the logic of the ancients about the support of the flat world. It was supposedly upheld at the four corners by elephants, who, in turn, stood on the backs of turtles, who, in their turn, were upheld by eagles flying in the air. The air needed no support, for it was so light that it floated in space.

It is obvious that any such theory, instead of explaining the unknown in terms of the known, leaves the mystery still unexplained and introduces many additional elements even more difficult of understanding than the original one.

At the present time of psychological development emphasis is placed on the function, *i. e.*, on the doing rather than on the structure which works. The structure underlying volition is the brain. But the brain is not split up into rooms, one given over to memory, another to emotion, another to will. Whenever we are conscious at all, the greater part of the whole brain is active. Every single idea has a manifold of associates, or a "context" formed by different networks of neural pathways in the cortex.

Will or willing is simply that activity of mind in its entirety which makes for deliberate and purposeful *control* of ideas and movements. In fact, "will" is simply a control element exercised when two opposing sets of ideas are present in the neural manifold.

There are, then, two distinct phases to consider under will: first, controlling thoughts; second, controlling actions. It will be seen that these two are exactly the same, for in the last analysis, control of action depends upon control of ideas. The fundamental question is, how are ideas controlled? In explaining control we again appeal to a series of pathways in the nervous system similar to those already described under memory, but differing in this respect, that they connect the thinking region of the brain with the motor area, which, in turn, controls action.

The conditions of this control are heredity and training. That one inherits not only physical structures but, to an approximately equal extent, his feeling, emotional and volitional tendencies, has been very clearly demonstrated. The experiences of each person equip him with an assortment of ideas which are different, both in kind and in vividness, from those of other individuals. These ideas, originated by physical objects in the outside world, are received and modified to be in accord with our experiences and our desires.

In a group of persons, it is possible to tell with reasonable accuracy what interests each by the objects he observes or the things he talks about in any given situation.

An incident quoted by James will make this point clear. "In a compartment of a railway carriage six persons unknown to each other sit in lively conversation. It becomes a matter of regret that one of the company must alight at the next station. One of the others says that he of all things prefers such a meeting with entirely unknown persons, and that on such occasions he is accustomed neither to ask who or what he is. Another thereupon says that he will undertake to decide this question, if they each and all will answer him an entirely disconnected question. They began. He drew five leaves from his note-book, wrote a question on each, and gave one to each of his companions with the request that he write the answer below. When the leaves were returned to him, he turned, after reading them, without hesitation to the others and said to the first, 'You are a man of science'; to the second, 'You are a soldier'; to the third, 'You are a philologist'; to the fourth, 'You are a journalist'; to the fifth, 'You are a farmer.' All admitted that he was right, whereupon he got out and left the five behind. Each wished to know what question the others had received; and behold he had given the same question to each. It ran thus:

"'What being destroys what it has itself brought forth?'

"To this the naturalist had answered, 'vital force'; the soldier, 'war'; the philologist, 'Kronos'; the publicist, 'revolution'; the farmer, 'boar.' Each one answers the first thing that occurs to him and that is whatever is most nearly related to his experience, *i. e.*, to his pursuit of life. Every question is a hole-drilling experiment, and the answer is an opening through which one sees our interiors."

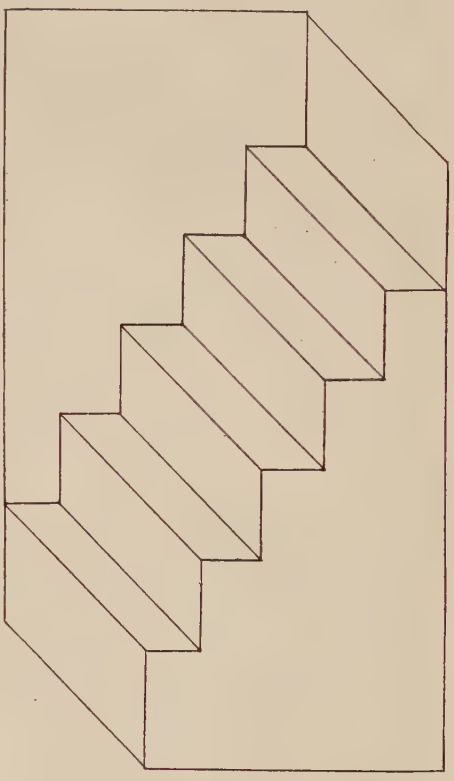
This incident illustrates very clearly two facts: first, that all our ideas are derived fundamentally from the physical environment which surrounds us; second, different individuals, exposed to the same environment, will, as a result of heredity and training, notice different things in it. The combined result is the easy ingress to certain individuals of certain kinds of information. Naturally, the ideas which enter with the least difficulty are the ones which are the most cordially received, and which stay long-

est, for they are in accord with the already developed interests, and settle into the most natural and permanent context.

Even our power to change the direction of our attention by voluntary effort and to keep it up for any length of time is very questionable. Of course we have a certain power to control the ideas which we shall accept as they come in from the external world. By closing our eyes we can refuse to witness an automobile accident. By stopping up our ears we can refuse to hear the cries of the victims. But as far as any real control over the acceptance of ideas is concerned, once they have really occurred, there is little, if any. The same is true of the ideas which are revived from memory.

In the discussion of memory, recall was found to be a direct result of association. Are we able, then, to control the course of thoughts or ideas which occur in mind, or is their order of appearance accidental? It is a fundamental psychological principle that all recall depends upon the pathways in the nervous system which have been already described. These pathways, in turn, depend upon hereditary tendencies, and the recency, frequency, intensity, and primacy of our experiences. In other words, association pathways are entirely physical. Little structures called synapses, whose physical action corresponds roughly to the mechanical action of switches in a railroad system, control the connections of these pathways and hence the open track. The question in "will" is whether the engine of thought is capable of setting these switches before it arrives at them.

If mind can control the direction of thought as ideas appear, there could be voluntary control of ideas. In so far as the source of ideas is external, or supplied by heredity and environment, we have no control. As to what ideas shall occur at any time, there is a possible loophole through which control may enter, for may we not by voluntary effort retain or reject ideas sooner than we would otherwise? Evidence on this point is not entirely conclusive, but this experiment is suggestive. If you will look at the figure given you can see it either as a stairway or as a cornice. While you gaze steadily at it, it will change, now appearing to be one thing, now the other. In the course of a few minutes you will find that it fluctuates every one or two seconds. When you have reached this stage, ask some one to time you for a minute. Dur-



ing that minute count every fluctuation. After a few minutes count again, trying this time to make the shifts come as rapidly as you can. Try it again, now to retard the number of fluctuations. You will find, to your surprise, that there is little, if any, difference in the number of fluctuations in one minute as a result of this most stirring effort of the mighty will.

It is plausible, therefore, to believe that we do not control the duration of our thoughts in consciousness. If we do not control our ideas in either way, how are they controlled? There is certainly no mystic force, no secret, back of it. We find that there are purely mechanical laws in terms of which ideas succeed one another in mind. These are the laws of

association, which have already been discussed under the heading of memory. As was seen, association exists not between ideas but between brain areas. This fact brings up again the question of whether the engine of thought can set the switches before it has arrived at them. It is true that the laws of association are mechanical, and that they give no chance for real freedom. But by using those laws of association, one may develop what is to all intents and purposes a practical freedom. In so far as the individual has experiences which depend upon heredity and environment, his associations are self-controlled. He is, then, a self-steerer. Concerning the control of ideas, then, there is a limited possibility. One can, within certain limits, think of what he wishes at the time he desires to do so, not because some dominating "will-power" commands but because the laws of association favor this possibility. Effort on his part simply makes this control more adequate and more prompt.

Movements are controlled by ideas. One of the fundamental laws of psychology states that ideas produce, or tend to produce, movement. Scrutinized more carefully, this means that every idea tends to express itself in some form of behavior. Our habits, our instincts, our reflexes are examples of this, and when there is but one idea present in a person's consciousness, such expression will inevitably follow.

Promptness and vigor of response depend upon what we term the motive power of the idea. This motive power varies in accordance with the objective and subjective conditions. Increased intensity of stimulus causes greater motive power of the resulting idea. On the subjective side, desire, interest, emotion also add greatly to the motive power. An idea which is clear, vivid, and distinct has greater motive power than one which is more vague. One which lasts for four seconds has greater motive power than one which lasts for two seconds. But in any case it is necessary that the movement be a familiar one, one which we are capable of executing.

One thing which can prevent an idea from expressing itself, provided it is in our repertoire, is a contrary or antagonistic idea. When two such ideas are present in consciousness together, one acts as a check upon the other. We then are said to deliberate or to choose one action in preference to the other. This situation is the real crux of volition. In making up our minds there is really a battle between the two opposed possibilities, each of which is supported by the group of associated ideas which our past experience has clustered around it. Each one of these ideas, in turn, has a motive power of its own, and the resulting action is the sum total of the motive powers of all belonging to that system. The stronger group of ideas always wins, and when it wins is expressed. It is perfectly true that under different conditions one group of ideas may win out and the others may not. It all depends upon the value we give to each of the component ideas, and the value, necessarily, depends upon a large number of factors. The question of how busy we are, the question of our bodily welfare, the question of our immediate or future happiness—these are always conditions which are taken into account. If we can add to the associated ideas a competing group of greater value because of more information, because of a change of mood, because of decisions which we have arrived at, it may be able to overwhelm the former victor.

It is in this situation that whatever real control we possess appears. It is possible for us to render an idea clearer and more vivid as a result of our social knowledge, our business experience, or a new fact picked up in our reading, and these make it more powerful than ever before.

The one who can execute accurately the greatest number of different movements, the one who is at home in any situation and knows how to handle himself skilfully, has, from the motor standpoint, the best volition. Similarly, the one who has the greatest number of ideas, in so far as they are organized, systematized, classified, has, from the mental standpoint, the best volition.

But there is still another difficulty, already mentioned — namely, that of keeping the ideas in mind for a longer or a shorter time. The reason why we do

not do certain things is because our ideas lack definiteness and clearness, do not stay attended to, but disappear from consciousness before we have made any effort to execute them.

In popular parlance, the one who has the strongest will is the one who can give his ideas most driving force, or can compel himself to do the things which he thinks he should. It is undoubtedly true that some individuals, because of heredity or training, are capable of giving their ideas more motive power than others. In so far as it depends upon heredity, strength of will is no more under control than is the color of one's skin or the size of one's foot. As far as training is concerned, the entire "secret" of strong will is in making one's ideas clear and distinct by careful, thorough learning and organization.

Most of the practical rules which have been worked out to apply on this problem are of a negative nature. A few which will serve as illustrations are as follows: Our likelihood of action varies directly with the ease of that action. As a corollary, it follows that habitual actions are more likely to occur than those which are unfamiliar. Second, our likelihood of action varies inversely with the duration of that action. Third, our likelihood of action varies with the amount of satisfaction which we receive, either directly or indirectly, for the performance. Fourth, the likelihood of our action depends upon the promptness with which that satisfaction is to be realized. Promptness of action as opposed to vacillation and persistence as opposed to "quitting" are two of the very important factors which make for strength rather than weakness. These can be developed by acquiring habits of quick decision and stick-to-it-iveness. If we practise making decisions quickly and then carrying them through to the uttermost, good volitional habits will be formed before we know it. These rules are no "secrets." They are simply the facts of practical experience, accessible in any text-book on psychology, and they contain no mystical method for conquering vacillation, procrastination, and kindred mental diseases.

(To be concluded.)

CLOUDS

(BY A PILOT)

By C. Gouverneur Hoffman

Domed like a hollow gem the sunlit vault
  Hangs sapphire mists about me as I climb
Its pathless winds, aspiring to assault
  Those drifting shapes that dream and mock at time:

Clouds like the beating pinions of a host
  Of white-robed angels moving on white wings;
Ghosts of man's brooding thought and lofty boast,
  Philosophies of flux and changing things.

Below, earth's crazy patchwork counterpane;
  Above, the sapphire floor of heaven's choir;
And midway, silence . . . and my silver plane
  Soaring through hills of iridescent fire;

Huge opals, glowing, fading in the sky;
So do we dream and burn, and pale and die.

TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART II—*Continued*

IX

THE FAT IN THE FIRE

ON reaching home Fleur found an atmosphere so peculiar that it penetrated even the perplexed aura of her own private life. Her mother was in blue stockingette and a brown study; her father in a white felt hat and the vinery. Neither of them had a word to throw to a dog. "Is it because of me?" thought Fleur. "Or because of Profond?" To her mother she said:

"What's the matter with Father?"

Her mother answered with a shrug of her shoulders.

To her father:

"What's the matter with Mother?"

Her father answered:

"Matter? What should be the matter?" and gave her a sharp look.

"By the way," murmured Fleur, "Monsieur Profond is going a 'small' voyage on his yacht, to the South Seas."

Soames examined a branch on which no grapes were growing.

"This vine's a failure," he said. "I've had young Mont here. He asked me something about you."

"Oh! How do you like him, Father?"

"He—he's a product—like all these young people."

"What were you at his age, dear?"

Soames smiled grimly.

"We went to work, and didn't play about—flying and motoring, and making love."

"Didn't you ever make love?"

She avoided looking at him while she said that, but she saw him well enough. His pale face had reddened, his eyebrows, where darkness was still mingled with the grey, had come close together.

"I had no time or inclination to philander."

"Perhaps you had a grand passion."

Soames looked at her intently.

"Yes—if you want to know—and much good it did me." He moved away, along by the hot-water pipes. Fleur tiptoed silently after him.

"Tell me about it, Father!"

Soames became very still.

"What should you want to know about such things, at your age?"

"Is she alive?"

He nodded.

"And married?"

"Yes."

"It's Jon Forsyte's mother, isn't it? And she was your wife first."

It was said in a flash of intuition. Surely his opposition came from his anxiety that she should not know of that old wound to his pride. But she was startled. To see some one so old and calm wince as if struck, to hear so sharp a note of pain in his voice!

"Who told you that? If your aunt—! I can't bear the affair talked of."

"But, darling," said Fleur, softly, "it's so long ago."

"Long ago or not, I——"

Fleur stood stroking his arm.

"I've tried to forget," he said suddenly; "I don't wish to be reminded." And then, as if venting some long and secret irritation, he added: "In these days people don't understand. Grand passion, indeed! No one knows what it is."

"I do," said Fleur, almost in a whisper.

Soames, who had turned his back on her, spun round.

"What are you talking of—a child like you!"

"Perhaps I've inherited it, Father."

"What?"

"For her son, you see."

He was pale as a sheet, and she knew that she was as bad. They stood staring at each other in the steamy heat, redolent of the mushy scent of earth, of potted geranium, and of vines coming along fast.

"This is crazy," said Soames at last, between dry lips.

Scarcely moving her own, she murmured:

"Don't be angry, Father. I can't help it."

But she could see he wasn't angry; only scared, deeply scared.

"I thought that foolishness," he stammered, "was all forgotten."

"Oh, no! It's ten times what it was."

Soames kicked at the hot-water pipe. The hapless movement touched her, who had no fear of her father—none.

"Dearest!" she said: "What must be, must, you know."

"Must!" repeated Soames. "You don't know what you're talking of. Has that boy been told?"

The blood rushed into her cheeks.

"Not yet."

He had turned from her again, and, with one shoulder a little raised, stood staring fixedly at a joint in the pipes.

"It's most distasteful to me," he said suddenly; "nothing could be more so. Son of that fellow! It's—it's—perverse!"

She had noted, almost unconsciously, that he did not say "son of that woman," and again her intuition began working.

Did the ghost of that grand passion linger in some corner of his heart?

She slipped her hand under his arm.

"Jon's father is quite ill and old; I saw him."

"You——?"

"Yes, I went there with Jon; I saw them both."

"Well, and what did they say to you?"

"Nothing. They were very polite."

"They would be." He resumed his contemplation of the pipe-joint, and then said suddenly:

"I must think this over—I'll speak to you again to-night."

She knew this was final for the moment, and stole away, leaving him still looking at the pipe-joint. She wandered in the fruit-garden, among the raspberry and currant bushes, without impetus to pick and eat. Two months ago—she was light-hearted! Even two days ago—light-hearted, before Prosper Profond told her. Now she felt tangled in a web—of passions, vested rights, oppressions and revolts, the ties of love and hate. At this dark moment of discouragement there seemed, even to her hold-fast nature, no way out. How deal with it—how sway and bend things to her will, and get her heart's desire? And, suddenly, round the corner of the high box hedge, she came plump on her mother, walking swiftly, with an open letter in her hand. Her bosom was heaving, her eyes dilated, her cheeks flushed. Instantly Fleur thought: 'The yacht! Poor Mother!'

Annette gave her a wide startled look, and said:

"*J'ai la migraine.*"

"I'm awfully sorry, Mother."

"Oh; yes! you and your father—sorry!"

"But, Mother—I am. I know what it feels like."

Annette's startled eyes grew wide, till the whites showed above them. "You innocent!" she said.

Her mother—so self-possessed, and commonsensical—to look and speak like this! It was all frightening! Her father, her mother, herself! And only two months back they had seemed to have everything they wanted in this world.

Annette crumpled the letter in her hand. Fleur knew that she must ignore the sight.

"Can't I do anything for your head, Mother?"

Annette shook that head and walked on, swaying her hips.

"It's cruel," thought Fleur, "and I was glad! That man! What do men come prowling for, disturbing everything! I suppose he's tired of her. What business has he to be tired of my mother? What business!" And at that thought, so natural and so peculiar, she uttered a little choked laugh.

She ought, of course, to be delighted, but what was there to be delighted at? Her father didn't really care! Her mother did, perhaps? She entered the orchard, and sat down under a cherry-tree. A breeze sighed in the higher boughs; the sky seen through their green was very blue and very white in cloud—

those heavy white clouds almost always present in river landscape. Bees, sheltering out of the wind, hummed softly, and over the lush grass fell the thick shade from those fruit-trees planted by her father five-and-twenty years ago. Birds were almost silent, the cuckoos had ceased to sing, but wood-pigeons were cooing. The breath and drone and cooing of high summer were not for long a sedative to her excited nerves. Crouched over her knees she began to scheme. Her father must be made to back her up. Why should he mind so long as she was happy? She had not lived for nearly ninteeen years without knowing that her future was all he really cared about. She had, then, only to convince him that her future could not be happy without Jon. He thought it a mad fancy. How foolish the old were, thinking they could tell what the young felt! Had not he confessed that he—when young—had loved with a grand passion! He ought to understand. "He piles up his money for me," she thought; "but what's the use, if I'm not going to be happy?" Money, and all it bought, did not bring happiness. Love only brought that. The ox-eyed daisies in this orchard, which gave it such a moony look sometimes, grew wild and happy, and had their hour. 'They oughtn't to have called me Fleur,' she mused, 'if they didn't mean me to have my hour, and be happy while it lasts.' Nothing real stood in the way, like poverty, or disease—sentiment only, a ghost from the unhappy past! Jon was right. They wouldn't let you live, these old people! They made mistakes, committed crimes, and wanted their children to go on paying! The breeze died away; midges began to bite. She got up, plucked a piece of honeysuckle, and went in.

It was hot that night. Both she and her mother had put on thin, pale low frocks. The dinner flowers were pale. Fleur was struck with the pale look of everything: her father's face, her mother's shoulders; the pale panelled walls, the pale-grey velvety carpet, the lamp-shade, even the soup was pale. There was not one spot of color in the room, not even wine in the pale glasses, for no one drank it. What was not pale was black—her father's clothes, the butler's clothes, her retriever stretched out exhausted in the window, the curtains black with a cream pattern. A moth came in, and that was pale. And silent was that half-mourning dinner in the heat.

Her father called her back as she was following her mother out.

She sat down beside him at the table, and, unpinning the pale honeysuckle, put it to her nose.

"I've been thinking," he said.

"Yes, dear?"

"It's extremely painful for me to talk, but there's no help for it. I don't know if you understand how much you are to me—I've never spoken of it, I didn't think it necessary; but—but you're everything. Your mother—" he paused, staring at his finger-bowl of Venetian glass.

"Yes?"

"I've only you to look to. I've never had—never wanted anything else, since you were born."

"I know," Fleur murmured.

Soames moistened his lips.

"You may think this a matter I can smooth over and arrange for you. You're mistaken. I—I'm helpless."

Fleur did not speak.

"Quite apart from my own feelings," went on Soames with more resolution, "those two are not amenable to anything I can say. They—they hate me, as people always hate those whom they have injured."

"But he—Jon——"

"He's their flesh and blood, her only child. Probably he means to her what you mean to me. It's a deadlock."

"No," cried Fleur, "no, Father!"

Soames leaned back, the image of pale patience, as if resolved on the betrayal of no emotion.

"Listen!" he said. "You're putting the feelings of two months—two months—against the feelings of thirty-five years! What chance do you think you have? Two months—your very first love affair, a matter of half a dozen meetings, a few walks and talks, a few kisses—against, against what you can't imagine, what no one could who hasn't been through it. Come, be reasonable, Fleur! It's midsummer madness!"

Fleur tore the honeysuckle into little, slow bits.

"The madness is in letting the past spoil it all. What do we care about the past? It's our lives, not yours."

Soames raised his hand to his forehead, where suddenly she saw moisture shining.

"Whose child are you?" he said. "Whose child is he? The present is linked with the past, the future with both. There's no getting away from that."

She had never heard philosophy pass those lips before. Impressed even in her agitation, she leaned her elbows on the table, her chin on her hands.

"But, Father, consider it practically. We want each other. There's ever so much money, and nothing whatever in the way but sentiment. Let's bury the past, Father."

His answer was a sigh.

"Besides," said Fleur gently, "you can't prevent us."

"I don't suppose," said Soames, "that if left to myself I should try to prevent you; I must put up with things, I know, to keep your affection. But it's not I who control this matter. That's what I want you to realize before it's too late. If you go on thinking you can get your way, and encourage this feeling, the blow will be much heavier when you find you can't."

"Oh!" cried Fleur, "help me, Father; you *can* help me, you know."

Soames made a startled movement of negation.

"I?" he said bitterly. "Help? I am the impediment—the just cause and impediment—isn't that the jargon? You have my blood in your veins."

He rose.

"Well, the fat's in the fire. If you persist in your wilfulness you'll have yourself to blame. Come! Don't be foolish, my child—my only child!"

Fleur laid her forehead against his shoulder.

All was in such turmoil within her. But no good to show it! No good at all! She broke away from him, and went out into the twilight, distraught, but unconvinced. All was indeterminate and vague within her, like the shapes and shadows in the garden, except—her will to have. A poplar pierced up into the dark-blue sky and touched a white star there. The dew wetted her shoes, and chilled her bare shoulders. She went down to the river bank, and stood gazing at a moonstreak on the darkening water. Suddenly she smelled tobacco smoke, and a white figure emerged as if created by the moon. It was young Mont in flannels, standing in his boat. She heard the tiny hiss of his cigarette extinguished in the water.

"Fleur," came his voice, "don't be hard on a poor devil! I've been waiting hours."

"For what?"

"Come in my boat!"

"Not I."

"Why not?"

"I'm not a water-nymph."

"Haven't you *any* romance in you? Don't be modern, Fleur!"

He appeared on the path within a yard of her.

"Go away!"

"Fleur, I love you. Fleur!"

Fleur uttered a short laugh.

"Come again," she said, "when I haven't got my wish."

"What is your wish?"

"Ask another."

"Fleur," said Mont, and his voice sounded strange, "don't mock me! Even vivisected dogs are worth decent treatment before they're cut up for good."

Fleur shook her head; but her lips were trembling.

"Well, you shouldn't make me jump. Give me a cigarette."

Mont gave her one, lighted it, and another for himself.

"I don't want to talk rot," he said, "but please imagine all the rot that all the lovers that ever were have talked, and all my special rot thrown in."

"Thank you, I have imagined it. Good night!"

They stood for a moment facing each other in the shadow of an acacia-tree with very moonlit blossoms, and the smoke from their cigarettes mingled in the air between them.

"Also ran: 'Michael Mont'?" he said.

Fleur turned abruptly toward the house. On the lawn she stopped to look back. Michael Mont was whirling his arms above him; she could see them dashing at his head, then waving at the moonlit

blossoms of the acacia. His voice just reached her. "This *is* jolly!" Fleur shook herself. She couldn't help him, she had too much trouble of her own! On the verandah she stopped very suddenly again. Her mother was sitting in the drawing-room at her writing bureau, quite alone. There was nothing remarkable in the expression of her face except its utter immobility. But she looked desolate! Fleur went up-stairs. At the door of her room she paused. She could hear her father walking up and down, up and down the picture-gallery.

"Yes," she thought, "this *is* jolly! Oh, Jon!"

X

DECISION

When Fleur left him Jon stared at the Austrian. She was a thin woman with a dark face and the concerned expression of one who has watched every little good that life once had slip from her, one by one.

"No tea?" she said.

Susceptible to the disappointment in her voice, Jon murmured:

"No, really; thanks."

"A lil cup—it ready. A lil cup and cigarette."

Fleur was gone! Hours of remorse and indecision lay before him! And with a heavy sense of disproportion he smiled, and said:

"Well—thank you!"

She brought in a little pot of tea with two little cups, and a silver box of cigarettes on a little tray.

"Sugar? Miss Forsyte has much sugar—she buy my sugar, my friend's sugar also. Miss Forsyte is a veree kind lady. I am happy to serve her. You her brother?"

"Yes," said Jon, beginning to puff the second cigarette of his life.

"Very young brother," said the Austrian, with a little anxious smile, which reminded him of the wag of a dog's tail.

"May I give you some?" he said. "And won't you sit down, please?"

The Austrian shook her head.

"Your father a very nice old man—the most nice old man I ever see. Miss Forsyte tell me all about him. Is he better?"

Her words fell on Jon like a reproach. "Oh! Yes, I think he's all right."

"I like to see him again," said the Austrian, putting a hand on her heart; "he have veree kind heart."

"Yes," said Jon. And again her words seemed to him a reproach.

"He never give no trouble to no one, and smile so gentle."

"Yes, doesn't he?"

"He look at Miss Forsyte so funny sometimes. I tell him all my story; he so sympátisch. Your mother—she nice and well?"

"Yes, very."

"He have her photograph on his dressing-table. Veree beautiful."

Jon gulped down his tea. This woman, with her concerned face and her reminding words, was like the first and second murderers.

"Thank you," he said; "I must go now. May—may I leave this with you?"

He put a ten-shilling note on the tray with a doubting hand and gained the door. He heard the Austrian gasp, and hurried out. He had just time to catch his train, and all the way to Victoria looked at every face that passed, as lovers will, hoping against hope. On reaching Worthing he put his luggage into the local train, and set out across the Downs for Wansdon, trying to walk off his aching irresolution. So long as he went full bat, he could enjoy the beauty of those green slopes, stopping now and again to sprawl on the grass, admire the perfection of a wild rose, or listen to a lark's song. But the war of motives within him was but postponed—the longing for Fleur, and the hatred of deception. He came to the old chalk-pit above Wansdon with his mind no more made up than when he started. To see both sides of a question vigorously was at once Jon's strength and weakness. He tramped in, just as the first dinner-bell rang. His things had already been brought up. He had a hurried bath and came down to find Holly alone—Val had gone to Town and would not be back till the last train.

Since Val's advice to him to ask his sister what was the matter between the two families, so much had happened—Fleur's disclosure in the Green Park, her visit to Robin Hill, to-day's meeting—that there seemed nothing to ask. He talked of Spain, his sunstroke, Val's

horses, their father's health. Holly startled him by saying that she thought their father not at all well. She had been twice to Robin Hill for the week-end. He had seemed fearfully languid, sometimes even in pain, but had always refused to talk about himself.

"He's awfully dear and unselfish—don't you think, Jon?"

Feeling far from dear and unselfish himself, Jon answered: "Rather!"

"I think, he's been a simply perfect father, so long as I can remember."

"Yes," answered Jon, very subdued.

"He's never interfered, and he's always seemed to understand. I shall never forget his letting me go to South Africa in the Boer War when I was in love with Val."

"That was before he married Mother, wasn't it?" said Jon suddenly.

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh! nothing. Only, wasn't she engaged to Fleur's father first?"

Holly put down the spoon she was using, and raised her eyes. Her stare was circumspect. What did the boy know? Enough to make it better to tell him? She could not decide. He looked strained and worried, altogether older, but that might be the sunstroke.

"There *was* something," she said. "Of course we were out there, and got no news of anything." She could not take the risk. It was not her secret. Besides, she was in the dark about his feelings now. Before Spain she had made sure he was in love; but boys were boys; that was seven weeks ago, and all Spain between.

She saw that he knew she was putting him off, and added:

"Have you heard anything of Fleur?"

"Yes."

His face told her, then, more than the most elaborate explanations. So he had not forgotten!

She said very quietly: "Fleur is awfully attractive, Jon, but you know—Val and I don't really like her very much."

"Why?"

"We think she's got rather a 'having' nature."

"'Having'? I don't know what you mean. She—she—" he pushed his dessert plate away, got up, and went to the window.

Holly, too, got up, and put her arm round his waist.

"Don't be angry, Jon dear. We can't all see people in the same light, can we? You know, I believe each of us only has about one or two people who can see the best that's in us, and bring it out. For you I think it's your mother. I once saw her looking at a letter of yours; it was wonderful to see her face. I think she's the most beautiful woman I ever saw—Age doesn't seem to touch her."

Jon's face softened, then again became tense. Everybody — everybody was against him and Fleur! It all strengthened the appeal of her words: "Make sure of me—marry me, Jon!"

Here, where he had passed that wonderful week with her—the tug of her enchantment, the ache in his heart increased with every minute that she was not there to make the room, the garden, the very air magical. Would he ever be able to live down here, not seeing her? And he closed up utterly, going early to bed. It would not make him healthy, wealthy, and wise, but it closeted him with memory of Fleur in her fancy frock. He heard Val's arrival—the Ford discharging cargo, then the stillness of the summer night stole back—with only the bleating of very distant sheep, and a night-jar's harsh purring. He leaned far out. Cold moon—warm air—the Downs like silver! Small wings, a stream bubbling, the rambler roses! God—how empty all of it without her! In the Bible it was written: Thou shalt leave father and mother and cleave to—Fleur!

Let him have pluck, and go and tell them! They couldn't stop him marrying her—they wouldn't want to stop him when they knew how he felt. Yes! He would go! Bold and open—Fleur was wrong!

The night-jar ceased, the sheep were silent; the only sound in the darkness was the bubbling of the stream. And Jon in his bed slept, freed from the worst of life's evils—indecision.

XI

TIMOTHY PROPHESIES

On the day of the cancelled meeting at the National Gallery, began the second anniversary of the resurrection of Eng-

land's pride and glory—or, more shortly, the top hat. "Lord's"—that festival which the war had driven from the field—raised its light and dark blue flags for the second time, displaying almost every feature of a glorious past. Here, in the luncheon interval, were all species of female and one species of male hat, protecting the multiple types of face associated with "the classes." The observing Forsyte might discern in the free or unconsidered seats a certain number of the squash-hatted, but they hardly ventured on the grass; the old school—or schools—could still rejoice that the proletariat was not yet paying the necessary half-crown. Here was still a close borough, the only one left on a large scale—for the papers were about to estimate the attendance at ten thousand. And the ten thousand, all animated by one hope, were asking each other one question: "Where are you lunching?" Something wonderfully uplifting and reassuring in that query and the sight of so many people like themselves voicing it! What reserve power in the British realm—enough pigeons, lobsters, lamb, salmon mayonnaise, strawberries, and bottles of champagne, to feed the lot! No miracle in prospect—no case of seven loaves and a few fishes—faith rested on surer foundations. Six thousand top hats, four thousand parasols would be doffed and furled, ten thousand mouths all speaking the same English would be filled. There was life in the old dog yet! Tradition! And again Tradition! How strong and how elastic! Wars might rage, taxation prey, Trades Unions take toll, and Europe perish of starvation; but the ten thousand would be fed; and, within their ring fence, stroll upon green turf, wear their top hats, and meet—themselves. The heart was sound, the pulse still regular. E-ton! E-ton! Har-r-o-o-o-w!

Among the many Forsytes, on a hunting-ground theirs, by personal prescriptive right, or proxy—Soames, was present with his wife and daughter. He had not been at either school, he took no interest in cricket, but he wanted Fleur to show her frock, and he wanted to wear his top hat—parade it again in peace and plenty among his peers. He walked sedately with Fleur between him and Annette. No women equalled them, so far as he could see. They could walk, and hold themselves up; there was substance in their good looks; the modern woman had no build, no chest, no anything! He remembered suddenly with what intoxication of pride he had walked round with Irene in the first years of his first marriage. And how they used to lunch on the drag which his mother *would* make his father have, because it was so "chic"—all drags and carriages in those days, not these lumbering great Stands! And how consistently Montague Dartie had drunk too much. He supposed that people drank too much still, but there was not the scope for it there used to be. He remembered George Forsyte—whose brothers Roger and Eustace had been at Harrow and Eton—towering up on the top of the drag waving a light-blue flag with one hand and a dark-blue flag with the other, and shouting: "Etroow—Harrton!" just when everybody was silent, like the buffoon he had always been; and Eustace got up to the nines below, too dandified to wear any color or take any notice. H'm! Old days, and Irene in grey silk shot with palest green. He looked, sideways, at Fleur's face. Rather colorless—no light, no eagerness! That love affair was preying on her—a bad business! He looked beyond, at his wife's face, rather more touched up than usual, a little disdainful—not that she had any business to disdain, so far as he could see. She was taking Profond's defection with curious quietude; or was his "small" voyage just a blind? If so, he should refuse to see it! Having promenaded round the pitch and in front of the pavilion, they sought Winifred's table in the Bedouin Club tent. The Club—a new "cock and hen"—had been founded in the interests of travel, and of a gentleman with an old Scottish name, whose father had somewhat strangely been called Levi. Winifred had joined, not because she had travelled, but because instinct told her that a Club with such a name and such a founder was bound to go far; if one didn't join at once one might never have the chance. Its tent, with a text from the Koran on an orange ground, and a small green camel embroidered over the entrance, was the most striking on the

ground. Outside it they found Jack Cardigan in a dark-blue tie (he had once played for Harrow), batting with a Malacca cane to show how that fellow ought to have hit that ball. He piloted them in. Assembled in Winifred's corner were Imogen, Benedict with his young wife, Val Dartie without Holly, Maud and her husband, and, after Soames and his two were seated, one empty place.

"I'm expecting Prosper," said Winifred, "but he's so busy with his yacht."

Soames stole a glance. No movement in his wife's face! Whether that fellow were coming or not, she evidently knew all about it. It did not escape him that Fleur, too, looked at her mother. If Annette didn't respect his feelings, she might think of Fleur! The conversation, very desultory, was syncopated by Jack Cardigan talking about "mid-off." He cited all the "great mid-offs" from the beginning of time, as if they had been a definite racial entity in the composition of the British people. Soames had finished his lobster, and was beginning on pigeon-pie, when he heard the words: "I'm a small bit late, Mrs. Dartie," and saw that there was no longer any empty place. *That fellow* was sitting between Annette and Imogen. Soames ate steadily on, with an occasional word to Maud and Winifred. Conversation buzzed around him. He heard the voice of Profond say:

"I think you're mistaken, Mrs. Forsyde I'll—I'll bet Miss Forsyde agrees with me"

"In what!" came Fleur's clear voice across the table.

"I was sayin', young gurls are much the same as they always were—there's very small difference."

"Do you know so much about them?"

That sharp reply caught the ears of all, and Soames moved uneasily on his thin green chair.

"Well, I don't know, I think they want their own small way, and I think they always did."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, but—Prosper," Winifred interjected comfortably, "the girls in the streets—the girls who've been in munitions, the little flappers in the shops; their manners now really quite hit you in the eye."

At the word "hit" Jack Cardigan stopped his disquisition; and in the silence Monsieur Profond said:

"It was inside before, now it's outside; that's all."

"But their morals!" cried Imogen.

"Just as moral as they ever were, Mrs. Cardigan, but they've got more oppordunity."

The saying, so cryptically cynical, received a little laugh from Imogen, a slight opening of Jack Cardigan's mouth, and a creak from Soames' chair.

Winifred said: "That's too bad, Prosper."

"What do you say, Mrs. Forsyde; don't you think human nature's always the same?"

Soames subdued a sudden longing to get up and kick the fellow. He heard his wife reply:

"Human nature is not the same in England as anywhere else." That was her confounded mockery!

"Well, I don't know much about this small country"— "No, thank God!" thought Soames—"but I should say the pot was boilin' under the lid everywhere. We all want pleasure, and we always did."

Damn the fellow! His cynicism was —was outrageous!

When lunch was over they broke up into couples for the digestive promenade. Too proud to notice, Soames knew perfectly that Annette and that fellow had gone prowling round together. Fleur was with Val; she had chosen him, no doubt, because he knew that boy. He himself had Winifred for partner. They walked in the bright, circling stream, a little flushed and sated, for some minutes, till Winifred sighed:

"I wish we were back forty years, old boy!"

Before the eyes of her spirit an interminable procession of her own "Lord's" frocks was passing, paid for with the money of her father, to save a recurrent crisis. "It's been very amusing, after all. Sometimes I even wish Monty was back. What do you think of people nowadays, Soames?"

"Precious little style. The thing began to go to pieces with bicycles and motor-cars; the war has finished it."

Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"Lords"—that festival which the war had driven from the field.—Page 671.

"I wonder what's coming?" said Winifred in a voice dreamy from pigeon-pie. "I'm not at all sure we shan't go back to crinolines and pegtops. Look at that dress!"

Soames shook his head.

"There's money, but no faith in things. We don't lay by for the future. These youngsters—it's all a short life and a merry one with them. There's no sense of continuity."

"There's a hat!" said Winifred. "I don't know—when you come to think of the people killed and all that in the war, it's rather wonderful, I think. There's no other country—Prosper says the rest are all bankrupt, except America; and of course her men always took their style in dress from us."

"Is that chap," said Soames, "really going to the South Seas?"

"Oh! one never knows where Prosper's going!"

"*He's* a sign of the times," muttered Soames, "if you like."

Winifred's hand gripped his arm.

"Don't turn your head," she said in a low voice, "but look to your right in the front row of the stand."

Soames looked as best he could under that limitation. A man in a grey top hat, grey-bearded, with thin brown, folded cheeks, and a certain elegance of posture, sat there with a woman in a lawn-colored frock, whose dark eyes were fixed on himself. Soames looked quickly at his feet. How funnily feet moved, one after the other like that! Winifred's voice said in his ear:

"Jolyon looks very ill, but he always had style. *She* doesn't change—except her hair."

"Why did you tell Fleur about that business?"

"I didn't; she picked it up. I always knew she would."

"Well, it's a mess. She's set her heart upon their boy."

"The little wretch," murmured Winifred. "She tried to take me in about that. What shall you do, Soames?"

"Be guided by events."

They moved on silent in the almost solid crowd.

"Really," said Winifred suddenly; "it almost seems like Fate. Only that's so old-fashioned. Look! There are George and Eustace!"

George Forsyte's lofty bulk had halted before them.

"Hallo, Soames!" he said. "Just met Profond and your wife. You'll catch 'em if you put on pace. Did you ever go to see old Timothy?"

Soames nodded, and the streams forced them apart.

"I always liked old George," said Winifred. "He's so droll."

"I never did," said Soames. "Where's your seat? I shall go to mine. Fleur may be back there."

Having seen Winifred to her seat, he regained his own, conscious of small, white, distant figures running, the click of the bat, the cheers and counter-cheers. No Fleur, and no Annette! You could expect nothing of women nowadays! They had the vote. They were "emancipated," and much good it was doing them. So Winifred would go back, would she, and put up with Dartie all over again? To have the past once more—to be sitting here as he had sat in '85 and '6, before he was certain that his marriage with Irene had gone all wrong, before her antagonism had become so glaring that with the best will in the world he could not overlook it. The sight of her with that fellow had brought all memory back. Even now he could not understand why she had been so impracticable. She could love other men; she had it in her! To himself, the one person she ought to have loved, she had chosen to refuse her heart. It seemed to him, fantastically, as he looked back, that all this modern relaxation of marriage—though its forms and laws were the same as when he married her—that all this modern looseness had come out of her revolt; it seemed to him, fantastically, that she had started it, till all decent ownership of anything had gone, or was on the point of going. All came from her! And now—a pretty state of things! Homes! How could you have them without mutual ownership? Not that he had ever had a real home! But had that been his fault? He had done his best. And his reward—those two sitting in that Stand! And this affair of Fleur's!

And overcome by loneliness he thought: 'Shan't wait any longer! They must find their own way back to the hotel—if they mean to come!' Hailing a cab outside the ground, he said:

"Drive me to the Bayswater Road." His old aunts had never failed him. To them he had meant an ever-welcome visitor. Though they were gone, there, still, was Timothy!

Smither was standing in the open doorway.

"Mr. Soames! I was just taking the air. Cook will be *so* pleased."

"How is Mr. Timothy?"

"Not himself at all these last few days, Sir; he's been talking a great deal. Only this morning he was saying: 'My brother James, he's getting old.' His mind wanders, Mr. Soames, and then he will talk of them. He troubles about their investments. The other day he said: 'There's my brother Jolyon won't look at Consols' —he seemed quite down about it. Come in, Mr. Soames, come in! It's such a pleasant change!"

"Well," said Soames, "just for a few minutes."

"No," murmured Smither in the hall, where the air had the singular freshness of the outside day, "we haven't been very satisfied with him, not all this week. He's always been one to leave a titbit to the end; but ever since Monday he's been eating it first. If you notice a dog, Mr. Soames, at its dinner, it eats the meat first. We've always thought it such a good sign of Mr. Timothy at his age to leave it to the last, but now he seems to have lost all his self-control; and, of course, it makes him leave the rest. The doctor doesn't make anything of it, but"—Smither shook her head—"he seems to think he's got to eat it first, in case he shouldn't get to it. That and his talking makes us anxious."

"Has he said anything important?"

"I shouldn't like to say that, Mr. Soames; but he's turned against his Will. He gets quite pettish—and after having had it out every morning for years, it does seem funny. He said the other day: 'They want my money.' It gave me such a turn, because, as I said to him, nobody wants his money, I'm sure. And it does seem a pity he should be thinking about money at his time of life. I took my courage in my 'ands. 'You know, Mr. Timothy,' I said, 'my dear mistress' —that's Miss Forsyte, Mr. Soames, Miss Ann that trained me—'*She* never thought about money,' I said, 'it was all *character* with her.' He looked at me, I can't tell you how funny, and he said quite dry: 'Nobody wants my character.' Think of his saying a thing like that! But sometimes he'll say something as sharp and sensible as anything."

Soames, who had been staring at an old print by the hat-rack, thinking: 'That's got value!' murmured: "I'll go up and see him, Smither."

"Cook's with him," answered Smither above her corsets; "she will be pleased to see you."

He mounted slowly, with the thought: 'Shan't care to live to be that age.'

On the second floor, he paused, and tapped. The door was opened, and he saw the round homely face of a woman about sixty.

"Mr. Soames!" she said: "Why! Mr. Soames!"

Soames nodded. "All right, Cook!" and entered.

Timothy was propped up in bed, with his hands joined before his chest, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling, where a fly was sitting. Soames stood at the foot of the bed, facing him.

"Uncle Timothy," he said, raising his voice; "Uncle Timothy!"

Timothy's eyes left the fly, and levelled themselves on his visitor. Soames could see his pale tongue passing over his darkish lips.

"Uncle Timothy," he said again, "is there anything I can do for you? Is there anything you'd like to say?"

"Ha!" said Timothy.

"I've come to look you up and see that everything's all right."

Timothy nodded. He seemed trying to get used to the apparition before him.

"Have you got everything you want?"

"No," said Timothy.

"Can I get you anything?"

"No," said Timothy.

"I'm Soames, you know; your nephew, Soames Forsyte. Your brother James' son."

Timothy nodded.

"I shall be delighted to do anything I can for you."

Timothy beckoned. Soames went close to him.

"You—" said Timothy in a voice which seemed to have outlived tone, "you tell them all from me—you tell them all—" and his finger tapped on Soames' arm, "to hold on—hold on—Consols are goin' up," and he nodded thrice.

"All right!" said Soames; "I will."

"Yes," said Timothy, and, fixing his eyes again on the ceiling, he added: "That fly!"

Strangely moved, Soames looked at the Cook's pleasant fattish face, all little puckers from staring at fires.

"That'll do him a world of good, Sir," she said.

A mutter came from Timothy, but he was clearly speaking to himself, and Soames went out with the cook.

"I wish I could make you a pink cream, Mr. Soames, like in old days; you did so relish them. Good-bye, Sir; it *has* been a pleasure."

"Take care of him, Cook, he *is* old."

And, shaking her crumpled hand, he went down-stairs. Smither was still taking the air in the doorway.

"What do you think of him, Mr. Soames?"

"H'm!" Soames murmured: "He's lost touch."

"Yes," said Smither, "I was afraid you'd think that, coming fresh out of the world to see him like."

"Smither," said Soames, "we're all indebted to you."

"Oh, no, Mr. Soames, don't say that! It's a pleasure—he's such a wonderful man."

"Well, good-bye!" said Soames, and got into his taxi.

'Going up!' he thought; 'going up!'

Reaching the hotel at Knightsbridge he went to their sitting-room, and rang for tea. Neither of them were in. And again that sense of loneliness came over him. These hotels! What monstrous great places they were now! He could remember when there was nothing bigger than Long's or Brown's, Morley's or the Tavistock, and the heads that were shaken over the Langham and the Grand. Hotels and Clubs—Clubs and Hotels; no end to them now! And Soames, who had just been watching at Lord's a miracle of tradition and continuity, fell into reverie over the changes in that London where he had been born five-and-sixty years before. Whether Consols were going up or not, London had become a terrific property. No such property in the world, unless it were New York! There was a lot of hysteria in the papers nowadays; but any one who, like himself, could remember London sixty years ago, and see it now, realized the fecundity and elasticity of wealth. They had only to keep their heads, and go at it steadily. Why! he remembered cobblestones, and stinking straw on the floor of your cab. And old Timothy—what could *he* not tell them, if he had kept his memory! Things were unsettled, people in a funk or in a hurry, but here were London and the Thames, and out there the British Empire, and the ends of the earth. "Consols are goin' up!" He shouldn't be a bit surprised. It was the breed that counted. And all that was bull-dogged in Soames stared for a moment out of his grey eyes, till diverted by the print of a Victorian picture on the walls. The hotel had bought three dozen of that little lot! The old hunting or "Rake's Progress" prints in the old inns were worth looking at—but this sentimental stuff—well, Victorianism had gone! "Tell them to hold on!" old Timothy had said. But to what were they to hold on in this modern welter of the "democratic principle"? Why, even privacy was threatened! And at the thought that privacy might perish, Soames pushed back his teacup and went to the window. Fancy owning no more of Nature than the crowd out there owned of the flowers and trees and waters of Hyde Park! No, no! Private possession underlay everything worth having. The world had slipped its sanity a bit, as dogs now and again at full moon slipped theirs and went off for a night's rabbiting; but the world, like the dog, knew where its bread was buttered and its bed warm, and would come back sure enough to the only home worth having—to private ownership. The world was in its second childhood for the moment, like old Timothy—eating its titbit first!

He heard a sound behind him, and saw that his wife and daughter had come in.

"So you're back!" he said.

Fleur did not answer; she stood for a moment looking at him and her mother, then passed into her bedroom. Annette poured herself out a cup of tea.

"I am going to Paris, to my mother, Soames."

"Oh! To your mother?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"I do not know."

"And when are you going?"

"On Monday."

Was she really going to her mother? Odd, how indifferent he felt! Odd, how clearly she had perceived the indifference he would feel so long as there was no scandal. And suddenly between her and himself he saw distinctly the face he had seen that afternoon—Irene's.

"Will you want money?"

"Thank you; I have enough."

"Very well. Let us know when you are coming back."

Annette put down the cake she was fingering, and, looking up through darkened lashes, said:

"Shall I give *Maman* any message?"

"My regards."

Annette stretched herself, her hands on her waist, and said in French:

"What luck that you have never loved me, Soames!" Then rising, she too left the room. Soames was glad she had spoken it in French—it seemed to require no dealing with. Again that other face—pale, dark-eyed, beautiful still! And there stirred far down within him the ghost of warmth, as from sparks lingering beneath a mound of flaky ash. And Fleur infatuated with her boy! Queer chance! Yet, was there such a thing as chance? A man went down a street, a brick fell on his head. Ah! that was chance, no doubt. But this! "Inherited," his girl had said. She—she was "holding on!"

(To be continued.)

BEAUTY

EPISODES OF A CRUISE OF "THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY"

By Marguerite Wilkinson

Author of "Bluestone," "New Voices," etc.

NEVER did I know what beauty could be to me until I stood one day in a field of blowing thistledown. I had been beating about in the brush by the side of a river, looking for berries, when I came upon a clearing, a circular patch like a fairy's ring. Upon the earth stood many thistle plants, thorny Puritans, stiff in prickly rectitude. Above them in a mild sky floated millions of the lovely souls of them, light and exquisitely white where purple blooms had died, millions of Ariels climbing up shafts of sunlight into heaven and then gently sliding down again. They rested on my eyelids, they caught in my hair, they glistened silverly on the gray wool of my sweater. I did not touch one of them myself, and yet I have kept them all. If I could have prayed then, I should have besought Apollo to make me like the seed of the thistle. For, although I had known them all my life, it was as if I had never seen thistles before.

The reason for this new joy in old beauty was not far to seek. For several weeks I had been camping with my husband in the maple woods by the side of a stream. By night we had slept under the maples, protected only by our blankets, a strip of canvas, and the broad leaves above us. By day we had floated downstream in a boat which we built ourselves out of pine flooring cut to dimension. We had called her *The Dingbat of Arcady*. We had acquired some small measure of

the hardness of body and clarity of mind that are a part of such a life. We had cut ourselves loose from the multifarious cares of our ordinary lives and had given ourselves up to learning the ways of sun and wind and rain. Our senses had been quickened and made keen. Only a few things seemed important—food and rest and beauty. And so, for the first time in my life since my childhood, I was able to receive the gift of the world's loveliness in the spirit in which it is given, to let beauty be a growth and a discipline.

It is something merely to perceive beauty. It is enough to balk vulgar irrelevance. Once upon a time I went for a drive with a woman who could not see it as it actually existed before her eyes because her mind was full of stereotyped images of it as she had read of it in books. We were driving around the top of a high hill, looking across a valley to mountains that were a perfectly honest rosy pink in the distance.

"Pink mountains!" I exclaimed.

"Mountains are purple and hills are blue," she said solemnly, without even looking at them carefully. "Who ever heard of pink mountains, you funny woman?"

For her the lights and shadows had fallen in vain. The sunset had wasted time in being original. It might as well have copied yesterday's. She was like the woman who "quacked" beside Rupert Brooke in the wood. Looking up at the Aurora Borealis from a chilly New England valley, looking down on the apocalypse of the Grand Canyon, she would have thought the conventional thing, and she would have *said* it. Only true lovers keep silence. For devout worship she could substitute only a counterfeit politeness—the cant, the affectation, the lush nonsense men bring to the discussion of sacred themes.

Yet it might have been otherwise if she could have lived out-of-doors for a few months alone, or

> "With one wise friend, or one
> Better than wise, being fair,"

sharing the overflowing sun, the cool rigor of rain, the invigorating roughness of wind. She might have learned to pray for a soul as beautiful as a far hill under rosy light. For the love of beauty, normally, begins out-of-doors. The race has been born into this beauty, and out of it, whereas the beauty of cities, of man's intellect, of spiritual prowess, changes from generation to generation; they are still new things in our ancient world.

Living in the open world, moreover, makes us gloriously jealous, after a while, of the lovely individualities of all things, makes us eager for communion with them, makes us long to wear upon our own souls the images of such things as we have loved. To the people of the town all rivers are very much alike. The camper knows that no two rivers are alike. I have seen the gray sage-green of the little Lewis River in Washington flow into the dark, rough, menacing grandeur of the great Columbia. I have seen the utter blueness of the St. Lawrence under a sunny sky. I have seen the Brule rushing through Wisconsin yellow-brown in the spring. I have seen the placid "Isis" near "Folly Bridge" in Oxford, and the mad St. John below the great falls in New Brunswick, coursing in three miles of the Rapidy-Fan rapids between high cliffs. Yet it is the lovely Willamette River in Oregon that means most to me. Anybody can find it on the map, a short river flowing through southern Oregon into the Columbia. But for me it is a mystic stream, in spite of geographers, flowing into San Diego Bay and through Lake Champlain, across the Hudson, under the ocean, into and through Devon, joining the Esk in Scotland! If I live to travel on another river I shall expect to find it flowing with the new current. For it has cut a channel through the deep places of my spirit.

A townsman gets little joy from the scent of wood smoke, for he does not know how many varieties of smoke there are. But woodsmen know that there are many fragrances in the burning of wood. Dead wood is not like green, and pine is not like maple to our noses. Smoke in frosty air smells sweeter than smoke in summer. But whether it be the spicy perfume of chapparal, crackling sage and mesquite twigs from a southern mesa, the sweet odor of burning pine, or the milder fragrance of oak logs, it is a symbol of honorable things to the camper. Watching

it, as the thin strands of it unwind themselves upward, is like watching the whole history of the race. In the fading tissue of color I have seen altars and forges and hearths and pyres for the dead. I have seen Prometheus, dearest of Titans, and his children of this later age, still busy stealing for us holier flames than any that can be wedded with wood.

Yet sometimes, even as a camper, I have hated smoke because I have loved trees. Into what may small boys climb when there are no trees? Into what may small souls climb? Progress is with trees. Who will say what China might have been if she had not cut down the trees beside the Yangtse as Americans are now cutting down too many of the trees of America? Beauty is with trees. It was not an ugly superstition that permitted the poets of Greece to make lovely maidens into branching arbors. The camper who builds his fire where it can hurt a single tree is a glutton of life and a murderer of beauty. May the long, strong, white roots of my friends trouble his carcass when it is buried, and may he wait long for a beacon on the banks of the Styx! I think that man has little culture who has no intimate among the trees.

My own best friend is the eucalyptus. I have loved live-oaks with their mystic garlands of moss and their stubborn, stocky bodies, a veiled soldiery; I have loved the maples when I have slept at their feet. I have loved pines for their power, birches for their refinement, and apple-trees because they have received me into their arms. I have listened mute with wonder to the grim and ghastly rustling of palms in a sea breeze at night, and I have watched their dark, pointed fans outspread against the sapphire sky. These, for my imagination, are all beautiful. The eucalyptus is supremely beautiful. How good to strip off old moods like old bark; to stand before the world a spirit in white, uncovered truth like that; to lift one's self far away from the crowd and near to the sky, waving the newest buds of self to and fro worshipfully in wide, open spaces; to keep the green leaves of life alive through all the days of the year; to have dignity that is not forbidding and austerity that is not ungracious; to be remembered fragrantly. If I were a eucalyptus-tree I should ask for no companions. I should ask the high gods to let me stand alone and lift my hands toward them with untrammelled gestures. Let me have much space to move in when I am near enough to know the many thoughts of the sky!

The most wonderful sky that I remember, I saw when Jim and I drove from Greta Bridge to Brough over a moor in northern England. We were in a motorcycle combination, a funny little one-cylinder car that had been through the war. We called it Rover Chug-chug. Under me, in the side-car, our tent was folded. At night we camped by the way. For several days it had rained, and we were very wet most of the time.

It was still raining on this particular red-letter day, or let us say euphemistically that there was a Scotch mist. We had eaten luncheon at The Morritt Arms in Greta Bridge. It was good, but cold, and came to an end with some Wensleydale cheese as deliciously flavorous as one of Edwin Arlington Robinson's lyrics. Then we had driven on to Bowes, where the road began to wind up-hill all the way for six miles. From Bowes there was a down grade six miles long to Brough.

As we moved upward with all the slow speed our heavily laden Rover Chug-chug would make we looked at the sky. It was full of brooding life. Valhalla might have been just behind it. Around us was the moor, rolling and dipping in long, undulating lines away to the right, covered with scrub and weeds of kinds new to us. Across the road and on the edge of the moor the sheep, omnipresent in England, were grazing, their creamy wool heavy with moisture. Strange crested moor birds stood near the road, hunched up meditatively on one leg. As we passed they rose into the air crying plaintively. In the valley to the left grim stone walls, not unlike those in New England, but with more finished masonry, cut the green land into sections. Here and there great wisps of mist had fallen upon them and blotted them out. Cool air everywhere, moist air everywhere, disturbed air blowing this way and that all around us! Over all this the sky!

The sky was purple as heather and gray as age, and streaked with amber and rose

like an apple, and troubled with wildness like the light in the eyes of a cat. It changed from moment to moment, hue sliding into hue, tone falling upon tone, form melting into form. Great columns of white cloud fell down and broke upon the floor of the earth, or were hidden by rising walls of amethyst, built up by invisible fingers. Dusky castles with blue battlements reared themselves before our eyes and stood but a moment in evanescent grandeur, then disappearing in long, vertical lines of swiftly falling silver, upon which the sun, from some secret place, tried in vain to look out. Movement upon movement, glory upon glory challenged our attention.

I have said that we were wet and cold and tired. That may have been one reason why we kept silence at first as we drove up the winding road. But he is no lover of beauty who cannot forget his body momentarily when his soul is feasting. We had also another reason for silence. We were watching all this silently because it was too thrilling for speech. We drove on to the top of the grade. Then, when the road tipped down again, a miracle happened.

We had forgotten cold and wetness and weariness. We had forgotten the rain that beat upon our faces and ran down our necks. We had forgotten words. We had forgotten thought. Without words or thought or any tune that I can remember we began to sing. And as we drove swiftly down into the valley we were singing exultantly, with none to hear but the creamy sheep and the varicolored moor birds and that wild sky and the unknown gods who travelled those hills invisibly.

This experience is one of many that make me feel sure enough of the truth to dogmatize about weather. There is no such thing as bad weather. Who are we that we should fasten that malevolent little adjective "bad" upon weather that merely fails to serve our utilitarian purposes and our self-indulgent ideas of comfort? Indeed, if beauty is to be judged by its rarity, a great storm may be the greatest weather and the most beautiful. By paraphrase the devout and daring person may well say: "Though it slay me, yet will I love it!" To like only weather that is blue and white and golden and placid is to be limited in the love of beauty.

This may be the secret of the scorn, usually veiled, that men who have known nature in all weathers, suffered her and dominated her, feel for the pale-eyed and pale-skinned creature of comfort. However that may be, this I know, that those who can outface a storm and exult in it have a clew to the meaning of life which can help them to triumph also in the vicissitudes of the intellectual and spiritual experience.

Considered quite apart from the damage it can do, a storm is supremely beautiful. Some one told me this when I was a little girl, and the thought came to me with a thrill of surprise and delight, for it was a new gospel. Most of the people in my small world disliked storms. That one person made life richer for me by telling me the truth. I have two memories of storms that have remained with me always.

One was a great wind-storm on the prairie. It came after a long, still, sultry summer day, in the late afternoon. I felt the stillness deepen and strengthen around me like the self-restraint that hushes anger. Then huge clouds bunched themselves together in the west. I stood and watched. I saw a line of trees, a windbreak, far away, so far that I could not tell their kind. One moment they were perfectly still. The next made them toss their branches madly as if they were wild with grief or pain. In front of them a field of corn yielded to shadows and swayed as if some terrible hand had stroked each corn-stalk, bending it, crushing it to the very earth. The great wind was coming toward me, nearer and nearer. But I did not stir. I told myself that when it came I would lie down. It caught the near fields of grass and rang over them, and sang over them while the air around me was still and sultry. I was fascinated. A group of willows quite near me jerked their tops forward suddenly with the impact of that rushing gust upon them. Then they tumbled and tossed their branches about uproariously in the rushing air that took and tore them. The wind crossed the short stretch of grass between those trees and me, and then beat against my face, my throat, my

breast, my limbs, with cold and savage fury. My breath was blown back into my nostrils. My hair was ripped loose from around my forehead. My throat and body felt sudden cold like the water of the trout brook in April. The invisible legions of the air pushed me back, back, back, step by step. I gave way before the pressure of their chilly, unseen, powerful hands. I fell upon my face and waited. Sticks and leaves from far away were blown down upon me. Even upon the earth, flat and humble, I could not evade that magnificent rage. It went bellowing over my head into the east. And then, as suddenly as it had come, it stopped. Rain fell quietly on a cool world and tears came into my eyes.

The other storm that I remember was a thunder-storm at night by a northern riverside. Jim and I were lying in our tent, unable, for one reason or another, to get much sleep. Perhaps it was because Nature herself could not rest. The air was disturbed and yet stagnant. Then there came a heavy groaning and sudden shocks of distant sound like the heavy breathing of Vulcan and the falling of hammers on his anvil. We saw far lightning like the flying of sparks. The noise increased. Mars and Thor had been awakened over Scandinavia and Hellas, and were hurling loud words at each other. They were throwing the lances of heaven about, and the lightning was frequent and livid. As each spear of light fell and broke into pieces upon the floor of heaven we saw the jagged lines of its fall. The earth under us seemed solid, but the floor of heaven, on which those terrible figures trod, shook under them and, when they came to grips and wrestled, rocked with their power. Perhaps that is why we on earth saw a glory of dark trees suddenly illumined by lightning, with leaves that had been like black masses in the darkness suddenly etched sharply upon a clear background, then blackened into vagueness again. Such a glory of splashing rain upon the vexed black surface of the river! Such a smell of sweetness in air that has been as stale as fever! And then one great bolt flying, one barbaric splendid burst of crashing sound, as if the floor of heaven had given way under terrible feet, as if one great god had hurled the other through the gap! After that silence. Then later we heard the booming of the forge of Vulcan, and saw the sparks flying from it again. At last even that noise faded into silence, and we slept.

Storms, even in modern times, are tests of our mettle. But they do not come very often in the temperate lands in the times of the year when camping is pleasant. Nearly always the beauty in which we may rejoice is to be found in something minute and perfect, something that can belong to rest and quietness, a small gem split from the perfect jewel of unnumbered facets which may be called the Absolute Beauty.

This Absolute Beauty will never disappoint us, for we shall never find it, although it is the highest of all dreams, and the deepest of all certainties, and that for which our best selves hunger and thirst. It is that which we may approach but never reach. What is given to us is the privilege of looking on small particles of beauty, parts of the Absolute Beauty, of cherishing them in our lives and of telling others about them. To do this faithfully is a fulfilment of destiny. It is all that great artists, great poets, great seers and saints have ever done. It is all that little poets, little lovers, little helpers of mankind can ever hope to do. But it is enough.

For us the beauty that we find when we go out adventuring together is protean. To-day we may see it in the storm. To-morrow it may be found in the wings of a bird. It is trite to tell of the charm of birds. I shall not generalize about their delightfulness, although I have seen the kingfisher swoop to his kill and the blue heron in flight, although I have dreamed the dreams of swallows flying faster than thought. But I must speak of gulls that keep the beaches clean.

They are so common that it is easy to forget the thrilling passion of their flight, the rapturous poise, the circling power, the whirl and sudden dip, beak first, into blue water. It is easy to forget the wild and watchful eyes they have, the sleek whiteness of their pointed heads, the strange pathos of their call.

Once on a California beach Jim and I sat and ate our luncheon in hot sunshine while overhead one or two gulls halted in

the sky, tirelessly vigilant. One of them, seeing our food, swooped low and flew over us, crying. Jim threw a small bit of bread on the beach about twenty feet away. The gull saw it, swooped, caught it, and ascended again. Jim threw another piece a little nearer. Again the sharp eyes saw, the white body plunged toward the earth. Another piece we threw, still nearer. This time two gulls saw it and flew low to get our gift. We threw several crumbs. Several gulls appeared from nowhere in particular to accept our offering. More and more crumbs we threw, sitting quietly there in the sun. More and more gulls came flying across the blue fields of heaven to see what was happening. In fine loops and circles they moved around us, swift and sudden and strong, five or six, a dozen, two dozen, then forty by actual count, then perhaps more. Their lusty wings beat the air about our ears. White and gray and cream color, markings of straw and tan and slate color, the sharper shades of feet and beaks, the preening and fluttering delighted us. Even as we had been hungry they were hungry. Even as we who were poor had to dare much to get our bread, they had to be daring too. The flap and clatter of their passing was the epic noise of their struggle for existence. The whirring rise of them was their victory. Their outcry was their poetic and social sharing of the feast. All this we could feel with them. All this we could understand. Evolutionists tell us that there may have been a time when bird life was close to our own.

The gulls dared to come very near to us, yet with all their gallantry they would not suffer us to touch them, they would not even suffer themselves to touch us, although they flew so near that once a long wing-feather brushed my throat. I knew a child's longing to fold my two hands around one of those small, swift white bodies, and hold it and look into those wild, cold, courageous eyes. And on another day this experience came to me, but then I was sorry and not glad of it.

We had been trolling in San Diego Bay with a shiny tin minnow for bait. It flashed cannily in the translucent water. But the tide was going out and the fishing was poor. I caught nothing. So, while Jim pulled our boat, the *Royal Dingbat*, slowly out of the harbor and toward the open sea, I tried the trolling line and leaned back in my seat negligently, occupying myself with my own profuse meditations. Jim saw a big gull swoop and cried "Look out!" to me, but it was too late. He had dipped for the tin minnow and our hook held him fast.

It was a moment of agony for me. This lovely white creature of the sky had to be pulled across the water that we might loose him. His pride of flight was hurt and humbled as his body was wounded. We got the line in as fast as possible, and when he fluttered and struggled and beat his wings against the edge of the boat I caught him and held him firmly, but as gently as I could, with my two hands around his throbbing heart.

We looked at the hook and found that, fortunately, he had not swallowed it. It had caught firmly in the side of his neck when the minnow sank and bobbed under his unerring stroke. For a moment we did not know what to do. Jim got his knife and tried to get the hook loose, but it could not be done without tearing the bird's throat. It was a small hook. We severed it from the minnow and from our line and let the bird go, thinking that the wound might heal and leave him little the worse off. I unclosed my hands and he went free again.

Another beautiful experience with birds came to us in a pine wood one summer, in New Hampshire. Jim and I were sitting under a pine in the silence that belongs to good comrades. We had tramped far that day, and at sundown we were resting under the trees and dreaming dreams together. When two people can dream dreams together, they do not need to talk. Perhaps because we were silent we heard from behind one of the tall trees a most purely silver song. Jim, who knows birds better than I do, laid a hand on mine and a finger on his mouth to command silence, but the gesture was superfluous. This song was to me also the punctuation of our dreaming, for as commas and periods set intervals between words a bird's song sets intervals between dreams.

In a minute or two more we heard a

similar song from another tree, a small flute of Paradise. The first singer answered. A third called from in front of us. And then the first singer appeared where oblique rays of the sun falling on him showed a speckled breast and rufous tail. It was the hermit-thrush, himself and no other. Singing he walked among the pine-needles, his comrades answering him. The other two joined him, and perhaps a fourth, but of that we could not be certain. They hopped about and made their music without a thought of us, the loveliest and most limpid singing. They chanted, they carolled, they fluted. We hardly dared to breathe for fear of interrupting their recital. For ten or fifteen minutes we sat and listened with white awe upon us, and then their wings rustled and they were gone. The place where the rays of the sun had fallen on them was empty and dark. The song was sung. Our dreams were dreamed, too.

One other small memoir of an adventure with a bird I must share. It happened in this manner. We were living at the time in the city of Superior in northern Wisconsin. It was a town very near to Gopher Prairie in "Main Street." It was cold there in winter. The snow sometimes lay four or five feet deep upon the wild land near the town for weeks and weeks at a time. The thermometer would fall low, and chilly days like diamonds would follow one another, clear and still. Sometimes, to get a good look at the lavender and rose shadows on white fields of snow, we would borrow snow-shoes from some good friends and go out into the country. We would take a coffee-pot and coffee, a pound of bacon for lunch, a loaf of bread, and a pot and a pan to cook with. Then in weather dry and powdery white we would strike out for the open.

One day, when we had run or walked on snow-shoes all morning until we were ruddy with health and hot under our heavy clothing, we found a place to rest on a crust of hard snow in a hollow, where winds did not bother us, and surrounded by the protruding tops of bushes that must have seemed quite tall when the ground was bare. They bore tufts of snow upon them like white blossoms, the fair, false flowering of the winter. We broke some of these twigs and made a small fire with them. Finally Jim broke a dead branch from a tree and it gave us enough wood for cooking. I filled the coffee-pot with snow—as clean as air or water could be there in the wild out-of-doors—and when enough was melted I put in the coffee. We cut large slices of bread and put slices of fried bacon, with dripping, between them. Never did food taste more delicious than this crude banquet. Then, warmed by exercise and fire and food, we sat still for a while, resting. The fire burned itself into the drift which the heat had melted and sank away out of sight. And then——

"Chickadee-dee-dee!"

Small brother chickadee, perched on one of the snowy bushes, wanted dinner. We fed him crumbs of our bread. A small and impudent beggar he was, hungry and jolly. His energetic throat said many a quaint grace.

"Chickadee—dee—dee—chick-a-dee-dee!"

Such a dark, fluttering little fellow seemed out of place and out of proportion in the wild, white, motionless winter world. But there he was, very busy, very much alive. I cannot look at the blanched beauty of snow in such a stretch of country without remembering him and his queer, dear, merry little song when he first cocked his head and looked at us.

Flowers, like the birds, like the abstract idea of beauty, are much abused in custom and conversation. Our affection for them is lasting and sincere, but rather vulgar. No doubt I seem crude when I handle bloodroot or trillium or cream-cups if there be gods or fairies watching, or finer mortals with a gentler touch. Our way of touching flowers is a revelation or a betrayal.

Nor can we know them by possessing them, by having them in our houses. We might as well try to understand normal humanity by seeing it in prisons and hospitals. If we would know flowers, wild-flowers at any rate, we must live near them. The flowers that do most for us are those that we never pick. We never see them fade.

To walk in golden mustard eight feet tall by a California roadside while petals and pollen shower bright gold on our

heads and shoulders is good. To kneel on the mesa beside the tiny pink gilia that covers the earth with pink patches after the rains, lifting its plucky blossoms, the size of a nickel, on tiny threadlike stems only two inches long—that also is good. Better still it is to wander into a remote canyon and find the deep, oracular phacelia that has pinkish, hirsute stems and leaves and a solemn, purple face about the size of a violet. But best of all it is to sleep in a patch of dog-tooth violets, to be awakened by bluebells and tiger-lilies. People who have broken their bread in the sight of the flowers, and taken their rest beside them are less likely to pick them. They have exchanged the lust of possession for the desire of beauty.

So I have seen and passed a mariposa lily, a gentian, a rare red trillium, an orchid stranger, simply crying out to Apollo to give them my blessing as a salutation to their loveliness, since I myself cannot speak their language. It makes me regretful to think that the poems made in their honor have never been translated for them. Yet if I had to choose, poems would still be understood by people rather than by flowers, for flowers are beauty in their own persons, but people, who are rarely beautiful, must have beauty given to them.

It is difficult to tell of any single adventure with flowers, though I have lived so near to them that my mind is full of colored gardens. My memory does not need the fields of mythological asphodel, beautiful as they may be, but reaches to quiet, earthy places where, in tufts of spore-bearing moss, I see shy, thin-stemmed bluets with petals pointing to the four winds and golden hearts like suns in the midst of skies.

In the spring, while I am still working at my desk in the city, my spirit wanders at will through the uplands of New York, where the cool arbutus creeps from under moist leaves, or through the fallows of New Jersey, where the wild azaleas bloom. In summer, no matter where I may be, I can call to mind the heavy odor of the milkweed's queer reddish blossoms near some level, dusty roadway, one of many on which I have travelled, or the ecstatic perfume of the wild grape-vines clambering over rocks. The sleepy look of red poppies in Devon is with me, the pungent whiff of the little button chrysanthemum, blossoming its best in forsaken gardens.

It is not only that I remember these colors and fragrances, but that I remember them as they were in the morning, at noon, at night, redolent of joy in the new sight of the world, strong with the pride of lusty life, or faint and strangely mingled with the scent of the dark, moist earth.

So it has been for me. So may it be for others! For it is an inexpensive blessedness that I have found to save my soul alive in me when I have taken to a highway that leads to an older shrine than Canterbury, the first shrine of the first faith, where trees stand guard over boulders that are altars, and where flowers are sacramental censers, and where birds and winds and waters make the hymns I need to hear. And at this shrine I have found bravery for my fear, and wisdom for my doubt, and life to do battle with life again.

Never do I return from these adventures in the open with Jim without longing to go out on another. I shall dream of going again and again until the last time—then, at last, to remain. As my flesh grows frail with the growing strength of my spirit, I should like to rise slowly in the long, blue brilliance of night, and seize the two horns of the crescent moon and jump over it, between them, as a child jumps over a rope. Once over it, and in the Milky Way, I should like to fling all my sins and sorrows into the Great Dipper, and listen until I hear them clink upon the bottom of it. Then I should like to find all the time that I have lost. I should like to float out among the stars, seeking a new beauty,

JAVA A FOCUS OF WORLD TRADE

By John W. Prins

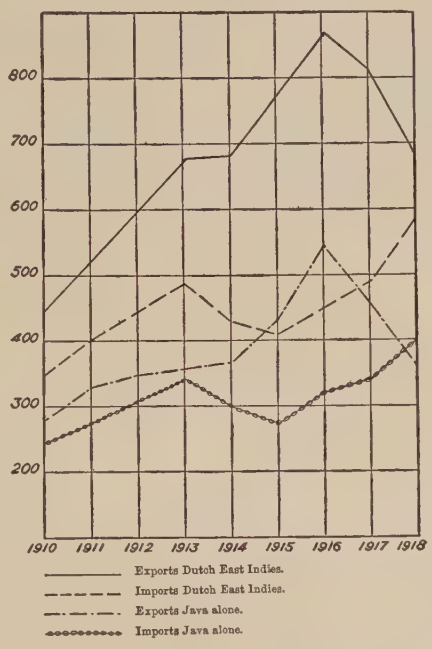
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS

ON the dividing line between the northern and southern hemispheres, where the Indian and the Pacific Oceans meet, Holland's India stretches out as a gigantic bridge of islands from Asia to Australia. Connecting two continents and separating two oceans, this Dutch East Indies Archipelago will in the decades to come be a focus of trade, not only for the Asian and the Australian, but also the market where the European sailing eastward and the American sailing westward will meet and compete.

Because of this great island empire, then, Holland is more than the Little Kingdom in Europe. To her six million inhabitants are added fifty million more who, separated as they may be by continents and oceans, are yet part of the country and contributing to her wealth.

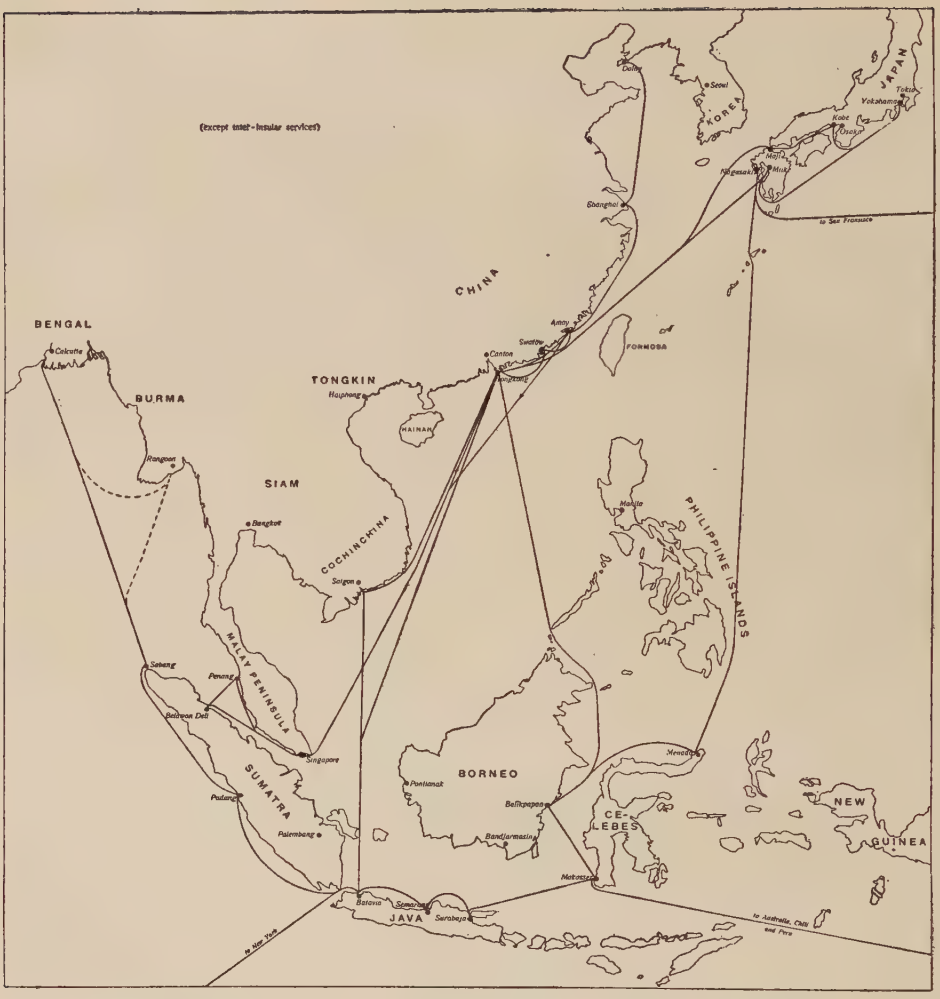
How unknown is this Australasian part of the Netherlands which Multatuli called a string of emeralds swung around the equator! That coffee comes from Java and the wild man from Borneo was, until recently, the only popular knowledge the average American had of it. And truly little is the coffee which comes from Java and few the wild men who live in Borneo.

When, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, the Hollanders set out to discover for themselves the way to the Indies and thus eliminate the Portuguese as middlemen, it was not Java which was their main object, but the great island sea east of Java, the Moluccas. For the sake of the pepper, the nutmeg, and the mace of these islands the Hollanders fought and killed the Portuguese and established their own trading-posts over there. And through many little wars with native princes, but more still through many cunningly devised treaties with these princes and by gaining monopolies, they extended their power over them till, about 1900, three centuries later, a colonial empire was founded which stretches from northern Sumatra to the heart of New Guinea, a distance considerably longer than from San Francisco to New York. The Dutch officials, the Dutch soldiers, the Dutch planters penetrated slowly and surely into the heart of every island. The native rulers of Dutch New Guinea, a country as large as Japan; of Sumatra, in shape and size much the same as California; of Dutch Borneo, in size equal to France; of Celebes, with as many square miles as New Zealand and Ceylon—all recognize the Queen of the Netherlands as their



Value of imports and exports of the Dutch East Indies and Java during the years 1910–1918 in millions of guilders.

(According to the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)



The Dutch East Indies Archipelago in its relation to the Malay Peninsula and the Philippines.

All of Java, Sumatra, Celebes, and the thousand-and-odd smaller islands belong to Holland. Also four-fifths of Borneo and half of New Guinea.

(From the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)

supreme ruler. But more important than these four large Sunda Islands, and far more thickly populated, is Java, Holland's prize possession. In size only equal to the State of New York, this fertile island offers subsistence to over thirty-five million people—that is more than six hundred per square mile.

For three hundred years the stream of products of Java first went to Dutch, later to European, markets, until 1870 around Cape Good Hope, from then on through the Suez Canal. The war also changed Java's destiny. In 1917 communication between Europe and these colonies became practically impossible. The products of Java were heaping up in the warehouses. New channels of trade had to be found. Then it was that Java knocked at America's door and America opened it and discovered Java. The sugar which so long had been going the old route, the rubber, the tea, the kapok, and many other products, now entered the harbors of New York and San Francisco. And from there the ships of the

Photo. by Westerveld.

The crater of the Merapi, one of the many in the string of Java volcanoes.

newly established American-Java lines took American-finished articles back to Java. For Java is not an industrial country, and is in need of all the finished products which modern society requires. Infant industries are now being nursed, but practically all that the Hollanders and also the natives need comfortably to house and dress themselves, to till the fields and build the roads, comes from abroad. Naturally not only the United States but even more so Australia and Japan drew closer to Java. Their situation was even more advantageous than America's, and the Japanese and the colonial Hollanders were no strangers. Already in the seventeenth century the Holland colonial had ventured north, captured Formosa, and traded with Japan on the little island of Decima two hundred years before Perry was admitted.

Java is perfectly willing to extend its relations. It has sent besides its ships, its bankers and business men to America, Japan, and Australia, and has organized expositions and congresses, and invited the Americans, the Japanese, and the Australians to its shores.

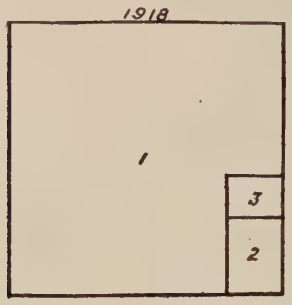
But when this love-feast was going on the war in Europe came to an end, and the old trade route beckoned again. Amsterdam and London, which had been the main markets for Javanese products, were again bidding for the favors of the Javanese planters and merchants, and sent their ships to haul the Oriental harvests. All European countries again sent their travellers to recapture their former export trade.

England and Holland, which had supplied Java with cotton goods, found that Japan had gotten a foothold; Germany and France, which had shipped motor-cars, found the American automobile outnumbering their own ten to one; the tea which had found its way to Russia and England was going to Australia and the United States; the sugar, which during the ten years preceding the war Europe and British India used to buy, had found new markets in China, Japan, and lately America.

So it happened that Java, which for three hundred years had commercially belonged to Europe, was for a few years

thrown into the arms of the countries around the Pacific, to enter then upon a new period in which it belongs to the world.

It is still too early to say how the battle



World's production of cinchona bark.

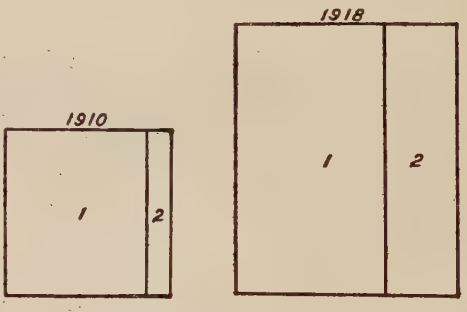
1. Dutch East Indies.
2. British India.
3. Other countries.

(According to the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)

for the products and markets between the Europeans on the one side and the Americans and Japanese on the other is going to end. Perhaps all will stay and find enough business. Yet the extremely high rate of the dollar, which during the latter part of the last year has been up to ninety Dutch cents above par, is also threatening to throw back into the hands of the European manufacturers that which the Americans were so fortunate to capture during the last years of the war. With the low value of the mark and the franc, the Germans and French are coming back with the Hollanders, English, and Scandinavians, and even when their prices are much higher than before, they are yet lower than the American.

The Japanese again are suffering from another handicap. They do not always find the Chinese shopkeepers in a responsive mood to buy from them, and last year were boycotted for several months as a protest against the Shantung affair. Yet Japan, which is occupying a fairly isolated position in the world, and is in need of a friend in the Pacific, is doing everything to draw closer to the Dutch East Indies. Japanese engineers, bankers, and business men have visited Java, official committees of both countries are making trips vice versa, in which the old relations between the two peoples are much dwelt upon and which seem to be the beginning of a more healthy relation than is now existing between Japan and any other Pacific country. The number of Japanese ships which entered Dutch East Indian harbors increased from fifteen in 1911 to two hundred and ninety-nine in 1918.

Java with its extremely fertile volcanic soil is chiefly an agricultural country. Seventy per cent of the population occupy themselves with tilling the soil. The native is, in the first place, busy with his rice-fields, on which he often still has his own rather primitive irrigation system. The government is systematically replacing this by a more modern system, which has even drawn the attention of the Japanese, who recently sent out a commission to study it. Every native village is hidden in a grove of cocoanut-trees. This tree and its fruit is used by him for as many purposes as there are days in the year. The milk he drinks, the meat he eats or dries and sells to the Chinese for



World's acreage of estate rubber.

1. Other countries.
2. Dutch East Indies.

(According to the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)

oil-pressing, the shell he uses as cup, the leaves to cover his roof, the branches to make his brooms.

But far more scientifically and thoroughly is the white man tilling the soil. In this, of course, he is benefited by the cheap labor he is able to obtain. Sugar is the most important product. There are almost two hundred sugar factories in middle and eastern Java which, in 1918, produced more than one and one-half

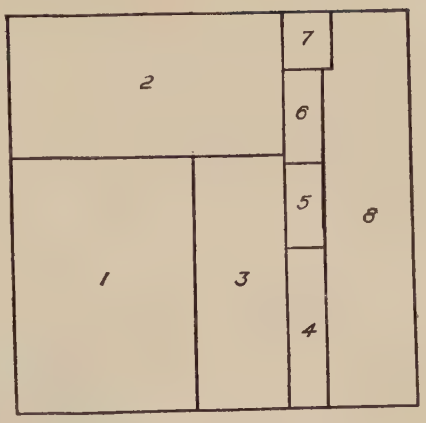
million tons of sugar. Mainly through the increased demand of this article, the last few years have been a golden time for Java. The price rose from ten to sixty guilders per picol, and the white employees on the plantations, who are all working on salary plus bonus, have during the last few years cashed bonuses of thirty thousand guilders on a salary of six hundred to seven hundred guilders per month. The managers of the estates who get ten per cent of the profit have made fortunes; most of them have realized several hundred thousand guilders each year.

Less important than the sugar, but yet producing big harvests for export, are the tobacco, tea, rubber, tapioca, cocoanut, and kapok plantations. The cultivation of the cinchona, which tree was under the greatest difficulty imported into Java from South America during the middle of the last century, has been a great success. At present Java is practically the only producer of quinine, which is derived from the bark of that tree.

As a producer of raw materials (and not being an industrial centre) Java and the other Dutch islands have a favorable balance of trade. But as a result of increasing development through the whole archipelago the import figures are growing rapidly. Like Holland, Java and the other islands practically are a free-trade country with no favors or discriminating duties against any country, the mother country included.

Dotting the coasts of the thousand and odd islands, which together have a circumference corresponding to that of the whole earth, are five hundred harbors, in which arrived during the year 1918 more than one hundred thousand ships. Of the seven large harbors, Java possesses four, three of which, Sourabaya, Batavia, and Semarang, are on the north and one, Chilachap, on the south coast. On these harbors the government and private corporations have spent billions of guilders, so that the visitor is surprised to find them equipped with the most modern docks, warehouses, cranes, and railroads.

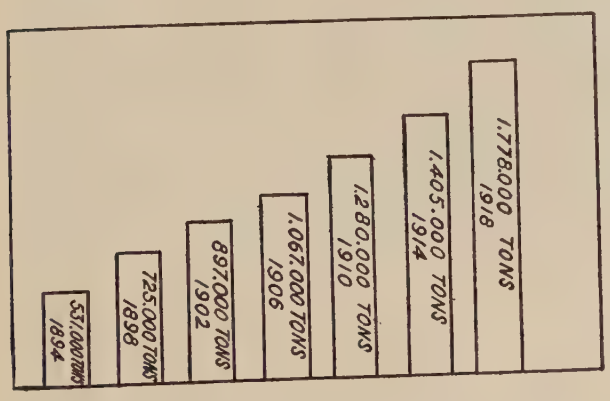
The cities themselves still have many old-fashioned offices, in which the business man works long hours, notwithstanding the oppressive heat. His wife may take her siesta at home in the afternoon; he mostly does not even come home for lunch, eating at his desk, spending eight or nine hours down-town, where even the crossing of the shadeless road in the white burning sun is a task in itself. Some of the banks and older trading companies have built modern homes, which compare favorably with any of the bigger European struc-



Java's place in the production of cane-sugar in 1918.

1. Cuba.
2. British India.
3. Java.
4. Japan and Formosa.
5. Philippines.
6. Australia.
7. Mauritius.
8. Other countries.

(According to the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)



Increase in the sugar production of Java.

(According to the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)

tures. In the upper towns, where the residences are situated, one finds beautiful shaded roads and modern houses, each standing in its lawn; shops also, which sometimes can be compared with the best America has in her largest cities. The natives, the Chinese, and the Arabs all have their own quarters; those of the natives, especially, are still extremely primitive.

In many respects, too, the Hollander is still backward; the rational systematic energy which characterizes the American is strange to him. In the bigger cities the sewers are still open, and in the three hundred years of Dutch rule they have not succeeded in successfully fighting the mosquitoes, a problem which the Americans solved in less than thirty years in the Philippines.

The many millions of people engaged in producing and exporting on this comparatively small area are of the most different races and characters. In the first place, of course, there are the natives, thirty-four millions of them, all of whom are of the Malay race but considerably different in character and language in the different parts of Java. The Sundanese of the west, the Javanese of the centre, and the Madurese of the east all speak entirely different languages, but all occupy themselves with farming. The Malay living on the coasts are fishermen and dock-workers. In every town, however small it may be, are a number of Chinese. They are the shopkeepers, the middlemen, the backbone of Java. More than three hundred thousand are spread all over the island, each of them a trader in some way or other. Many walk with heavy packs on their backs along the good roads of Java to sell the natives their sarongs and household utensils; others have their little foodstalls, many their prosperous shops in smaller and larger towns. With great tenacity and will-power they pursue their business, and because of their commercial superiority over the natives they have wrested from them the entire retail trade of the island. No European or American exporter can succeed without catering to the Chinese. It is to them that they sell their imported articles. Far less numerous, but as successful as the Chinese, are the Arabs and British Indians. More and more these three very different peoples are accumulating much of the wealth in the cities. They own many hotels and houses, and sometimes make the Hollander feel as if he had become a foreigner in his own colonial empire. This is not only the result of the thrift of these people, but rather due to the fact that they and their children remain in Java while the Hollander eventually returns to the mother country. The Japanese are coming more and more, and live mostly in the big cities. The Hollanders and other Europeans are only a handful, a little over one hundred thousand. They are the business men, the government officials and officers, the planters of the island. They are responsible for the great economic development of Java. Conservative and skilled in their profession, they have built often under unfavorable circumstances, for the climate of the island—except in the mountain regions—is trying, very trying for the white man. Few escape without some permanent illness.

In India the Hollander has developed his own peculiar character, different from the folks at home. He is more cynical, more materialistic, more imbued with the spirit to make money and go home; for Java seldom becomes a second fatherland for the white man. It is the country where he works for a future—a comfortable later existence in Holland. Sharply aside from him stands the Indo. With a white father and a brown mother, he is alone in Java; he is neither Dutch nor native. The colonial Hollander cannot tolerate him; when he visits the mother country, however, he is treated as an equal. Some of them have become leaders of the natives; most of them try to be as much Hollander as possible, often thereby, in their accent and dress, becoming ridiculous. The greater number are clerks in offices and shops; but for the one with energy and skill nothing is in his way to reaching the highest position. Many have been educated in Holland and are officers in the army or government officials.

The general use of the Malay language prevents this island from becoming a second Babylon. The Hollander, the

One of the gangways around the Borobudur, Java's most beautiful Hindu temple, built in the fourteenth century.

Chinese, the Arab, the native all mutually make use of this extremely easy language, the fundamentals of which all foreigners soon master. Many native farmers, however, only know their own language, and in the sugar trade men are mostly wanted who speak Javanese, a language as difficult to master as Malay is easy.

The extremes touch each other!

The Javanese women primitively working their rice-fields and the modern American car, now very popular in Java.

The relationship between the Hollander and the native is not as good as it has been. There was a time when the native ruler spoke about his Dutch superior official as his older brother. That time has passed; not only because the Hollander has neglected his duties toward the native, but also because the native has become more self-conscious. Far more has the Hollander done for Java than for the Javanese. It is true the native, no matter whether he is Javanese, Madurese, Sundanese, or Malay, is generally lazy and untrustworthy. Yet this is no reason to hold him responsible for everything bad that happens in life. When the electric bulb is burned out, when the Ford does not start, when the harvest is not as big as expected, the native is at fault. Every Hollander coming to the Indies soon learns to adopt this all-condemning attitude. Surely, the native must be treated sternly but not unjustly. It goes without saying that, however docile the brown man may take his scoldings, this attitude will revenge itself. In the native burns the holy Mohammedan fire, a hatred for the white ruler, a fire which is poked at by many religious-political workers, whose superior education (one trip to the Holy City of Mecca) gives them an unusual prestige. Sooner or later the outbreaks against the white man will not be limited to individual cases of poisoning or murder, but will extend over greater regions. The present governor of the islands is much criticised because he is adopting a new ethical policy toward the natives which all old colonials condemn.

The voice of Lenine is also heard in Java. Many times already have

strikes in the plantations been threatened and broken out, and the natives—real children as they are—have even asked for a voice in the management of the plantations. Their wages are much higher than they used to be. A house-servant, however, does not earn more than twenty guilders (normally eight dollars) a month, and unskilled labor gets sixty guilder cents for twelve hours. It would almost seem that their services are overpaid. It costs a native only twenty cents a day to live, and his capacity as a worker is not high. Twenty boxes of samples which a lone truck-driver transported out of an office in San Francisco to the steamer, required in Java one foreman, ten coolies, and one boy to take them from the boat to the office.

There was a time when an American in Java was as rare as a German freighter on the high seas in 1917; but in the past few years more and more have come. Most of them are travelling agents, but several came to stay and open offices—Sourabaya, for instance, counts an American colony of about seventy-five people. The Hollanders are somewhat jealous of them and their country. They usually pick an argument with reproaches, in which the words materialism, dollar, and lack of art are the high notes; as if they had a right to criticise, with sugar sold to America at sixty dollars the picol and American motor-cars to drive about in! Really, as far as materialism is concerned, the Hollander in Java has few reproaches to make, and it makes little difference whether the guilder or the dollar is the ultimate aim. However, the American may be sure of a hearty welcome even when he finds the Dutch business men far more conservative than those at home. A Hollander does not walk over thin ice. American products have found a ready market in Java, American system is appreciated there.

All American automobiles are as well known in Java as in the States; there is no Javanese village, however small, without the agency of a well-known American sewing-machine. Iron and steel have been exported in great quantities to Java, California canned goods can be had in the smallest Chinese store, and Milwaukee beer is even more popular in Java than in Milwaukee. American banks have already branch offices in several Javanese cities. Here, then, is a country open for the American merchant; with many raw materials to offer and in need of many finished articles. America, however, must act quickly; Europe is coming back.

A SUMMER WITH A HUMMER

By A. A. Allen
Assistant Professor of Ornithology, Cornell University

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

YEARS have passed since my sojourn in the tropical Andes, and some of my experiences are becoming dim as they lie unrefreshed in the background of my thoughts. As often, however, as the honeysuckle and the flowering quince announce the full tide of spring, there rolls into my consciousness the presence of those tremendous forest-covered slopes, the giant trees with their flaming blossoms, the innumerable flowering oleanders, the phantom-like orchids, and the thousands of twisted vines with their clusters of gorgeous trumpet-flowers. The picture flashes before my eyes on the wings of the first humming-bird, bringing as it does a glint from the tropics. For it is on the slopes of the Andes, amid the flowering trees and vines, that the humming-birds occur in countless variety. Our one little ruby-throated humming-bird of the eastern United States would

be lost in the vast concourse that inhabit the varied ridges and valleys of the Andes Mountains, for nearly two hundred different kinds have been described from Colombia alone; Ecuador adds one hundred more, and the rest of South and bodies smaller than thimbles. Some have straight bills and others have curved bills, and some have the tail-feathers greatly elongated. One curious little hummer with a long, racket-like tail wears fluffy little pantalets of white feathers, and

For fifteen days she nestled the eggs close to her breast.—Page 697.

Central America brings the number considerably over five hundred. Those of us who live in the eastern United States and are accustomed to calling every humming-bird that we see by the same name would be bewildered by the dozens of different kinds that might buzz through our gardens were we living in certain parts of Colombia or Ecuador. Those of us who are from the West and are familiar with several species would still be amazed by their variety of form and plumage, for there are some inhabiting the high mountains that are nearly as large as chimney-swifts, while others have others are adorned with elongated crests or throat-feathers, and almost all of them have that startling iridescence when they flash in the sunlight. When the first little ruby-throat buzzes through my garden and hovers for a moment before the flowering quince, I jump on the magic carpet and once more thread my way through the great moss forest in search of orchids or flowering vines that attract these feathered jewels. I station myself beside a showy oleander or I ascend above tree growth and scan the great mullein-like "frailejohns" that dot the paramo. One by one, in all their variety of form

and color, they flit through my consciousness, and the little ruby-throat has brought them.

But the experience which I wish to relate did not occur in the rarefied air of the high Andes; it can claim none of the glamour of the tropics for its setting, for it happened in a very ordinary back yard in the city of Ithaca. Why this dainty bit of bird life should have chosen for its home the half-dead lower branch of a Bartlett pear-tree that scarcely had room to spread its branches between a house and a shop, no one will ever know. But choose it it did, and the whole neighborhood immediately assumed an air of romance that I am sure was never there before. The little ball of cotton daintily balanced on the twig and fastened with cobwebs soon became the cynosure of the city, and many a prosaic eye that had never before responded to the call of nature, softened as it examined the fairy-like structure. Even when completed the nest was no larger than a walnut, and when the bird first began to build, it seemed almost microscopic.

Ever and anon she inspected them closely, turned them, or caressed them with her probe-like bill.—Page 697.

Only two days were required to construct the complete home, shape it well within and without, and finally to decorate the outside with bits of bark and gray lichens so that it would resemble a knot and thus escape detection. The female hummer was the carpenter, builder, and architect combined, for the male never put in an appearance from the first day. Possibly a nineteenth amendment is necessary in the humming-bird constitution, for at present the *male* bird has no rights whatsoever and is little better than an ornament. During the days of courtship he is quite in evidence, rocketing

back and forth before the object of his affections, with throat ablaze and wings humming, while she perches demurely on some dead twig. From his throat come excited chipperings that are doubtless intended for song and a declaration of his soured his disposition, and no bird is allowed to pass without immediately being attacked. Crow and chickadee are treated with an equal lack of cordiality, and even his own kind are granted no amnesty. He has apparently staked out

She settled lightly upon my finger, her little claws making about as much impression as a thistledown.—Page 698.

undying devotion, but it all never lasts long. Acceptance and banishment come almost simultaneously, and after the eggs are laid he is a nonentity. Doubtless he is never informed even as to the location of the new home, and certainly he is never consulted when it comes to the selection of materials, the building, or the decorating. Some high dead twig or telegraph wire in a distant part of the woods or in another garden seems to be his St. Helena, from which he makes occasional excursions to the flowers of the neighborhood. He seems morose most of the time, as though his banishment had his claims and brooks no trespassing. It is true that the males of most birds are thus tyrannical in the defense of their homes, and that kingfishers and herons seem to have their chosen fishing-grounds, from which they drive off others of their kind. There is an obvious reason in each case, however, in the protection of their mates or their food supply. With the male humming-bird, on the other hand, it is different. He is not interested in defending his mate, and certainly the unoffending crow or chickadee does not compete with him for food. He is a regular Tartar. With this we dismiss him,

for he no longer enters the story, and we return to the ball of cotton on the branch of the Bartlett pear.

The day after it was completed a tiny white egg appeared in it, and the following day another. They were about the size of navy-beans and not so very different in shape, though their potential energy was of a far superior sort. Certainly they received more attention than was ever bestowed upon any of the Boston product, for the little housekeeper was very solicitous about them, nestling them close to her breast and ever and anon inspecting them carefully, turning them, or caressing them with her probe-like bill. For fifteen days she was thus attentive, leaving them just long enough to buzz out a meal from the trumpet-creepers or to pick a few tiny insects from the underside of leaves or twigs. During this time we got pretty well acquainted. At least I developed quite a friendship, and was not loath to show it, though she treated me much like a clod or the branch upon which her nest was fastened. I have watched quite a number of humming-birds at their nests, but never have I known one that was so absolutely devoid of fear as was this little bird. At first I thought that I had developed some magic charm which permitted me to walk beneath the nest, and even to reach up and touch it, without frightening her away. When I actually stroked her on the nest and lifted her with my finger, I was positive that I had been chosen by the gods to bring birds and man to a mutual understanding and

When first hatched the youngsters were about the size of honey-bees and not much more bird-like. Here is one by the side of a grasshopper. The swelling on the side of the neck is the crop.—Page 699.

friendship. Alas! for my pride. When I rushed back with a friend to secure photographic proof of my newly acquired power, the tiny bird showed just as little fear of him. In fact, it soon became the privilege of all visitors to stroke her on upon my finger, its weight just barely perceptible to my excited nerves.

The first time the little bird alighted on my finger and I got a real good look at her, I thought I had discovered a new species of humming-bird, or at least an unusual

At first she inserted only her tubular tongue into their throats, but as they grew larger she sank her whole bill from sight and injected them with a throbbing movement as though each drop had to be pounded into place.—Page 700.

the nest, and the old saying that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" gained a new meaning. If one edged her gently from the nest with his finger, she would buzz up into the tree for a few minutes, hovering beneath leaves as though searching for insects, but soon she would drop back to the nest. If one held his finger over the edge, she would settle lightly upon it, her tiny claws making about as much impression as a thistledown. Never have I felt my own brute strength and awkwardness more than when that mite of a bird first perched

plumage, for lo! instead of being bright emerald green, the whole top of her head was a rich golden yellow. I soon discovered, however, that the yellow color was due to the pollen from the flowers which the bird had been visiting and that I was witnessing one of the phenomena of nature by which the virility of species is maintained. Many flowers are cross-fertilized by having the wind blow the pollen from the stamens of one flower to the pistils of another; other flowers are cross-fertilized by the bees, and a few are dependent upon the humming-birds for

transferring the pollen. Here was the hummer at work, unconsciously and inadvertently performing a great service to the flowers, and incidentally to herself by maintaining the virility of her food supply.

A teaspoonful of humming-birds. The little ones scarcely half-fill the bowl of the spoon.—Page 700.

For fifteen days our strange friendship endured, and then the great event happened: first one egg, and, a day later, the second egg broke open and two tiny hummers emerged. They were no larger than honey-bees, and their bills, instead of being long and slender like their mother's, were as short and stubby as other birds'. Tiny atoms of bird life that they were, as homely and helpless as new-born babies, they lay in the bottom of their cottony cradle, scarcely able to open their mouths. When taken from the nest and placed on a card by the side of a grasshopper, they appeared smaller, though fatter, and absolutely devoid of any resemblance to a bird. "Looks as though the beans had finally baked," some one remarked, and with their dark skins, slightly yellowish beneath, their utter lack of elemental grace or beauty, they surely did look as though they might have been scooped from a pot of beans that were a trifle overdone. But mother-love is a strange instinct. It has the virtues of faith, hope, and charity, and these shapeless, uncouth babies, that gave so little promise of how they would develop, could not have been given greater attention had they been princes. Perhaps, for once, in her domestic affairs she wished for that ruby-throated spouse of hers to bring food while she brooded her featherless babes; but if she did she never let on, but skipped from flower to flower and back to the nest again, wasting no time en route. It usu-

ally took some time to fill her crop with nectar, but when she returned she had plenty to distend the crops of both her youngsters. At first she inserted only her tubular tongue into their throats, but as they grew larger she sank her whole bill

Before the end of the third week they were overflowing the nest and had flattened it out of shape.—Page 701.

from sight and injected them with a throbbing movement of her head, as though each drop had to be pounded into place. When the crops of the newly hatched youngsters were fully distended they appeared nearly as large as their heads, and the skin of the neck was so stretched as to be transparent. Indeed, one could see the small insects and minute spiders floating around inside, some of them still alive and kicking.

When it came to securing a family portrait, the tiny youngsters were almost invisible in the bottom of the nest, and the camera gave no idea of their actual size. The idea occurred to me of posing them in a teaspoon, the bowl of which they about half-filled. I thought the mother bird might feed them in this exposed place and show the feeding-process to better advantage. Unfortunately, however, when she returned she was apparently so astonished by the change in their abode that she thought her children more in need of protection than food and she settled down upon them to brood. She had doubtless never encountered a nest with a silver lining before, but she was equal to the occasion, like most mothers, and even tried to snatch a moment of sleep, the camera catching her with her inner eyelid drawn across her eye.

That her faith and hope were to be rewarded was evidenced in less than a

week when the bills of the young birds began to lengthen and green feathers began to appear on their backs. The second week found them well feathered, and before the end of the third they were overflowing the nest and had flattened it out of shape. Twenty-one days after the first shell cracked, the larger of the two youngsters, that had been trying his wings for several days, felt himself rise from the soft cotton that had been supporting him. As his tiny wings buzzed, he mounted up and up, nearly to the top of the tree, when, without the slightest effort, he settled upon a dead twig as though he had been doing it all his life. His mother was not even around to see him do it or to encourage him. He rose as easily as the butterfly from the chrysalis or the cicada from the cracked shell of the nymph. There was none of the fussing and fluttering that so often marks the "coming-out party" of larger birds. Nor did the mother seem surprised when she returned and found that one of her children had broken the home tie. After feeding the younger one, she uttered a few squeaks, that were immediately answered by the fledgling, and without the slightest waver, she flew directly to him, alighted on the branch beside him, inserted her long bill into his throat, and injected him with his dinner as she had been doing in the nest for three weeks. The next day the other young one tried his wings, but he was not quite so strong and he started in the wrong direction, where there were no twigs on which to settle. He crossed the yard, rising at first, and then settling until he came to a wisp of timothy, where, ever so daintily, his minute claws encircled the stem and he came to rest. Later in the day, as strength came to him, he rose from his lowly station and joined his brother in the top of the pear-tree.

Here we must leave them. Doubtless before long they were able to follow their mother from flower-bed to flower-bed and from field to woods. Soon they were undoubtedly in business for themselves, building up strength to take them on their long trip to Central America in September. We can imagine them bidding farewell to the lobelias and touch-me-nots of New York, crossing the mountains of Pennsylvania, to linger for a few days about the fields of Maryland. Perhaps the Botanical Garden about the Capitol holds them for a few days longer, but the instinct to move is within them, and on they go through Virginia and the Carolinas. They stop with others of their kind where flowers are plentiful, but hasten on where the prospects for food are scarce until they come to Georgia and Florida. Southern Florida, with its tropical weather, may hold them for the entire winter, but more likely they start undismayed across the Gulf of Mexico to the land of perpetual flowers, where short trips up or down the mountains, or from one valley to another, bring them to new feeding-grounds and a continuous round of pleasure. Eventually they are lost among the dozens of other species of hummingbirds that make this distant land their home, and not before March is well spent do they begin to think once more of the good old U. S. A. When they leave the lobelias and touch-me-nots in September, they have ahead of them a four-thousand-mile trip, with naught but their tiny wings to convey them, before May finds them once more at the honeysuckle and the flowering quince. It is a long trip, fraught with hardship and danger, yet no one hears of their going, for it is but one of a million phenomena with which nature has covered this sphere to make life a little more interesting.

LANINII

A STORY OF YAP OF THE CAROLINES

By Harriet Welles

Illustrations (Frontispiece) by O. F. Howard

JEREMIAH HEATHCOTE, president of the Oceanic Trading Company, is an old man now; day after day he sits in his mahogany-panelled office and sees—by special appointment only—such men as have attained an eminence which entitles them to have direct dealings with him.

His home and his wife do him credit; his three daughters—"the handsome Heathcotes"—have made notable and dignified marriages. In fact, to some of his friends whose lives have not been arranged along such correct and suitable lines, he seems an especial favorite of fortune: without fear, regret, or reproach.

And this is true—except in one youthful instance which other men, not afflicted with imagination and a retentive memory, would have pushed aside, buried deep, and forgotten. Ordinarily Jeremiah Heathcote does forget—but with this difference: his offices are near the river; their windows overlook the harbor. At intervals, to the roadstead near the Oceanic Trading Company's docks and warehouses, come streaked and rusty ships—wayfarers, sauntering home from remote and far-flung archipelagos. Tiredly they make their way—escorted and harassed by fussy tugs—and are guided to their berths; there is a confusion of overlapping orders, the patter of hurrying feet, the vagrant smell of copra, bananas, coffee, tar, and old ships, the rattle of a rusty anchor chain—Jeremiah Heathcote, looking down from his office window, is plainly visible to the sailors below—yet, as a matter of fact, he is far away; the complaint of the rusty chain falls on deaf ears.

Beyond the remote horizon line, through fog and spindrift, across the welter of flying spray from mighty breakers—crashing over the stones of ancient fishing-weirs, he sees the vague loom of distant islands, violet and blue in the level light. Above them is the tropical outline of spindling palm-trees, the wavering smoke of wood-fires from thatched huts; nearer, he hears the roar of the surf and pictures, with the intensity of memory, the clumsy circles of stone money: huge pieces of white sandstone, piled against the front of the long, bachelors' house. . . . And one face—a woman's; always, she murmurs: "Laninii," and smiles the pitiful smile of effort. Jeremiah Heathcote stifles a sigh as he turns away from the window.

Donald Heathcote, founder of the Oceanic Trading Company, was middle-

aged when he met Janet Allen, and, during the year before their marriage, he sometimes actually forgot his life's work: the rapidly increasing, and already successful business of which he was president.

Janet Allen was twenty; a girl of happy moods and quick laughter. After their marriage, during the months before Jeremiah's small soul, arriving, passed his mother's, outward bound, Janet made as many plans for her son's future as she put infinitesimal stitches into tiny garments. The favorite plan—the one in which Donald Heathcote joined, was, that Jerry was to build up for the Oceanic Trading Company an enlarged and prosperous business by means which should be, for every one concerned—from the humblest, unskilled, native laborer up—definitely fair.

"We'll send him to Polynesia to learn about copra—there is a great future for copra. He can learn how to deal with the natives at the same time," planned Donald Heathcote.

Janet clapped her hands. "'Polynesia!' It sounds lovely and sandalwood-y, and myrrh-y, and aloes-y! I'll go with Jerry!" said Janet Heathcote.

Her husband smiled at her; then sobered. "I can't imagine myself with a son who was a waster or an idler—like Clayton's boy," he mused.

"Jerry won't be like that!" she asserted with convincing finality. "If he is, we'll put him on a desert island and leave him there until he promises to behave."

During the first weeks after her death Donald Heathcote, wandering blindly through a mist of suffering, hardly noticed the tiny, frail baby that wailed out its unhappiness in his house. Later, the habits of years reasserted themselves; Donald Heathcote returned with desperate concentration to the engulfing interest of his business. Small Jerry, under the care of a strict, capable, elderly Scotch nurse, grew up in the quiet house where, since the days of his mother's tenancy, no changes were tolerated.

He was, all things considered, a normal small boy. Janet Heathcote would have found him endlessly amusing, affectionate and lovable, and, during the years before he went to college, would have made, altered, amended, and discarded a thousand plans for his future. Also, she would have recognized that she had endowed her son with her own gift of a lively imagination, and to this had been added his father's sensitive quality of pitiful and unwavering remembrance. This, as she was not there to check it, repictured in Donald Heathcote's mind—with all the definiteness of a promise—all of his wife's sprightly plans for Jerry—the same Jerry who, yearning in turn to be an ashman, a horse-car conductor, a tin-peddler, and a pirate, was inalienably consecrated to the future of the Oceanic Trading Company.

After the repressions of his boyhood, Jerry made the mistakes, which might have been expected of him, at college. He expanded—in fact, his breaking forth was almost in the nature of an explosion—being of the finished and complete order about which, while there was nothing vicious, there was no shadow of indefiniteness. His father, observing, felt that a changeling had somehow been foisted upon him as he lifted startled and incredulous eyes from the ledgers of the Oriental Trading Company to observe the meteoric career of his sprightly and riotous offspring.

Donald Heathcote waited a whole day after Jerry's graduation to send for him. "I want to talk over my plans for you," he commenced.

Jerry sat down. "I rather think I'll take a shot at law," he volunteered cheerfully.

His father looked at him. "You will sail, the day after to-morrow, on that cargo steamer now loading—for Yap," he said; then added: "Our agent there needs a rest and a temporary change of climate; you will take his place—and get over this college foolishness—while you learn the native end of the copra-making business."

Donald Heathcote paused; half to himself he said: "I promised your mother—" then cleared his throat. "Yap is one of the islands of the Caroline group, and the Caroline group is in the Southern Pacific," he amended sternly, recollecting the inadequacies of modern education.

There was a silence. "But I don't want to go to Yap—" commenced Jerry.

"I have here for you certain instruc-

tions as to the company's policies. And I would advise you to take along a supply of reading matter," suggested Donald Heathcote, and rang for his secretary. Jerry, emerging dazedly from his father's office, had a curious conviction that he had tried ineffectual titles with a steamroller.

Three months later, after a seemingly endless voyage in the pitching discomfort of the old ship, Jerry and his luggage were put ashore on the rickety dock near the long, thatched copra storehouses of the Oceanic Trading Company. The agent, white-faced and heavy-eyed, greeted him with amazed effusiveness and, after a superficial inspection of the nearer premises, led him toward the living-quarters, a small, two-room hut.

"It's pretty primitive," apologized the agent, indicating the cot-bed, wabbly, home-made table and chair, and the smoke-blackened cooking brazier; then he turned a puzzled face toward Jerry. "Are you *really* the old man's son? How did you ever happen to come way out here?" he demanded.

Jerry smiled. "My father wants me to learn the business 'from the ground up,'" he answered.

"He's sent you to the right place if he was trying to eliminate distractions," commented the agent grimly, and turned a wistful face toward the anchored steamer. "You probably won't see another ship for six months," he volunteered. "I'd have died, in another year, of lonesomeness—and the climate—if I hadn't had this break." Rousing himself, he explained the details of his housekeeping arrangements. "I've trained Tomak, a native, to do a little white-man's cooking; I give him his food, that other hut, and a certain amount of tobacco, in payment. He's pretty fair except when he's having one of his fits; then you have to shift for yourself."

"*Fits?*" demanded Jerry.

"Yes. Epilepsy, I guess. Tomak falls on the ground and throws himself about—can't be anything serious, because the natives always stand around and laugh. At times, though, for simple people, they're uncommonly heartless and cruel," said the agent.

"But why do you bother with an epileptic? A woman would cook better, besides keeping the place clean," vouchsafed Jerry, looking with distaste about the unattractive interior.

"You can't hire women; the natives wouldn't allow one of them to step inside your door," said the agent, and added that he was going home to get married. "I'll have my girl bring all of her relatives back with us," he planned. "The Oceanic Trading Company are fine people to work for—but it's powerful lonely in a moneyless world full of cocoanuts."

"'Moneyless'?" repeated Jerry.

"Everything here is done by trade. So many cocoanuts mean an order on the company's store for so much canned stuff or tobacco. The only money on the island is that sandstone stuff—big, rough-hewn circles, from two to twelve feet wide—which the natives stack, as an ostentatious exhibition of affluence, outside some of the huts. You see, the women pick their clothes off the trees—so the root of all money-making is eliminated," laughed the agent.

Two days later Jerry saw the rejoicing agent off, and settled down in the thatched hut. At first the novelty of tropical ways of living, the sight of the beauty of the foliage, the splendor of color in the flowers, and the sea, and the sky, were an absorbing attraction. As these became familiar and he began to pick up a few words of the Micronesian dialect he found much food for amusement in the doings of the men and boys who came and went on the copra barges, or around the husking-sheds. They were friendly, laughter-loving, and much given—after Jerry had learned a few words—to asking irrelevant questions. Of the native women and girls he had only an occasional glimpse; either from timidity, or through instructions from their fathers and husbands, they ignored the white man's existence, passing him, when accident demanded, with averted faces and a hurried rustling of their full skirts of dried pandanus leaves.

At the hut Tomak, furtive and sullen, cooked for him. Jerry, watching him as he bent above the primitive brazier, smiled at his queer grimaces, or shuddered over the ghastliness of his frequent attacks. Later, learning that Tomak had

a great, unappeased longing—to possess one of the red-shell necklaces, which, with a loin-cloth, constituted the acme of masculine apparel for the wealthiest and most fastidious chief—Jerry Heathcote found Tomak pathetic. Living so close to the natives, what he learned was, all of his life, to give him insight and understanding of conditions among the workers who contribute to the success of what is now a vast business.

His father, if he had seen him, would have considered the experiment an unqualified victory, but somewhere—as she watched him re-reading, by the light of a dim lamp, his few books—his mother must have wept. And about this time Jerry commenced to be lonesome.

The nearest building to the living quarters of the Oceanic Trading Company's agent was a very long, carefully built and thatched native house, occupied, according to the invariable custom, by all the bachelors of the community. Jerry Heathcote found interest and a sort of wistful envy in watching the young men as they went in and out; amused themselves with native games and dances; sang the droning, age-old songs of Polynesia; or rested after the exhaustion of days and nights spent in the cramped confines of far-faring fishing canoes. And sometimes, as he sat fighting off the swarms of flies and mosquitoes in the doorway of his hut, Jerry Heathcote saw a girl come out on the stone platform of the bachelors' house and look, with evident curiosity, in his direction.

She wore the usual attire of the island women: a full skirt of layers of dried leaves and, about her neck, a cord of black hibiscus bast. Where she differed from the others was, that inserted through her skirt belt were a row of brightly colored and variegated croton stems; the leaves were very ornamental against the soft bronze of her skin.

Jerry Heathcote, puzzled, was forced to wait until his command of the language was sufficient to enable him to frame a question to Tomak. He put it carefully: "The young woman of the bachelors' house—is she a servant?"

Tomak, bending above the acrid wood smoke of the brazier, answered: "No."

"She lives there?" questioned Jerry.

Tomak, turning the fish in the flat pan, answered: "Yes."

Jerry tried again. "Do you know *who* she is?" he asked.

Tomak removed the fish before he replied, then: "Mispil!" he volunteered.

This was a new word. "'Mispil'? What does that mean?" demanded Jerry.

Tomak wrinkled his face in an effort at coherence. "Mispil means: woman of the bachelors' house," he said.

Jerry Heathcote gave a gesture of aversion. "You mean that she lives there—that they pay her?" he asked.

Tomak's attention had been attracted by a passing chief who had arrived that morning on a cocoanut barge. "I want —I *want*—" he whimpered, his eyes greedily fixed on the chief's necklace. "Thauei," he explained covetously.

"Is a red-shell necklace a 'thauei'?" inquired Jerry.

"Yes," agreed Tomak, and turned his attention again to the girl of the bachelors' house. "No. They don't pay her," he asserted.

At the time when Jerry Heathcote started to "learn the business," the best copra was made from cocoanuts which, after being split in half, were exposed to the sunlight. As they dried the meat would shrink away from the shell until it could be easily removed, when it became the article of commerce known as copra.

From this copra is extracted cocoanut-oil, which forms the foundation of all fine soaps, many toilet preparations, and candles, and the cocoanut stearin which is widely used in the manufacture of the cheaper grades of chocolates. After the oil is extracted the residue, known as cocoanut-oil cake, is a useful cattle food.

Sun-dried copra yields from 50 to 65 per cent of the cocoanut-oil. Much later in his life Jerry Heathcote was to learn that cocoanuts dried by hot air would yield 75 per cent—but during his days on the island of Yap the business was still in its infancy.

Cocoanut-palms will not thrive out of sight of the ocean; they flourish best near the sea—even where, at high tide, their trunks are wet by salt water. These trees frequently reach a height of one

hundred feet; they commence bearing when seven or eight years old, and average from eighty to two hundred nuts a year, for from fifty to sixty years.

If a sound can be emblematic, the murmurous rustlings of the cocoanut-palms would be the recognized emblem for all Polynesia.

By the time the hot weather commenced, Jerry Heathcote remembered the years of his boyhood, the gay days of college life, as a vague, entirely unreal dream. Monotony was, at Yap, the only definite reality. Life was a matter of native-built barges with matting sails; of cocoanuts; of the incessant rattling of cocoanut husks in the pools beneath the husking-sheds; of still, white, suffocating heat; of copra, drying in endless rows, under the hot sun; of quick, enveloping darkness, and long, breathless, lonely evenings beside the dim flame of a dirty lamp; of the interminable counting of the barge cargoes, and the scribbling of payment orders on the company's store; of harassing swarms of insects; of the meteoric sallies of the vividly blue-tailed, house lizards across the thatch; of sudden, fierce, tropical typhoons leaving destruction in their wake; of green water teeming with sharks; of a heavy lethargy of fatigue which increasingly enveloped his mental and physical activities as, with menacing stealthiness, it crept across his waking hours.

Fairly early he lost account of the date —having neglected to cross off, on his calendar, the lagging days as they idled past; then, forgetting to wind his watch during the excitement of watching the havoc wrought by a wind-storm, he lost account of the time; inevitably it followed that the mere, meaningless names of months should cease to interest him. Due to a shipwreck the regular cargo steamer was months overdue, and the storehouses crammed with the waiting copra. By the time he had read each book in his small collection a sixteenth time, Jerry Heathcote had ceased to fight against the engulfing languor which besieged him; a longer experience in tropical sojourning would have warned him not to permit any further advance of this numbing exhaustion—but experience was one of the things he lacked.

Then came the worst of the hot season —ushered in by increasing humidity, a sun like a burnished-copper disk; nights of unabated heat, and a universe which swung and swayed before his heavy eyes.

Tomak registered his comprehension of the weather by increasingly frequent seizures and absences. Jerry often prepared his own meals, or, as time went on, ate nothing because of the lack of energy necessary to achieve even unappetizing results in cookery. Dizzy, burning or shivering through alternating attacks of fever and chills, unreasoningly exasperated by trifles, he struggled through the weeks until a day when misery predominated and mounting fever blotted out all else.

He never knew how he covered the distance between the sheds and his hut, but, staggering, stumbling, and groping, he somehow achieved it. Kerek, of the bachelors' house, watching him, drew her breath sharply as, with wide and shining eyes, he looked up and saw her standing alone upon the stone platform. Painstakingly he made his laborious way to her, and spoke carefully in the native dialect: "*I am so sick!*" said Jerry Heathcote, and crumpled into an unconscious heap at her feet.

Tomak, approaching, smirked at the girl. "The white man will soon die," he volunteered disinterestedly; then, in obedience to her imperious gesture, he helped to carry the unnoting Jerry back to his own house. "Shame upon you for allowing a place to get like this—you lazy, useless, detested one of the gods!" cried Kerek. With deft hands she smoothed out the dirty sheets on the cot and sent the snivelling Tomak for two pails full of fresh water; then, quickly and silently, she went about the task of making order take the place of chaos. Tomak, returning with the water, was put to work, and, grumbling and unwilling, scrubbed the floor under Kerek's sharp direction. "If I get it clean, will you give me a thauei?" he whimpered. "Where would *I* get a thauei?" she retorted.

"You'd better go back," suggested the quickly fatigued Tomak. Craftily, he added: "The bachelors will soon be returning from the fishing canoes—it will

fare badly for you if they find you in the house of the white man."

"I shall stay here and see that you do your duty," answered Kerek, and turned deaf ears to his blubberings. Like most island women, she knew certain rules for the treatment of fever, and these she put to Jerry Heathcote's service; with unusual gentleness she bathed, lifted, and tended him, and, at stated intervals, gave him water to drink—noting, with swift compassion, the limp helplessness of his emaciated body, the dumb suffering in his staring eyes. With Tomak's grudging assistance she made, and kept, the thatched hut spotlessly clean.

Perhaps through a haze of fever and delirium Jerry Heathcote heard the loud-voiced arguments of an angry and astonished delegation from the bachelors' house that first evening. Stubbornly they ordered, demanded, insisted, that Kerek return; then, as they debated upon using force the sick man, moaning, tossed uneasily; in a second she had swept the astonished bachelors before her and, ostentatiously, placed Jerry Heathcote's revolver in a conspicuous position, then went back to the wabbly chair. She hardly allowed the skipper of a tramp steamer to look through the door when that visitor, hearing of the illness of the son of the Oceanic Trading Company's president, came to offer his useless assistance. "He looks pretty sick. I'll let his father's representative know at my next port," promised the skipper, as he went his way.

Through mazes of suffering, morasses of forgetfulness, and long, effortless wanderings in dreamlands, lovely and remote, Jerry fared for many, many days, while Kerek practised such primitive alleviations as lay within her knowledge, trusting largely to clean, cold, spring water for the sick man.

Tomak, querulous and resentful, was made to attend to his duties. During the first week, too, she had to listen to the delegations of bachelors, arriving singly and in groups, to harangue, to command, and to threaten, but Kerek was adamant. "Can't you realize that the lonely white man will die if he's left to that imbecile Tomak?" she reiterated patiently. Finally the bachelors played their last card. They spoke grimly of the degradation of her present position, and when that failed to move her, gave her a warning and their ultimatum. After that they came no more to the thatched hut of the agent of the great Oceanic Trading Company. And half a world away an old man read, with anguish, a message concerning his only son, and put into motion such facilities as, even then, the company possessed, and which, except for the compassion of a native woman for a suffering boy, would have amounted to less than nothing.

Jerry Heathcote, tossing on the narrow cot, was unconscious of these happenings, as he muttered incoherently of his father, of college days and happenings, of his old Scotch nurse; or mumbled disconnected words in the native dialect and sang, in a pitiful undertone, bars of half-remembered songs as the long weeks dragged heavily by.

But one day when the hot weather had broken in a wild storm and the fresh, rain-washed air was sweet with the cool scent of damp earth, he turned toward the breathless Kerek and asked lucidly: "Why don't the birds sing?"

She smiled at him—relief showing in her tired eyes. "Because there are no song-birds here," she said, and questioned: "You feel better?"

He nodded feebly, and dropped into a healing, restful sleep.

If Kerek imagined that with the going of the fever her troubles were ended, she soon learned better, for Jerry, convalescing, was increasingly difficult. For the first ten days he slept; after that he spent his waking hours thinking of the things that he wanted to eat. At first, such delicacies as Kerek and Tomak could achieve with taro roots, yams, cocoanuts, bananas and fish, satisfied his small appetite. Later, he ate voraciously everything offered and demanded beefsteak and roast lamb. Of these Kerek had never heard; Jerry, acquiring more hunger through his impassioned description, felt unreasonlngly aggrieved when they were not forthcoming. For three days he yearned unceasingly for ripe peaches, then transferred his unappeased longing to pears, and talked of these fabulous, unknown delicacies until Kerek was undecided as to whether or not he was still

delirious; after that, mince pie and doughnuts moved to first place, and he chanted of their deliciousness, while she, sitting in futile idleness beside him, knew the tortures of inadequacy.

And then, one day, he wanted flowers; Kerek smiled thankfully, and brought in an armful of hibiscus, dracænas, and heavily scented frangipani, but Jerry waved them petulantly away. "Not those garish, smelly things! I want roses and violets!" he cried fretfully, and turned his back. The next morning he insisted, almost fiercely, upon having ice-cream, and described and explained this phenomenon to Kerek until evening, when his truant fancy turned to a loudly reiterated longing for cream-puffs. About this time Kerek decided that a firm hand was necessary, and, with a stern glance at her belligerent patient, she announced that a person whose uniformly good appetite was a problem for quantity, needn't be so particular; and Jerry had the decency to look ashamed. After that, to his increasing amusement and diversion, he found her quick-witted and alert; Jerry took delight in demanding the impossible so that he might provoke Kerek to an answer. She teasingly nicknamed him "Laninii," and would not tell him what it meant. But usually, on both sides, there lingered a faint shadow of wistfulness.

"Where," she questioned, "do your people get all the things you tell about? Here, when we need food or clothing, we pick both from the trees." She was working on a new skirt of pandanus leaves as she spoke, Jerry contentedly watched her quickly moving fingers.

"Every one works for a thing we call money; it is made out of metal and paper," he explained, and launched into details.

Kerek laughed unrestrainedly. "What a lot of trouble you are to yourselves," she commented. Jerry gave up the attempt at defining the benefits of currency, and looked at the rapidly forming pandanus skirt.

Suddenly he was moved to ask a question. "I've never been very near to any of the other women here; are their ankles, and the backs of their hands, tattooed like yours?" he inquired idly.

She hesitated. "Only a few of them," she answered, and mentioned three of the older women.

"Why did you have it done? It isn't pretty, and it must have been painful," said Jerry Heathcote.

She bent her head over her work. "Tattooing—of this kind—is the mark of a mispil," she answered quietly.

Jerry felt a little shock of remembrance. There was silence in the room—except for the rustling of the pandanus leaves. "I can't, for the life of me, understand how *you* could live such a life," he burst forth; "it is disgraceful!"

She looked at him with an amazed and bewildered expression. "From the earliest days it has been the custom here for the unmarried men to steal from a neighboring tribe the young girls who become mispils of the bachelors' houses. Kikaaki, the chief's wife, was one; Pae, another; Mohuto, a third. When it becomes—*necessary*—one of the bachelors marries the mispil, and she becomes a respected member of the community. Then the bachelors go out and steal another girl—" Her voice trailed off into silence. Later, she laid down the finished skirt and went to summon Tomak, leaving Jerry to the contemplation of his own flabbergasted reflections.

"After all, if it is the way the natives here manage—and no blame falls on the captured girl—it's none of my business," mused Jerry, and turned to the arriving Tomak. "By the way, what does 'Laninii' mean?" he asked.

Tomak wrinkled his face in an effort at coherence. "Laninii means: not to forget; means: to recall; means: *memory!*" he achieved triumphantly.

"I'll certainly remember that Kerek saved my life," thought Jerry, and when she returned he greeted her as though nothing had happened. Emboldened, she ventured a shy question: "When again you are strong, and go once more to the husking-sheds, may I stay on here to cook and clean for you?" she asked breathlessly.

Something in her manner disturbed Jerry; he thought it over. "You think that your people won't object? Until you came to take care of me none of the women had even spoken, or hardly glanced my way. I wouldn't want to be

One day . . . he turned toward the breathless Kerek and asked lucidly: "Why don't the birds sing?"—Page 707.

the cause of making trouble for you," he said.

She ignored his objections. "We'll build on another room. And I'll plant a border of crotons. You'll get to like it here so much that you'll never leave!" she said tremulously.

During the discouraging days when he took his first feeble steps Kerek tended

him with unfailing care; cheerfully, laughingly she helped him through the hours of weakness and disheartenment. To divert his mind, she sang the drawling songs of the Micronesians, related time-dignified legends, or told, with graphic emphasis, stories of the island gods. All of his life Jerry Heathcote was to recall whimsical descriptions of the doings of Yalafath, the supreme deity; or to wonder, in bad copra-producing years, if no offerings had been made to Marapou, sender of rain; and to reflect on the malicious doings of swarms of devil-bred Kans.

Added to weakness, Jerry was increasingly homesick, and for this Kerek had no sympathy. "When you know well my island, you will never wish to leave," she asserted with a stubbornness that was akin to panic. Brusquely, she added: "What is it, that we have not here, you long for?"

Jerry hesitated. "Well—birds," he answered wistfully.

She pointed to a frigate-bird wheeling, on slanting wings, above the thatched huts. "We have them!" she asserted.

"But they don't sing," he differed.

Her eyes were on the hovering bird. "He is sacred to Mubab, god of war, and when he comes there is misfortune. He has been above this house for days. I wonder—I wonder—" Her voice trailed off. Resolutely, she roused herself. "To-morrow you will be able to go for a little walk outside," she said.

"To-morrow," agreed Jerry Heathcote.

But to-morrow found all things changed. Very early in the morning a ship, under Donald Heathcote's frantic direction, put into the harbor, carrying a doctor, a nurse, and a substitute agent from the nearest port. Jerry was to go home at once—leaving with the least possible delay.

The doctor, bending above his new patient, spoke with wonder of the marvellous recuperative powers of youth which could bring a man, untended, through such an illness.

"I wasn't untended," asserted Jerry. "If you had seen what Kerek did for me—day and night!"

The doctor glanced patronizingly toward the native woman standing stiffly near the door and, smiling tolerantly, changed the subject. "Do you think that you will be able to start toward home in a day or two?" he inquired, and shook his head at Tomak hovering inquisitively near.

Jerry, smiling, put the question in native dialect to Kerek. She nodded. "I go with you," she said.

Jerry gasped. "Oh, I couldn't ask that of you; the doctor and nurse will try to look out for me. Besides, you wouldn't like my country," he added consolingly, glancing at her tattooed hands, bare feet, and shining body above the belt of her leaf skirt.

Kerek stiffened. "Why not?" she asked.

"Do you realize the sort of *clothes every woman* in my country wears?" he questioned indulgently.

"A skirt!" she suggested.

"Two or three of them, trimmed with ruffles, and starched; over those, a heavier skirt of woollen, with a long tail which drags on the ground; and at the back, attached around their waists with strings, a wire cage called a bustle," he said.

Kerek's eyes were round. "Tell me more!" she breathed.

"Above their belts they wear—underclothes," he amended sternly; "and also —*worse!*"

"What is that worse?" she demanded.

"It is a long, tight, heavy box, all reinforced with sharp, iron bones," he floundered.

She commenced to laugh. "No woman could, or would, wear all those things, Laninii," she asserted positively.

"You haven't lived where they have what is known as 'fashion,' Kerek," he assured her; "you'd be unhappy."

"I must go. *I can't stay here,*" she said miserably.

"You mean that you don't want to go back to the bachelors' house? That, of course, won't be necessary. You must let me prove to you how grateful I am to you for pulling me through that fever. You will never need to worry about the future," said Jerry.

Kerek shook her head. "I couldn't go back to the bachelors' house—even if they hadn't stolen a new mispil from my own tribe—they won't let me inside the door," she said dully.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because, against their warnings, I

stayed here to take care of you," she answered.

Jerry Heathcote could not believe that he had heard aright. "Of all impossible things!" he asserted warmly, then added: "Don't you care! You can go back to your own people and live, in comfort, for the rest of your life."

She shuddered. "Not after I have lived in the house of the white man—already they have sent me word," she volunteered.

He was aghast at what her words implied. "Well, then, you can make your home here," he said less confidently.

Her eyes were shining with unshed tears. "The women of this tribe—since I am not married to one of their men—will not have me here. And no man will marry me." She paused. "Better that I go with you," she added, and turned away, leaving Jerry to face the situation.

Later, when the doctor had returned to his preparations aboard ship, Jerry sent Tomak to summon the chief of the tribe and the senior of the residents of the bachelors' house. He found them, in contrast to the former days of incessant conversations and irrelevant questionings, singularly reticent and unresponsive. They listened to his explanations, his arguments, his statements, and his commands, in silence. At the end Jerry Heathcote faced, with incredulous amazement, the fact that, against outraged native opinion and usage, anything that he could say or do availed less than nothing. "We make no complaint of *you*, but *we warned her*," volunteered the chief grimly, as he arose to go. "Degradation," mused Jerry Heathcote, "seems to be an elastic term—depending entirely on the point of view." He thought it over. "I'll have to do something—but *what?*" he pondered uneasily. And much thinking was entirely without result.

"When will you be ready to start, Heathcote? And what is worrying you?" asked the doctor at the end of the second day.

Jerry hesitated, then confided his problem, and asked for advice. "I certainly wouldn't consider it worth while to bother about that! Just go—and let the natives and Kerek settle the matter among themselves," answered the doctor.

"If, when I was so ill, Kerek had listened to *them*, where would I be now?" demanded Jerry indignantly.

The doctor being, where other people were concerned, a fatalist, shrugged his shoulders.

Jerry Heathcote, hunched weakly up in the wabbly chair, spent hour after hour reasoning out the problem of his responsibility and of his duty; he made many decisions and, after considering, discarded them. He could not, according to any rule of honesty or gratitude, leave Kerek to the mercy of the islanders; could he take her with him?

Undoubtedly his father would understand—but Jerry tried to visualize her among Occidental surroundings: Kerek had never worn clothes, a hat, or shoes. True, her hair—like the hair of all Micronesians—was not kinky; but her skin was dark, and her hands bore the telltale tattooing—always his mind came back to that. "I couldn't, knowing how she has lived, put her in a boarding-school for young girls, at home—even if they'd take her," pondered Jerry, mentally picturing the startled teachers. "If she'd only been all right it wouldn't be so hard," he mused, moving feverishly. "When I get all through, I'm back at the fact that she saved my life—and that I'm responsible for getting her thrown out," reflected Jerry miserably; vehemently he added: "Fine way the Oceanic Trading Company look out for their agents!" and lapsed again into his futile reflections.

Nine days passed without result—except that the doctor, gravely realizing that his patient was losing ground, advised departure, but Jerry would not go. Kerek, like a restless ghost, haunted the compound and stared at him with sombre, accusing eyes. "Can't you suggest *something?*" Jerry asked. "I can't stay here," she reiterated forlornly in answer. On the tenth day Jerry fainted; he looked very white and frail as they carried him into the hut, and the doctor's expression, when he ordered Kerek from the room, told her more than the words he could not say.

When the excitement was over she went out to talk to Tomak; the sound of her level, emotionless voice, reasoning, arguing, persuading, could be heard during most of the afternoon. That evening she asked permission to speak with Jerry, and faced him with a smile.

"Could you give me a large enough or-

der on the company's store to get in exchange, from the bachelors', one of their largest fei?" she asked.

"'Fei'?" questioned Jerry.

"Stone money," she explained, indicating the crude, sandstone circles outside the bachelors' house.

"Of course," he agreed, "but you haven't any hut—what do you want it for?"

Her smile was gone. "I want it," she said, and took the order he wrote. Jerry did not see her again for two days. Then, with much formality, she asked permission to make him a visit. This time Tomak accompanied her. "My husband," said Kerek, and pointed to the chief's red shells which the smirking Tomak proudly wore.

"I bought him the necklace with the stone money," she explained quietly.

Jerry gasped. "Kerek . . . you *haven't*—you *couldn't* . . . have tied yourself for life—by bribing that dreadful . . . idiot?" he demanded.

She disregarded his question. "Now that I am . . . provided for . . . you can, without regret, return to your own people," she said. Turning, she went out. Jerry Heathcote never saw her again.

And so Jeremiah Heathcote—old, now—looks down from his office windows on to the decks of his returning ships riding, at rusty anchor chains, in the roadstead, and stifles a sigh. To his mother's gift of a vivid imagination is added his father's heritage of unfading remembrance; these enable him to picture, in detail, the dragging years of Kerek's existence—after he had sailed away.

"Because of her compassion, I spoiled her life—and left her, for reward, a hut half hidden behind a pile of fei and unlimited credit at the company's store.

"Tinned goods and stone money! If it wasn't so pathetic it would be ludicrous!" asserts Jeremiah Heathcote.

MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE ELKHORN RANCH AND NEAR-ROUGHING IT IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON
Author of "Service and Sacrifice," etc.

[FIFTH PAPER]

MY brother has written so much about his own ranch, and has given so vivid a description in his autobiography of the life led there, of the wonderful stretches of the Bad Lands, of the swaying cottonwood-trees, and the big fireplace in the Elkhorn Ranch sitting-room, around which he and his fellow ranchers gathered, exhausted by a long day's cattle herding or deer hunting, that it hardly seems possible that I can add much to the picture already painted by his own facile hand: ranch life, however, viewed from the standpoint of the outsider or from that of the insider has a different quality, and thus no reminiscences of mine would be in any way complete were I not to describe my first delightful visit paid to Medora, Dakota, and the surrounding country, in 1890. Our party consisted of my brother and sister-in-law, my sister Mrs. Cowles, then Anna Roosevelt, our friend Robert Munro Ferguson, my husband and myself, and young George Cabot Lodge. The latter was the son of our valued friend Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and was truly the "gifted son of a gifted father," for later he was not only to earn fame as a poet, well known to his countrymen, but in his brief life—for alas! he died in the summer of 1909—his talents were recognized in other lands as well.

I had been prepared by many tales for the charm and freedom and informal ease of life in the Bad Lands, and had often dreamed of going there; but, unlike most dreams, this one came true in an even more enchanting fashion than I had dared hope. Many had been the letters that my brother had written to me from Elkhorn Ranch several years previous to our journey. In June, 1886, he wrote: "I have never once had breakfast as late as four o'clock. Have been in the saddle all day, and have worked like a beaver, and am as rugged and happy as possible. While I do not see any very great future ahead, yet, if things go on as they are now going and have gone for the past three years, I think that each year I will net enough money to pay a good interest on the capital, and yet be adding slowly to my herd all the time. I think I have more than my capital on the ground, and this year I ought to be able to sell between two and three hundred head of steer and dry stock. I wish I could see all of you, but I certainly do enjoy the life. The other day while dining at the de Mores I had some cherries, the only fruit I have had since I left New York. I have lived pretty roughly."

I quote the above simply to show, what is not always understood, that my brother's ranching venture was, from his standpoint, a perfectly just business enterprise, and had not the extraordinarily severe winters intervened, his capital would not have been impaired as it was. Writing that same summer, shortly after hearing of the birth of my baby girl, he says in his loving way: "My own darling Pussie, my sweetest little sister: How can I tell you the joy I felt when I received Douglas' first telegram; but I had not the heart to write you until I received the second the good old boy sent me, and knew you were all right. Just to think of there being a second wee, new Pussie in

this big world! How I shall love to pet and prize the little thing! It will be very very dear to Uncle Teddy's heart, which is quite large enough, however, not to lose an atom of affection for Teddy Douglas, the blessed little scamp. I have thought of you all the time for the last few weeks, and you can hardly imagine how overjoyed and relieved I felt, my own darling sister. I hope the little new Pussie will grow up like her dear mother, and that she will have many many loving ones as fond of her as her irrelevant old cowboy uncle is of Pussie, Senior. Will you be very much offended if I ask whether she now looks like a little sparsely-haired, pink polyp. My own offspring, when in tender youth, closely resembled a trilobite of pulpy consistency and shadowy outline. You dearest Pussie,—you know I am just teasing you, and how proud and fond I am of the little thing even when I have never seen it. I wish I was where I could shake old Douglas by the hand and kiss you again and again. . . .

"Today I went down to Dickerman to make the Fourth of July speech to a great crowd of cowboys and rangers, and after, stayed to see the horse races between the cowboys and Indians."

In another letter about the same time: "If I was not afraid of being put down as cold-blooded, I should say that I honestly miss greatly and all the time, and think lovingly of all you dear ones, yet I really enjoy this life. I have managed to combine an outdoor life possessing much variety and excitement, and now and then a little adventure, with a literary life also. Three out of four days I spend the morning and evening in the Ranch house writing, and working at various pieces of writing I have now on hand. They may come to nothing, however; but on the other hand they may succeed; at any rate, I am doing some honest work whatever the result is and I am really pretty philosophical about success or failure now. It often amuses me when I indirectly hear that I am supposed to be harboring secret and bitter regret for my political career, when, as a matter of fact, I have hardly ever, when alone, given two thoughts to it since it closed, and have been quite as much wrapped up in hunting, ranching, and book-making as I ever was in Politics. Give my best love to wee Teddy and dear old Douglas; do you know, I have an excessively warm feeling for your respected spouse. I have always admired Truth, Loyalty, and Courage; and though I am really having a lovely life, just the life I care for, please be sure that I am always thinking of my own, darling sister, whom I love so much and so tenderly. Ever your affectionate brother, Thee."

On August 7 of the same year he wrote again after having paid a brief visit to the East, and returned to Dakota: "Blessed little Pussie; Mother of an increasing and vocal Israel, I did enjoy my two visits to my dear sister, and that dear old piece of peripatetic bric-à-brac, her Caledonian spouse. Everything here is much as usual. The boys were, as always, genuinely glad to see me. I am greatly attached to the Ranch and the life out here, and am really fond of the men. It is in many ways ideal; we are so very rarely able to, actually and in real life, dwell in our ideal 'hero land.' The loneliness and freedom, and the half-adventurous nature of existence out here, appeals to me very powerfully. . . . Merrifield and I are now busily planning our hunt in the mountains."

Such letters as the above filled the members of his family with a strong desire to participate to some degree, at least, in the life which he loved so dearly; but the births of various small members of the family rendered such participation impossible until the late summer of 1890.

After a brief visit to St. Paul, Minn., we took train for Medora. My brother had heralded the fact that I (then a young woman of twenty-seven) was a mighty rider (I had followed the Essex County hounds in New Jersey), and the cowboys were quite sure, I think, that I would leap from the locomotive to the back of a bucking bronco. Our train drew up, or I should say, approximately drew up, to the little station at Medora at four o'clock in the morning, in one of the most frightful storms that I ever remember. Rain fell in torrents, and we had to get out on an embankment composed of such slippery mud that before we actually plodded to the station, our feet and legs were encased in glutinous slime; but the calls of the cowboys un-

dauntedly rang out in the darkness, and the neighing of horses and prancing of hoofs made us realize that civilization as well as convention was a thing of the past. Will Merrifield, the superintendent of Elkhorn Ranch, and Sylvane Ferris, his able lieutenant, fully expected me to mount the extremely dangerous-looking little animal which they held by a loose rope, and they were inordinately disappointed when I pleaded the fatigue of two nights on the train, and begged that I might drive with the other less-adventurous ladies to the ranch-house, forty miles away. Before starting on this long trip we were entertained by Joe Ferris, the brother of Sylvane, who having once also been one of Theodore's cowboys, had now decided upon a more sober type of life as storekeeper in the little town of Medora. Joe and his wife were most hospitable, and above his shop in their own rooms we were given a nice warm breakfast and an equally warm welcome. After breakfast we came down to the shop, where our luggage had already been assembled, and there we began to sort what we would take to the Ranch and what we would leave. This required a certain amount of packing and unpacking, and I was on my knees "madly thrusting," as "Alice in Wonderland" puts it, "a right-hand foot into a left-hand shoe" when Joe came up to me and said: "Mrs. Douglas (they all decided to call me Mrs. Douglas, as more informal than Mrs. Robinson), it ain't worth while for you to tire yourself like that when the best packer in all Dakota is standin' in the doorway." I looked up and sure enough a huge man, who might have just walked out of one of Bret Harte's novels, *was* "standin' in the doorway." "There he is," continued Joe; "that's Hell-Roarin' Bill, the sheriff of the county; you heard tell of how he caught that lunatic; well, Bill's the best ladies' packer that ever was, and you had better leave all your bags to him to arrange." Fearing that "Bill" might be offended if I did not use him in the capacity of a French maid, and having frequently been told of the rapid results of hurt feelings on the part of "Bill," I suavely called him to my side, and telling him of the wonderful reputation which I had heard he enjoyed, I immediately put my wardrobe in his care, and to my infinite surprise the huge backwoodsman measured up to his reputation. Very soon the cavalcade was ready, the rain had ceased to fall in such torrents, the half-misty quality in the air lent a softer beauty to the arid landscape, and a sense of adventure was the finishing touch to our expectations as we started for Elkhorn Ranch. My disappointed friends, Merrifield and Sylvane, said that "they did not believe that Mrs. Douglas would like drivin' with a 'shotgun team' much better than ridin' a buckin' bronco, but, of course, if she *thought* she wanted to go that way, she could." An hour later "Mrs. Douglas" somewhat regretted her choice of progression; true enough, it *was* a shotgun team attached to that springless wagon in which we sat! The horses had never been hitched up together before, and their methods of motion were entirely at odds. The cowboy driver, however, managed eventually to get them started, and from that moment our progress, though irrelevant, was rapid beyond words.

We forded the "Little Missouri" River twenty-three times on the way to the ranch-house, and as the banks of the river were extremely steep, it was always a question as to whether we could go fast enough down one bank to get sufficient impetus to enable us to go through the river and up the very steep bank on the other side; so that either coming or going we were in imminent danger of a complete somersault. However, we did accomplish that long, exhausting, springless drive, and gradually the buttes rose higher and higher around us, the strange formation of the Bad Lands, curious in color, became more and more marked, the cottonwood-trees more plentiful as the river broadened out, and suddenly we saw buried amidst the trees on the farther side of one of our fordings the substantially built, cosey-looking house called by my brother the Elkhorn Ranch.

In a letter written to my aunt, Mrs. Gracie, from the ranch-house I say: "We are having the most delightful time at the Ranch. The little house is most cosy and comfortable, and Mrs. Merrifield had everything so neat and sweet for us, and as she has a girl to help her, we really do not have to rough it at all. We all make our beds and do up our

rooms religiously, but even that they would willingly do for us if we would let them. We have had three cloudless days, the first of which was occupied in driving the forty miles down here, and a beautiful picturesque drive it is, winding in and out through these strange, bold Buttes, crossing the 'Little Missouri' twenty-three times! We ladies drove, but the men all rode, and very picturesque they looked filing across the river. We arrived at the Ranch house at twelve o'clock and ate a splendid dinner of Mrs. Merrifield's preparing, immediately after which we climbed up a Butte and walked to Prairie Dog town and saw the little prairie dogs. We then mounted horses and took a lovely ride, so you may imagine that we slept well.

"The next day we were all on horseback soon after breakfast, Ferris and Merrifield with us, and off we rode; this time with the intention of seeing Merrifield lasso a steer. When we came to a great bunch of cattle, the practised eyes of the two men at once discovered an unbranded heifer, which they immediately decided to lasso and brand. It was very exciting. Merrifield threw the rope, cleverly catching its legs, and then threw the heifer, which was almost the size of a cow, and then Ferris tied another rope around its neck. The ends of the ropes were slipped over the pommels of two ponies who, in the most sensible way, held the heifer while the two men built a little fire and heated the cinch ring with which they branded the creature. It was all intensely picturesque. In the afternoon, we again rode out to be with the men while they drove the deer on the bottom, and Merrifield shot one; so you see, we have had very typical experiences, especially at the round-up yesterday."

Happy days, indeed, they were, full of varied excitements. Merrifield's little boy, Frank, only eleven years old, was the chief factor in finding the herd of ponies in the morning, for it was the custom to let them loose after twilight. Many and many a time I would hear him unslip the halter of the one small pony ("Little Moke" by name) which was still tied to the ranch-house steps and on which he would leap in the early dawn to go to round up the ponies for the day's work. I would jump up and look out of the ranch window, and see the independent little fellow fording the river, starting on his quest, and an hour or so later the splashing of many feet in the water heralded the approach of "Little Moke," his young rider, and the whole bunch of four-legged friends.

The relationship between my brother and his men was one of honest comradeship but of absolute respect, each for the other, and on the part of the cowboys there was, as well, toward their "Boss," a certain reverential attitude in spite of the "man to man" equality. How I loved that first night that we sat around the fire, when the men, in their effort to give my brother all the news of the vicinity during his absence, told the type of tale which has had its equivalent only in Owen Wister's "Virginians." "There is a sky-pilot a good many miles from here, Mr. Roosevelt," said Sylvane, "who's bringin' a suit against you." Sylvane announced this unpleasant fact with careless gaiety, stretching his long legs toward the fire. No one was ever so typically the ideal cowboy of one's wildest fancy as was Sylvane Ferris. Tall and slender, with strong fair hair and blue eyes of an almost unnatural clearness, and a splendid broad brow and aquiline nose, Sylvane looked the part. His leather chaps, his broad sombrero hat, his red handkerchief knotted carelessly around his strong, young, sunburned throat, all made him such a picture that one's eye invariably followed him as he rode a vicious pony, "wrastled" a calf, roped a steer, or branded a heifer; but now sitting lazily by the fire, such activities seemed a thing of the past, and Sylvane was ready for an hour's gossip.

"A sky-pilot? Why should a sky-pilot bring suit against me?" said my brother laughingly.

"Well," said Sylvane, "it was this way, Mr. Roosevelt. You see, we was all outside the ranch door when up drives the sky-pilot in a buggy. He was one of them wanderin' ones that thought he could preach as he wandered, and just about as he drove up in front of our ranch his horse went dead lame on him and his old buggy just fell to pieces. He was in a bad fix, and he said he knew you never would let him be held up like that, because he had heard you was a good man

Theodore Roosevelt and R. H. Munro Ferguson at the Elkhorn Ranch, after a successful hunting trip.

too, and wouldn't we lend him a horse, or send him with the team to the next place he was going to, some forty miles away. We were not too anxious to do it, but we felt we had to be hospitable-like, with you so far away and the sky-pilot in such a fix, so we said 'Yes,' we would send him to where he wanted to go, and there he is now, lyin' in a hut with one leg broken and one arm nearly wrenched off his body, and he's bringin' suit against you, which ain't really fair, we think."

"What do you mean, Sylvane; what have I got to do with his broken leg and arm?" said my brother, beginning to feel a trifle nervous.

"Well, you see, it is this way," said Sylvane; "he says we sent him to where he is with a runaway team and he was thrown out and broken up in pieces-like; but we says how could that team we sent him with *be* a runaway team—how *could* a team be called a runaway team when one of the horses ain't never been hitched up before, and the other ain't run away not more'n two or three times; but I guess sky-pilots are always unreasonable!"

This conclusion seemed to satisfy Sylvane entirely; the unfortunate condition of the much-battered sky-pilot aroused no sympathy in his adamantine heart, nor did he feel that the sky-pilot had the slightest cause for his suit, which later was settled in a satisfactory manner, but the conversation was typical of that evening's ranch news by the big wood-fire.

Our day at the round-up was one of the most fascinating days of my life, and I was proud to see that my city-bred brother was as agile and as active in the duties of rounding up the great steers of the plains as were the men brought up from their babyhood to such activities. We lunched at midday with the round-up wagon; rough life, indeed, but wonderfully invigorating, and as we returned in the evening, galloping over the grassy plateaus of the high buttes, I realized fully that the bridle-path would never again have for me the charm it once had had. Nothing in the way of riding has ever been so enchanting, and the curious formation of the Bad Lands, picturesque, indeed, almost grotesque in line, in conjunction with the wonderful climate of that period of the year and the marvellous mingling of tints in the sunset sky, resulted in a quality of color and atmosphere the like of which I only remember in Egypt, and made as lasting an impression upon my memory as did the land of the Nile.

During our stay, my original failure to leap, on my arrival, "from the locomotive to the back of a bucking bronco" had more or less been effaced from the memory of the cowboys by subsequent adventures, and the last day that we spent under the cottonwood-trees, by the banks of the Little Missouri, was made significant by the "surprise" gotten up by Merrifield and Sylvane for the special edification of my brother and husband. The surprise took the form of the "wrastling" of a calf by no less a person than myself! Merrifield had taught me to rope an animal, Sylvane had shown me with praiseworthy regularity the method of throwing a calf, and the great occasion was heralded amongst the other members of the party by an invitation to sit on the fence of the corral at three o'clock, the last afternoon of our visit to Elkhorn, and thus witness the struggle between a young woman of the East and a bovine denizen of the Western prairies. The corral, a plot of very muddy ground (having been watered by a severe rain the night before), was walled in by a fence, and generally used when we wished to keep the ponies from straying. On this occasion, however, it was emptied of all *but* the calf, which was to be the object of my efforts and prowess. I was then introduced by Merrifield, very much as the circus rider used to be introduced in the early Barnum and Bailey days; then followed a most gruelling pantomime; the calf, which was of an unusually unpleasant size, galloped around the corral and I, knee-deep in mud, galloped after it, and finally succeeded in achieving the first necessity, which was to rope it around the neck. After that, the method of procedure was as follows: The "wrastler"—on this occasion my unfortunate self—was supposed to get close enough to the animal in question to throw himself or herself across the back of the galloping calf, with the purpose of catching the left leg of the animal, the leg, in fact, farthest away from one's right arm. If this deed could be accomplished and

the leg forcibly bent under the calf, both calf and rider would go down in an inextricable heap, and the "wrastling" of the calf would be complete.

I can feel now the mud in my boots as I floundered with agonized effort after that peripatetic animal. I can still sense the strain in every nerve of my body as I finally flung myself across its back, and still, also, as if it were only yesterday, do I remember the jellied sensation within me, as for some torturing minutes I lay across the heifer's spine, before, by a final Herculean effort, I caught that left leg with my right arm. The cries of "stay with him!" from the fence, the loud hand-clapping of the enthusiastic cowboys, the shrieks of laughter of my brother and my husband, all still ring in my ears, and when the deed was finally accomplished, when the calf, with one terrible lurch, actually "wrastled," so to speak, fell over on its head in the mud, all sensation left me and I only remember being lifted up, bruised and encased in an armor of oozing dirt, and being carried triumphantly on the shoulders of the cowboys into the ranch-house, having redeemed, in their opinion, at least, the reputation which my brother had given me before I visited the Bad Lands.

Years later, when the young owner of Elkhorn Ranch had reached the higher estate of President of the United States, I, as the sister of the President, was receiving with my sister-in-law at the breakfast in the White House, at his inaugural in 1905, and was attired in my best black velvet gown and "presidential sister" white plumes; I was surrounded by senators and ambassadors, when suddenly, coming toward me, I recognized the lithe figure of my brother's quondam cowboy, Will Merrifield. He, too, had climbed the rungs of the ladder of fame, and now, as marshal of Montana, he had been intrusted by the State of Montana with the greetings of that State for the newly inaugurated President. Coming toward me with a gay smile of recognition, he shook me warmly by the hand and said: "Well, now, Mrs. Douglas, it's a sight for sore eyes to see you again; why, almost the last time I laid eyes on you, you were standing on your head in that muddy corral with your legs waving in the air." Senators and ambassadors seemed somewhat surprised, but Will Merrifield and the President's sister shook hands gaily together, and reminisced over one of the latter's most thrilling life victories. But to return to our farewell to Elkhorn Ranch in 1890.

The three weeks' visit to the ranch-house had passed on fleet wings, and it was a very sad little party that turned its face toward Medora again, in preparation for the specially planned trip to Yellowstone Park. Theodore Roosevelt, as one may well imagine, was making a very real concession to family affection by arranging this trip for us and accompanying us upon it. What he loved was roughing it; near-roughing it was not his "métier," nor, frankly, was it his "métier" to arrange a *comfortable* trip of any kind. He loved wild places and wild companions, hard tramps and thrilling adventure, and to be part of the type of trip which women who were not accustomed to actual hunting could take, was really an act of unselfishness on his part. We paid huge sums for no comforts, and although supposed to go—as we were riding—where the ordinary travellers in stage-coach could not go in Yellowstone Park, yet there *were* times when we seemed to be constantly camping in the vicinity of tomato cans!

I write again to my aunt two weeks after we start our Yellowstone experiences. "We have had a most delightful two weeks' camping and have enjoyed every moment. The weather has been cloudless, and though the nights were cold, we were only really uncomfortable one night. We were all in the best of health and the best of spirits, and ate without a murmur the strange meals of ham, tomatoes, greasy cakes and coffee prepared by our irresistible Chinese cook. Breakfast and dinner were always the same, and lunch was generally bread and cheese carried in our pockets and eaten by the wayside. We have really had great comfort, however, and have enjoyed the pretense of roughing it and the delicious, free, open-air life hugely,—and such scenery! Nothing in my estimation can equal in unique beauty the Yellowstone canyon, the wonderful shapes of the rocks, some like peaks and turrets, others broken in strange fantastic jags,

and then the marvellous colors of them all. Pale greens and yellows, vivid reds and orange, salmon pinks and every shade of brown are strewn with a lavish hand over the whole Canyon,—and the beautiful Falls are so foamy and white, and leap with such exultation from their rocky ledge 360 feet down.

"We had one really exciting ride. We had undertaken too long an expedition, namely, the ascent of Mt. Washburn, and then to Towers' Falls in one day, during which, to add to the complications, Edith had been thrown and quite badly bruised. We found ourselves at Towers' Falls at six o'clock in the evening instead of at lunch time, and realized we were still sixteen miles from Camp, and a narrow trail only to lead us back, a trail of which our guide was not perfectly sure. We galloped as long as there was light, but the sun soon set over the wonderful mountains, and although there was a little crescent moon, still, it soon grew very dark and we had to keep close behind each other, single file, and go very carefully as the trail lay along the mountainside. Often we had to traverse dark woods and trust entirely to the horses, who behaved beautifully and stepped carefully over the fallen logs. Twice, Dodge, our guide, lost the trail, and it gave one a very eerie feeling, but he found it again and on we went. Once at about 11 P. M., Theodore suggested stopping and making a great fire, and waiting until daylight to go on, for he was afraid that we would be tired out, but we all preferred to continue, and about 11:30, to our great joy, we heard the roar of the Falls and suddenly came out on the deep Canyon, looking very wonderful and mysterious in the dim star-light. We reached our Camp after twelve o'clock, having been fifteen hours away from it, thirteen and a half of which we had been in the saddle. It was really an experience."

It was a hazardous ride and I did not terrify my aunt by some of the incidents such as the severe discomfort suffered by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt when she was thrown and narrowly escaped a broken back, and when a few hours later my own horse sank in a quicksand and barely recovered himself in time to struggle to terra firma again, not to mention the dangers of the utter darkness when the small, dim crescent moon faded from the horizon. My brother was the real leader of the cavalcade, for the guide, Ira Dodge, proved singularly incompetent. Theodore kept up our flagging spirits, exhausted as we were by the long rough day in the saddle, and although furious with Dodge because of his ignorance of the trail through which he was supposed to guide us, he still gave us the sense of confidence, which is one's only hope on such an adventure. Looking back over that camping trip in the Yellowstone, the prominent figure of the whole holiday was, of course, my brother. He was a boy in his tricks and teasing, crawling under the tent flaps at night, pretending to be the unexpected bear which we always dreaded. He was a real inspiration in his knowledge of the fauna and birds of the vicinity and his willingness to give us the benefit of that knowledge.

I find in my diary of that excursion a catalogue of the birds and other animals which he himself had pointed out to me, making me marvel again at the rapid observation which he had made part of his physical equipment. I note: "During the first four days we have been in the Park, we have seen chipmunk, red squirrel, little black bear, elk watering with the horses, muskrat in the streams, golden eagle, Peregrine falcon and other varieties, red-tailed hawk and pigeon hawk, Clark's crow, Canada jay, raven, bittern, Canada goose, mallard and teal ducks, chicadee, nuthatch, dwarf-thrush, robin, water oozel, sunbird, longspur, grass finch, yellow-crowned warbler, Rocky Mountain white-throated sparrow, song-sparrow, and wren."

Each one of the above I saw with the eyes of Theodore Roosevelt, and can still hear the tones of his voice as he described to me their habits of life and the differences between them and others of their kind. To him this trip must, of necessity, have been somewhat dull, based as it was upon the companionship of three women who were not hunters; but never once during those weeks did he seem anything but happy, and as far as we were concerned, to see the beauties of nature through those ardent eyes, to hear the bird-notes through those ears, attuned to each song, and to listen constantly to his stories of wood and plain, his interpreta-

tion of the lives of those mighty pioneer men of the West—all of this comes back to me, as a rare experience which I have gladly stored away in what Emerson calls "the amber of memory." How we laughed over the strange rules and regulations of the park! Fierce bears were trapped, but could not be killed without the kind permission of one of the secretaries in Washington, the correspondence on the subject affording my brother infinite amusement. *His* methods under like circumstances would have been so very different!

The experiences at Elkhorn Ranch and again in the Yellowstone Park were of special benefit to me from the standpoint of the comprehension which they gave me of the absolute sympathy which my brother felt both with the nature and the human nature of the great West. No period of the life of Theodore Roosevelt seems to me quite as important, in the influence which it was to bear upon his future usefulness to his country, as was that period in which, as man to man, he shared the vigorous work and pastimes of the men of that part of our country. Had he not actually lived the life not only of the hunter and cattleman, but had he not taken actual part as sheriff in the methods of government of that part of our country, he would never have been able to interpret the spirit of the West as he did. He would never have been recognized *as* such an interpreter, and when the time came that America could no longer look from an uninterested distance at the Spanish iniquities in Cuba, the fact that Theodore Roosevelt had become so prominent a figure in the West proved the essential factor in the flocking to his standard of that mass of virile manhood which, under his leadership, and that of the then army doctor, Leonard Wood, became the picturesque, well-known "Rough Rider" Volunteer Cavalry of the Spanish-American War.

Theodore Roosevelt, himself, in a letter to John Hay, written long after our visit to his ranch and our gay excursion to the Yellowstone, describes the men of that part of the world. He was taking an extended trip, as President, in 1903, on the first part of which journey Mr. Hay had accompanied him, and at Oyster Bay, on his return, he writes to his Secretary of State to give him further details of the trip:

"From Washington, I turned southward, and when I struck northern Montana, again came to my old stamping grounds and among my old friends. I met all kinds of queer characters with whom I had hunted and worked and slept and sometimes fought. From Helena, I went southward to Butte, reaching that city in the afternoon of May 27th. By this time, Seth Bullock had joined us, together with an old hunting friend, John Willis, a Donatello of the Rocky Mountains,—wholly lacking, however, in that morbid self-consciousness which made Hawthorne's 'faun' go out of his head because he had killed a man. Willis and I had been in Butte some seventeen years before, at the end of a hunting trip in which we got dead broke, so that when we struck Butte, we slept in an outhouse and breakfasted heartily in a two-bit Chinese restaurant. Since then I had gone through Butte in the campaign of 1900, the major part of the inhabitants receiving me with frank hostility, and enthusiastic cheers for Bryan.

"However, Butte is mercurial, and its feelings had changed. The wicked, wealthy, hospitable, full-blooded, little city, welcomed me with wild enthusiasm of a disorderly kind. The mayor, Pat Mullins, was a huge, good-humored creature, wearing, for the first time in his life, a top hat and a frock coat, the better to do honor to the President.

"National party lines counted very little in Butte where the fight was Heinze and anti-Heinze, Ex-Senator Carter and Senator Clark being in the opposition. Neither side was willing to let the other have anything to do with the celebration, and they drove me wild with their appeals, until I settled that the afternoon parade and speech was to be managed by the Heinze group of people, and the evening speech by the anti-Heinze people; and that the dinner should contain fifty of each faction and should be presided over in his official capacity by the mayor. The ordinary procession, in barouches, was rather more exhilarating than usual, and reduced the faithful secret service men very nearly to the condition of Bedlamites. The crowd was filled with whoop-

ing enthusiasm and every kind of whiskey, and in their desire to be sociable, broke the lines and jammed right up to the carriage. . . . Seth Bullock, riding close beside the rear wheel of my carriage, for there were hosts of so-called 'rednecks' or 'dynamiters' in the crowd, was such a splendid looking fellow with his size and supple strength, his strangely marked aquiline face, with its big moustache, and the broad brim of his soft dark hat drawn down over his dark eyes. However, no one made a motion to attack me. . . .

"My address was felt to be honor enough for one hotel, so the dinner was given in the other. When the dinner was announced, the Mayor led me in!—to speak more accurately, tucked me under one arm and lifted me partially off the ground so that I felt as if I looked like one of those limp dolls with dangling legs, carried around by small children, like Mary Jane in the 'Gollywogs,' for instance. As soon as we got in the banquet hall and sat at the end of the table, the Mayor hammered lustily with the handle of his knife and announced, 'Waiter, bring on the feed.' Then, in a spirit of pure kindliness, 'Waiter, pull up the curtains and let the people see the President eat';—but to this, I objected. The dinner was soon in full swing, and it was interesting in many respects. Besides my own party, including Seth Bullock and Willis, there were fifty men from each of the Butte factions.

"In Butte, every prominent man is a millionaire, a gambler, or a labor leader, and generally he has been all three. Of the hundred men who were my hosts, I suppose at least half had killed their man in private war or had striven to compass the assassination of an enemy. They had fought one another with reckless ferocity. They had been allies and enemies in every kind of business scheme, and companions in brutal revelry. As they drank great goblets of wine, the sweat glistened on their hard, strong, crafty faces. They looked as if they had come out of the pictures in Aubrey Beardslee's Yellow Book. The millionaires had been laboring men once, the labor leaders intended to be millionaires in their turn, or else to pull down all who were. They had made money in mines, had spent it on the races, in other mines or in gambling and every form of vicious luxury, but they were strong men for all that. They had worked, and striven, and pushed, and trampled, and had always been ready, and were ready now, to fight to the death in many different kinds of conflicts. They had built up their part of the West, they were men with whom one had to reckon if thrown in contact with them. . . . But though most of them hated each other, they were accustomed to take their pleasure when they could get it, and they took it fast and hard with the meats and wines."

The above description by the pen of my brother is the most vivid ever given of a certain type of man of the West. The types were many. . . . The Sylvane Ferrises and the Will Merrifields were as bold and resourceful as these inhabitants of the city of Butte and its vicinity, but for the former, life was an adventure in which the spirit of beauty and kindness had its share in happy contrast to the aims and objects of the men described by my brother in this extraordinary pen-picture. The picture is so forcibly painted that it brings before one's mind, almost as though it were an actual stage-setting, this type of American, who would appear to be a belated brother of the men of the barbaric period of the Middle Ages in the Old World, in their case, however, rendered even more formidable by a New World enterprise and acumen, strangely unlike what has ever been produced before.

It was because of his knowledge of just such men, and of the fact that they knew, although his aims were so different and his ideals so alien to theirs, that the courage of his mental and physical equipment could meet them on their own ground, that Theodore Roosevelt was respected and admired, although sometimes hated, by this type of humanity so opposed to the goals, actual and spiritual, for which he worked so faithfully during his whole valiant existence. They knew him for what he was, and feared him for the qualities which he possessed in common with them, and even more for the traits that they did not understand, and which, to them, made him inevitably and forever "The Mysterious Stranger."

(To be concluded.)

TYTGAT THE TOY-MAN

By Helen Sterling Winslow
Author of "The Professor and the Smile," "The Wonder Worker"

Illustrations by Oliver Kemp

"Tous les marionettes
Font, font, font,
Trois petits tours
Et puis s'en vont."

"YOUR candle, monsieur."

Mademoiselle Marie held the candle out as she spoke, and Tytgat looked at her, thinking how pretty she was with her blond hair that curled and her trim little round waist. He knew she was not only pretty but clever and could make herself look nice without spending much.

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

"Good night, monsieur."

Then he took his candle and went up to bed glad that she never left it on the stand in the entry with those of the other lodgers. At seven the next morning Tytgat came down from his room above Mademoiselle Marie's millinery establishment and going out passed through Emma Josef's shop next door, crossed the courtyard behind, and entered his workroom. There was no window, only a skylight under which stood his table, shiny with spots of hardened glue, surrounded with chips and covered with a jumble of half-finished dolls and drawings crude but quaint, as if done by a strangely gifted, mediæval child. He took up a small wooden man.

"You, sir, must have a blue coat and checked trousers like Monsieur Paul." And Tytgat put on his blouse and began setting his palette.

It was a year since he had had his chance, here in the employ of Emma Josef, to do what he liked: to carve toy figures and paint them charming, bright colors. He had never been so happy. He made the soldier presenting arms in the time-worn convention, the jack-in-the-box, the Columbine and Pierrot, but he also made another race of dolls, his own creation. When he wandered about the streets of the town he often murmured, smiling to himself:

All the little dolls,
Run, run, run,
Three times round
And then are gone."

So he made dolls like the people he saw. They were like but not obviously, being less the representation of the body than of the spirit. It was a characterization so subtle that not every one was aware of it. He made fun in a harmless, childish, never spiteful way, transforming the old and the ugly, ridiculing the self-satisfied and prosperous. Those who paused to look in Emma Josef's show-window at Tytgat's collection often turned away questioning. Why did this doll make one think of the lame man who bought rabbit skins, and that one of the little girl, Florentine, was she called, who delivered the cakes? When any one was made absurd, each person thought he recognized not himself but his neighbor, so every one was amused and no one lost his temper. And as fast as Tytgat finished these figures Emma Josef sold them.

This morning before he had arranged his colors she came in bringing a tray of coffee and rolls, and as she set it on the table she glanced at him with an expression almost doting.

"Well, Tytgat, don't you want any breakfast?" And she brought a chair which she very much filled as she sat down beside him.

Reluctantly he put aside his toys and then looked up with his rather infantile smile. He admired Madame Josef, her size stood for power. Hadn't he cause to be very grateful to her?—she fed him so well, paid him so well, and the fat profits she made out of him he thought little about.

"I want that Noah's ark finished today," said Emma.

But Tytgat shook his head, with his eyes resting on Monsieur Paul.

"Yes," insisted Emma, "you can do it quicker if you use less paint; it will sell just as well"; and she added sharply: "You're too extravagant!"

In spite of her tone of voice she was not angry. She looked at his no-colored hair, that curled around his high forehead, at his long thin nose, a little bulbous at the end, and at his pointed chin, and was distinctly pleased with him; the very fact that he was a commercial asset made her feel him the more pleasing. But her heart was stirred, she could not have said why. She smoothed her glossy black hair and wished he would notice her more often. After all, she was only forty and a bit, a well-to-do widow, not bad-looking; why shouldn't he?

"Tytgat," she began when breakfast was over, "do you remember it's a year ago to-day since you came into the shop? We get along well together, don't we? It's like friendship, eh, isn't it, instead of business? But I've been thinking . . ." and again as they rested on him her hard dark eyes grew soft; "how much do you pay for that room of yours at Mademoiselle Marie's?"

"Two francs a week," he murmured, not at all interested.

Emma sighed. "All that! And haven't you ever thought how you might arrange your life better?"

Tytgat was rather dazed. "But I must sleep somewhere; what could I do?"

She smiled at him and her pale cheeks flushed a trifle, but she did not tell him what was in her mind. He felt vaguely that he ought to know as she leaned across the table nearer him: "Haven't you ever thought how nice it would be to have a home?"

"Me, get married?" Tytgat looked frightened, as though there were some one in hiding ready to seize him. "But who?" he cried. "I don't know any one," and he shivered as though a draft of cold air struck him.

"Isn't there some woman who could make you quite happy? One must not put these things off too long. Possibly I could be of some use to you, could I? You know, my friend, I would help you to the best of my ability—my little ability."

"Your ability—why, it's immense!"

"Ah, you flatter!" murmured the sleek Emma, and her full red lips curved into smiles.

"Why, no, I don't," he disputed childishly; "look what you do, you *sell* my things!" This to him was the supreme achievement. "You know all about business"—he used the word almost with awe. "If I ever married, who on earth would manage as well for me?"

Emma Josef bent still nearer as she spoke, and on the table her hand moved near his. Tytgat never knew how it happened, but suddenly her large, soft, plump hand, with the wedding-ring that fitted so tightly, covered his hand. In spite of himself, it was difficult to resist that touch.

"I should miss you, Tytgat, but you must do what you think is for the best."

"Miss me!" He was very much upset now. "But I don't want to go!"

It seemed that she was snatching away his warm nest from under him and thrusting him out into a cold world which he knew only too well. He glanced at her as though about to fling himself on her for protection, and suddenly found himself gathered to the ample bosom of Emma Josef, and the next thing he knew she was kissing him.

"Can it be," he whispered as soon as he recovered himself, "that you would think of me that way?"

"Why not?" and she kissed him again, kissed him as though she never wanted to leave off.

"You mean you would actually marry me, *me?*"

"Of course, you goose!" and then she added: "So I'll say 'Yes' if that's what you wish."

"But this is like a dream!" murmured the amazed little man.

"My dear, I always make my dreams come true."

Tytgat gasped, but the long habit of letting Emma decide everything was too much for him and he was passive now, but breathless as though he had been running fast and far, while Emma Josef beamed with triumph. She had taken a fancy to Tytgat when first she saw him standing in the rain and looking at the toys in her show-window; and when he

said, "I can make better ones," she took a good look at him, then answered: "Come in and try." By the time the first hobby-horse was finished his ability was proved and his employer in love with him. She herself scarcely knew why. "He is a perfect idiot for all his talent," she told herself sternly, and then, at sight of his childish face with the surprised expression, her heart would melt. She felt an irresistible desire to touch the thick blond hair that fell over his big ears, she longed to make him look at her and adore her. He seemed to care for nothing but his toys; so she was jealous of his toys—none the less it was by his toys that she made her money. But all her success as a shop-keeper had not satisfied her; she was a childless woman and needed something to love, and who could complete the soft side of her hard self but Edgar Tytgat? This morning after she had succeeded in opening his eyes she rose with a contented sigh as the shop-bell rang, then left him, while he, very much shaken, returned to his toys. But when he took up Monsieur Paul Tytgat found him broken; how could this have happened unless Emma as she flung herself heavily across the table had crushed the little man?

"Can it be," Tytgat questioned, "that I shall marry that woman?"

He felt dazed by the magnitude of this drama in which, without knowing how, he had become the principal actor. "I did ask her," he murmured; "at least I suppose I did, but I didn't know I was going to, I don't know how I did it." Then he possessed himself in peace. "I could not do without her, and I don't believe she could do without me, so there you are!" However, he found it necessary to reassure himself further. "Her eyes are fine," but the thought left him cold. He slipped away early that night, and with the fragment of Monsieur Paul in his hand reached Mademoiselle Marie's. At that hour he did not find her waiting with his candle; so he hung up his cape and entered her shop in the dark and upset a stand of hats.

"Oh, dear! Mademoiselle!" he called.

She came noiselessly in her soft, gray-suède shoes, and brought a lamp. "Oh, you, monsieur, and you have knocked over all my hats! I didn't expect you so soon." She smiled as though she was not sorry to see him.

Tytgat went down on the floor to help pick up the hats, stealing glances at her meanwhile and wondering how she managed to look as fresh as though it were always the beginning of the day. The soft little frills on her white blouse made him think of waterfalls. How he would love to make a doll so like Mademoiselle Marie that not every one would recognize her, and which would have that kind of charm that mattered so much more than anything else.

She held up one of the hats. "Dear me, this one is rather bent, everything went wrong about it, and the flowers cost such a lot!"

He considered it gravely. "There are too many flowers"; he took it from her, rose, and began plucking out the violets. "What it needs is just a touch of pink with that lavender; have you some ribbon? Yes, that's perfect; there, you see the thing is done."

"Good!" she cried, and looking up at him from the floor she made him feel tall and successful. "I can ask twice as much for that hat now, and all because you happened to come in early; why did you?"

Her words brought back all that had come to him, and he sank miserably into a chair. "I came because something," he began; "oh, I was upset—what an experience!" and he put his hand to his head.

Mademoiselle Marie sprang up and asked with concern: "Is anything the matter?"

"I don't quite know; I am surprised; it was like this . . ." then he checked himself; he did not want Mademoiselle Marie to know. "I wish I could tell you, but I fear that wouldn't do."

"Ah, well, if it's a secret . . ." and she shrugged her shoulders a trifle, "what can I do?" She moved to the other side of the shop to get Tytgat's candle.

He made no movement to take it. "Do for *me*, mademoiselle?"

"For who else?" And she scratched a match briskly, as though it were a mere matter of business, which made him feel sad. But how was he to get sympathy from Mademoiselle Marie, because he was engaged to another?

She held out his candle, smiling now rather mischievously. "With the best will in the world, one must know the facts to be of use, mustn't one? You are not ill, you seem unhappy; and when a man is unhappy you know people say: 'Well, that's a woman's fault.'"

He felt himself flush up to his ears. "But, Mademoiselle Marie," he managed to stammer, "would you really do something for me?"

"Ah, what could a little milliner do for you? You are an artist—I see that very well."

"I must think," he murmured, pleased with her words.

Still he lingered, for everything about Mademoiselle Marie was restful after the vitality and activity of Emma Josef. Mademoiselle Marie was brisk, but she made no noise when she moved; she was quick but she was soft as well; she was as blond as Emma was black, as small as Emma was large; and in her presence he felt a far more important person than when he sat at his work-table with Emma towering above. He thought how she had kissed him as though she could never stop, and then he suddenly wondered if Mademoiselle Marie had ever kissed any one in that way. He glanced at her mouth, and then, just as though she read his thoughts, her lips curved roguishly and showed her teeth, small, white, set rather far apart, and a tiny bit pointed, like those of some little animal.

"A glass of Dubonnet, monsieur?"

"That wouldn't help," he sighed; "good night, mademoiselle."

The next morning when he came down she was in the hall, and asked if he knew that he had dropped one of his dolls the night before. "I'm so sorry, but I'm afraid I have broken him."

"It wasn't you that broke him," Tytgat cried, so fiercely that she fairly jumped.

"Don't you want this little gentleman?" asked Mademoiselle Marie.

He shook his head, pleased that she spoke of Monsieur Paul just as he would have done. "Then, if you don't mind, monsieur, I will keep him."

"Mademoiselle"—Tytgat was radiant—"I tell you what I will do; I will make one specially for you."

"Ah, but I fear I haven't the sous to spare, such a price as felts and ribbons are now!"

"*Price!*" exclaimed Tytgat, "what I made for you would have no price!"

He looked for an instant into her eyes and felt she understood and could come with him into that strange world where he lived with his little dolls. Then another thought struck him and he cried with rage. "But she cares about the price!" And flinging open the door he was gone, as though the voice of Emma had summoned him.

In the following days Madame Josef was entirely content, plumper and healthier than ever, her hair even glossier, her brow smoother, while Tytgat grew smaller, as though in some psychological way she fed upon him. Tenderly she watched over him; she ran panting to close a door lest he should feel a current of air; she grumbled if he refused a second helping of soup, and was always sending the servant to the bakery for tarts to tempt him; and once, when she found him looking pale, she almost sobbed:

"What would I do, little friend, if anything happened to you?"

"I am just as I have always been," he replied rather peevishly.

Emma beamed; nothing damped her ardor and she took from her pocket a ring. "Look," she said, "eighteen-carat gold and a diamond; it belonged to my husband; now I want you to wear it."

He shrank back. "Wouldn't it be too large?"

"I've had it made smaller," she announced with triumph, and screwed it on his finger; "you can't get that off in a hurry. If any one recognizes it it will be as good as having bans published," and she patted his hand before she let it go; but after a moment of silence on his part she spoke again, with a note of wistfulness. "You like it, don't you?"

He looked at the bright, hard stone, the proportionless gold band; he was too much an artist to like it, too much a child to say anything but the truth. "No, I don't think I do like it; that is to say, not very much."

She took it good-naturedly: "Oh, well, it was only to please you . . . still if you are not pleased . . ."; but she could not

go so far as to say that he need not wear her ring. "It's worth a good bit, but you would never think of that." And she ended with a smile, for his improvidence, so foreign to her own nature, amused her.

"Perhaps it's too expensive for me, eh?" he questioned; "too nice?"

"Not a bit," smiled Emma, whose large generosity demanded nothing; all she wanted was to shower on Tytgat the affection she had so long concealed.

"If Mademoiselle Marie sees me wear it," thought Tytgat, "she will know." All that morning he was conscious of the thing on his finger, and at lunch said to Emma: "I can't work with it on; I tell you what I'll do—I'll wear it on Sunday when I have on my best clothes."

Afterward, feeling his fingers were his own again, he began cutting a figure of Mademoiselle Marie. He enjoyed himself very much, sitting in a muddle of toys, all alone there in the gray light of his workshop, with the sound of the rain on the roof and the smell of paste and paint, but when Emma entered he hastily put the little figure away. She was surprised that he had not finished some soldiers, but she had sense enough to know that Tytgat must work in his own way and so she let him alone. But when the next day passed and the next and the soldiers still lacked their red coats, she began to be curious.

"Well, mon Edgar, I've scarcely a toy for the show-window; that's not good business; come, can't you make haste?"

He shook his head.

"Something new?" She pounced on the doll partly hidden under his hand, and holding it up gave a great, full laugh. "The little milliner that lodges you! Splendid Edgar! Isn't she the perfect old maid as you've done her! Ah, it's almost too cruel! Mademoiselle Marie as she would like to look; Mademoiselle Marie of fifteen years ago! If her skin was only as fresh as your paint!"

"What *do* you mean?" cried Tytgat, with the look of a child when a toy is about to be broken. Profoundly unhappy, he held out his hand; he wanted to get his image away from Emma, but he no longer felt about it as he had done. She had spoiled it.

"I'll put it in the window to-morrow." Emma was still looking at the doll and not at Tytgat, and did not see in his face what had never been there before. It had hardened suddenly, all his loose, rather flabby muscles were tense, and the unaccustomed effort caused an expression of pain, physical as well as mental. "How every one will laugh!" murmured Emma.

"Laugh! No." Tytgat almost screamed. "I tell you this is not for your window."

She stared at him now. "But for what, then, have you made it?"

"To please myself!" and he seized the figure; "but it no longer pleases me." And he broke it.

Never having seen him like this, Emma was bewildered, but if she suspected anything she kept it to herself and, with a shrug of her shoulders, left him.

The next day was Sunday, and Tytgat's first waking thought was that Emma would expect him to wear her ring, the horrid symbol of his subjection. He thrust his head back on his pillow and later sent her word that he was too ill to get up. Then he locked his door, groaning to himself, "Emma must not come here," and thought of Mademoiselle Marie. "I really am not engaged to Emma Josef," he thought, but he shivered a little as he said it, for he felt that opposition, when Emma had her mind made up, was useless. He glanced at the sky. If it was fine she would want him to walk round the public gardens with her that afternoon, and what if Mademoiselle Marie should see him doing it! At last he heard the rain with relief, and rose and dressed, but when he went down and opened the street-door he let the sun into the entryway, and there he hesitated, ready, like a rabbit, to jump back to shelter. Then Mademoiselle Marie, dressed as though for some special occasion, came from the shop. He looked at her striped black and pink frock, her neat, gray-lisle gloves, and the hat he had trimmed, which gave him the delicious sensation that this charming person was, at least in part, his creation.

"How that hat does suit you, mademoiselle!" he murmured.

"Oh, your hat!" and she smiled as though she found everything in the world

delightful. "I admired it so much that, instead of selling it, here I am wearing it! It's a great extravagance, no doubt, but there were violets enough left for another, and what will you—you know how one does things like that sometimes?"

Tytgat smiled a prolonged, childish smile, his vanity touched; here was some one who appreciated his touch and who could be as wayward as himself. "I think it's delicious, mademoiselle, doing things like that when all the reasons are for doing something else!"

She puckered her lips a little and did not quite admit this. "Not too often." Mademoiselle Marie had a very good head, and knew exactly what she wanted.

For a moment they stood silent, then stepped out together, and, side by side in the clean, rain-washed streets, they moved along, breathing the perfume of gardens blown over the high walls.

"Are you going out?" Tytgat inquired.

"And you, monsieur?"

"But where are you going?"

"After all," for Mademoiselle Marie was a little person, who saw things clearly, "do you regard that of so much importance on a lovely afternoon like this?"

"Why, no," he announced naïvely, surprised as always when he discovered the perfectly obvious. "The point is that we are together; that's what makes it agreeable."

"One must be a little aimless once a week, if one is hard at one's work the rest of the time; don't you think so, monsieur? As for myself, I do nothing worse on Sundays than stroll and dream and eat too many 'cornets de crème.'"

"I too have dreams," murmured Tytgat, "and I love 'cornets de crème.'"

"And have you recovered, monsieur, from your depression of the other evening?"

He caught his breath. "Don't ask me about that, please." And as he touched her arm she saw his anxious expression. "Not that way!" he cried, as they turned a corner that would have led back to Emma Josef's. It seemed to him that Mademoiselle Marie understood, for she faced firmly in the opposite direction and led him across the big, wind-swept square in front of the cathedral. Above their heads the cracked old bells chimed the hour.

"There's the tram, monsieur, for Fontaine aux Roses."

"I wonder when it starts," Tytgat mused vaguely.

Whereupon Mademoiselle Marie informed him promptly that it went on the even hour and that they had just time. Then she pressed on, while her skirts twisted round her in the breeze and her little suède shoes skipped over the puddles. They got on and took their places without another word, and as the car bumped along, gathering speed, she considered Tytgat and Tytgat considered her; and whenever their eyes met in these investigations they half-smiled and looked immediately away, and neither of them said anything, for the tram made too much noise. Tytgat was wondering why it was, when he was with Mademoiselle Marie, that he was confident that he could make the most amusing toys in the world, and perhaps some day beautiful oil-paintings as well, and when he was with Emma Josef, although she kept him at work and sold his things, he didn't feel so much like doing them; Mademoiselle Marie appreciated him, that was the reason; possibly she thought him a great man, he was not sure, and took another look at her. He felt proud and happy as the tram jolted them out of town and into the fields. He saw her with the sunlight mottling her face with light and shade, and falling in warm spots of color on her striped dress. His eyes crept up to her eyes. What lovely eyebrows she had! He imagined drawing them with the tiniest brush—nothing would be good enough but one of those sable ones that cost so much. As for Mademoiselle Marie, she knew, as she sat beside Tytgat, that he was as necessary to her as she was to him. She looked at his profile turned from her at that moment, and his large nose and hollow cheeks made her smile; yes, he was exactly like one of the carvings on the Gothic cathedral, but though she smiled she was not the less pleased. She had never seen any one like him, he was so clever, and, yes, so stupid; she admitted it, but liked him all the better for it. It was a satisfaction to have a man dull in some ways, for then one could be

invaluable to him, just as a blind man utterly dependent upon a woman would give perhaps the greatest joy. She looked at last into Tytgat's eyes. By the time they reached Fontaine aux Roses all the words in the world would not have made their understanding more complete. Tytgat took her hand as they stepped from the tram.

"What a crowd, mademoiselle! Fête-day, of course, I had forgotten!"

To the accompaniment of a mechanical orchestra that jangled out of tune they walked across the fields toward tents and caravans where flags waved, dogs barked, and showmen hoarsely proclaimed their exhibits. Tytgat and Mademoiselle Marie talked about everything but themselves and were very happy.

"Mademoiselle," said Tytgat, "I want to get you some of that 'pain d'épice'; it looks nice." He took a surreptitious glance into his small purse. "Now I think of it, I haven't eaten anything today!" And as they strolled on he bit the head off a gingerbread animal. "I didn't have my food because I didn't want to go to her to get it."

"You have your meals, I suppose, monsieur, at Madame Josef's; she cooks well, doesn't she?"

"Too much onion," he condemned, and hurried on as though something that he very much wanted to leave were behind him. He paid six sous to take Mademoiselle Marie in to see the lions, but when they began to roar he grew pale, and at sight of some trained mice in the next tent he sighed with relief: "Ah, *they* are inoffensive."

When they reached the merry-go-round he chose the swan-boat, where they could sit side by side, and as they went round and round to the wheezy music ground out of the mechanism Tytgat wished he could go on forever in a sort of toy world where he could always have Mademoiselle Marie beside him. Then he began to think. What was happening to him was certainly very curious, and life, that had been so simple, was now as complex as for the hero of a great romance. He did not understand himself any more than he understood any one else, but it was all highly interesting, if rather dangerous. Here was Marie, and in the distance Emma Josef loomed powerful and dark! Since that fateful hour when she had made him her fiancé he was changed. He felt a great unrest and a hundred new desires.

"Mademoiselle," he whispered softly, "do you think a person can make one think about love—that is to say, make one want it, but . . . that is, I mean, not want it with the one who suggested it?"

"And what do you imagine I know about love?"

"Ah," he sighed, "I should have supposed some one would have told you all about it."

"But why?"

"Because," he whispered shyly, "you're adorable."

As the sun went down against the background of the wood the white tents of the fête grew gray, and here and there torches blazed and the crowd melted into a dark mass out of which sounded voices, laughter, and the cry of a tired child. They decided to stay and dine together, and sat at their table while tram after tram, which they didn't take, passed back to town. At last they started to walk home, since there was now no other way of going.

"I must make a toy merry-go-round," said Tytgat, "quite perfect, all painted lovely, bright colors, and I'll put dolls in it, portraits of every one in town; it will be delicious, for they will all be riding, not with the proper persons, the ones they ought to be with, but with the ones they *want* to be with! Do you see? Just like my being with you all this lovely afternoon and evening when I ought . . ." and here he broke off and buried his face in his wine-glass, glad of the darkness round them.

"But why shouldn't we amuse ourselves together?"

He could not answer her question and in his silence clung to the thought that she must not know; somehow—he did not see how—he must escape from Emma. Mademoiselle Marie did not press him; she only said:

"As for your toys—they're adorable—do you know what I wish? That I could have some part in them with you."

"Oh, you have!" he cried. "I always think of you when I make them."

"Then how would it be, monsieur, if I put some of them in my show-window with the hats? Do you see what I mean? —a bonnet for old Madame Gaillard and beside it her portrait, a doll done you know just how, not her ugly flesh and bones, but her good heart; and only you and I would understand."

Embarrassed, he hesitated, then sighed. "How I should love you to have my dolls! But . . ." and he could go no farther.

"Ah, you say you would like it"—Mademoiselle Marie's voice was plaintive—"but I seem to know you don't altogether take to the idea, or is it that you keep something back?"

"Oh, that's not what I want you to think! It is like this—that is to say . . ." for a moment he floundered, then came out with as much of the truth as he dared. "Well, the person who already has them —*she* wouldn't like it."

"And it matters to you so much what *she* likes?"

"It matters to me only because I'm in a way in her power."

"Oh," mused Mademoiselle Marie, "a business agreement, I suppose!"

Tytgat, very wretched, could not explain that the agreement was more than business; he only remarked respectfully and with a shiver: "You see she is a woman of great strength."

"In spite of being so fat?"

"She is fat, isn't she?" and Tytgat felt better, as he laughed and looked admiringly at Marie's slim shape beside him.

Mademoiselle Marie swayed a little nearer as they walked: "Even though you know I love your dolls, you prefer Madame Josef to sell them; you feel safer in her hands?"

"*Safe!* Oh, dear, no," cried poor Tytgat. "That's just what I don't feel."

She said nothing and silently, under the stars, they went on. Tytgat paused, for an instant drew a deep breath of the summer night, then moved along beside his companion, conscious of a delicious scent of vervain shaken from the light folds of her dress. Her hand swung against his. He took that hand, so warm, so responsive, it seemed almost to beat against his own, and he lifted it to his lips; he tried to speak, but could not, and for a moment struggled with himself like a man casting off a chain. Then something of courage and of determination rose within him and he was able to say, more quietly and firmly than he had ever spoken:

"You shall have my toys, my friend; no one but you shall have them; I do them for you and they are yours just as I am yours. I give you my word."

Together they passed on, close beside one another, their footsteps slow on the long road toward home.

The next morning, smiling to himself and looking years younger, Tytgat excited Emma's curiosity. "Only a headache that kept you in yesterday, mon Edgar, but it seems as though it had done you good—how is that?"

At that moment her Edgar was like a child that did not want to be scrutinized. He felt very insecure in his present position; he tried to imagine what would become of a man who was engaged to two women at once; was it a crime, like marrying two? He knew he must explain everything to Marie, and he wondered if she could forgive him. Last night was too delicious, he simply couldn't tell her then about Emma. He also knew that sooner or later he would be forced to face Madame Josef. It was terrible. In the midst of his anxiety that afternoon he made the delightful discovery that the back windows of Marie's house gave on the small courtyard where his workshop stood. When Emma was busy with customers in the shop he hurried to Marie's window and called to her.

"You could jump down from there," he said, as she leaned out the first-floor casement. "Come, there is something I must say to you."

She leaned still farther and put her hand on his shoulder, lost her balance, gave a little cry as she felt herself caught by Tytgat and swung to the ground. Tytgat hurried her into his workshop, his hand on her arm, but the pleasure of having Marie in this place that seemed his very own was mixed with a sense of danger. Before he could speak the voice of Emma, from across the courtyard, made him jump.

"Edgar, mon Edgar, come and tell this gentleman whether you can do two horses by Monday!"

"You could jump down from there," he said. . . . "Come, there is something I must say to you."—Page 730.

"I'll be back in a moment," Tytgat whispered to Marie, as he hurried out, his face burning because Emma had called him her Edgar.

In the shop the gentleman took some time and finally, when free, Tytgat discovered, to his horror, that Emma had gone. Where was she? Where was Marie? What would happen if they met? It would not be pleasant. He fussed about, putting away toys, and then lighted a cigarette. He thought of Marie, of all that he so much wanted, and, nervous as he was, something stronger than his little self impelled him toward her. Hurriedly he crossed the courtyard, his heart beating under his thin, paint-stained coat; when he reached the door of his workshop it was closed in his face. It was never closed—what did this mean? From within came the sharp voice of Emma:

"Well, mademoiselle, and what are *you* doing here?"

Tytgat heard Marie reply, as though smiling with amusement, and gasped at her temerity. "Why, madame, I came by way of my window, to see some toys of Monsieur Tytgat; and, oh, I came, of course, because he asked me to."

"His toys, mademoiselle"—and Tytgat shuddered as he recognized the steely tones that Emma used to customers she didn't like—"are on exhibition in my show-room."

"Oh, but they won't be for long." Marie was at once blithe and mischievous. "For he's promised that in future I shall have them."

"What!" And Tytgat knew, as well as though he could see, the particular shade of angry red that spread over Emma's large cheeks. "So that's your little game, mademoiselle, to cut into my business! Well, you can give that up, I tell you."

Tytgat became suddenly aware of how these two hated one another; he felt Emma's rage, he dreaded her power, and the idea of this contest just on the other side of the door made him feel weak and dizzy. He didn't know what to do, couldn't think what to say, but evidently Marie was able to speak coolly enough.

"Oh, if it hurts your business, madame, so much the worse, but, after all, Monsieur Tytgat may put his things where he likes, and he knows I'll think of his interests."

"Give him a splendid profit!" sneered Emma. "And you think you know from your own blessed establishment, I suppose, so much about profits! Tytgat will do better attached to the dullest, mustiest place in town instead of the most thriving!" Then on the table her hand came down with a smack of determination. "You want his toys now, do you? Well, why weren't you clever enough to discover him first, set him on his feet?"

"Yes, and exploit him!" broke in Marie. "For that's what you do; I see through you, although he doesn't; you get rich out of his lovely things, and pretend he's not worth two sous!"

"You go too fast, mademoiselle!" Tytgat heard Emma fairly spit the words out. "It will be best for you if you don't poke your nose so far into the business of others. You mean to take his toys away from me, do you? Well, I say, if you don't give up that notion you'll be sorry! What about climbing in through your window to Edgar? How does that sound, and won't that be a pretty story? 'You're after him,' your customers will say."

"You can't make anything of that," cried Marie; "a mere nothing!"

"Can't I?"

Tytgat could feel Emma leaning heavily against the door where he stood, then heard her turn the key.

"Now, mademoiselle, while I have the door locked and before I open it we'll strike a nice little bargain. The price of my silence about your sneaking in here, is nothing more nor less than that you'll give up this folly about his toys. What time did you come? Two in the afternoon; yes, but things grow in the telling; the sort of old ladies that indulge in your bonnets might find another milliner if they found out that their Mademoiselle Marie wasn't Mademoiselle Marie des Anges! So, come, now, my dear, who's got the best of this?"

The perspiration was standing out on Tytgat's forehead. This was horrible; could Emma harm Marie? Was Marie trembling as she spoke?

"Of course, you'll have to open the door; it's absurd locking me in here; if Monsieur Tytgat were here you wouldn't dare."

And at these words the little man out-

"I'm coming, Marie."—Page 734.

side pressed against the door, his hand vainly turning the knob. Again he heard Emma:

"You boast, do you, of being able to make him do as you will! Perhaps you won't boast so much when every one is talking about you."

"As to this story, this libel"—and Marie's voice rose; "it doesn't matter much one way or the other, because Edgar Tytgat and I will so soon be married."

"Married! You! Edgar!" Tytgat heard Emma lunge heavily forward, the floor trembled under her, the air vibrated. "You lie! He's my Edgar, my fiancé."

"Yours!" And in that cry of Marie's astonishment and pain mingled.

Tytgat set his shoulder against the door; what must Marie think? He beat on it with his fists; he must get in.

Emma, shaken with rage, continued: "Mine, I tell you. He's been engaged to me a week."

Bravely Marie began: "I don't understand, there's some mistake . . . he asked me to marry him last night. . . ." Her words died to a whisper that seemed to poor Tytgat like a breath of the wind that had touched them in the summer darkness.

"Last night!" echoed Emma, and her voice, at first hoarse, dropped as though she felt herself sinking into an abyss. She was silent. Tytgat knew she was afraid—she who was afraid of no one, and who carried things through with a high hand.

"An indiscretion—too much wine—he didn't mean it," panted Emma in her terror; "men do, men will; you got the words out of him somehow! I know what women like you are who'll never see thirty again! You set your cap at him, a stick of rouge, played the ingénue. He was innocent of wiles, at your mercy! But listen to me—he'll soon forget, I promise you. You shall leave him alone . . . what do you want with him? He's not like other men, he's an original; he has no eyes for girls, only his dolls; then you, like a thief, try to steal him from me. Weren't there enough other men in the world? He was mine, I tell you, before ever you saw him; he's mine now; who's looked after him, slaved for him? I have, I! So doesn't he belong to me? You can do nothing for him . . . you, with your blond curls and white hands, can you love as I? What passion have you?"

"Insolent!" Marie's voice quivered, and for a second Tytgat could hear nothing; then . . . "But for all you say of love and your way of love, it's certainly not my way; moreover, I regard Edgar Tytgat as something more than a toy to be broken between us. I know he loves me, and I will never give him up, never."

Tytgat's heart was bursting; if Marie could speak like this what wouldn't he do for her?

"Open!" he cried, and threw himself on the door. He must reach her—how? He glanced wildly about. There was no window, only the skylight. He did not think; he simply snatched a ladder that was in the courtyard, climbed to the top, got out on the roof, scrambled to the open skylight, and shouted: "I'm coming, Marie."

He heard a shriek from those in the room as for an instant he hung by his hands. Then he dropped, crashing into the midst of the toy world on his table below. There he lay like a broken plaything.

Afterward, when he opened his eyes, it was into Marie's eyes that he looked. "Oh, my dear," she moaned, while Tytgat said nothing at all, "I thought you were dead!"

"It was for you," he whispered, and after a little was able to sit up, on the strength of feeling himself a hero. But this was not for long. "Oh, my head!" he sighed next. Then he turned his eyes from Marie's. "Is she here?"

"She ran for the doctor."

"And she may be back at any moment?" His feet went down over the edge of the table.

"Oh, can you walk?" asked Marie.

Tytgat looked at her very pale, but firm. "Anywhere to get away from *her;* come."

Unsteadily he got to his feet, took a step forward, feeling his strength, and so passed forever from the workshop and from the domain of Emma Josef. The arm of Mademoiselle Marie was round him, he was safe, he was happy; for she would not demand explanations which he could not possibly give, nor would she think that if his deed was brave it was also foolish.

THE NEW HOSPITALITY

By Rebecca N. Porter
Author of "Wives of Xerxes," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"COME in. Glad to see you." If you had been house-hunting without success for three months, if you had a husband who was dissatisfied with business conditions at home and was seeking a new field for investment, if you possessed two small children who placed you beyond the pale of eligibility as a tenant, how would this sign, swung above the entrance to an auto-park camp, look to you?

To Mr. and Mrs. Fremont-Smith, motoring from Buffalo to Santa Barbara in a mattress-gorged automobile, it looked (to quote their own words) "like the Garden of Eden reopened to the human race after being closed for repairs."

The auto-park camp which the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce owns and places at the disposal of its motoring guests is only one of many such open-air hotels now scattered over the length and breadth of our country. A less poetic but more veracious comparison than the Garden of Eden is that they are the cafeteria idea raised to the *n*th degree. Come when you like, wait on yourself, and pay as you leave.

In Denver there is one which cares for more than fifty-five hundred cars. This is the Manhattan of auto-camp cities, the Middle Western metropolis of the thermos-bottle and the khaki lean-to. With fifty-five hundred neighbors, all of them practically within seeing distance of him, a tourist is under no more obligation to get acquainted than he would be in a city office-building. A New York apartment-house itself could not insure for him a more impregnable privacy.

But out on the genial shores of southern California there is a come-in-glad-to-see-you spirit which proves a universal solvent for urban and provincial reserve. Mr. and Mrs. Fremont-Smith felt it when, on the second night after their arrival, they were invited, without the preliminary of a first call, to attend a party. Somebody in camp was having a birthday, and this furnished the motif for a rollicking celebration. It was given in the community kitchen where, surrounded on three sides by gas plates and adjustable ovens, a group of forty guests were entertained. Everybody in the park was invited and everybody came. That the programme was entirely impromptu added to its variety and zest, for unsuspected talent disclosed itself and volunteered its service. Among the guests was a professional raconteur, a violinist, a sleight-of-hand artist, and a clever little school-teacher who offered to read palms. At the end of the evening a huge freezer of ice-cream was opened by the genial secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, two of the gas plates heated up the chocolate, and a cake from one of the down-town bakeries crowned the feast.

It was, as one of the group expressed it, "something new in parties." But what is infinitely more interesting to the student of modern sociology, it is something new in living. For the mere description of a successfully conducted auto-park party is not a significant thing. This new hospitality which we are offering to our travelling public becomes a vital element in our national life only when we consider the psychology that lies back of it. The question of where the Fremont-Smiths are going is of no importance. The really important questions concerning their trip are these: Why are they going? Having once started to "go," will they ever be content to permanently stop? And what will be the effect upon America of an increasing citizenship of Fremont-Smiths?

Barring those tourists who are in quest of health (and these are comparatively very few), there are to the superficial observer two completely satisfying answers

to the question Why. These are the rise of household expenses and the decline of household servants. Nobody can deny these two factors in our national life, and what nobody can deny most of us accept as all-conclusive proof. We know that in the East there is an idea rampant that "out in California there is plenty of room." The good-humored tourist finding upon his arrival that this does not mean furnished-room, accepts the auto-park substitute, and flits adventurously from one camping-ground to another while his wife revels in the experience of housekeeping with no housework. All this is obvious, so obvious that the Fremont-Smiths have not been considered a problem at all.

They all look like this in Chamber of Commerce Auto Park. Santa Barbara, Cal., January, 1921.

But the motives which lead our summer campers to become perpetual campers are not to be so easily and plausibly labelled. Under the oak-tree where Mrs. Fremont-Smith is shelling peas, a searcher after the real well-spring of truth feels the hazel wand turn in his hand.

"We've been travelling for almost a year now," the hostess declares, making a place for her caller upon one of the car cushions. "We started out just to spend the summer, and then our real-estate agent wrote us that the people who were in our house would pay twenty-five dollars a month more if they could keep it through the winter. We figured that we could live out this way and save about fifty a month. Henry needed a change anyway, and I was simply sick of housework."

"But what will you do during the rainy season?" The caller being an adopted Californian dared hint thus at the possibility of intermittent sunshine.

"Oh, we'll go 'in' for January and February. We have a friend up in San Francisco who will rent us two rooms in his house. But it will certainly be hard to get used to being 'in.' We tried it for two weeks in Denver when the schools first started, and actually whenever I saw autos go past the window all packed for camping, I just ached to get up and start off somewhere—anywhere, just to be going."

And there is the real answer, or part of it, to the Why. In it there is no wail of the homeless seeking a hearth. There is no despair of a harassed housekeeper left servantless. For Mrs. Fremont-Smith never had a servant. By her own frank confession she was a New

Showing bungalows in Chamber of Commerce Auto Park, Santa Barbara, January, 1921.

England girl raised in a large family where every child had a part in the home responsibilities. And parenthetically we may as well confess that most of the clamor about the servant problem comes from families not accustomed to domestic help save in emergency. Those whose traditions include this form of service are the ones who are adapting themselves most resourcefully and philosophically to the maid shortage.

It is not lack of help, then, not lack of home, that is driving our citizenship out upon the public road, but the spirit of "Let's go," which is rapidly becoming our national slogan. And added to the simple faith of our forefathers as expressed upon our medium of exchange it has a subtly pathetic humor—"In God we trust. Let's go."

A woman writer added fresh testimony to the trend of modern sentiment the other day. "I have to solve the problem of working and yet living outside," she said. "So I evolved the plan of stopping my car on some quiet roadside and writing on a pad in my lap. But I soon learned that roadsides, even very quiet ones, would not do. So many kindly people stopped with solicitous offers of gas and oil that my life became a succession of refusals. To the average American who owns an automobile it is an inconceivable thing that any one who is equipped to 'go' should voluntarily remain stationary."

But to return to Mrs. Fremont-Smith. When asked how she solved the school problem, she replied: "We just put them right in here. We've been here two months already and will probably be here two more. There are several children in camp about their age, and every morning one of us gathers them up and drives them to school. And here's a thing that will interest you. The teachers say that the children from the auto park are the cleanest pupils in the school."

This is not hard to believe. For mothers freed from domestic cares have more time to spend upon faces and hands and "behind the ears." And by that same token it is quite probable that the children at the auto camp have more parental co-operation in preparing their lessons.

Mrs. Fremont-Smith had finished the peas now and was running a deft hand down a small stocking leg, prospecting for holes. The double bed, sheltered by a khaki lean-to, was neatly made, and a roll of flannel underwear flapped upon the clothes-line. If it is true that houses reflect the characters of their owners, tents are infinitely more illuminating. Sitting at the door of this one it was easy

to make the transition from casual acquaintance to confidant and so receive indirect introduction to some of the neighbors.

"Those people over there are from Indiana. They own a home and a lot of property there, but they decided that they wanted to travel, and they've been down in San Diego for four months. Her husband has got a job here now. He's a building contractor and is putting up that new office-building on B—— Street. They took a house two weeks ago, but yesterday morning back they came to camp. She said she just got so lonesome with nobody to talk to all day that she didn't know what to do. Not a soul came to call on her, and she said that when she'd think of the good times we all used to have together out here, cooking supper so cosily over in the kitchen and signing up for the waffle-iron on Sunday mornings, she just couldn't stand it. So they've taken one of those wooden lodges and will be here all winter."

Here she digressed from her responsibilities as hostess to call to the occupants of an incoming car. "Did you look at it?" The man replied evasively as he helped his wife to alight and began unpacking the groceries. Mrs. Fremont-Smith winked with genial camaraderie. "You see," she explained in a lowered voice, "we all *say* that we're here because we haven't any other place to live. And there's an unwritten law that whoever sees a sign of an apartment or house to rent must report it in camp. My husband and I have told those people about five different places but— Well, you see they're still here."

Most of these campers are "still here," and their permanency and contentment seems to answer definitely the second question. Having once started to go will they ever be content to stop? No. Why should they stop when in this transient camp they find freedom and adventure and casual comradeship.

Eagerly does the American father of to-day impart to his family the glad tidings that he has rented or sold the home and they can now live in an apartment. Willingly does the American mother of to-day accept the altered condition of living that will free her from domestic toil. Joyfully do parents and children flee at length from the Gomorrah of profiteering landlords to the fellowship of the roadside camp-fire. And the soul of the whole matter lies in this fact: the Fremont-Smiths sacrifice their home ties lightly because they bind them lightly. Only in song do they pay tribute to the theory of there being "no place like home."

It is Emerson who urges us earnestly to "stay at home in thine own heaven." "Good advice," say the Fremont-Smiths, "if you have that kind of a home. But making a heaven out of your home involves too much work. Even making a haven of it is arduous. And in place of drudgery we can have freedom. In place of routine we can have adventure. And for every friend we can have a campful of jolly acquaintances. And all this at the least possible cost." This is the modern philosophy. It gains converts every day. For after all, our chief quarrel with life is not only that it is so expensive but that it is so hard, so unlovely, so pitiless. No one has time for the inspirational comradeships of life. No one cares who lives next door, or dies there. The strain of modern economic life is forcing us to seek relief in strange and hitherto untried ways. Those who drive mattress-gorged cars through our streets are on a spiritual quest. What they are seeking is not material but spiritual shelter. And having found it in the community kitchen while awaiting their turn at the waffle-iron they are not to be forced back into the hideous mélange of civilization by the empty enticement of FURNISHED APARTMENT TO LET.

Whether we approve or disapprove of it, the fact remains that we are rapidly being herded toward community living. And what is the case which the American home as it now exists can present in defensive argument? We are born in public institutions, educated in public institutions, fed at public tables, entertained in community theatres. Whatever religious instruction we brook is supplied by Sunday-schools. What claim can the home present to the modern child that will take precedence in his heart over going to school in an auto-park car and celebrating a birthday in an auto-park kitchen?

A few years ago one of our magazines

published the statement that the American buffalo was rapidly becoming extinct and his species would soon be seen no more except in zoological gardens. This announcement caused not the mildest ripple of excitement. For to most of us the buffalo had already passed. We were not accustomed to seeing him gambolling about on the front lawn, so his going left no gap in our lives.

Pitching horseshoes: Auto Park, Christmas Day, 1920. Santa Barbara.

With something of that same calmness must the child of to-morrow read the warning sign: "The American Home is Passing." What is home but one apartment-house and boarding-school right after another! The story of the American tourist visiting Italy with an English friend grows more pertinent with each succeeding year. Everywhere the American was impressed with the work of human hands and the dreams of human souls which have survived centuries of material and spiritual erosion. At last, in a voice thoroughly awed and a little despairing, he said to his companion: "When America is as old as Italy is to-day she will have no heritage like this to give to posterity. What is the secret of Europe's marvellous achievement? How has she managed to accomplish all this?" To which the laconic Briton replied: "By staying at home."

This is an indictment none the less arresting because it is presented in the negative. But staying at home has become of all things the most abhorrent. Behind the slogan "Better roads" is a far deeper significance than the mass of our countrymen realize. Of the twenty measures placed before the California voters last November, the single one on which no campaign time or money was wasted was the highway bond issue. The prevailing sentiment throughout the State was that it would carry anyway, and there was no use in spending any effort upon it. And it did. It carried by an overwhelming majority, while bills relating to more effective administration, education, and public health went down in contemptuous defeat.

To what does all this point? Why "better roads" at the expense of better schools or better sanitation? The answer is obvious enough and logical enough in view of the modern trend of sentiment:

Better roads because, whether or not we have homes, we live on the roads. The American home is rapidly becoming merely a service station where we stop only long enough to get supplies for a trip. In a dim, indefinite way we are beginning to realize that during the past decade something fine and fundamental has passed out of our national life and in this spirit, which is pathetic because it is so little understood, we are throwing ourselves into the work of forming community theatres, community choruses, community auto parks.

One can conceive of a nation of Fremont-Smiths regaining perhaps some of our lost heritage of resourcefulness and cheerful adaptability. One may enjoy their easy comradeship even while despising them as slackers. But whether we feel for them pity, envy, or contempt, the fact remains that a steadily increasing part of our population are becoming the guests of the nation. And even an informal guest imposes definite responsibilities. A new spiritual tax has been levied upon us. For roadside democracy, like every other brand of democracy, presents problems and a price tag.

The Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce is harassed by the realization that it must somehow contrive to build more lodges for those members of the Fremont-Smith family who may elect to stay all winter. It must provide, and that right speedily, more shower-baths and waffle-irons. The school superintendent, the board of health, and the local pastors have already added the Fremont-Smiths to their calling lists. All this, as solicitous hosts, we must do in the name of the new hospitality. In return, we are reminded that the Fremont-Smiths spend their money in our town and that perchance (oh, beautiful indeed are the feet of those who bring these glad tidings into the local realty offices) they *may* decide to buy property here.

It is not permissible to inquire into the financial status of a guest. It is neither kind nor courteous to probe for details concerning his private plans. But even though we should entertain around our camp-fire some incognito son of Crœsus who is destined one day to electrify the town by purchasing an entire hillside and paying cash, there are those among us for whom the haunting question will still persist: Do the Fremont-Smiths pay their board?

Scene in Auto Park, Santa Barbara.

IN HONEY'S HOUSE

By Wolcott LeClear Beard

Illustrations by Walter Tittle

BECAUSE I had been a captain-doctor in France, where inconsiderate Teutons injected some mustard-gas and a few bits of H. E. shell into my system, my uncle and only relative purchased for me the practice of old Doctor Jenkins, who was anxious to retire. These facts are here given because they serve to explain me and my domiciliary advent in Greenwich Village. My advent is of importance, so far as this story is concerned, only because it placed me in a position to narrate said story.

Having thus attended to the above matters, I can begin fairly at the moment when I alighted at the Christopher Street Station from a Ninth Avenue train, dressed in brand-new civilian clothes. Setting my suitcase down on the platform, and assuming the attitude best calculated to ease the leg with a limp in it, I drew two keys from my pocket and proceeded to examine the tags that were fastened to them. They bore the inscriptions "Front Door" and "Back Door," respectively, with an address under each. The latter address was on Christopher Street.

"'Back Door' has the jump on 'Front Door' by nearly five blocks," said I to myself. "It mayn't be a very dignified manner in which to enter my new domain, but this gimpy leg of mine isn't strong on dignity, just now. 'Back Door' wins!"

So I stumped eastward, and soon found the door I sought. It was set in a brick wall and led, as nearly as I could make out, into the back room of a corner saloon. Upon entering, however, I discovered my mistake.

I found myself in a narrow, flagged alley which evidently, when New York still lay south of Canal Street, and Greenwich Village really was a village, had led from a back lane through a garden. To one side grew an ailanthus-tree, with the sunshine of late spring filtering greenly through its leaves. A stone arch, within which the original garden-gate must have swung, still was standing, just inside the doorway that had admitted me. On the flat top of this arch stood a large flower-pot with a dead geranium in it.

I am not likely soon to forget that flower-pot. It, the arch, the flagged alley, and the tree together formed, as it seemed to me, a quaintly picturesque fragment of old New York. I had paused, half turning, fully to take it in, and my eyes happened for the instant to be resting on the flower-pot in question.

At that instant there came a sound as though all the clocks in New York had tripped their winding pawls—or whatever the proper technical name of those things may be—had tripped their pawls and allowed their mainsprings to run unchecked. While this was still in progress there came a sort of "whish!" short but emphatic, followed by a report that might have been made by a rather heavy shotgun.

Coincidently with the report, that flower-pot behaved like a bursting shell. It started the dead geranium in business as a rocket, in which capacity it vanished into space. Its earth and shards were distributed impartially, far and wide. One of the latter struck me, and promptly I "took the count." Leaning against the alley wall, I slid downward until I sat on the flagged pavement and for a little the world, so far as I was aware, ceased to exist.

How long I sat there I don't know, but it could not have been very long. My bad leg regulated that matter, for it had fallen in a constrained position, and its emphatic protests brought me to myself. Slowly I climbed to my feet, feeling as though I had been kicked by a mule. The shard fortunately had hit me with its flat side, so the skin of my face was unbroken, but my eye was swelling so that already

it was nearly closed, and I knew that soon it must look as though it had been operated upon by the late John L. Sullivan in his palmy days.

In this plight, covered with dust and dirt, limping worse than ever, I slunk in through the back door of the house for which I was bound. Mounting the basement stairs, one step at a time, I sank, an exhausted heap, into a chair of the office that was henceforward to be mine. It couldn't be called a really auspicious entrance upon the scene of my future labors.

Naturally I desired to rest a little, to brush myself off and bathe my eye before exploring my new domain. These moderate though heartfelt wishes were, however, denied me. I heard, as I thought, a rapping, coming from some point that I could not locate. Then there came a voice—a girl's voice.

"Doctor!" it cried. "Doctor—oh, doctor!"

I made no move at first. The sounds were not loud, and with my head swimming as it was, I could not be sure whether they came from the inside of that head or the outside. But in a moment the rapping was repeated, and another voice called—a girl's voice still, but far deeper and more powerful than the first had been.

"Can't you answer, doctor?" it demanded imperiously. "We know you're there; Maisie saw the back door open. Come here—quick! It's for Honey. He'll die!"

I staggered to my feet, then. Leaving the office, I returned to the passage.

"Where are you?" I asked.

"Here—at the door—Honey's door. Where did you suppose?" was the impatient reply, close to my ear.

Then, for the first time, I noticed the door in question. It was set in the passage wall, on the side opposite that from which my rooms opened. I drew a great bolt that fastened this door. Small wonder that we started—all three of us—the two girls and I.

Before me stood the most superb specimen of young womanhood that I have ever beheld. Very fair, with features of classical regularity, she was almost a giantess; yet her proportions must have approximated perfection as closely as human proportions ever can.

Peeping timidly from behind her was the other girl, as tiny as the first was great. This girl had little real beauty; yet somehow there was an appeal in her wistful face that instantly aroused in any decent man the desire to protect her. Just now her bobbed hair was rather untidy, and her soft, brown eyes were disfigured by a pair of those hideous, stovelid spectacles, framed with dark shell. The pair reminded me of nothing so much as a very small owl seeking the protection of a heroic, Norse version of Minerva, both owl and patron goddess being incongruously dressed in "mandarin" coats, blazing with gold-and-silver embroidery, loose bloomers to the knees, and black-silk stockings.

For their part, they saw a dusty, dishevelled blackguard, with a limp and a black eye, that looked as though he had come straight from a disreputable saloon as yet unaffected by prohibition. No; the fact that the blond goddess drew up her superb body in a manner that was almost threatening was not in the least to be wondered at, as I hinted before.

"I called for the doctor—for Doctor Jenkins," said she, with cold severity.

"I'm the doctor," I babbled confusedly forth. "Not Doctor Jenkins, of course—his successor. I know I don't look it. I've just had an accident. Hamilton's my name—John Hamilton."

She hesitated for a moment. It was only for a moment, however.

"We'll have to take a chance," said she. "So come on, John Hamilton—*Doctor* John Hamilton. You're needed badly."

She led me into a strange room which I had no time to notice, and past a young man whom I noticed despite the want of time, for he was as large for a man as the goddess, as I have called her, was for a woman. But unlike her, he had about him such a look of softness, physical and mental, such a look of confused indecision—funk is what it amounted to—that I learned to despise him even in the moment that it took me to reach the side of my patient.

My patient was reclining in a long chair, his eyes turned up so far that only

the whites were visible. He must, I think, have been one of the least beautiful human beings in existence. His body was so weak, so puny and malformed, that it amounted almost to deformity. His face might have served for the model of a gargoyle. But of a kindly gargoyle; kindly and essentially so good that no amount of ugliness could disguise that fact.

In one hand this patient of mine gripped the barrel of an archaic gun so tightly that I had difficulty in releasing it. He was quite unconscious, but it was no wound from the gun that made him so. No detailed examination was needed to tell me how far wrong his heart had gone. One glance at his face was enough.

"Go into my office, get the little, black-leather box out of my suitcase and bring it here—and *run!*" I snapped, addressing the little owl-girl. "And you," I added, speaking to the young man, "help me get him to bed."

The little girl seemed to drift, rather than to run, like a bright-hued, wind-driven autumn leaf. The young man seemed somehow to shrink into himself as he sat, when he heard my words, but made no other move. It was the goddess who helped me get my patient to bed. Then I sent her from the room.

Long and anxiously I worked over that patient of mine. For a time it was touch and go. I shot enough nitroglycerine—hypodermically—into his system almost to have blown up the house, had it been put to its ordinary, non-medicinal use. After a while his heart-action strengthened, and he fell into a light but natural sleep. I tiptoed back into the room where I had found him.

There the goddess sat bolt upright in a chair, her eyes on the owl-girl and the objectionable young man in the opposite corner of the room. The young man, still seated, wore an expression of peevish discontent, as he read, or pretended to read, a huge volume of Shakespeare. The owl-girl knelt at his feet, her arms around his waist, and the stove-lid spectacles laid on the rug by her side in order that she might more comfortably cry into the handkerchief which she had wadded into a damp ball on the young man's knee.

The owl-girl sprang to her feet as I entered. All six eyes were fixed upon me. I hastened to answer the questions I knew they would ask.

"He's better—but nevertheless a very sick man," said I. "And there's another matter. Until now, you see, I never met——"

"Honey," supplied the goddess, as I hesitated.

"Until now I never met Mr. Honey, and know nothing of his affairs," I resumed. "Therefore—though it's an awkward necessity—I'll have to get the information from you people. Has he any relatives? And how is he situated financially?"

The owl-girl and the objectionable young man looked first at each other and then at the goddess. It was the goddess who answered. It seemed always to be she who answered. There was a hard, sneering little laugh on her beautiful lips as she spoke.

"Honey hasn't a relative or a nickel in the world," said she. "But don't fear, Doctor John Hamilton. Your fee will be paid. I'll personally see that it is."

She turned her eyes meaningly on the objectionable young man. With a whine of protest he jumped to his feet. As he did so the big volume of Shakespeare closed with a resounding slap. I turned upon him furiously.

"Have you no better sense than to make a noise like that—here?" I snarled. "Sit down and keep quiet. Do it now!"

He obeyed meekly. He was like a big, cowardly boy, who would like to bully, but doesn't dare. So I proceeded to empty the phials of my wrath upon the goddess.

"What right had you to assume that I spoke of my fee?" I hotly demanded. "As a matter of fact, the fee never entered my head. But this man will need care. Also many other things. It was a trained nurse I was thinking of."

The goddess smiled a wide and wonderful smile, showing perfect teeth. Also she held out her hand, which I found, when I took it, had the firm grasp of a man's.

"Doctor Jack, I beg your pardon," said she. "I ought to have had better sense. But you see," she added, with a motion of her head toward the objection-

able young man, "I was thinking, for the moment, in terms of Harvey Priest, there."

Again there came that whine of protest from the objectionable young man, now identified as Harvey Priest. Harvey's whine availed him nothing, however, even though it was backed by a little cry from the owl-girl. With a wave of her hand the goddess temporarily abolished them both and went serenely on.

"I fear we can't run to a trained nurse," said she, "but I think we can manage the rest. Harvey, how much does Honey ask for that gun you're going to buy?"

"I never said that I'd buy it—I don't know that I want to," cried Harvey. "I won't buy *anything* till I know what it's worth. I *won't*, I say!"

The goddess, for a little, stood gazing at him with infinitely calm reproof. As Harvey shifted uneasily under her gaze, I observed him more minutely than previously I had been able to do. The inspection was not satisfactory.

Harvey's voice was thin and mean. It was not at all in keeping with his big frame; but with one aspect of his face—though with only one aspect—it was perfectly in keeping. For the face, though both handsome and intellectual in its way, was also mean; mean with the suspicious keenness of the petty trader, yet was soft despite its keenness. Harvey's dress was studiously negligent, his hair longish, his tie flowing. These things, constituting almost an official uniform of a certain class of beings that infest Greenwich Village, still failed to classify Harvey. For though that class is ridiculous enough, and possessed of many faults, those of the petty trader are not usually numbered among those faults.

In short, Harvey seemed to be a sort of contradiction in terms. Though my observation caused me to dislike him more than ever, I failed utterly to explain him. This the goddess then proceeded, in a measure, to do.

"Harvey's people, you see, began in a very small way," said she, quite as though Harvey was elsewhere. "But they rose in the world until now they manufacture an enormous quantity of frightfully ugly furniture in Grand Rapids, Michigan. In some respects Harvey takes after his people. But he prefers writing poetry to stealing designs for furniture. And though you mightn't think it, it's good poetry, too.

"Harvey," she went on, turning to the person addressed, "you made Honey prove that the old gun would shoot by firing it out of the back window—though what difference it makes whether an antique like that will shoot or not, only people from Grand Rapids can tell. But you know it's worth more than Honey asks for it because Honey says it is."

"Honey says it's old—Honey says it's worth the money," cried Harvey, "but how do I know that Honey knows? Just see it! Does it look like fifty dollars? Say!"

Harvey's voice had risen to a wail of protest. He pointed, and I then saw that the goddess had picked up the old piece that I had loosened from my patient's clutching hand. With the fierce joy that only an enthusiastic collector can feel, I took it from her and bent over it in close and loving examination.

"Who ever saw a thing like that, anyhow?" demanded Harvey, pointing again.

"Not many people," I answered. "There aren't many of them in the world, and never were. It's a wheel-lock."

Instantly Harvey's suspicions came to the fore. He proceeded to conduct a severe direct examination.

"Is it worth fifty dollars?" he demanded to know.

"Yes," said I. "Or ten times that."

"When was it made?"

"In the early part of the sixteenth century, probably."

"How does it work?"

"It's wound up with a key, like a clock. When the trigger is pulled the clockwork makes that little, toothed wheel buzz around against the flint, throwing a shower of sparks into the priming. But you know perfectly well how it works," I added impatiently. "You probably didn't see—that ailanthus-tree concealed me—but I was coming in by the back way when that thing was fired and scattered bits of flower-pot all over the place." And ruefully, tenderly, but quite unconsciously, I caressed the swollen and

blackened place where formerly my eye had been visible.

The owl-girl laughed at this—a high, silvery peal of mirth. The egregious Harvey fairly brayed his appreciation of the joke at my expense, and the goddess again smiled that wonderful smile of hers. I didn't blame them. That involuntary caress must have been funny. I grinned myself, when I came to think of it.

Better, the joke seemed to have relieved a certain tension that was developing. Still laughing, with his suspicions apparently at rest, Harvey counted out fifty dollars from a big roll of bills and placed the amount in the goddess's hand.

"Let's go to dinner," said he. "Where shall it be?"

"The usual place," answered the goddess decidedly. "You run along and take that gun to your rooms and then go to the restaurant. Maisie and I will meet you there."

To this proposition Maisie—which evidently was the owl-girl's name—assented with enthusiasm. Therefore she wriggled into a long coat which covered her bloomers and her upper gorgeousness. She jammed a boyish hat down over her bobbed hair. Still like an autumn leaf—a brown one, this time—she drifted into the bedroom, and before I could stop her, had kissed my patient, but so lightly that he did not stir. Drifting back again, she kissed the egregious Harvey, who was departing.

She did not kiss me, and of course I did not expect her to, but I was conscious of an absurd disappointment because she hadn't. I was also conscious of a distinct pang of resentment as she kissed Harvey. I knew that in the circles which she affected, where ordinary conventions are banned with elaborate care, kisses are nearly as free as sunshine, and in Maisie's case as innocent. But one wanted her kisses to remain innocent, and felt instinctively that those rather thick, red lips of Harvey's were not nice lips for a girl like her to kiss.

With a nod and a smile at me, Maisie went out to dance little jigs on the stoop while waiting for the goddess. The goddess was standing at a window, looking out in the direction taken by Harvey, with a look on her gravely beautiful face that made me wonder. Apparently she was lost in a brown study, but after a little, with a deep sigh, she recovered her consciousness of outside affairs, and turned to face me.

"I forgot to tell you, Doctor Jack, that my name is Hilda Alstrom," said she. "You had better call me Hilda. You'll fall into the habit anyway, so you may as well begin soon as late. Now tell me something. You don't want to appear in public—do you?—with that eye of yours. No? I thought not. Another question. Isn't there some doctor who has charge of your practice until you take it over?"

"Yes," I answered. "A Doctor Clark. I don't know him."

"I do," said she. "I'll see him when I go out, and tell him that you'll be stuck here in the house for some days. Then you can put in some of your spare time in taking care of poor old Honey. I'll help with the nursing, of course, and so will Maisie. But mostly me. We all of us love Honey, but I love him better than any of the others, I think. You see, we're so alike—in spots."

I looked to see if she was joking, but she was not. On the contrary, her face was sad, with a sadness that somehow seemed bigger than that of other people, like everything else about her. But that this superb creature could in any way resemble the pitiful wreck in the next room seemed far too absurd a statement to be made seriously.

Evidently she perceived my doubts. She smiled again.

"What I told you is true," said she. "I think, a little later, you'll see that it is. Now you'd better write me a list of the things needed for Honey. I'll fetch them when I come back. I'll fetch your dinner, too."

"Bring back your own also, and eat it here with me," I begged.

"All right," she agreed. "Now get busy with the list."

While I wrote the list, she was putting on her long coat and buttoning it. I handed her the paper, together with a bill large enough to cover the costs. She stuffed both into her pocket in as matter of fact a manner as any man friend could have done. I think I began to estimate Hilda at her true worth right then.

"Now you go and bathe that eye of yours, get into your pajamas and a bathrobe, and make yourself comfy," she commanded, as she was about to go. "Oh, yes; I forgot. Give Honey this when he comes to himself. It'll do him more good than any amount of medicine."

She pressed the fifty dollars into my hands, and was gone.

I went back to my own domain, to bathe my eye and change my clothing, as Hilda had suggested. I got the hang of the peculiar layout of the place now; it was really very simple. The house originally had been a very large one, standing by itself. Years before its lower part had been divided from front to rear by a partition. On one side of this partition was Honey's house; on the other my office and quarters. The communicating door had probably been cut through for the convenience of some former tenant who had rented both places. Above, the old house was divided into studio apartments, as I afterward learned, in one of which Hilda made little statuettes and Maisie pretended to paint.

Returning to Honey's house, I prepared some capsules of beef extract that he had, and which Hilda had pointed out to me. When I carried the steaming cup to Honey's bedside, I found that his eyes were open and fixed upon me.

"I haven't been really asleep, or unconscious, or whatever it is, for ever so long," said he, as I approached. "I was rather hazy for a little—I always am, after these turns, though I never before had one as bad as this. The haziness soon passed away. I just lay here listening and thinking. I didn't want to talk—not then."

"You'd better not want to talk now," said I, lifting his head and holding the cup to his lips. "Drink this, and then go to sleep."

He took the extract obediently; but there his obedience ceased.

"I've got something to say," he persisted doggedly. "And to say it will harm me much less than I'd be harmed by holding it in. You know that—or ought to."

All doctors know that sometimes the exertion of talking is less than that of keeping silent. But this is something that depends upon circumstances. I refused to commit myself. Honey went on.

"You heard those girls call me 'Honey,'" he said. "It's my real name—Alfred Honey—but one sinks the 'Alfred.' I rejoice in my family name. I rejoice in it because, when applied to me, it's infinitely more ridiculous than any nickname could possibly be. Therefore it forestalls possible nicknames, which would make me writhe, while I had to make a bluff of laughing at them. 'Honey!'—a term of careless endearment, born of perfect understanding between a man and woman who love each other—and me; a grotesque little bogie with a rotten heart. Can you imagine any woman loving me?"

"I can't imagine anything more utterly morbid than the rot you're talking," I replied. "Moreover, Hilda told me only a few minutes ago that she——"

"I know what Hilda said; I heard her—and God bless her for saying it!" he interrupted. "But the love she spoke of isn't the love I mean—and you know it isn't. The love I mean—the love that one woman has for one man—is denied me as completely as though I were already as dead as I ought to have been long ago—as dead as I soon will be."

"You soon will be if you allow yourself to get worked up, as you're doing," I scolded. But he went on, unheeding, and I didn't quite dare leave him by himself. He might have tried to follow me. He was quite capable of trying, and I knew it.

"You know what I am outside. I suppose you know that inside I'm just a man. A man—like you, it seems—with a collector's passion for arms—for weapons, and especially missile-throwing weapons. I love their history, their mechanism—their use, except when they're used to kill something. I can't bear to kill. Moreover, I have a morbid terror—inborn—prenatal, I suppose—of the sound of firearms. I dread the report of a gun infinitely more than I dread its bullet. Harvey Priest knows that—he's a sort of cousin of mine. That's why he made me fire that wheel-lock. He wants me to die. On account of Maisie."

"Of Maisie?" I repeated stupidly.

"Yes—Maisie. Priest made me fire

that gun hoping that the shock of the report might kill me, and I didn't dare refuse for fear that Maisie might despise me, and my influence over her would be gone. I don't mind dying; but for her it's the worst thing I could do. My dying won't save her. And she must be saved."

"You mean from Harvey Priest?" I asked.

"Yes. Listen, doctor. With a dozen men that I know of—real men—I don't include myself among them—ready to fall at her feet and worship her, Maisie chooses to fall prostrate at the shrine of—Harvey Priest! Harvey Priest, who really cares for nothing but his own big carcass and its appetites and vanities; who's poisoning that pure mind of hers exactly as the drippings from a sewer will poison a spring. Maisie doesn't know. She *won't* know! So there's no one but me——"

"Can't Hilda influence her?" I asked, crossing the room in order to put down the cup that had held that beef extract.

"Hilda does what she can. She can't do much more. At best Hilda's only a woman, and Maisie's beginning to balk. I tell you, there's no one but me. *Me*—whom Maisie trusts because I'm such a damned horror to look at that she can't conceive my love for her being other than pure. So I *can't* die! Don't you see? I *mustn't* die! And you must keep me alive. So promise! Promise——"

At this point he actually raised himself on one elbow, and shouted so that his voice rang through the house. I made one jump across the room to his bedside. But he had fallen back, white and gasping, before I could get to him.

Well, it wasn't as bad as it might have been, of course—because Honey still lived. As a matter of fact, he showed more recuperative power than I had given him credit for. But the time that followed was a desperately anxious one, for all that. In the end I was obliged to give him a mild narcotic, which I was reluctant to do. He fell into as near an approach to a natural sleep as a narcotic can create.

Going into the front room, I filled a pipe with some tobacco I found there, and smoked, while examining the old arms with which the walls were covered. Beautiful specimens they were, one and all, that filled my heart with joy to behold. Some of them were without duplicates that I know of; and I know most of the world's great collections.

Then a key rattled in the lock of the front door, and Hilda appeared, together with two small boys, who put down a huge basket they had been carrying between them, and promptly disappeared. Hilda threw off her long coat and dragged a big table into the middle of the room.

"How's Honey?" she asked, as she began deftly to set the table.

"He talked himself into a semidelirium. I couldn't stop him," I replied. "He is quiet now, and will pull through this attack. But not the next one, I fear."

"Did he talk about Maisie?" she asked.

"Yes," I said; and she nodded understandingly.

We sat down, and she served the soup. She smiled as she handed me my plate.

"This is frightfully improper—our dining alone like this," she remarked.

I only laughed. To think of impropriety where Hilda was concerned seemed somehow so absurd. She nodded again, as though she had spoken with a purpose, and fell silent. So did I, for the dinner was good, and I very hungry.

"I was later than I intended to be," said she, after a long pause. "I found that the big table in the restaurant, where we usually sit, was unoccupied. So I waited until some of Harvey's friends came in. I don't like them, but there's safety in numbers. If I left Harvey and Maisie alone, he'd recite poetry to her. I don't approve Swinburne's poetry for Maisie's use."

"Does she like it?" I asked.

"I don't know. Neither does she. Maisie's mind is like a brook; just as pure, just as bright, and just as shallow. It isn't easy to pollute it. It can be done, of course—but it shan't be."

Honey had likened Maisie's mind to a spring. Naturally the similarity of the images struck me.

"Have *you* been talking with Honey about Maisie?" I asked.

"Not in this way," answered Hilda. "There's no occasion; we both know her so well."

Again Hilda fell silent, while I ate

steadily on. It was some time before I noticed that she had apparently lost all consciousness of the food before her, and was sitting with her big, blue eyes gazing into space.

"Maisie *isn't* beautiful," she said thoughtfully, and half to herself. "Strictly speaking she's hardly even pretty. She has no more mind than a kitten. Yet men fall in love with her—go wild about her! Real men—men with brains, some of whom don't even particularly like her; for liking has nothing to do with loving. And Maisie collapses utterly at the feet of Harvey Priest, who loves nothing in the world except himself, who'd be tired to death of her in a week, but is willing to amuse himself for that week. It seems to me that those things are horribly mismanaged in this world. I wonder what laws govern them, anyway."

She had asked one of the questions that has defied the wisdom of the ages to answer. There was nothing that I could say. Then, so suddenly that it startled me, Hilda jumped to her feet.

"I must rejoin that party of Harvey's beastly little friends before it breaks up, so as to bring Maisie home," said she. "I'll be back afterward."

So she went. Honey slept. I pottered about, smoking, re-examining Honey's collection, of which I would never tire, and in between times dozing in my chair. In the early hours of the morning Hilda returned.

"I'll relieve you now," said she, peeling off her coat. "Tell me what to do; then go and get some rest."

When I had finished the few directions I had to give, Hilda made no comment, but stood looking down at Honey as he slept; and though he was much older than she, it seemed to me that there was something maternal in her gaze.

"Poor old Honey!" said she softly, after a little. "Did you ever stop to think of the heart-breaking tragedy of that pitiful body, with inside it all the loves and longings that all the things that a man—and a woman too—wants and ought to have? But I know you must feel it, though not as I do. Very few can feel it as I do. That's why few people can love him as much as I."

To me it seemed clear that now she implied what she had plainly stated the previous afternoon; namely, that there was some mysteriously unfortunate resemblance between Honey and her. It looked like affectation, the first trace of it she had shown.

"Hilda, why will you persist in talking such rot?" I demanded peevishly.

"Rot!" she repeated; then turned to face me. "Look at me," she ordered.

"I'm looking," I answered. "It's the easiest thing I know how to do."

"Never mind that sort of stuff!" she cried. "I know what I am and what I look like. I know exactly what my limitations are. And those limitations bar everything—just everything in the world—that a woman wants."

"What on earth do you mean?" I asked, utterly at a loss to understand.

With startling quickness, and an astoundingly small show of exertion, she reached forward, caught me by my bent elbows, lifted me a foot or more from the ground, and set me down again. And I am by no means a small man.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I can put the shot, throw the hammer and box. I can whip most men in a fair fight, and on occasion I've done it. What brains I have are mostly man's brains. Men don't think of me as a woman but—unconsciously—as another man, just different enough from themselves to be interesting. You do yourself. You laughed when I joked about the impropriety of our dining here alone. That's why I made the joke—to hurt myself a little more, just as you'll always be pushing your tongue against a tender tooth. You know what I mean."

She turned away, and I was almost sure that there was a catch in her voice; something like a birth-strangled sob. With her back to me, as she pretended to arrange something on the mantelpiece, she went on.

"I don't usually talk like this, especially on so short an acquaintance," said she apologetically. "But now—well, the circumstances are different—and you're a doctor—and all that. But don't try to answer what I said. Please! Just go to bed!"

I started to go; it was the only thing that in decency I could do. As I opened

the door that separated Honey's house from mine, she spoke again.

"And don't run away with the idea that it's any unresponsive *man* that I'm pining for," she called. "It isn't. I only wish it were. Good night."

I didn't attach much importance to these last words, just then; I thought merely that Hilda was repenting of her frankness, and was therefore hedging. Nevertheless, I went to bed thoughtful and rather troubled. Of course Hilda had been absurdly morbid. Yet—was all that she said so absurd?

I am an average sort of man, I think, and therefore took myself as an example. I liked Hilda enormously. More than that, even in the few hours since first we met, I had formed a warm affection. But as to falling in love with her—well, I simply couldn't imagine myself in that position. It would be like falling in love with the Venus of Milo, or the Goddess of Liberty, or anything else that was unattainably big and beautiful, and though nominally feminine, still practically sexless.

But I understood what Hilda had meant when she spoke of the resemblance between herself and Honey. It was plain enough, now.

I went to sleep. At noon Hilda woke me and gave me breakfast. Then began the first of those pleasant, restful days that I shall always fondly remember.

Honey rapidly progressed toward the farthest point he ever could reach on the road to health. He recovered much more rapidly than I did; for recuperation from the partial failure of a weak heart is not nearly so tedious an affair as the recovery of the normal appearance of an eye that had been blacked as thoroughly as mine.

The two girls and Harvey Priest, and many others as well, ran in and out more than at first I really ought to have allowed; but for much of the time Honey and I naturally were alone; and our friendship grew with a rapidity possible only to a friendship between those circumstanced as were we. Every hour that passed served to increase my affection for a clean man, a great soul, housed in a body that was simply a living curse, and which soon must fail even as such.

In our love of ancient weapons, we met on the congenial ground of a common hobby. Honey was supposed to deal in them, but this was mostly pretense. He never would sell a really good specimen unless his collection boasted a better one. He had a little income of his own, and one instalment of it fell due during the time of our close association. He spent it all, and part of Harvey Priest's fifty dollars besides, in the purchase of his last toy.

It was an arblast—one of the military sort, intended for use against plate armor. Its bow, of solid steel, was wider and as thick as a small wagon-spring, though shorter. No unaided man was supposed to bend that bow. To accomplish this the crossbowmen of old used a small windlass that fitted, when required for use, over the butt of the weapon, and was operated by two cranks, one for each hand. It was a wonderful specimen. I was as enthusiastic concerning it as was Honey himself, and we must, I think, have behaved rather like two children.

Bowstring and windlass lines of course were missing; had disappeared in the course of the centuries since last they were used. So Honey and I proceeded to replace them. Sash-cord served very well for the windlass. The bowstring we made from many strands of picture-wire. To manufacture bolts for the old weapon was a more difficult problem, but at last we solved it by cutting the spring-roller of an old window-shade into sections and running melted lead into the resultant wooden cylinders. We only made two; the rest were failures.

Then we tried it out. Placing a pillow at one end of the passage, I stood at the other. I bent the bow, unshipped the windlass, and laid the bolt in its groove. Then, raising the ponderous weapon to my hip, I pressed the "goat's foot"—in other words, the trigger.

The bow twanged like a harp-string. Its vibrations, as its cord tightened, were almost like an electric shock. The other end of the passage looked as though a local snow-storm was raging there. This was on account of the feathers that flew as that shade-roller bolt ripped the pillow from end to end as it passed through to make a deep dent in the plaster beyond and to shatter itself to splinters by the impact.

Honey, who was reclining in a long

chair, jumped to his feet with a squeal of joy. This recalled me to myself, and I got him back into his own chair, by the front window, for there was a paleness around his lips and the base of his nose that warned me against allowing him more exertion, mental or other.

Then Maisie came dancing in, wild with excitement. Hilda and Harvey Priest followed her. About them also there seemed to be a certain air of excitement, though more or less successfully suppressed. On the surface Hilda was simply grim and determined, Harvey sullen and mulish. I felt that something either had happened or was imminent between the three, though as to what it might be I could form no guess.

Honey saw nothing out of the ordinary; of that I was sure. He was full of his new toy and its late notable performance. At his behest I brought it forth and exhibited it to the newcomers.

The three guests showed a mild interest in our acquisition; in view of Honey's enthusiasm they hardly could have done less. Harvey Priest reached over and plucked the taut bowstring, so that it gave forth a deep, resonant note. He put his foot on the string and pressed, then shook his head and smiled at the resistance it offered. Maisie giggled at this, though there was nothing in the world, that I could see, to giggle about.

Then Hilda stepped forward. Picking up the arblast, she slipped her foot into the stirrup at its muzzle-end and, stooping, grasped the bowstring with both hands. She tried to straighten—failed—tried again. The bow bent, ever so little.

"Don't!" I cried. "You'll hurt yourself!"

She paid no heed. Her face flushed and certain cords, hitherto invisible, marred the smoothness of her neck. But her back straightened steadily, and slowly the bow curved more and more. I held my breath. The string, between her hands, crept upward along the groove. It reached the catch—hesitated, slipped into place with a click. The thing was done. The bow had been bent by pure, unaided human strength. It was a feat that I honestly believe could not have been duplicated by more than two or three men I have ever known.

We ought naturally to have laughed and applauded, but we didn't. Instead, there followed a short but awkward silence. For Hilda had glanced at Harvey, and by that glance all who saw it knew instantly that Hilda's performance was not merely a wonderful feat of strength. It also was a threat—a warning to beware of that strength, lest it be otherwise employed.

In the same half-hysterical manner that she had been giggling before, Maisie now began to whimper. I glanced at Honey, and the whiteness of his lips and around the base of his nose alarmed me; his former excitement and the present tenseness of the social atmosphere were both taking toll of him. This wouldn't do at all. I told the guests to clear out; that it was time for Honey's regular afternoon rest, and that he must begin to take that rest at once.

"I thought so," said Hilda. "Maisie, go up to our rooms and wait for me there. Harvey, go home. And walk slowly, so I can overtake you; I want to have a few words with you. Honey, dear, come with Hilda!"

She spoke as a nurse might speak to a tired child. And, like a nurse, she lifted him in her arms, and carrying him into his own room, laid him on the bed, then departed, full of her intention of overtaking Harvey.

Honey lay on the bed, his eyes closed. Then, a few minutes later, when I started to give him some medicine, he looked suddenly up at me.

"Where's Maisie?" he asked.

As though he had called her, Maisie at that moment came drifting in. She was dressed in conventional street-clothes, and this struck me, for it was the first time that I had seen her in any costume save the one she had worn when first we met. Slipping her arms around Honey's neck, she hugged his head close to her breast.

"Good-by, dear," she said. "I oughtn't to have taken the time—I'm late as it is—and I've had to duck Hilda in order to come. But I couldn't go away without some word of farewell."

"Go!" growled Honey. "Go where, pray?"

She made no reply; only kissed him

Drawn by Walter Tittle.

"Don't!" I cried. "You'll hurt yourself!"—Page 750.

and drifted out as she had drifted in, before I could tell her to go away, as I fully intended to do. From first to last, she had not so much as recognized the fact of my existence. For a moment I felt absurdly piqued; then Honey's excitement, now returned in full measure—and more—turned my mind to affairs of more immediate importance. Again I started to administer the deferred dose of medicine. He pushed it aside so roughly that most of it was spilled.

"Hamilton, the child is going away with that unspeakable Harvey Priest," he cried, his face livid. "I know it just as certainly as though I saw him waiting for her!"

"Piffle!" said I, trying to speak convincingly. "Probably her mother has suddenly appeared from Dayton, Ohio—isn't that where she comes from?—and is going to take Maisie back home for a visit."

"Her mother is *not* here! She ought to be—I wrote and told her so. But she isn't. Not yet. She hasn't had time to come. No!—what I say is correct. Maisie is going with Harvey Priest—whose touch is defilement—to her everlasting sorrow. I *know!*"

"And I know that you've spilled your medicine, so I'll have to go and hunt up those tabloids to make some more," said I, and turned to go.

As I went into my own office I felt once more, as on many previous occasions, how powerless, outside the purely technical realms of medicine and surgery, a physician is. In the present instance I had used my very best manner of peevish semi-indifference, intended to allay Honey's excitement by conveying to him the impression that spilling that medicine was a far more important matter than Maisie's farewell. The manner wouldn't work, and I knew it wouldn't. But it was all I had to offer.

I left Honey's house quickly, because inwardly I was almost as excited as he. For in my mind there was born and there grew the conviction that Honey was right—that in very truth Maisie was going away with Harvey Priest. Going to be married by some alderman or justice of the peace—perhaps. But in any event going to utter misery and neglect when the glamour of a week should have worn away.

And what could I do to prevent this? My duty lay with my patient. Yet one scheme of rescue, each more impracticable than the last, raced through my head as I absently hunted through a drawer for that box of tabloids that was in plain sight all the time.

Then it came—from the other side of that partition dividing Honey's house from mine—a single harp-like note, so faint in the short distance that I could not be sure that I really heard it.

Instantly there followed the agonized scream of a woman. This came from the street, and I sprinted for the front door. The woman screamed again as I flung the door open. It was Maisie. Somehow I had known from the first that it must be she.

With a travelling-bag clutched in one hand, and her face so white and drawn that I hardly knew it, she gazed at the form of Harvey Priest as it sprawled at her feet, a broad trickle of crimson creeping away from his head over the flag-stones.

In three jumps I was by his side—and so, as it seemed to me, was a fair half of the inhabitants of Greenwich Village, all of them chattering like sparrows. As I started to kneel by the fallen man, something rolled under my foot, nearly throwing me down.

A long-haired young artist—one whom I knew slightly as a visitor to Honey's house—picked up the object and weighed it in his hand. It was the section of shade-roller, run full of melted lead, that we had made for a crossbow bolt. I knew all along that it would be found there. The twang of that bowstring had told me so. But the wooden, lead-filled cylinder sent all others, the police included, far away on a false scent—and no wonder. Who could have guessed the truth?

"The man has been sandbagged!" shouted that excited young artist. "You could kill an ox with that thing. Is he dead, doctor?"

"No," I answered, trying to keep any note of regret out of my voice. "He was struck a glancing blow, and his hat partially shielded him. He isn't dead, nor likely to die."

Drawn by Walter Tittle.

In three jumps I was by his side—and so, as it seemed to me, was a fair half of the inhabitants of Greenwich Village.—Page 752.

What I now wanted to do was to get back to Honey. It seemed an interminable time before a policeman arrived on the scene. He rang for an ambulance, which also arrived in the course of time, bringing with it a cocky young medical student in a white jacket who took Harvey to St. Vincent's Hospital. Some of Maisie's girl friends took her away, laughing and crying at once, to their own quarters, wherever they might be.

Thus liberated, I ran back to Honey's house. There I found what I dreaded and half expected to find. Honey lay by the front window, the heavy arblast across his chest. His heart at last had made good its long-continued threat. He was dead.

Hours afterward, Hilda came in, as calm and efficient as ever—a tower of strength, physically and in every other way. But she stayed only a little while.

"I had intended to send Harvey to the railway-station to meet Maisie's mother," said she, "but when he evaded me, I had to go myself. Maisie's with her mother now. They're going back to that Ohio town—and a good thing, too."

The days that followed are a confused horror to me of bizarre but kindly meant attentions on the part of practically the whole Village. Many times did I wish for Hilda, but no one knew where she was. But at last the funeral was over, and with a sense of desolation that amounted to a physical pain, I was seated in Honey's house, when the door opened and Hilda came quietly in. She was dressed, I remember, in severe black. The straight lines made her look taller than ever, but I never saw her more beautiful.

"I've been with Harvey," said she, forestalling my question. "I took him away from the hospital to a little cottage I rented. He's almost well, though weak. I had to tell them at the hospital that I was his wife before they'd let me take him. I am his wife now."

"You're *what?*" I demanded, incredulous of having heard aright.

"His wife," she repeated.

"His wife—the wife of Harvey Priest, after what—" I began.

"Yes," she interrupted. "His wife, notwithstanding what he is and what I know him to be. For I've no illusions concerning Harvey. He's not a very likable person, I fear. But love has nothing to do with liking. I told you that before, and I spoke from positive knowledge, God knows."

"But—hang it all!" said I. "Harvey Priest didn't want to marry you. He was afraid of you."

"That's why he married me. He is a coward," she replied composedly.

"But you said—just as you were sending me to bed the other night—that there was no man whom you wanted," I persisted.

"Do you call Harvey Priest a man?" she asked by way of reply. "I don't. But he'll be more of a man from now on. He'll be happier, too, than he's ever been before. He may not know it—he certainly won't acknowledge it for years to come—but he will be."

"May the devil fly away with *his* happiness!" I snapped. "How about yours?"

"I've taken what I wanted," she answered, with a sigh. "The rest is up to me, isn't it? But I doubt if there's much unmixed happiness in this world. Good-by, Doctor Jack; I won't see you again. Harvey and I are leaving for Grand Rapids. Good-by once more!"

She touched her cool lips to my forehead and went away. I also went away—back, from Honey's house to mine, and drew the bolt of the connecting door. There I looked at myself in a mirror. The blackness of my eye had all but gone.

Once more, then, I was a citizen of the outer world. So, with a sigh, I resolved to put the days just passed behind me, and take up the work that was to come.

SCIENCE AND STYLE

By George Sarton

Author of "The Message of Leonardo"; Research Associate of the Carnegie Institution

THE word "style" has been used in such a promiscuous way that to be understood without ambiguity I must define it anew. It is not enough to say that style is a characteristic mode of expression, for then it would be almost impossible to speak of anything as styleless. Let us then define style as a mode of expression which does not simply characterize the individual who uses it, but expresses the thought and feeling of a great many more, maybe of a whole nation, of a whole period, or, better still, of the whole race. The larger the group, or the longer the time the soul of which it succeeds in evoking, the higher the style. The artistry, the virtuosity of the smaller craftsmen are often very peculiar; the style of genius is universal; it makes us touch the bed-rock of human nature. When we speak of style without further qualification, we mean its highest type, the ideal style of each epoch—that which remains at the bottom of the crucible at the end of any deep historical analysis. For example, when we think in the more general way of the Greeks or the Chinese, it is really of their style that we are thinking. We may forget the details of every one of the achievements which immortalized them, but we shall remain deeply conscious of their common form, of their common quality, that is (for no other word is more adequate), of their style.

To show how necessary it was to define style before attempting to speak of it, let me simply remind you of the fact that the same word is indiscriminately used to designate both the idea I have in mind and another which has become almost antipodal, the idea of fashion. For while I mean to convey the notion of something eternal, it is the very essence of fashion to flee away as fast as snobbism and business may demand it. Of course it is not fashion in itself, but its extravagance, as fostered by frivolous women and greedy merchants, which causes the promiscuous use of so good a word to be so shocking—as, for instance, when we speak of the latest styles or when we say of the pretty Miss Gooseberry (who would buy a new hat every week if she could afford it) that she is very stylish. As a matter of fact, a very fashionable woman is doomed to a styleless existence, even as a prostitute to a loveless one. How could she have a style of her own when she is ever ready to burn upon the altar of fashion that which she was still adoring yesterday and to yield herself to the newest fad?

My definition of style may seem a little complex, but this is unavoidable, for the idea itself is not by any means a simple one. An artist may be original to the point of freakishness and yet have no style of his own, or he may strive to conform himself faithfully to a traditional style and yet remain styleless. The fact is that style implies both tradition and originality, the former being the quintessence of centuries of labor and criticism, the latter the spark of genius by which inert tradition is brought to life again. That is why style can neither be improvised nor kept alive without continual improvisation.

When originality is lacking, whatever style there is exists only in a passive form. This may explain a fact which, I am sure, has puzzled many people. I refer to the curious limitations of taste shown by collectors, even by famous ones. While their taste is excellent, almost unfailing, as long as antiques are concerned, they often exhibit the most shocking lack of discrimination with regard to modern objects. These men lack originality; they need at every turn the guiding hand of tradition. They cannot of themselves help to prolong this tradition into the future; their taste is not creative. It also explains why so much of the modern imitation of period furniture is flat and uninspiring. The artisans who made these

reproductions lacked originality; they copied in a servile spirit, and doing so, they necessarily missed the essential. Every detail might be correct, but the whole would be soulless, that is, styleless.

On the contrary, originality alone can never make up for the absence of a traditional instinct of beauty and a traditional reserve—for no man is so great that he can disdain the accumulated wisdom and the proved taste of his ancestors without danger. If there be one thing which the history of art establishes beyond doubt it is that no one was ever able to create a radically new style; or to put it in another way, the greatest revolutionaries of art and letters only succeeded because they kept to a large extent within the traditions of the past; sometimes their revolutionary effort consisted simply in reconciling divergent traditions. The relative failure of the moving pictures from the artistic point of view is due to the fact that in their case the current of tradition was suddenly stopped by an immense technical discovery which gave to the new art at the same time an absolute freedom from convention and an almost infinite power of realization. For every artistic rule is a help and a guide, as much as a hindrance.

Hence it is that style is the paradoxical blending of contradictory elements, imitation and originality. The paradox is only apparent, however, for there is at the bottom no contradiction but simply the eternal conflict between the spirit of the past and the spirit of the future. What is life itself if not a continual compromise between the past and the present? The slow evolution of style by a curious mixture of imitation and individual variation is not more mysterious than heredity; it is indeed the higher intellectual aspect of the same mystery. There can be no life without variability and originality; on the other hand, tradition, like atavism, exerts a moderating and stabilizing influence; it keeps individual originality within reasonable bounds and insures its fruitfulness.

Of course style implies a substance. A poem, a painting, a concerto, a scientific memoir imply thoughts. A happy way of putting it may give a new lease of life to an age-worn thought, but without original ideas a forceful style is really unconceivable.

Nature is the inexhaustible spring from which man draws his originality. If he presumes to draw it from himself, he must needs return to nature once in a while, or go stale. Every artistic revolution was a return to nature or a temporary withdrawal from it; in any case, it established a new relation between man and nature. This being so, who could be more original than the truly inspired scientist? For he can see in nature all that other people see in it—and beyond that so much more that it is as if other universes were unfolded to him, as if nature were multiplied. Just think of the amazing variety and beauty of the surface of nature; it will help you to imagine the infinite variety and beauty of the rest. The plumage of the birds, for example! Have you ever taken the trouble to examine one bird after another? You will find among them every imaginable and unimaginable pattern of line and color, every style of decoration, every mood. This dress is as severe as a Franciscan frock, this other as gay as a carnival costume, still another as grand as a coronation robe—and look at this one! How reticent it is, until one discovers some humorous bit of ornament. The variety is so bewildering, and so many of the countless artistic experiments of nature are so successful, there is such a profusion of beauty that it would be a very tough heart which did not soften, and that he would be very stiff, indeed, the man whose knees would not bend. The impulse to worship the anonymous artist may be so great that one does not any longer try to understand but is satisfied to admire and be thankful. Yet some men are not so easily pleased; great as their love be, their curiosity, their wish to understand, is greater still. They want to know why nature is so beautiful. They do not believe in miracles; they believe that there is a reason for everything, even for all this insuperable glory. Of course none of them has ever been able to find the ultimate reason, but one can lift the innumerable veils of nature one by one, and so discover at each step, behind the external beauty of the uni-

verse, a new secret beauty, so brilliant that the former pales in comparison.

And so it is that when scientists have been endowed with a sufficient sense of style, they have produced some of the greatest and noblest pages which man ever wrote. Think of Archimedes, of Galileo, of Pascal, of Henri Poincaré! The latter, for example, has left us a few pages of such extraordinary plenitude, limpidity, and beauty, that whoever understands them fully, whoever grasps the underlying thought and the perfect adequacy of his language, feels an indescribable joy, a great serenity descending upon him. It is a joy of the same quality and intensity as that which the view of a beautiful landscape or of an early Chinese or Italian painting could give him. He must feel the identical artistic value of these things, the only difference being that in the latter cases he is moved by the superficial beauty of nature, in the former by its more secret harmony.

Unfortunately, the great scientists are so engrossed in their research that they cannot write much, and pages such as the ones to which I referred are very rare. It is probable that many smaller scientists missed a higher fame only because they had not this necessary power of expression, because they lacked style. They had been taught to observe, but not to express themselves, and their artistic education had been so utterly neglected that they could but see a carcass where they should have seen a triumphant body, and they could but hear a noise when they should have heard the very music of the spheres.

Style is the perfect adequacy between substance and form. It is necessarily traditional, because the substance of our thoughts can but vary very slowly; it is original to the extent that our thoughts are. They need not be entirely new, but one cannot express them in a new way unless one sees them in a new light. There can be no style where there is no substance, and its substance in the last analysis can only be the reality of nature or the poet's dream. In the first case we have to do with the style of science, in the other with the style of fiction. In both cases the value of one's style depends upon its faithfulness; it must be true either to nature or to one's dream. For once that one has chosen the medium of expression—whether it be ink, or marble, or pigment—there is only one adequate way of revealing his thoughts; any other is but a compromise or a lie. It is in that sense that one can say that genuine truth cannot be styleless, or that style is the highest form of truth, for perfect style implies absolute sincerity. Style is "the most austere of mental qualities, the ultimate morality of the mind."*

To come back to science, it offers to the artist such an inexhaustible substance, such a wealth of gigantic thoughts, that its comparative neglect, outside of its own technical sphere, is to me a matter of perpetual wonder. Where else could one expect to find a purer, a deeper, a nobler inspiration than in the very bosom of nature? Think of it! If the outside show is so marvellous, what must it be inside . . .? Therein we are given endless opportunities to contemplate not simply the innermost beauty, the secret harmony of nature, but also the supreme form of human genius. It is easy to imagine that to lift up the impenetrable veils of nature one after another called for an immense output of ingenuity, of patience, and of imagination.

It is not unreasonable to hope that when born writers and artists will have enough knowledge to receive their inspiration directly from the realm of science, we shall witness the efflorescence of a new literature more pregnant and possibly more beautiful than anything of the past. An enormous step forward will already be made when the style of our youth will be shaped not merely by teachers of literature or art but also by enthusiastic men of science, who will be able to open to them fresh visions of incomparable greatness and mystery.

I have often wondered whether our language suffers more from the carelessness of the truants who "treat it rough" or from the zeal of schoolmasters who poison and choke it by their pedantry. I imagine that much slang and many wicked words are used in purgatory—but the overpolished and underfed language of these pedants, their lukewarm elo-

* Whitehead.

quence, their bloodless, stereotyped, emasculated, professorial style is the very language of hell. Teachers of literature and of art can teach everything except the one thing that matters—style. The best they can do, if theirs are inspiring personalities, is to discover the incipient style of their pupils and stimulate its development.

I do not mean to say that a pure style cannot be attained without scientific knowledge, for the whole history of literature and art would gainsay such a reckless statement. But I do say that a sound scientific education, such as the one I dream of, would not in the least jeopardize the attainment of style. A good teaching of science should be implicitly a teaching of style. It is possible that such teaching would discourage many literary efforts, but I assume that this reduction would only affect the most mediocre literature and hence would be a positive gain. Indeed, the modern world suffers as much from a plethora of writing as from a dearth of style. Besides, the opening up of fresh sources of inspiration would give an enormous impetus to the activity of the most gifted. I dare say, also, that of two men having equal artistic abilities, the one commanding more knowledge will reach a far higher level of style. He alone will be able to produce this beauty of an extraordinary kind, perhaps the most specifically human type of beauty (one might call it "Pascalian beauty"), which is found only in the writings of those who were at the same time great scientists and great artists.

I well know that some scientists affect to despise literary activities to the extent that they intrust to secretaries the writing of their own memoirs. This only proves that their ideas, however important in some technical respect, are rather of a low quality; it proves that they are unable to appreciate the value of the innumerable shades of meaning which language attaches to our thoughts as soon as we try to communicate them. Their indifferent language expresses the mediocrity of their soul. Truly, these men are no more scientists than stonecutters are architects. Sometimes they complain that their discoveries lack recognition, without realizing that they were the first to jeopardize their success. For no discovery is completed until it has been explained, and they never took the trouble to explain it properly. These inarticulate investigators are often so little aware of this shortcoming that they take pride in their own disgrace and distrust the scholars who do not share it. It is men of this type who spoke ill of Renan's scholarship because he wrote so well; it is the same men who keep out of their academies those who reveal a suspicious sense of style. They seem to believe that a scientific paper should not be taken seriously unless it be painfully tedious.

I prefer to turn my face from them and to look toward the future. When the attention of our youth will be more evenly divided between literary and artistic studies on the one hand and a full and sound scientific education on the other, a type of men which has now almost vanished will then slowly reappear. I mean all-round humanists able to appreciate the beauty of science as well as the beauty of art, and to understand nature as well as man. Such complete humanists have existed in the past; there is no reason why they should not thrive again in the future, though their reappearance will hardly be possible without a profound transformation of the present courses of study. It is from these new humanists, when they have grown sufficiently strong and numerous, that we may reasonably expect the creation of the new literature to which I referred above. They may also inspire a new art. Why not? The leading men of the golden ages of art, for instance the fifth century before Christ, were men of just such a type; they united in their minds idealism with knowledge, they were instinct with the love both of beauty and of truth.

By giving more importance to the teaching of science, at least one literary advantage would be obtained. Clear thinking and writing would be stimulated and unclear writing discouraged. One can but despise the man of letters or the artist who expresses himself unclearly on a gambling chance that some will mistake his mistiness for real profundity. Yet

this trick is often successful. For it is a fact that many people—especially women who have received in a college or a finishing school just enough education to make others and themselves believe that they know something—are very often attracted by unclear writing, and fall an easy prey to any faker who knows how to bait them. They seem to assume that any muddled thought is deep, and hasten to proclaim its depth to suggest that they have fathomed it. On the contrary, when a sterling thought is expressed to them without bluff, and so clearly that one can see through it as one sees through the crystal water of a mountain lake, they are apt to think that it is shallow. That is natural enough, for they cannot grasp the pregnancy of such simple language, and yet they feel that nothing is hidden from them. Indeed, such clear style is like a mirror which reflects their own image; they see in it nothing but their own shallowness.

Experimental research would help boys and girls to realize the utter dishonesty of loose thinking. It would convince them that to fail to think out, if one thinks at all, and, having thought them out, not to express one's ideas as clearly as possible (if it be only for oneself), is a sort of cowardice.

The development of what I might call a "scientific conscience" would also discourage a great deal of useless writing. We may divide all writings into two classes: those which deal with dreams and those which deal with reality; or, to put it more briefly, fiction and non-fiction. I have no quarrel with fiction; we need it, were it only to prove that there is, after all, much more variety and fantasy in nature than in our most fantastic dreams. We need good novels, and we can never have too much of the best sort of poetry (but how rare it is!). The worst sort of literature is that which is supposed to represent reality and falsifies it, which is supposed to inform us and misinforms us. I suppose that scientific habits would go far to check the literary tendencies of men distinguished neither by their style nor their knowledge; men who make books as one would pave roads, without any inspiration; men whose only ambition is to get into print, or to make some money, or, at best, to "write well"; that is, to write as their old teachers have taught them, with the correct spelling and punctuation and a few conventional trimmings. Oh, how one would wish that they wrote less correctly and in a more personal vein! But it is hopeless, and the best that one can expect from them is that artificial and unconvincing elegance, as nauseating as the after-smell of cheap perfume.

That is why nothing irritates me more than to be told that an essay of mine is "well written." He who speaks so to me rubs me up the wrong way, indeed. "Well written! Did he say well written?" The ass does not realize that he has been trampling on a piece of my own heart. If a girl, after having read a letter in which a friend had dared at last to express his fondest hope, remarked to him that it was "well written," how would her lover feel, do you think? Well, I can but feel as he would. Is not any writing which has been deeply meditated, and has at last burst straight from one's heart, a message of love? No, I do not try to "write well." I often feel that I have something to say, but I keep silent as long as I can, or I speak of the weather and the crops and the family. But the thought accumulates in me, until sooner or later the pressure becomes so great that I must speak out. And then I try to say what I have on my mind as clearly and simply yet as forcibly as possible.

A scientific training would slowly inculcate a greater fear of error, a deeper respect for truth, and hence would inspire any would-be writer with a deeper sense of responsibility. Any author should be considered as guilty of indiscretion so long as he had not proved that his knowledge, conviction, and power of expression gave him, indeed, a right to speak. Besides, he should be repeatedly made to realize that the attainment of the highest style implies absolute devotion. One must be ready to spend one's whole substance; anything short of that would be mean. If one does not write with one's own blood, what is the use of writing at all?

"THE Steady" is formed when Jackson's River, after pouring over the sharp edge of the Barren Gounds and foaming down through a stony bed an hour's journey for a man, falls upon quietude and floats along a tranquil course of four miles before it begins again its rush over the rocks for the sea, some nine hours' walking, below. On "The Steady on Jackson's" there are long stretches where the alders hang low over the creeping stream and swirling eddies, where the fisher who knows the secrets of these waters can raise the grilse in swift, deft fight, and sunken ledges where the fly cunningly laid on the smooth current brings, mayhap, the wild scream of the reel as a salmon makes his first plunge for freedom.

"The Steady on Jackson's"

The Steady has few inhabitants, and visitors are rare, but a bear has put his footprints into the mud of the reed bed, the little foxes have been out playing on the smooth sand-bar, a caribou cow has brought her calf down the hillsides from her refuge in the desolate barrens for a walk along the edge, half in the water, half out, and the beaver has left the chips of his portable carpentering kit in the thicket of young shoots.

On bright days the air has a crystal clearness, and the limpid blue sky fades into a sweep of varied greens from the dark, sharp tips of the pointed firs showing on the skyline of the lower hills, down the softly curved slope through the light patches of birch, tufted with the masses of richer color of the lush spruces of the North, to the dull heavy tint of the alder bed.

Calm hours are frequent in the shelter of the hills, and there is a strange, sweet silence here when the wind does not wake the notes of the trees. The chatter of the squirrel is never heard in Newfoundland. At intervals the fox-sparrow looses his strain, like a folk-song, gay but with a touch of elusive sadness. The sweet weather bird, who is none other than our old friend the chickadee singing his summer song, pipes up gently from time to time. The white-throat is nesting everywhere, but when you see him bustling around you recognize at once that he is too busy with his household affairs to give directions to "So-ow Wheat!" And all the warblers and thrushes are, not timid—for they have never seen man—but shy. You catch brief glimpses of them, but they seem to be in a conspiracy to ignore you as an alien intruder; except the Canada jay, who haunts your camp at meal hours to take food out of your hand when you are looking, or to steal it from your plate when your head is turned.

There is new life in this quiet and peace, but only he can find it who seeks it in a march for hours, pack on back, up the river-bed, getting around a beetling cliff from time to time by fording the river precariously, waist-deep, on slippery boulders—perhaps in a pouring rain which counsels haste lest a spate bar the rough track completely. The Steady might indeed be reached with a great train of camp-followers, but its subtlest charm would be missed by the luxurious "camper"—the addict to tents and canned peaches and wash-basins and tinned corned-beef hash and folding camp-chairs. Procul O! procul este profani! There is no sleep so sound as his who lies to rest in the teepee shanty. You build it in an hour and a half with three crotches and a score of poles under and over the slabs of birch bark laid shingle-wise, rough side out. It is covered with heavy green moss to keep the bark from curling and nature takes your handiwork back to herself. No alien thing like a staring white tent, it becomes a part of the woodland and seems to have grown where it stands. The heaviest rain cannot pierce the frail shelter, the swirls of smoke drive every fly from under the smooth ceiling, on the bed of boughs covered with rubber coats you lie soft with your light blankets under you, for the fire of dry fir and split birch across the triangular opening keeps you warm on all but the frostiest mornings when the red coals have faded just before sunrise.

"Persicos odi puer apparatus!" You eat three slices of bacon, a cup of dried peaches simmered over the fire before you slept, a flapjack accurately fitted into the frying-pan, topping off with a mighty bowl of oatmeal, and you "go in the strength of that

meat" till the sun is high in the heavens. Three slices of toast or a handful of hard-tack, a cup of tea, a cake of chocolate, and a pipe, and you are ready to double the march. When the sinking sun begins to cast shadows on the water, even the oldest fisherman feels a new thrill as a light-hooked fish starts down the current out of the pool and he knows that to lose him means only boiled rice and raisins for supper. At the end of a day of hard but gloriously useless work, full to repletion of broiled grilse and boiled rice, you bring from your pack the hoarded store of cigars and then, while the cloud of tobacco smoke at the head of the shanty matches the wood smoke that curls up from its foot and mayhap a belated thrush sounds its clear bell across the river, you are sure that the hardships which haunt its approach are only the strong lacing of the cup of pleasure to be drained on the banks of "The Steady on Jackson's."

As to Our Heirlooms

WOMEN have won out in many things, but although they may vote, and become members of Congress, and Commissioners of the District of Columbia, and Heaven knows what else, there are still strongholds where the eternal masculine intrenches himself. When he considers his Family (not his family of the present, but his Family of the past) and reflects with pride on his Name, man has little use for a Female Descendant. Yet the children of the female descendants may be more numerous, and indeed may do more to perpetuate the credit of the Family than those that bear the name. Such are some of the contrarieties of Nature.

My friend Marmaduke bears a historic name and he has no children. The other day I had an argument with him on the subject of heirlooms. He maintained that no female descendant should be allowed to possess the family relics: the old chairs on which generations of their ancestors had sat, or the china and silver which had graced their tables, or, more than all, the portraits which they had caused to be painted to perpetuate them in the eyes and minds of their children and their children's children.

"What then?" asked I.

"In case there are no descendants of the name they must be given to a State Historical Society," he replied firmly. "All their descendants can go and look at them."

"But if none of them are by way of going to that place," I rejoined, "the things are altogether lost to them. Besides, a hundred descendants gazing at a portrait, a chair, a dish, in a museum would never get the value out of them that one household or even one member of that household may get. Pardon me for saying," I added—warming up to the discussion—"pardon me for saying that I think you overestimate the interest which outsiders will take in your family heirlooms. A few, a very few, persons interested in the study of certain periods may look attentively at your chairs and your china. If your portraits are the work of really great and famous artists they will, of course, have their recognized place. If they are simply good portraits, by a good but not particularly renowned artist, and not great works of art, few persons will give them more than a passing glance, no matter how distinguished the originals were or what were their services to the State or to society."

In fact, my friend seems to me quite to miss the point in which the real value of heirlooms consists. For instance, one of my family convoyed a party of Indian sachems to England, where they were presented to Queen Anne. I have one cup out of the tea-set that Queen Anne gave him on that occasion. Could even the whole tea-set mean as much to the visitor to a museum as that little cup means to me and my children? They, with their youthful preoccupations, would pay small attention to the picturesque incident were it not for this small relic which fixes it in their minds and interests them in an ancestor who was a really great man. But I am a female descendant, and my friend would say that I have no business to have the cup—that I ought to send it to join its fellows in the museum to which they have been given.

I have a dish out of a dinner-set brought home from China in the ship of an ancestor. In the centre are the intertwined initials of himself and his wife. The rest of the set is in the museum, being of a ware now grown rare; but my dish has far more significance to me than the rest of the set now has to any one whatever. I have a chair in which I can picture the little young grandmother who died in her twenties, and it seems to

me that she was dressed in the quaint embroidered frock which was handed down to her daughter. The chair was old when she sat in it (I fancy her feet didn't touch the floor, even though she sat very straight) but the frock, I think, was new. As to the portraits of my own parents, their loss would be unspeakable. Of course my friend would say that it doesn't matter in the least how much they mean to me or may mean to my children and grandchildren. I haven't the Name, and if they are not in a family of the Name they must be in the museum. I am coming to that.

It has seemed to me that most of the young people are growing up with far too little sense of the past. They will not read about it. The Movies and the *Saturday Evening Post*, or perhaps scientific journals or daily papers, or merely the rush of life, bar the way. But these concrete tokens of a past of which they are the heirs do appeal to them. With these things to look at they are willing to hear of the men and women who did things that were possibly better worth doing than those important affairs in which they are themselves engaged. From one thing and another they gain a consciousness that their family past is something to live up to; and more than anything else, the portraits make that past vivid. One lives with them, traces resemblances, studies characteristics. I remember many years ago delighting in the portrait of a woman of my own blood, but in the possession of another female descendant; and, by the way, I should never have seen that kinswoman of the past if she had been in a museum. Day after day she enlivened my visit.

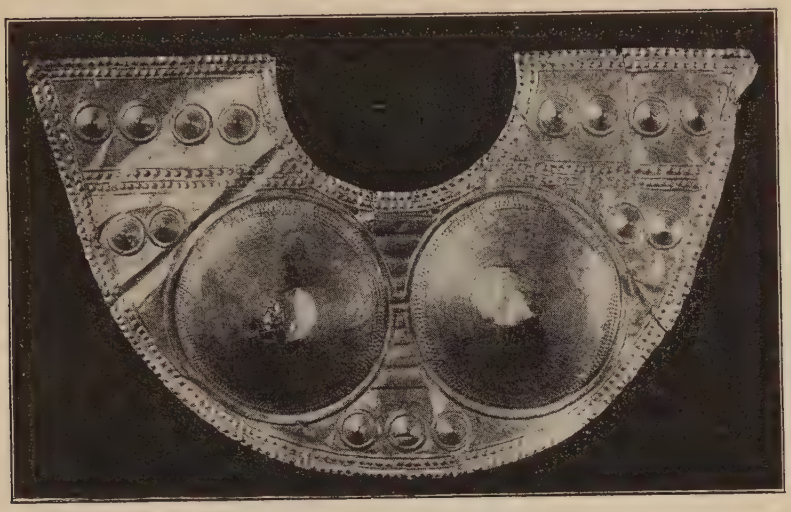
"But how delightful she must have been!" I exclaimed. "And what a good time she must have given that handsome man who was lucky enough to marry her. And what a wonderful thing for these little girls to have her to look at during every meal."

Years later I read of her and her delightfulness in the memoirs of a French émigrée. Had this charming humorous face of Margaretta been hanging bleakly on a museum wall she wouldn't have given nearly so much pleasure or done so much good.

I will not deny that in this day of moving from houses to apartments, and from apartments to hotels, there are advantages in lending certain of one's treasures to a museum until some member of the family can accommodate them worthily. Storage and travel do not agree with portraits. But they should be lent and not given. Nor do I deny that there is a certain plausibility in the argument of my friend as to the keeping together of heirlooms which have belonged to a family of historic importance; and in a country where the law of primogeniture prevails one can see some advantage in the permanent assembling of the family treasures in an old historic mansion which is still the home of the family. In our own country Mount Vernon is unique. It is not a museum, but a shrine; and it is managed with such tender and reverent care that it still seems like the home of Washington. More fortunate than some other mansions, it has not fallen under political management. Long may it keep out of politics!

But putting aside distinguished exceptions, in a country like this we must balance and choose; and here, where the inhabitants, from the passengers in the *Mayflower* to the latest immigrants in the steerage of an ocean liner, have broken with their past, it seems to me that a wide distribution among them of reminders of that past is precisely the most desirable thing. It is not so gratifying to a man's personal and family pride to distribute his things among the children of female descendants as to affix labels to museum pieces, but is it not likely to be the method which will do the most good, besides giving the most happiness? Human nature doesn't cling to a museum, and it is always true that "man loves most that which is his own."

But I don't expect to convince my friend Marmaduke. His mind is made up.



Gold breast-plate from Colombia of thin beaten gold decorated in repoussé, twenty-two inches across.

MODERN AMERICAN ART AND THE PRIMITIVE

By Mary MacAlister

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM EXAMPLES IN THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA, AND THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK

AMERICA offers unlimited opportunities for artistic progress along new lines. If we lack the ennobling influences of great inherited art traditions of the past rooted in our own soil, we do not lack the possibilities of indigenous and national development of art for the future. We have begun to realize the possession of vast stores of primitive art in Indian decorative ideas, and the religious interpretations, legendary lore, and ancient myths connected with them. We possess in American "Colonial" architecture and decoration—Spanish as well as English—adapted styles with many most interesting characteristics that are indigenous in different parts of the Western continent. For absolute, daring originality, we have, of course, the sky-scraper, and it surely seems destined to be yet further advanced from the basis of pure utility, and more completely reconciled to beauty.

The prehistoric world of aboriginal America is still one of the most mysterious phases of human existence. Exactly four centuries have elapsed since the Spanish Conquest of Mexico, the first permanent invasion of outside civilization into the New World. We know that it was a very thorough invasion, indeed, with atrocities on both sides. It imposed the religion and the art of Spain upon the native Aztec inhabitants and destroyed all that could be destroyed of the tangible evidences of their civilization. Whatever was left of early Central American and South American civilizations also became wholly Spanish in a short time. Aboriginal characteristics only lingered in those qualities of crudeness

which give to early Spanish-American architecture and craftsmanship something of the individual, the indigenous.

The Aztecs of Mexico, the Mayas of Yucatan, and the Incas of Peru, each at different periods, more or less lost in the mists of antiquity, reached an advancement unknown to any tribes of North American Indians. The boundaries between barbarism and civilization are not very rigidly defined, though the generally accepted test of civilization is the ability to express ideas in signs and hieroglyphics—something approaching a written language. Another test is the use of metals. However, it is in the habitations of man that his knowledge and skill have always been most vividly displayed and handed down to posterity. As he progressed beyond the stage of caves and tents, and constructed permanent dwelling-places and places of worship and public assembly, he became an architect; and architecture, it is agreed, is the great legacy of one generation to another. In the remains of early advanced American peoples all of these elements are found to be crudely developed. There are ancient Aztec documents, there was a written Maya literature, and the Peruvians had their methods of keeping records. The lavish profusion of ancient American gold and silver work has very recently been illustrated by brilliant archæological finds, consisting of gold breastplates, implements, jewelry, and idols (most of them now in the University Museum, Philadelphia). These things are dazzling to the eye in their display of precious metal, and make more real the legends of early Spanish chronicles, the tales of "El Dorado," and the wonderful Pagan ceremonies, so rich in picturesque and dramatic quality, on the famous sacred lake of Guatavita, in Colombia, some of them coming from the very locality of that buried treasure. As for the architecture of prehistoric America, so much of it has been absolutely extinguished that it is difficult for us to form any definite ideas of it. The cathedral of the City of Mexico was built on the site of an Aztec temple, by Indian workmen. Every vestige of the heathen edifice has vanished. It is in Yucatan that there are to be found the most wonderful ruins of the American architecture of antiquity. Explorations of the ruins at Chichen Itza and other antique sites have supplied enough to enable the imagination to conjure up visions of an ancient splendor of temples and palaces, with painted walls and sculptured reliefs, of a style different from any other of which we have any knowledge. Facsimiles show it to be a strong and bold ornamentation, conveying an impression of rude power, with bedizened figures of potentates and slaves, and a crowded detail of tropical symbolic forms to whose significance there are few clues.

Haida Indian totem-pole, Queen Charlotte Island.

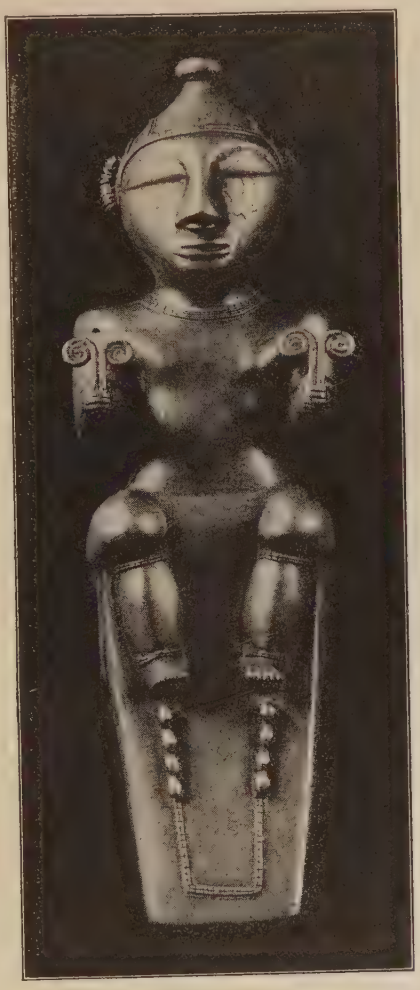
By courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York.

The prehistoric pottery of the Western World was moulded without the use of the potter's wheel, but it developed along æsthetic lines, and compares favorably with the archaic pottery of the Eastern

World. The Peruvians were expert weavers; the fragments of cloth from their ancient tombs in museums are widely used by modern textile designers.

All this art may yet yield up more of its secrets, but even incompletely revealed it is of extraordinary interest.

The student of North American Indian decorative art finds a wealth of material ready to hand. There are very fine collections of Indian arts and crafts—notably in the Natural History Museum, New York; the University Museum, Philadelphia; the Field Museum, Chicago; and at the National Museum, Washington; not to mention smaller collections. At Santa Fé is the American School of Research, giving opportunities to study aboriginal cliff-dwellings and the communal life of the ancient Pueblos that still exist in New Mexico and Arizona. The artistic colony which has migrated to the Southwest has made various aspects of Indian art familiar of late years to many people.



Early American gold idol.

Indian decoration, as exhibited in basketry, weaving, pottery-making, and other handiwork, is the outgrowth of conceptions of nature embodied in religious beliefs, which were symbolized by elaborate ceremonials, possible only to the "collective" barbaric mind. These ceremonies included strange dances and impersonations of the forces of nature, and songs and chants accompanied by the pulsating rhythm of drum-beats and rattles that are of the very essence of dramatic art and of music. The appeal of music is so much more direct and emotional than that of any plastic or graphic art, and the effect of Indian songs heard in civilized surroundings is singularly arresting. The sustained vibrations, with sudden breaks, are like the sighing and beating of wind and wave, or the discordant cries of wild woodland life—not to be set down in musical notation without change.

Indian folk-lore, handed down from generation to generation by spoken narrative only, is nature-lore, given human and other animated shapes by the primitive idealists and visionaries of the American wilderness, who were more closely attuned to its moods than civilized man can ever be. These gods and demons are not to be compared to the old Greek gods, so perfected in their human forms and attributes, for the Indian striving after ideal beauty is often obscure and uncouth in its expression. The artistic mind groping in the mazes of voluminous ethnological records has need of a good deal of intuition and selection in order to grasp the elements of beauty with which the Indian imagination was endowed.

So far as it is possible to generalize about the beliefs of the tribes which were distributed about the North American environment, ranging from semi-tropical to Arctic regions, authorities are agreed that most of them had the idea of the "Great Spirit" pervading all nature. There was a recognition of the powers of good and evil, forever contending, and personified by the natural

powers of light and darkness, and there was a recognition of the male and female elements in all things. There are myths of the Creation, and of the Deluge, and of Fire. The Sun is masculine and the Moon has feminine attributes. There are tales of the Morning and Evening Stars, and of the Pleiades, or "Bunched Stars"; Thunder is the god of war; the Thunder Bird has eyes of lightning and a voice of thunder. The Four Winds play a highly significant part in Indian myths, and a fantastic Whirlwind is found in some localities. It is very surprising to find that there are Indian versions of some of the most familiar fairy-tales of civilized life. For instance, the "Sandman" of the little song of our childhood is a bee sprite, and throws pollen in the eyes of drowsy Indian babies. It is not possible to judge of the age or origin of many of these tales, and there may be European, or quite modern, connections. But whether wholly original or adapted, there is a touch of primitive poetry, as there often is in the Indian names of localities which we still use.

Apache Indian basket jar.

The original is one of the largest baskets, nearly three and one-half feet high, and very perfect in technic and design.

The decorative design with which the Indian ornamented not only ceremonial objects and robes, but the objects and costume of daily common use is extremely interesting. Its color is in the light and brilliant key of an out-of-door people, produced by pure vegetable dyes, and varied enough to suggest color schemes for modern use. It is geometric design very largely, and there are the selfsame common motifs that primitive man evolved out of nature in other parts of the world—the checkered patterns, the Greek fret, and interlaced lines—as Chinese as they are Greek. The Indian elaborated these and originated new conventionalized forms, and also used pictorial ornamentation.

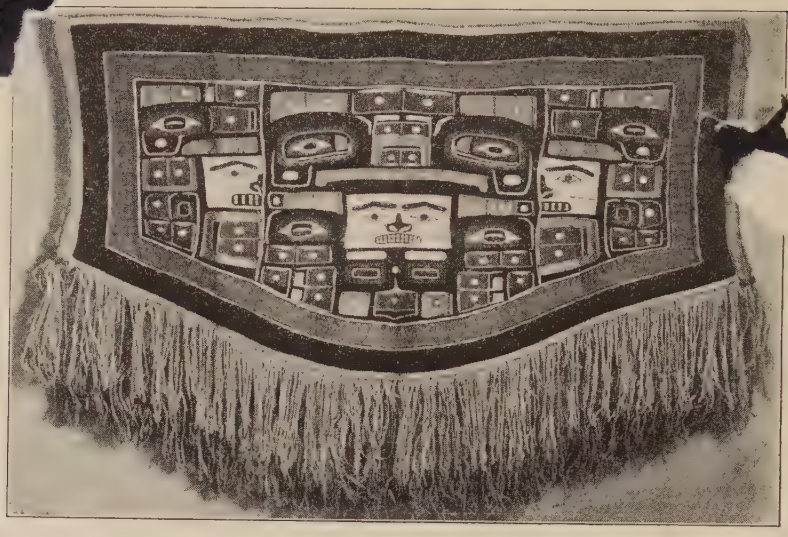
In Alaska the parallels with Asiatic art are particularly striking and have often suggested to archæologists their theories of possible intercourse across the narrow northern seas. The Northwest Pacific coast decoration differs from that of other Indian tribes, being more realistic in its typical legendary wood-carvings that take the form of grotesque masks and head-dresses which represent the animal heroes of the region. And the tall totem-poles record the deeds of the past, as strange a survival of barbaric America and as far removed from the present as anything well could be.

There was one minor and essentially primitive art which the North American Indian was able to carry to a finished perfection in the isolation of the wilderness, and that was the making of baskets. In some regions a rare artistic instinct was developed in the women of certain Indian tribes. By skilful placing of both simple and intricate design motifs, and a peculiarly attractive use of subdued dusky coloring on a light groundwork, there are some most unique effects in the old basketry. Neither basketry, nor pottery-making, nor blanket-weaving are lost arts among the Indians, and recent experiments have shown that advancing civilization may not wholly kill aboriginal craftsmanship. Whether Indian decoration has vital elements that can be developed in civilized design is the question that is undecided.

It is, however, not the arts and crafts of Indian life that have most directly influenced American art so far, but an abstract influence that has inspired much notable recent work in both painting and sculpture.

Hopi Indian group.

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.



Ceremonial blanket of the Northwest Pacific coast.

It is woven of wool and cedar bark, showing typical animal design, and is entirely different from Navaho blanket.

Mr. Dallin's "Medicine Man," one of the earlier Indian subjects, has been made popular through reproductions. This equestrian figure, in its calm, monumental pose of invocation, expresses the spirit of bygone aboriginal America as distinctively, in its way, as the familiar Saint-Gaudens's "General Sherman" expresses the Americanism of the Civil War in the advancing, concentrated impetuosity of horse and rider, led by triumphant Victory. To-day, with our experience of the World War marking such a sharp division in the ordered sequence of time, both these conceptions are of the past, the one hardly more remote than the other.

To-day what does the famous sky-line of Manhattan express? We scarcely attempt to define it ourselves in words, though many foreign visitors try to define it for us. One critic says America has "dipped the Greek perfection in a bath of morning freshness" in creating the sky-scraper, "beauty crowning utility." Others see Gothic inspiration in some towering office-buildings and hotels. But the ideas that set engineers to working out the upward expansion of commercial New York were hardly Gothic. Perhaps there really is a dim connection with the aboriginal cliff-dwelling rising straight up from the Western plain[illegible] first effects must have been accidental, and not studied and calculated, as is now the case, when proportions and ornament are planned to a gigantic scale. And in a great city of tall buildings the magic of nature creates, with the changing seasons and the passing hours, a wonderful pageantry of savage beauty that is inspiring to modern art.

In the Old World civilizations past and present live side by side, not disassociated as here, and even though the old order is changing everywhere and abnormal phases of art have sprung up, the gracious inheritance of the past still exists. In America we are only just coming to be really aware of it, and to understand how ancient beauty came into being from natural environment, given religious interpretations and interwoven with outside influences, and how it is intimately associated with daily life. We need to take broader views of the past, to be more familiarly in touch with it, in the strenuous business of reconciling art to a commercial existence in which nearly everything must first of all be "made to pay," and craftsmanship is at so great a disadvantage in competition with machinery.

It is these practical problems that challenge the imagination in the future possibilities of art in the New World.

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